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PUNCH

VOL CIV



LONDON :

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1893



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SCENE—*The Elysian Fields, a flower-gemmed bank, by a flowing stream, beneath the sylvan shade of unfading foliage.*

Mr. PUNCH—who is free of all places, from Fleet Street to Parnassus—discovered, in Arcadian attire, attempting “numerous verse” on a subject of National importance—to wit, the approaching Royal Marriage.

Mr. Punch. Propt on this “bank of amaranth and moly,”

Beneath the shade of boughs unmelancholy,

I meditate on *Æstas* and on *Hymen*!

Pheugh! *What a Summer!* Torrid drought doth try men,—

And fields and farms; yet when our Royal MAJ

Weds—in July—’tis fit that *Phœbus* stay

His fiery car to welcome her! By Jove,

That sounds *Spenserian*! *Illustrious Love*

Epithalamion demands, and lo!

We’ve no official *Laureate*, to let flow,

With *Tennysonian* dignity and sweetness,

Courtly congratulation. *DRYDEN*’s neatness,

Even the gush of *NAHUM TATE* or *PYE*

Are not available, so PUNCH must try

His unofficial pen. My tablets, *TOBY*!

This heat’s enough to give you hydrophoby!

Talk about *Dog-days*! Is that nectar iced?

Then just one gulp! It beats the highest priced

And creamiest champagne. Now, silence, *Dog*,

And let me give my lagging *Muse* a jog!

[Writes, with one eye on the portraits of the Duke of YORK and the Princess MAY, the other on the iced nectar-cup.

Humph! I do hope the happy Royal Pair

(Whose counterfeit presentments front me there,

Inspiring, in young manhood and frank beauty)

Will think their *Laureate* hath fulfilled his duty,

His labour of most loyal love, discreetly.

Compliments delicate, piled not sickly-sweetly,

Like washy *WARTON*’s, nor so loud thrasonical—

Like *Glorious JOHN*’s—that they sound half ironical!

’Tis hard indeed for loyal love to hit

The medium just ’twixt sentiment and wit—

[TOBY barks, and a mellifluous voice soundeth, courteously
 intervenient, as two splendid Shades steal silently
 through the verdurous shadows.

First Voice. But you have hit it, never-missing-One!

Second Voice. For fulsome twaddle finds best check in Fun!

Mr. Punch (with respectful heartiness). What! Sweet-voiced

SPENSER! Chivalrous-souled SIDNEY!!

This is a joy! For heroes of your kidney

PUNCH hath a heartier homage, as he hopes,

Than the most thundering Swinburnian tropes

Could all express!

Spenser (smiling mildly). ALGERNON's one of Us!

In fierce superlatives, and foam and fuss,

He deals o'ermuch, but proof lies in his page.

He's of the true Parnassian lineage,

And should be Laureate—if he care to be so.

Sidney. Would he but heed what HORACE wrote to Piso!

"The singing-skill of god APOLLO's giving"

Is his, however, and no lyrist living

Hath such a stretch of finger, or such tone.

Mr. Punch. Faith, but he sings immortal Fames—your own,

My PHILIP, latest and not least—in strains

That thrill our nerves and mount into our brains.

If he would study less in Gosson's "School"

(That of "Abuse," o'er which you laid the rule

In your "Defence of Poesy"), and stay

Less in dim Orcus than Arcadia,

Then—well, I might have well been spared this task.

SPENSER, you penned your own; now may I ask

Epithalamion-recipes from you?

Spenser (smiling). Yes—when you need them! I was Laureate too!

There's enough inspiration in those faces

[Pointing to portraits of the Duke of York and the

Princess MAY.

To bring the needful Muses, and the Graces,

All to your aid!

Mr. Punch. By Jove! That "takes the cake."

You great Elizabethans had the knack

Of courtly compliment. Young GEORGE, fair MAY,

Shall have your *mot* upon their marriage day,

As a choice wedding gift, to pair with mine!

Spenser and Sidney (together). What's that?

Mr. Punch (politely). One you may share, if you incline.

TOBIAS, hand the new-bound Oracle here!

Take it, brave SIDNEY, take it, SPENSER dear!

It may enliven e'en this amaranth shore;

It is my new

Volume One Hundred and Four!!!





THE CALENDAR. 1894.

JANUARY xxxi Days. 1 M N. Year's D. 2 W Abrd's t. 3 W B. Trella 4 Th Sambourne 5 F E. Conf. d. 6 S Epiphany 7 M I.S. af. Epip. 8 M Cam. L. T. b. 9 Tu S. r. sh. 6 m. 10 W S. a. sh. 10 m. 11 Th H. H. S. t. b. 12 F Lavater d. 13 S Hillary 14 S S. r. af. Epip. 15 M Oxf. L. T. b. 16 Tu B. Cornua	FEBRUARY xxviii Days. 1 Th Ed. Coke b. 2 F B. Lincoln 3 S Basseri d. 4 S Quinga. S. 5 M S. r. sh. 34 m. 6 Tu S. a. sh. 56 m. 7 W Ash. Wed. 8 Th Pitt d. 1806 9 Tu Fox b. 1749 10 Th Burns b. 11 F Darnley m. 12 S Burns b. 13 S Brazil disc. 14 Th G. Gibson d. 15 F Senag. S. 16 S Paris capit. 17 Tu Chas. I. bud. 18 W B. Kraits	MARCH xxxi Days. 1 Th St. David 2 F Wesley d. 3 S B. Merion 4 S 4 S. in Lent 5 M Layan d. 6 Tu Du. Maurie 7 W S. a. sh. 24 m. 8 Th S. a. sh. 50 m. 9 F Cobbett b. 10 S Schiller b. 11 S 5 S. in Lent 12 M Gregory 13 Tu Priestley b. 14 W Byng shot 15 Th Massingr d. 16 F De. Kent d.	APRIL xxx Days. 1 S Low Sun. 2 M Cobden d. 3 Th East. S. t. b. 4 W S. r. sh. 30 m. 5 Th S. a. sh. 56 m. 6 F O. Lady Day 7 S Wrdswth. b. 8 S S. a. sh. 24 m. 9 M Fire Ins. a. 10 Th Hazlett b. 11 W Canning d. 12 Th Young d. 13 F Handel d. 14 S Pra. Restr. b. 15 S S. a. sh. 24 m. 16 M Thiers b. 17 Tu B. Culloden 18 Th Holy Thurs. 19 S J. Jeffries d. 20 Th J. Spa. fl. des. 21 M Sp. H. e. 22 Th Cap. L. T. a. 23 S 4 S. af. Eas. 24 M St. George 25 Th De. Infec. d. 26 W Pra. Alice b. 27 Th Krupp b. 28 F Gibbon b. 29 S B. Tours 30 S Rogation S. 31 M Fitzroy d.	MAY xxxi Days. 1 Tu S. r. sh. 34 m. 2 W S. a. sh. 22 m. 3 Th Holy Thurs. 4 F Spring. tkm. 5 S Nap. I. d. 6 M Nap. I. d. 7 Th Nap. I. Cal. 8 Tu Le Sage b. 9 W H. r. q. r. Day 10 Th Turgot b. 11 F East. S. t. b. 12 S Whit Sun. 13 Th Bk. Holiday 14 S O'Connell d. 15 W B. Albers	JUNE xxx Days. 1 F Howe's vic. 2 Th Harvey b. 3 S S. a. sh. 24 m. 4 M B. Magenta 5 Th S. r. sh. 48 m. 6 F S. a. sh. 10 m. 7 M B. Ertan 8 Th D. Jerrold d. 9 F Paxton d. 10 S S. a. sh. 24 m. 11 M B. Albitis 12 Th Geo. IV. d. 13 Tu B. Wilton 14 W B. Chas. I. d. 15 Th B. Naseby 16 F Mag. Charta 17 M J. Wesley b. 18 S 4 S. af. Tr. 19 M Waterloo 20 Th B. Warren 21 W Q. V. An. 22 Th Summer d. 23 F Haydon d. 24 S B. Plassy 25 M S. a. sh. 24 m. 26 Th Geo. IV. d. 27 W Cairo tkm. 28 Th Q. Vict. cr. 29 S St. Peter 30 S Roscoe d.
JULY xxxi Days. 1 S 6 S. af. Tr. 2 M B. Peel d. 3 Th S. r. sh. 50 m. 4 W S. a. sh. 17 m. 5 Th Pra. Hel. m. 6 F D. York m. 7 S J. Huss b. 8 M S. a. sh. 24 m. 9 Tu S. r. sh. 24 m. 10 W B. Oden. 11 Th B. Ashpin 12 F D. O'Connell. 13 S B. de. S. 14 M S. a. sh. 24 m. 15 Th S. a. sh. 24 m. 16 M S. a. sh. 24 m.	AUGUST xxxi Days. 1 W Lammas 2 Th B. Zama 3 F Birm. F. a. 4 S Oyst. Sec. d. 5 M 11 S. af. Tr. 6 M Bk. Holiday 7 Tu Q. Carol. d. 8 W Otway b. 9 Th S. r. sh. 48 m. 10 F S. r. sh. 48 m. 11 S 14 S. af. Tr. 12 M 12 S. af. Tr. 13 Th O. Lammas 14 Tu L. Clyde d. 15 W W. Scott b. 16 Th B. Camden	SEPTEMBER xxx Days. 1 S Part. sh. e. 2 S 15 S. af. Tr. 3 Th Cromwell d. 4 W W. Lawson b. 5 Th S. r. sh. 20 m. 6 F S. a. sh. 34 m. 7 S Remurchus 8 M Nat. B. V. M. 9 S 16 S. af. Tr. 10 M B. Queney 11 Th S. of Delhi 12 W O. P. Riots 13 Th C. J. Fox d. 14 Tu L. Holy Cross 15 S B. Rajahur	OCTOBER xxxi Days. 1 M Cam. M. T. b. 2 Tu Arago d. 3 W Alfred d. 4 Th G. G. b. 5 F S. r. sh. 20 m. 6 S S. a. sh. 20 m. 7 M S. a. sh. 20 m. 8 Th S. a. sh. 20 m. 9 F St. Denis 10 W Oxf. M. T. b. 11 Th Old M. d. 12 F America d. 13 S Bradbury d. 14 M J. Leach d. 15 Th Must shot 16 Tu B. Bouffeur	NOVEMBER xxx Days. 1 Tu All Saints 2 F All Souls 3 S S. r. sh. 48 m. 4 M S. a. sh. 24 m. 5 Th B. Inkerne 6 F S. a. sh. 24 m. 7 M B. Nicollan 8 Th Milton d. 9 F P. of W. b. 10 S M. Lamber b. 11 Th S. a. sh. 24 m. 12 M B. Baxter b. 13 Th B. Baxter b. 14 W Leibnitz d. 15 Th Machutus	DECEMBER xxxi Days. 1 S Pra. Wis. b. 2 S 18. in Adv. 3 M S. r. sh. 48 m. 4 W B. chellieu d. 5 F Mosari d. 6 Th S. a. sh. 50 m. 7 F New shot 8 M Baxter d. 9 S 28. in Adv. 10 M Milton b. 11 Tu Jno. Gay d. 12 W Glibber d. 13 Th St. Lucy 14 F P. Com. d. 15 S I. Walton d. 16 S S. in Adv. 17 M Oxf. M. T. a. 18 Tu Grimaldi b. 19 W Cam. M. T. a. 20 Th B. Victoria 21 F St. Thomas 22 S Wist. Q. b. 23 M S. a. sh. 24 m. 24 M Christ. Eve 25 Tu Christ. Day 26 W Bk. Holiday 27 Th St. John 28 S Innocent d. 29 S Glastone b. 30 S S. af. Chr. 31 M Bambetta d.



STRAIGHT.

Huntsman (to Boy, who is riding his Second Horse). "Hi, THERE! WHAT THE DOOSE ARE YER LOIN' OF WITH THAT SECOND 'OSS?"
Boy (Irish, and only just come to the Hunt Stables from a Racing Establishment). "ARRAH THIN, IF OI ROIDES OI ROIDES TO WIN! AND
DIVIL A SECOND IS HE GOIN' TO BE AT ALL, AT ALL!"

ACROSTIC APPRECIATIONS.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

Christmas brings
Holidays,
Ripping things
I can praise;
See me cram
Tarts and sweets,
Mince pies, jam,
Awful treats.
Such tuck shops in
London streets!

THE STOUT MAN.

Christmas! O
Hateful time!
Rain and snow,
Ice and rime.
Slip about,
Tumble down;
Man, when stout,
Ain't a clown.
Skate? What, break
the ice and drown?

THE SUPERIOR YOUTH.

Christmas! Some
He'll entrance.
Rot! Now come
I don't dance.
Shouldn't try;
Though you've seen
Men like I,
Aged eighteen,
Skip and caper—they
were green.



NOCTURNE IN THE OLD KENT ROAD.

ACROSTIC APPRECIATIONS.

PATERFAMILIAS.

Christmas, you
Harass me;
Rent is due
I can see;
School Board rates;
Taxes. Eh?
Man that waits—
Acc. to pay?
Such a spending day
by day!

THE ELDERLY CHARMER.

Christmas—done,
Had its day!
Romping fun
Is, men say,
Silly—so
They must deem
Mistletoe.
All men seem
Simply scared by love's
young dream.

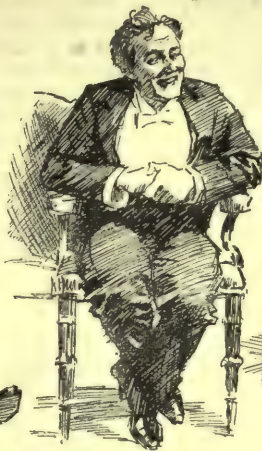
THE DYSEPTIC.

Christmas fare
Hence! A treat
Rich and rare?
I can't eat
Simple beef,
Turkey roast;
Mince pies—grief!
At the most
Shall I take some plain
dry toast.

How a Respectable One visited the Spectacles of the City To wit:



The Music-Hall.



screaming farical Comedy.



Another.



A patriotic Drama at the "National Theatre."



The Opera.



The Lyceum.



A Melodrama at the Surrey



Apathetic Comedy-Drama.



And



3 Acts



of Henrik Ibsen.



The deplorable issue.

J.P.

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

HIS NINETY-SEVENTH ANNUAL ADDRESS.

YET once more, Reader, doth OLD PODLER assume his prophetic pen and essay to probe the unfathomable veil of Futurity! He is not so young as he used to be, and the early date at which this Almanack goes to press renders his task more arduous than what it has been in the habit of being in days of yore. Consequently, this year he will not attempt to forecast coming events for the entire Universe as on previous occasions, but intends to restrict his vision entirely to the destinies of the great Metropolis in which he pursues his scientific avocations. Readers are kindly requested *not* to call upon OLD PODLER at the *Punch* office, as he does not reside there, and it only worries the Proprietors, and might terminate in his services being abruptly dispensed with. But to our task.

January.—At the period of Lunation Jupiter will be setting in the middle of Scorpio, the end of which will be rising, when Jupiter will be himself in the ascendant, which OLD PODLER very much fears presignifies grave internal complications in the mechanism of the Automatic Sweetmeat Machines at one or more of the principal Underground Railway Stations. Uranus, in a quartile aspect with the Sun and Moon, now plagues Piccadilly and afflicts the Beadle of a well-known Arcade with chickenpox. Jupiter approaching Taurus is fraught with evil for the Clown at Drury Lane Pantomime and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who are warned to abstain from acidulated drops. Male persons whose birth occurred between ten and seventeen years ago may expect towards the end of the month a complete change in their habits and surroundings, and—unless OLD PODLER is greatly deceived—the change will *not* be for the better.



"IN WHICH THE WHOLE STRENGTH OF THE COMPANY WILL APPEAR."

Stage Manager at Amateur Rehearsal (interrupting). "STOP A MINUTE—THAT WON'T DO AT ALL! THIS IS OUR LAST REHEARSAL, YOU KNOW, AND WE MUST GET IT RIGHT. WHEN SIR HILARY ENTERS, AND SAYS, 'SURRENDER YOUR LOVELY BURDEN, MY LORD!' ARAMINTA HAS FAINTED, AND LORD SANSFOY IS CARRYING HER IN HIS ARMS INTO THE COTTAGE. NOW THEN, AGAIN, PLEASE!"

A NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

"Jan. 1. M. Queen's Taxes, &c., due."—*First Entry in Almanack for 1894.*

BILLS *due* were falling fast, my cash appeared to sink,
I heard the bell, pulled hard, go tinkle-tinkle-tink!
And looking out o' window, I gloomily espied
A smart Queen's-Tax Collector, with ink-horn at his side.
"What ails thee, man?" I cried. "Why pull so at my bell?"
The man's response like lead upon my spirit fell:
"'Appy New Year!" he smirked; "and many on 'em too!
I've called for the Queen's Taxes, which same to-day falls due!"

ADAPTED PROVERBS FOR SHOOTERS. (*By an enthusiast for long days.*)—It's never too late to end. Fire in haste and vent your displeasure (on your gun).

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

February.—The Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, and Herschel will all be in the 5th house together, which being so fully occupied, we may expect grave scandals affecting a certain institution which OLD PODLER does not feel himself at liberty to particularise more fully. Venus in the 3rd will trouble the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, which will be the object of anonymous letters attacking its respectability. About the middle of the month there will be an epidemic of swine fever in the Lowther Arcade. Parliament will re-assemble, and the neighbourhood of Westminster will be startled by some serious escapes of gas in the immediate vicinity. The passage of Uranus through Leo convulses Clapham to its foundations.

Weather sultry, with frosts (locally).



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.—PRIMEVAL BILLIARDS.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.—THE FIRST HANSOM.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

HARCOURTIANA.

[“In pursuance of the mission undertaken in the middle of the last century we have reached the district of the New Forest, and have availed ourselves of the opportunity of examining, collating, and editing the rich store of historical MS. garnered by the eminent statesman whose career shed lustre on the closing years of the reign of VICTORIA. The student familiar with the style and method of the Duc de la ROCHEFOUCAULD, will probably observe in the essays we have rescued from obscurity some evidence of that philosopher’s influence. But the Squire of MALWOOD, though an apt pupil, was a master spirit, and his axioms are all his own.”—*Extract from the Report of the Royal Commission on Historical MSS. presented to Parliament in the Session of 1893.*]

MR. PUNCH, as usual up to date, and occasionally (as in this instance) a century ahead of it, has had the good fortune to secure

an advance copy of this Report, from which he is permitted to make a few excerpts. They will be found scattered over succeeding pages as salt is sprinkled over a salad.

The desire of not appearing to be a person of ability sometimes prevents our acquiring that reputation. Modesty should be the Handmaid, not the Mistress, of Capacity.—*Harcourt MS.*

WEATHER WISDOM.

A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky

May proclaim a hunting morning.

But I don’t heed the mad “proclamation,” not I!

To my pet easy-chair and the fireside I fly,

“The horn,” and the rest of it scorning.

To the wind and the wet fools may show a brave front,
But I’m happy to say I am “not in the hunt!”



“TAKEN AND OFF.”

JONES, MUCH ANNOYED AT HIS DUCKING, HAS THE EXTRA IRRITATION OF FINDING HIMSELF THE OBJECT OF INTEREST TO AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER!

OLD PODLER’S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

March will—so far as OLD PODLER is enabled to decipher the voices of the stars correctly, which, at his age and experience, he ought to it—be a singularly quiet and uneventful month. Jupiter, he is sorry to say, will be elevated, and Mars in an Oriental position; but this, on the whole, is unimportant. Nevertheless it would not surprise OLD PODLER to find Primrose Hill developing, on or about the 10th, into an active volcano, while the passage of Mars through Capricorn will not improbably produce a simoom on the Serpentine. The Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain is still under the ban of Venus.

LINES BY A LOGICALLY-MINDED MAN.

ONE advertising formula my fancy always tickles;
’Tis “If you like the Kibosh Sauce, try the Kibosh Pickles!”
It seems ridiculous advice to give a man and brother,
To tell him if he likes one thing, to up and eat—another!

OLD PODLER’S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

April.—Aquarius, ascending, meets Taurus, and retrogrades into the 1st house. There will be an eclipse of the moon, but as it will only be a very small one, and invisible from anywhere, OLD PODLER does not consider its influence likely to be generally felt. We may therefore hope for a considerable reduction in the price of Anglo-Dutch oysters. The London season now commences, and several fashionable pickpockets and thoroughfares will be taken up. Venus, lady of the 10th, in the 7th, denotes a startling innovation in the costume of the fair sex. OLD PODLER devoutly trusts that a return to the Crinoline is not hereby indicated; but he is bound in candour to confess that the celestial aspects are rather significant that way. Choristers, Crowned Heads, and Chiropodists, born when Scorpio held one of the extremities of Gemini, should shun orange-peel and penny ices.

HARCOURTIANA.—Few of us are able to know all the good we do.—*Extract from the Harcourt MS.*

THE SLIDING-SCALE.

(A TALE OF DEALERS' PRICES.)



1. "Eh?" said the Curio-Dealer. "Take half-a-crown for that plate?" Couldn't do it; must turn a penny over it. Half-a-crown's exactly what I gave for it myself. Now, if you like to say three-and-six—" But the Wayfarer wouldn't say three-and-six, so the Dealer kept that plate.



2. And another Wayfarer came along and wanted that plate. "What? Sell it for five pounds?" said the Dealer. "No; couldn't do it. Five pound's just what it cost me; say seven-ten, now—" But the second Wayfarer failed to say seven-ten, and passed out of our story.



3. Then there came an American Millionaire. "Ah, that's the finest plate in Europe!" said the Dealer. "I can't sell that under a lot of money. Eh? A thousand pounds? Couldn't do it, Sir! Why, I paid just that for it myself. Now, if you had said fifteen hundred—" And that Millionaire did



4. Well, somehow that plate subsequently fell into the possession of Jones. And when poor Jones came down in the world he thought he'd try to sell that plate. "Eh, what?" said the Dealer. "Give you eighteen-pence for that old plate? Pooh. Why I had it here once, and I sold it for a shilling then. If

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

May.—It is not OLD PODLER's desire to croak—far from it! but the more he looks at the planets for this month, the less he likes them. The opposition of the Sun with Uranus is fraught with evil for Peckham Rye. There will be a serious outbreak of black-beetles at Balham, Bermondsey, and Brixton. Saturn afflicts the Editor of *Smart Snippets*, who, after attempting to poison himself with paste, severs his throat with the fatal shears. About the first week in this month there will be weeping and wailing in Art Circles, and, a little later, the Strand will be overrun with Clergymen, of various theological persuasions, from the country. The 13th is an unfortunate day for Hatters, Haymakers, Harbingers, and Hairdressers; the 12th favourable for Fruiterers and Physicians asking favours. Chimney-sweepers and Christy Minstrels, born on or about the 21st, should avoid females, and keep very quiet. Altogether an anxious month.

WEATHER WISDOM.

WHY are the seasons out of tune,
Mild in March and chill in June?
Why should April be so dry,
When 'tis drenching all July?
Why should January's raw gust
Miss its month, and spoil our August?
Why should old November's fog
Full three months our pathway dog?
Why?—but hush these wild and whirling cries!
The weather-wise can't answer weather *whys*!

HARCOURTIANA.

A MAN who finds no satisfaction in contemplation of himself will seek for it in vain elsewhere.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*



A LITTLE QUIET WHIST IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.
THE END OF THE GAME.

WEATHER WISDOM.

YES, Corners are snug things—in corn, or in coal,
At your favourite club with the friend of your soul;
In a well-preserved wood where the birds are not wild;
In Beauty's boudoir, when on you she has smiled;
By a brisk winter fire with your favourite book;
In a shy Thames backwater, where chub you can hook,
Or angle for—hearts with some sweet fishermaid!
Yes, Corners are nice in Love, Sport, Talk, or Trade;
But Heaven preserve us—in mid-age at least—
From street corners—in March—with the wind in the east!

HARCOURTIANA.

As I have sometimes remarked to my young friend ASQUITH, it requires no small degree of ability to know how to conceal it.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*

Nothing is more natural, and at the same time more fallacious, than to believe oneself the most popular man in a legislative assembly.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*

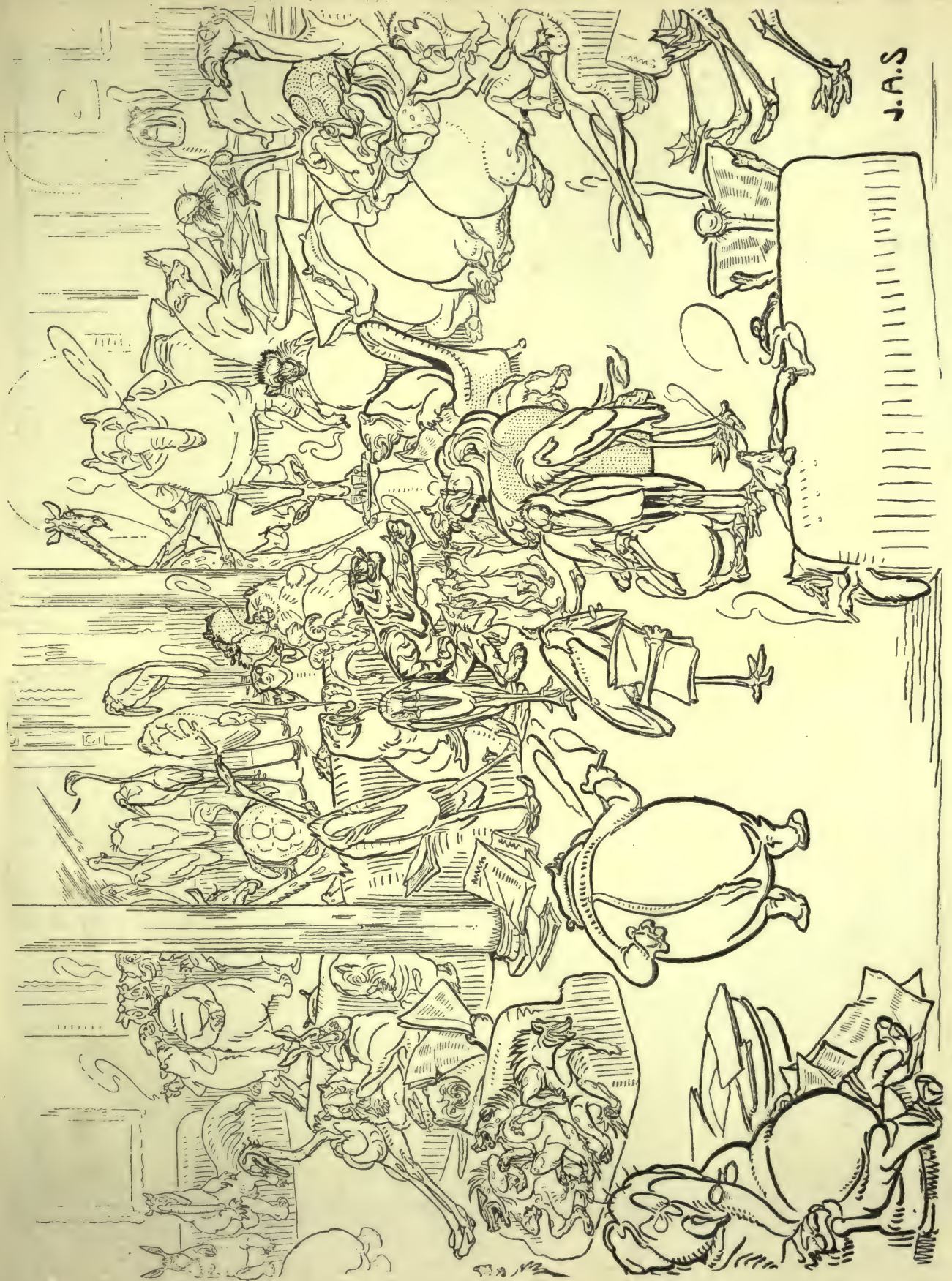
WEATHER WISDOM.

A Mem. in March.

A PECK of March dust is worth a king's ransom.
And you'll gather it oft in one mile—in a Hansom;
But 'tis doubtful if you'd find JEHU willing
To take the king's ransom in place of his shilling!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

June.—The conjunction of the Sun with Neptune, and the appearance of Mars in Pisces will disturb the denizens of Holloway, Hammersmith, and Homerton, and produce changes in Chelsea and Canonbury. It is also OLD PODLER's painful duty to predict disaster in Dulwich, which will most probably assume an entirely unexpected shape. On the second Sunday of this month persons in Society attending Church Parade will be startled by an eccentric exhibition, which will form the subject of considerable comment. The retrogradation of Saturn in Libra causes the production of a new halfpenny evening paper, of a characteristic and highly peculiar colour, edited by a well-known journalist.



J.A.S

THE SMOKING-ROOM AT THE U.B.C., OR, "UNITED BIRDS AND BEASTS' CLUB."

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"



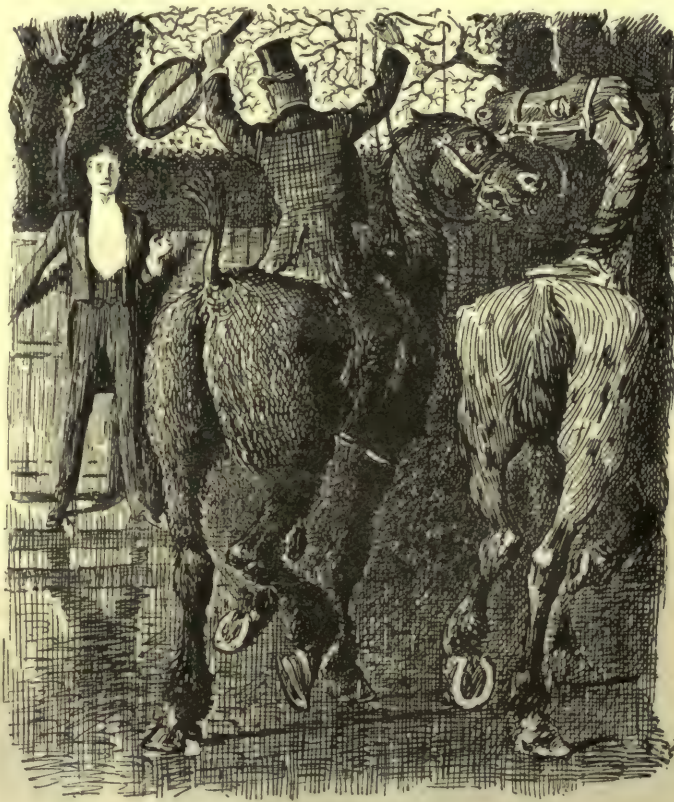
1. It was Christmas Eve, and my first evening at the Cedars. A Masher was there who sang to the banjo. Miss Gilpin asked him for "*The Lost Chord*." He said it wasn't a banjo-song—the prig! I hated him. So did Mr. Gilpin. Mrs. Gilpin didn't.



2. I ran home to my studio in Heath Street, calling out, "Oh, Miss Gilpin! oh, Vera! oh, angel!" For my fate had overtaken me. It was love at first sight, and for ever. There was no mistake about that, anyhow!



3. I sat and mused by the fire. Ah! what lost chord wouldn't I have found to please Vera! Banjo, indeed! I'd have sung it on a small toothcomb. Just then there was a ring at the bell, and I went down.



4. Mr. Gilpin was there, with two horses and the banjo. He said he'd got me an engagement to sing "*The Lost Chord*" at the Albert Hall, and that Vera would be there and all the best people in London.

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"



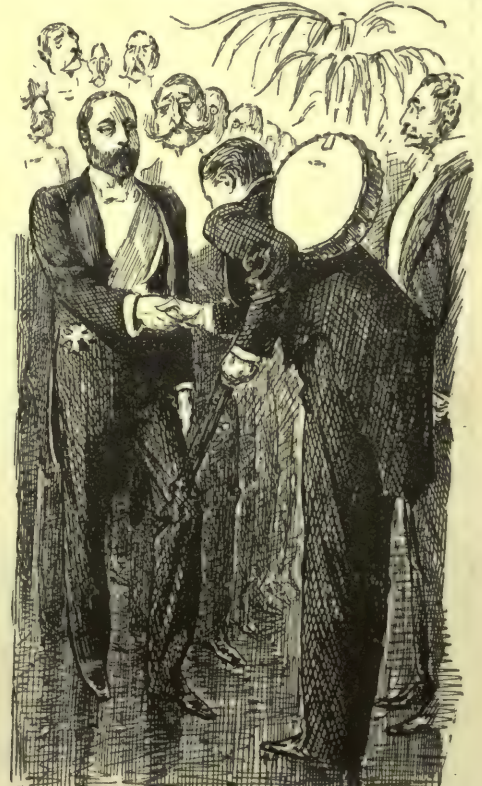
5 So into the midnight we galloped apace, and after many perilous adventures and hairbreadth 'scapes we reached the Albert Hall. There were big posters, and my name on them in large red letters—"Thomas Noddy, Esq." Fame at last!



6. There were miles of carriages, and we had quite a difficulty in getting in. Official policemen, and all that. We rode over them.



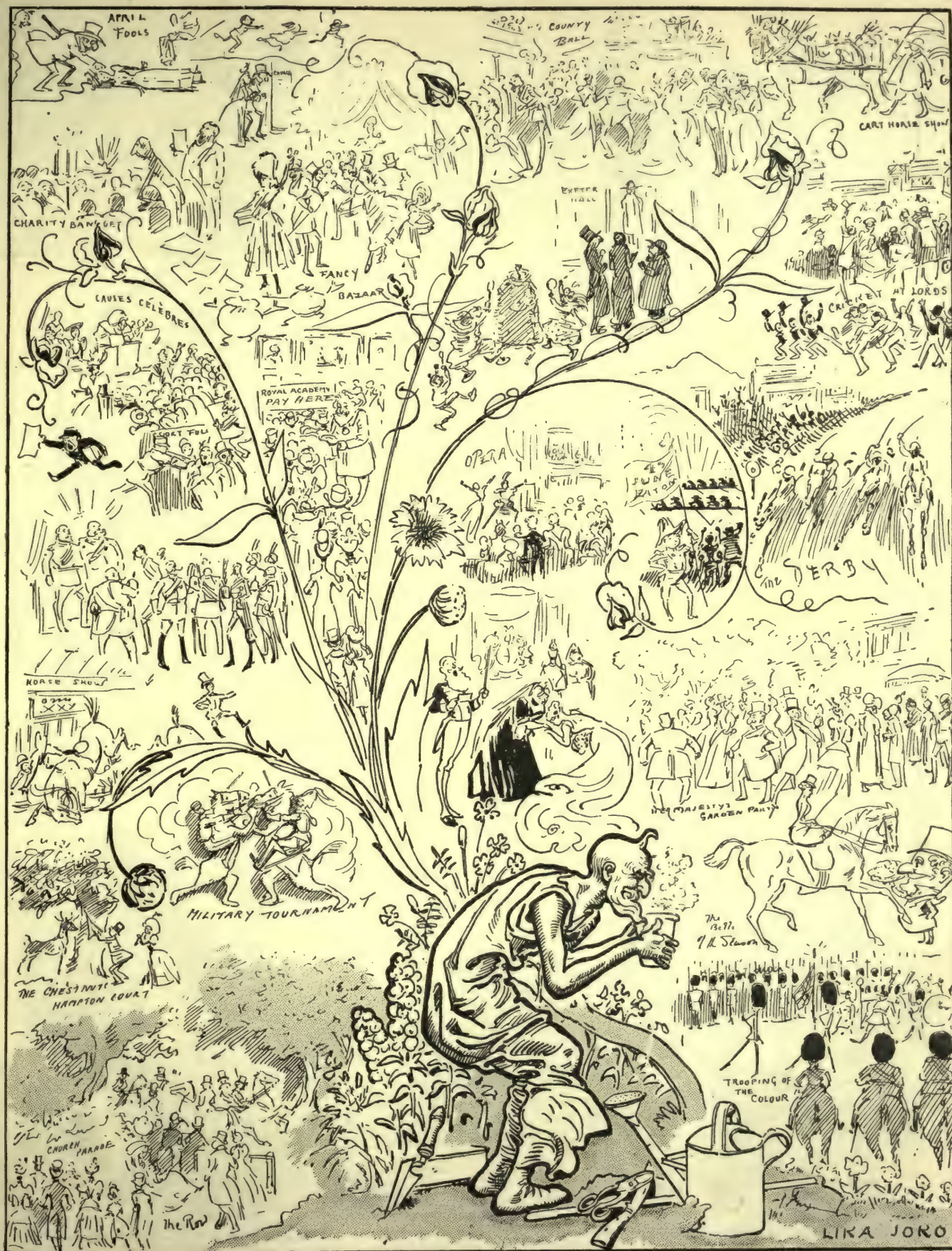
7. Lots of people came by as I waited, and looked at me with sympathetic curiosity and wonder—just the sort of thing I like. Such lovely women, too, but none so lovely as Vera. Presently who should come by but the Prince and all his equerries.



8. I was presented, and His Royal Highness was most kind and courteous. He had come all the way to hear me sing "*The Lost Chord*." [Continued at p. 20.]

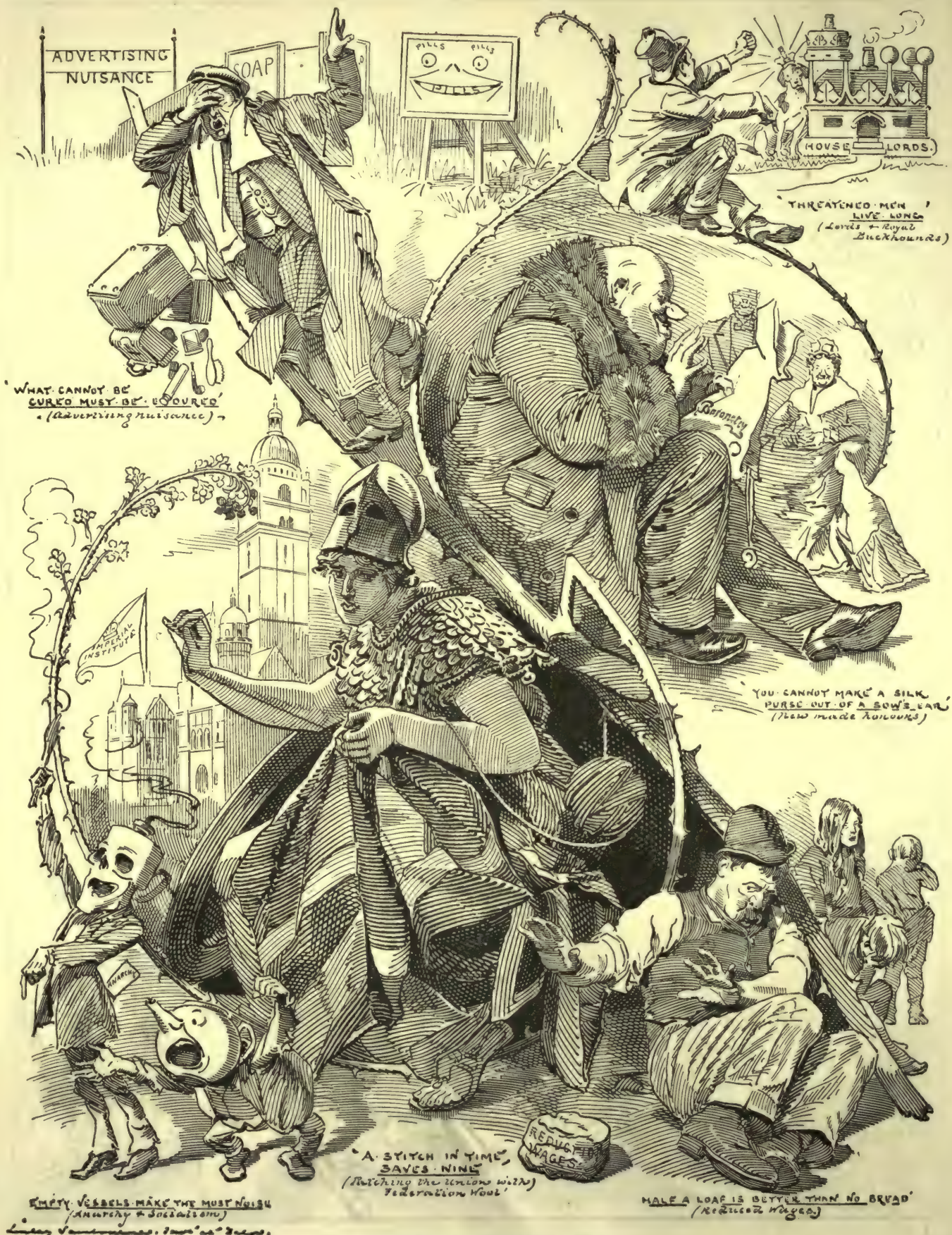
THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH





HARDY ANNUALS.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



PROVERBS UP TO DATE.









HARDY ANNUALS.



THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"



9. Vera came by with her mother and the prig. She was much surprised I was going to sing. She didn't even know I knew how. I told her I was going to sing "The Lost Chord" to the banjo—for her! She gave me such a look! My heart swelled with love and courage.



10. Sir F. Leighton came by. I asked him if he happened to know "The Lost Chord." He told me it began "Seated one day at the organ," and that was all he knew! Not much, but every little helps.



11. Sir Arthur Sullivan came by. I asked him if he happened to know "The Lost Chord," and he kindly whistled it to me. I thought it a pretty tune, but very difficult, and felt rather nervous.



12. On the platform I was introduced by the two chairmen (Sir John Millais and Mr. Alma-Tadema). I had no bow, and forgot if one used a bow to the banjo or not, and suddenly realised the horror of my position, and broke into a cold sweat, and all but fainted.

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"



13. Suddenly Vera beckoned to me. I fell on my knees and told her I had never sung a note in all my life, and didn't know "*The Lost Chord*," and couldn't play the banjo a bit. She took my hand and said, "Let us fly!"



14. So off we ran for our lives, down's airs, up Knightsbridge, through Seven Dials, and by Haverstock Hill to Hampstead, skimming the ground with long easy steps, and talking. It was bliss, bliss, bliss, from beginning to end!



15. When we reached the Cedars she told me I must have been mad to attempt "*The Lost Chord*" before such a critical audience without having learnt it first, but that she loved me for it. I knelt and kissed her hand. Oh! the rapture!



16. I ran home and jumped into bed and fell asleep, but woke (on Christmas morn) all of a heap, in evening dress, opposite an empty grate. It was all a dream, alas! Only a dream! But what's the odds? Vera and I are now man and wife!

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

July.—Mercury rising produces a change of weather, which OLD PODLER is disposed to think will be an improvement. Neptune now approaches the meridian, where Virgo, leaving Mars, joins him with Gemini; so we may anticipate increased prosperity to four-wheel cabs, railway porters, and wooden spade manufacturers. The heat will be intense, and there will be great activity among large blue flies, and much distress at Madame TUSSAUD'S. OLD PODLER is proud to predict that, some time in this month, an event will transpire which will redound to the honour and glory of the nation at large, while shedding a thrill of joy throughout the circumference of the City and its suburbs. Notwithstanding which, the parties chiefly concerned are warned to keep a wary eye

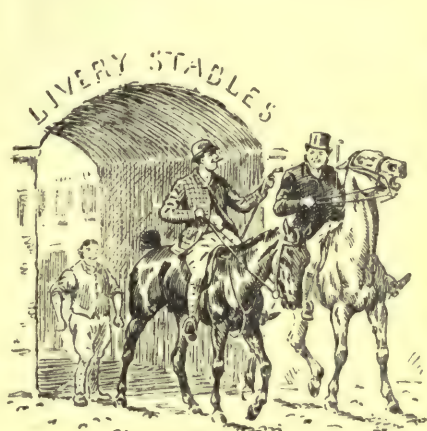
on Saturn, who may upset their horoscopes, though OLD PODLER is of opinion that nothing particular may be expected to come of it. Still, "Forewarned is forearmed," and no prophet worthy the name could refrain from dropping a friendly hint under the circumstances.

WEATHER WISDOM.

MARCH winds and April showers
Brings forth May at which one cowers!

ADAPTED PROVERBS FOR SHOOTERS.—(For Driven Partridges).
—First come first swerved. He who plays eye-wiper must not fire too soon.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.



1. Johnson and Thomson hired a couple of Crocks, and went hunting.



2. The Meet was at the "Blue Bear," and our Sportsmen took the opportunity to lay in a good supply of jumping powder.



3. Johnson led at the first fence, with Thomson close behind.



4. The result of the jumping powder.



5. "Stordinary thing," murmured Thomson. "Could have sworn I fell off, and that my horse was white! Never mind. 'Spouse it's all ri'!"



6. "Now that's a rum go!" exclaimed Johnson. "Felt certain my horse came with me, and that he was a black 'un!"

NEW NURSERY RHYME.

(With an Up-to-date Moral.)

TO THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?"
"I've been laid aside, neither felt, heard, nor seen."
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, what did you there?"
"Dreamed I was larrupping bullies' backs, bare!"
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, you're needed sore.
Brutes, wife-beaters, burglars, prevail more and more."
"My nine-tails are ready—you wake up the Law!"
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, tip me your paw!"

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

August—Jupiter now enters the tropic of Cancer, and is in sextile aspect with Mars, the Sun forming the trine, which denotes that the Proprietor of a certain celebrated Pill will be in trouble or ill-health, and a distinguished Crossing-sweeper will succumb (unless he is very careful) to the relentless shafts of the King of Terrors. OLD PODLER dreads to hear also of increased mortality amongst shrimps and shellfish generally. Persons under five foot two, whose birthday falls on or about the 18th, are advised to beware of tinned lobster. An uneventful month otherwise, except that it is not at all unlikely that a Marine Monster, generally supposed to be extinct, will be observed, if not actually secured, on the Thames Embankment close to the Savoy Hotel.

HARCOURTIANA.—It is not enough to have great qualities. We must induce others to recognise their existence.—*Harcourt MS.*
The mental pleasures of the truly great are limited. They cannot always be thinking of themselves.—*Harcourt MS.*

HARCOURTIANA.—It is a sign of extraordinary merit when those who most envy its possession are accustomed to depreciate its manifestation.—*Harcourt MS.*

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

September.—Mars becomes stationary in Taurus, and the position of Saturn is, OLD PODLER deeply regrets to say, very evil. It is more than probable that the month will witness a marked development of insanity and perhaps suicide amongst London sparrows, and OLD PODLER fancies he sees something of a highly peculiar nature taking place in a locality which shall be nameless at present. He hopes his more advanced students will be able to read between the lines, and comprehend the true import and grave significance of this prediction, despite the halo of obscurity with which he has thought it best to shroud it from the uninitiated.

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

October.—The conjunction of the planet Herschel with the Star South Scale, together with the sextile aspect of Saturn with regard to Aries, denotes a stir in the Stock Exchange and a return of prosperity to the hot chestnut interest. King Death will be busy with his scythe among the 'bus horses, myriads of whom will perish miserably from pink-eye, and Capricornus, being in Leo, afflicts the umbrella trade.

ADAPTED PROVERB FOR SHOOTERS.—(To a "tailored" bird.)—Once hit, why fly?



THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE. (A TRAJET DE COME-DY.)

Newly-married Wife (on her honeymoon on the Italian Lakes). "WHAT IS IT TROUBLING YOU, DARLING? A FEW MINUTS AGO WE WERE SO HAPPY, AND NOW IT SEEMS AS IF SOME COLD SHADOW HAD SPRUNG UP BETWEEN US. SILVIE WANTS TO KNOW ALL HER ERNEST'S SECRETS—WON'T HE TELL HER?" [But Ernest dare not tell her, what he has just realised, that, during the last interlude, an Oar has slipped away, the Steamer is coming round the Point, and the table d'hôte bell is ringing!]

WEATHER WISDOM.

OUR weather cannot be so bad
Though ceaselessly we slate and leather it.
It makes us sad, it drives us mad,
Yet we somehow contrive to weather it!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

November.—It is not often that OLD PODLER has to own himself nonplussed; but, upon his honour, he does not know quite what to say concerning this particular month. Were he to disclose all he perceives, he might terrify his readers, without accomplishing any tangible benefit, it not being in OLD PODLER's power to stay the dread decree of Destiny, or trip up the advancing Finger of Fate one jot or tittle! Still, really, what with Saturn entering Scorpio, and Mars becoming stationary in Aries and the luminaries in trine, OLD PODLER cannot disguise his conviction that we are

going to have rather a time of it. Jupiter changes his sign, which denotes that there will be a devolution, on or about the 9th, of the most exalted dignity in London's vast city. OLD PODLER sees processions, and much cheering, followed by explosions in various districts on the 5th, but he trusts it will turn out that the Anarchist has not had his cloven hoof in it, nor yet Fenians. It is by no means improbable that this month may witness atmospheric phenomena of a marked character, and all persons born before 1803 should avoid late hours, heated ball-rooms, and live as much as possible on liquorice jujubes.

ADAPTED PROVERBS FOR SHOOTERS.—(After Lunch.)—A rolling keeper gathers no lost (birds). A cartridge in time saves kicking up a shine.

HARCOURTIANA.—Few people know how to be young at sixty-six.—Harcourt MS.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

December.—Last month was bad enough, but *this* one—oh dear! oh lor! Well, well, OLD PODLER *may* be mistaken, though, on *nisi prius* grounds, nothing is more unlikely. Still, we must not give way to premature panic, but hope bravely for the best as long as possible. And, in any case, OLD PODLER must complete his astrological labours, having got so far. Saturn coming out of Cancer, and forming the trine aspect with Jupiter, affords the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain a brief respite from trouble. The transit of Mars through Gemini afflicts the ducks on the Round Pond, and Saturn's approach to Capricornus is most untoward for the Piccadilly goat, who should stay at home. Mars in the 5th troubles the baked-potato engines, one of which explodes in Regent

Circus. The 13th is especially unfavourable for Pork-butchers, Parasites, and Photographers. OLD PODLER warns all aristocrats of his acquaintance residing in Eaton and Euston Squares that earthquakes may be expected to visit either or both localities about the 26th. A popular and much admired Actor in Romantic Comedy will lose all the hair off the top of his head, and the year will close amid general gloom.

WEATHER WISDOM.

WE have no climate—only weather! Yes!
That foreign critic hit the mark, I guess.
But from experience—and I've had a lot!—
I hate the British "climate"—weather (*whether*) or not!



FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

Little Pipkins (very irate, having been bucked off at the Meet, to Friend who has mounted him). "B-B-B-BUT HANG IT ALL! YOU NEVER T-T-TOLD ME HE WOULD BEGIN BUCKING LIKE THAT!"

Friend. "BUCKING? WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU'D BE SUCH A FOOL AS TO TUMBLE OFF IF HE DID!"

WEATHER WISDOM.

OFTTIMES on a morning dreary, while I'm snoozing snug and cheery,

Many a quidnunc quaint and curious is precociously astir;
While I'm nodding, nicely napping, he's assiduously tapping,
Anxiously engaged in tapping, rapping—the Barometer!
Oh! that is the maddest matutinal habit, my good Sir,
Tapping the Barometer!

Very likely 'tis November, that or black and bleak December,
When—as I can yet remember—morning tubs make men go
"Br-r-r-r!"

Last night he conceived, with sorrow, that it *might* be wet to-morrow,

And he seeks surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the wild wind's whirr,
That with swishing wet is laden, lonely, chilly, first astir,
In that false Barometer!

Then with fingers cold, uncertain, he puts by the damask curtain.

Silly, chilly, poor fantastic slave of terrors! While I purr
Cosily upon the pillow, he of tennis or the willow

Worrying, poor foolish fellow! asks if weather signs concur
With his wishes. He's a goose who from his chamber snug
will stir, Tapping the Barometer!

OLD PODLER'S ADIEU.

OLD PODLER's mystic and thankless labours are now at an end. It is not probable in the nature of things, this being the ninety-seventh consecutive occasion on which he has come forward to interpret the voice of Fate, that he will be spared to do so for many more anniversaries. Still, he trusts for a continuance of past favours, and that his friends and pupils will rally round him as on previous occasions, and that the satisfaction he has given by the accuracy (on the whole) with which he has foretold innumerable Calamities in the Past may continue to reward the efforts which it is his constant endeavour to make to deserve such which—
OLD PODLER must really ask to be excused completing the above sentence, owing to his style having got somewhat influenced by habitual intercourse and communication with the Planets, and on that account not invariably seeing as far through a sentence as what he does into Futurity, and so he bids all his patrons a hearty farewell till next year, when, as usual, he will once more triumphantly point to the literal fulfilment of all his predictions.

(Signed)

NOSTRADAMUS PODLER.

The Observatory, Black Lion Lane, Lambeth. Third bell from the top.

* * Characters discerned at any distance. Horoscopes while you wait. Ask for PODLER's Penny Packet of Predictions.

The Toper's Soliloquy.

i.



Jollygooshuppr:
Jollygoofillrs.
Sh'walkome — domegoo!
Shgar domegoo' too. xxx
xxxx No mashesh.
Damn!

ii.



iii.



Excusname, woul'you kin'ly 'bligeme 'th' light?

iv.



Ska'anshincab:
Worra sillyfool Iam!
I believz I'm 'bit shcrewed.

v.



'Oo carts?
Leshavasong!
"Way down upon
the Swa—

vij.



Thishwon'do:
pull mishelf t'getther
'n girrome.

vij.



'Vorrever 'll
thimishushay?

vj.



—nee Rivar! xxx Imushbrdung.

ix.

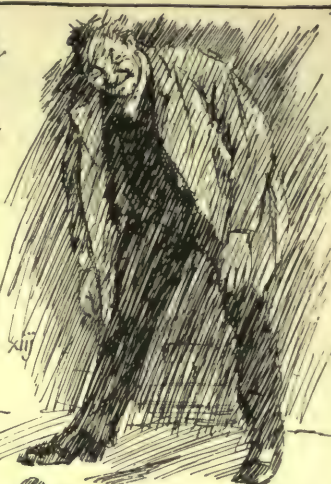
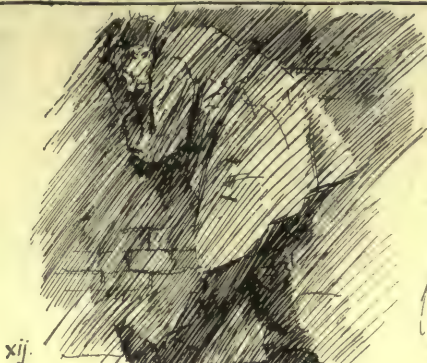


She'll make i'
r-red'ot f' me.

x.



You'll 'koushe my troubl'n you,
but woul'you kin'ly 'bligeme 'th —
no: thashlamposhit



STARCH AND STEEL.—A New "Ballad of East and West."

(Not at all by Rudyard Kipling.)

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, as KIPLING truly swears,
And "Infidel dogs" have a taste in togs that your Afghan hardly
shares;
And steel is steel, and starch is starch; and a starchy style looks
silly;
Yet a Masher's a man in Afghanistan as he is in Piccadilly.*

RHU-BUB is out with his pal BAAR-LAM, the banes of the Border-
side,
And they have spotted the Masherman who is Peshawur's pride.

A Johnny he of true Bur-
lington breed, and the
good old Gaiety stock,
With knickers neat, and
grey-gaiter'd feet, and
a puggree'd billy-
cock.

Then up and spake RHU-
BUB THE RED: "O
BAAR-LAM BLACK, I see
A stiff-starched guy, with
a collar high, an ac-
cursed Feringhee!"

Then up and spake BAAR-
LAM THE BLACK: "O
RHU-BUB called the
Red,

Let us sharpen our steels
to a razor-edge; we'll
have his berlooming
head!

The Feringhee fool is too
cuss'd cool, with his
'gingham,' glass, and
guide;

And he putteth on too
much of what the Kaffir
dogs call 'side.'

I loathe the pig, from his
'spatted' shanks,
which be shrunken
shapeless things,

To the corn-cob pipe
whence he blows his cloud in a series of puzzle-
rings!"

So the Black he set his turban tight, and the Red
whipped out his steel,
While the Masherman strolled on, as cool as the
shadow at his heel;

And the Red and the Black his tread did track like
jackals swift and sly,

Till RHU-BUB THE RED he pounced, and said, "Now,
Kaffir, you must die!"

The Masherman he has turned him round, with a
cool, brief British bow,
And clear as a bell responded, "Well—old chappies—
what's the row?"

Then he was aware of a fiendish glare in the eyes of
Black and Red,

And he knelt him down on the sand-flats brown,
smoked on, and nothing said.

RHU-BUB THE RED he felt the edge of his broad and glittering blade,
And he measured the Masherman's comely neck, in six inches of
collar arrayed.

That snowy cylinder, God wot, was tall and stiffly starched
As that of the best-groomed Masherman who hath ever proudly
marched

In the Burlington Brigade. Right well the local laundrymaid
Who had scrubbed, clear-starched, and ironed the same, knew her
ingenious trade!

RED RHU-BUB raised his broad keen blade, and strongly, swiftly
smote

That coolly puffing Masherman midway his long fair throat;
That mild and unmoved Masherman he abode the swashing stroke,
And from his placid lips forth puffed three regular "rings" of
smoke;

And where starched linen met sharpened steel, behold RED
RHU-BUB's blade

A rugged, jagged, six-inch gap in its razor-edge displayed,—
As when some hungry urchin bites at a hunk of bread-and-
butter!—

RED RHU-BUB glared, BLACK BAAR-LAM stared; no word might
either utter.

But up and spake that Masherman, still puffing regular rings,
"I—rather think—that's gapped it—eh, old chappie?"—



1. "Here is an accursed Feringhee!"



2. "Kaffir, you must die!"



3. "I think that's rather gapped it, old Chappie!"



4. "I'm awfully glad my Laundress put plenty starch in this Collar!"



5. And they erected a shrine to the "Invulnerable One."

It took the starch clean out of them!—Say, that is
a rippin' 'wheeze'!
Well, serve 'em right! They've made me spoil my
knickers at the knees!"

RHU-BUB and BAAR-LAM raised a shrine in Candahar,
whereon
They placed a private Idol, called "The Invulnerable
One,"

Four-arm'd, cross-legged, with a pale profile in the
Oriental style,
Which reproduced most skilfully the Masherman's
placid smile,
With Burlington accessories, book, gingham, pipe,
and glass,

Whereto they make a special point of bowing when'er
they pass!

*Oh, East is East, and West is West; mail's mail, and starch is
starch,
And the modern Masher's linen is as hard as the Marble Arch.
And when Gaiety "Cuff-shooter" against Afghan thief's arrayed,
You may bet your bottom dollar upon Burlington Arcade.*

HARCOURTIANA.

"My dear CHAMBERLAIN," I once said to an old friend, "the
greatest ambition adroitly conceals itself when it finds that what it
aspires after is unattainable." It was to another friend I remarked:
"We had better affect to appear to be what we are not than present
ourselves as we are." I cannot say that in either case the observa-
tion was enthusiastically received.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*

To err is human, to forgive feminine.—*The Harcourt MS.*



— UNE MÈCHE DE VOS CHEVEUX, MAËSTRO ! —

MUSICAL COMPETITION.

"A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR, MAËSTRO!"



MR. PUNCH DRINKS TO EVERYBODY—WISHING THEM A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!



"APPARENT FAILURE."

["The Private View was not a success. . . . The dresses which we noticed were very ordinary indeed." — *"Art Notes" in a Ladies' Paper.*]

Not a success—for every toilet there

Was commonplace and stupid, more or less ;
A fact which clearly made the whole affair
Not a success.

"Were not the pictures good?" Well, we confess

We know not, neither do we greatly care ;
As writers for the fashionable Press,

Artistic knowledge falls not to our share ;
We saw no novelties in hat or dress ;

Therefore the Show is plainly, we declare,
"Not a success."

"BANG WENT SAX-PENCE!"—*A propos* of the New Coinage, the *Pall Mall Gazette* is our authority for saying, that "The design for the reverse of the half-crown has been prepared by Mr. Brock." Brock is a name hitherto associated in the popular mind with fireworks; and if the work be entrusted



"LIGHT AND LEADING."

to this cunning artifice, he will make the New Coinage go off splendidly. He has, we believe, already submitted illuminated designs to the QUEEN.

THE KENDALS are announced to appear at the Avenue Theatre. They start with *A White Lie*. This is the truth. Free admissions will not be heard of, except when they give *A Scrap of Paper*. They are also going to produce a new play entitled, *Prince Karatoff*. The plot, to judge by the name, will be of interest to Vegetarians, as it is whispered that the hero, *Prince Karatoff*, falls in love with *Princess Turnipon*.

CURIOUSLY APPROPRIATE CONJUNCTION OF NAMES.—On Friday last the *Times* published an important letter on a certain fishery. The fish was the Salmon, and the writer of the letter was FFENNELL. We do not remember ever having seen Salmon on table without FFENNELL, which is a fanciful way of spelling it. All information concerning Salmon may now be obtained from a "FFENNELL source."

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

(Very Latest Version.)



[“There is a grievance which has taken hold in the last few years, under which we are all groaning and complaining, without, as far as I can see, any present remedy. I allude to the shameful way in which our linen is destroyed and knocked about by the existing race of Washerwomen in the Metropolis.”—*M. J. G.’s Letter on “London Laundries,” in the Daily Telegraph.*]

WITH wristbands grubby and worn,
With collars ragged and frayed,
A man moaned over a shirt all rags,
Cursing the laundress trade.
“Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!

With lime, for extracting the dirt;
With chemicals rot, and with wire-brushes
rub!”—

That’s the new Song of the Shirt.

Buy! Buy! Buy!
Though I’m but a poor Clerk, with scant
“oof,”

Yet it’s buy—buy—buy!
(My hosier’s bills furnish full proof),
And it’s O! to be a slave
To my Laundress, who’s worse than a
Turk!

I seldom look nice, and I never can save;
And this is woman’s work!

Rub! Rub! Rub!
Till they’re rugged at edge and at rim;
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!

Till with scissors the cuffs I must trim.
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam;
And all the buttonholes gape, and the studs
Drop out in a golden stream.

O Men with sisters who wash,
With housewifely mothers or wives,

Who "do up" your linen, and *don't* "put it out,"

You lead endurable lives!

Wash—Starch—Iron!

That may mean home dampness and dirt;
But at least your collars won't chafe your neck,

And you'll boast a wearable shirt!

But why do I dream of soap,
Or of honest knuckle-bone?

Now most men's shirts come home in a shape

That's dreadfully like my own—

That's dismally like my own,

Unless a home laundry they keep;

Great Scott! that shirts should be so dear,

And chloride and wire so cheap!

Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!

The wire-brush never flags;

And what's the result? A collar that's rough,

And a front that's ever in rags!

That frayed-out wristband worries me sore,

It catches—and shows—the dirt.

And as for the collar!!!—I'll bet you a dollar

You've never one *clean* to your shirt.

Oh! but to breathe the breath

Of old country linen so sweet,

Wherein lavender was spread,

Which was dried on the grass at our feet!

For only one short week

To feel as I used to feel,

Before women washed with chloride of lime,

And scrubbed with brushes of steel!

Oh! but for one short week

Of the good old-fashioned wash,

Before a laundry meant utter rot,

Lime, wax, and such chemical bosh!

A little swearing would ease my heart,

At that ogress, false, inhuman;

So to the papers a line I'll drop,

On the Modern Washerwoman!

With fingers ready and fleet, &

With features indignantly red,

A poor Clerk wrote of his linen in rags,

And this is what he said:—

"Stitch! Stitch! Stitch!

Yet I can't keep a decent shirt!

The thing has reached an unbearable pitch,

So—as an appeal to the poor and the rich—

I sing the new Song of the Shirt!"

ROBERT ON THE GREAT QUESTION OF THE DAY.

JOLLY old Crismus being cum round agen, as ushal, we had our Crismus-Heve supper, as ushal, and henjoyed owselves till a rayther latish hour, as ushal. Upon cumparing notes, we didn't find as we had werry much to complaine about, the grand and nobel old virtue of horsepitality per-wailing much as ushal.

Howsumdever, upon cumparin notes a second time as to the most poplar subjects of conwersashun at the various Eleckshun Dinners, on Saint Tommas' Day, or the day when the hole of the Common Counslemen has to go to their Constituents for to be elected—though what St. Tommas ewer had to do with it I never could dishever, no more can BROWN—we found as they was amost all on 'em a torkin about sum grate change, as a lot of outsiders called County Counsellers was a going for to try to get made; the werry principellist being, BROWN said, that they might have occasional use of the Manshun Ouse, and so give grand Dinners to the West-End Swells, and so



EUPHEMISM.

Cab Tout (exasperated by the persistent attentions of Constable). "LOOK 'ERE, OLE LIGHTNIN' KETCHER, W'ERE THE MISSIN' WORD ABE YER SHOVIN' US TO?"

get them to wote for their having jolly hansum allowences with which to pay for 'em! But quiet ole JOE, who's one of them rum fellers as don't say much, but thinks a deal, says, in his quiet way, as how as it's werry much wus than that, for, from what a werry ancient Deputy said, as he was a helping him to his juggled air, he had werry little dowt but that County Counsellers was achsally a going in for erbollishing the hold Copperashun altogether! if they can git the Government to be fools enuff for to promise to 'elp 'em. And then, from what he heard from others, they are a going to rob the nobel and Charytable Liwery Companys of all the money as they spends so nobly; and then, not contented with that, they are a going for to ask Parlyment

to give them the command of all the sixteen thowsand Policemen as there is in the hole of London; and then, not content with that, they are a going for to erbolish all the eight Water Companys, and manage it all themselves; and then, not content with that, they are a going to take all the Meet Markets, and the Fish Markets, includin Ancient Billingsgate, and the Fruit and Wegeral Markets; and then, just to fill up sum of their lezzur time, they are a going to erbolish the Thames Conserwaters, and manage the River themselves; and then, as they think as them little trifles ain't quite enuff for 'em, they are a going to arsk to be aloud to take charge of all the Docks and Wharfs on the River! And then, as they will naterally want plenty of

amusement after their arduous work, they ask to be allowed to take over the control of All the London Theatres!

I had a chat the other day with one of the LORD MARE'S Footmen, as I allers likes to go to the werry hiest orthorities, and he finished by saying, most emphatically,—“Mr. ROBERT, I ask you this simple quesshun—If it takes about two hundred and thirty gents to keep the grand old City in the bootiful condishun as it allus is; and to keep us all in the helthy condishun as we allus is, and with the remarkabel fine happyties as we allus has, its size being only one square mile, and our number only about fifty thousand sleepers, and about ten times as many, as cums ewery day to hearn their living, how is it possibel for a much smaller number of Gents, with werry littel hexperiens, to do the same with a plaice about a hundred and twenty times as big, and with about five millions of peepel in it? And you may trust what I says, for I had it from our Chapling.”

“Why,” I says, boldly, “I says at once as I don't beleave as it's possibel for 'em to do a quorter of it.”

“Rite you are, Mr. ROBERT!” says he. And so we parted.

ROBERT.

AT ANCIENT DRURY.

DRURIOLANUS MAGNIFICUS has given us something gorgeous this year in “The Hall of a Million Mirrors,” the tenth Scene of his Pantomime entitled *Little Bo-Peep, Little Red Riding Hood, and Hop o' My Thumb*, who are three very small people,—“small by degrees

and beautifully less”—to make so big a Show. In the Hall of Mirrors appear all the well-known representatives of ancient Nursery Rhymes, and all the heroes and heroines of the universally familiar Fairy Stories. Down the Palace stairs they come, group after group, until the Stage, even of Old Drury, can hold no more, and there is scarcely room for them all to move, much less to indulge in any “kicking up ahind and afore,” as was the wont of the Ancient JOSEPH, whose fame is hymned in Nigger Minstrelsy. A most brilliant scene, never to be forgotten!—that is, until next Pantomime Season, when Sir DRURIOLANUS will, in all probability, show us something equally magnificent, and as perfect in design and colour.

There is such a galaxy of talent, specially of Music-hall talent, with the two MARIES, LOFTUS and LLOYD, the CAMPBELL of that ilk, comical DAN LENO (who looks so comically Thin O), and

the amusing Brothers GRIFFITHS, but without the donkey, and with no quadruped to equal him, though they do make beasts of themselves by appearing as wolves, who will not be kept from the door of *Granny Green*, Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN, utterly unrecognisable. Besides these is a Variety Show of other Stars, including ever-graceful EMMA D'AUBAN, and Miss MABEL LOVE, of the “skirts-so movement,” both rightly reckoned in the programme as among “the Immortals.” Only one fault can be found with the Pantomime, and that is, that there are too many brilliant Stars in it. They can't all of them, each and severally, get an opportunity of showing how he or she can shine in his or her own particular bright way; and so it happens that the earliest scenes, which are less crowded, are the best for fun, though in the latter, and specially in the one just preceding the transformation, there is some capital comic business, and “LITTLE TICH” is at his best in his burlesque of the Skirt Dance. We wonder that this clever diminutive person has never appeared as “the Claimant *par excellence*.” But perhaps his name is not “TICH” at all, and so, on his first appearance on the world's stage, he was not a “Tich-born.”

The *Extravaganza* portion of the Pantomime—formerly styled the “Opening”—gave us great pleasure, and the two “Comic

Scenes”—(what are all the preceding ones? Are CAMPBELL, LENO, WILLIAMS, and “LITTLE TICH,” all tragedians?)—gave us Great PAYNE—yelept HARRY PAYNE, the good old Conservative “JOET.”

If the possibilities, “*per variation et mutation*” of gorgeous modern Pantomime, are exhausted—“which,” as EUCLID observes, “is impossible”—except we may “add a rider” (as the Clown in the Circle might observe) that Pantomime is, in itself, a *reductio ad absurdum*—then, perchance, Sir DRURIOLANUS MAGNIFICUS may give us next Christmas a Shorter Opening, say ten Scenes, to be followed by six Harlequinade Scenes, treating, by way of “Review,” all the leading topics of Ninety-Three. *Nous verrons*—at least, such is our hope. And so a Prosperous New Year to Sir DRURIOLANUS, and all his works.

NOVEL, BUT NOT NEW.

(A Story of Romance in Town and Country.)

SCENE I.—*Publisher's Sanctum. Amateur Author discovered in consultation with Enterprising Publisher.*

Enterprising Publisher. Yes, my dear Sir, I think, if you pay all the expenses, we can see our way to giving *An Oppressed Ophelia* a chance.

Amateur Author. You would not take a small risk?

Ent. Publisher. Why no, my dear Sir. I do not see how *An Oppressed Ophelia* can be made a safe investment without your entire assistance. Possibly we may treat about your next novel, which I understand you to say is called *An English Hamlet*, on other terms. In the meanwhile, let us hope that *An Oppressed Ophelia* will be successful. [*Exeunt Author and Publisher severally.*]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Three months have passed. Publisher and Author are discovered discussing the situation.*

Author (gloomily). And so you say that *An Oppressed Ophelia* is a dead failure?

Publisher (more cheerfully). Yes, my dear Sir, but do not be distressed. Thanks to my foresight, and your acquiescence in a business-like arrangement, my firm has lost nothing by the transaction.

Author (dryly). That I can readily understand! Well, I suppose you have plenty of copies you can give back to me?

Publisher. Well, scarcely. You see the Londoners did not take up your book very warmly; but we have made an arrangement to dispose of the rest of the issue in the country at a considerable reduction.

Author. And *An English Hamlet*?

Publisher. We shall be glad to produce on the same terms!

[*Exeunt Author and Publisher severally.*]

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Circulating Library at Slocum-Pogis-on-the-Stodge. Author and Female Librarian discovered.*

Author. Well, if you haven't got the popular novels I have already mentioned, I will have a book by RIDER HAGGARD, STEVENSON, MEREDITH, or RUDYARD KIPLING.

Librarian. All out, Sir. Won't you have something else?

Author. Well, an amusing volume of travels or recollections. Can you recommend one?

Librarian. We did have several books of that kind in the Season, Sir, but just now our stock is a little low.

Author (nettled). Why, I don't believe you have a book in the shop. You seem to be out of everything!

Librarian. Oh, yes, we have, Sir. Here, for instance, is one of this year's novels. It's called *An Oppressed Ophelia*.

Author (pleased). Oh, you have got that, have you?

Librarian. Got it! Why, the whole place is full of them! To tell you the truth, Sir, it came down by mistake. We ordered books by BLACK, MEREDITH, STEVENSON, and the rest of them, and they sent us back, by accident, I suppose, a dozen copies of *An Oppressed Ophelia*. If you would like it, Sir, I will look you out a copy with some of the leaves cut.

Author (shortly). No, thankie, I've read it!

Librarian. Dear me, what an odd gentleman! He's the first as has read *An Oppressed Ophelia*, although I have had it in the shop these six months! [*Scene closes in upon her astonishment.*]



A Man of Letters.

"SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER."

If my memory serves me faithfully, the above heading is a quotation from the first verse of "*The British Grenadiers*," and is peculiarly applicable just now to the Lessee of the St. James's Theatre, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, who has got a decided success in



"Question time."

the original Comedy, written by Mr. R. C. CARTON, entitled *Liberty Hall*, an excellent and a catching name, that perhaps might have been better bestowed on a larger picture. To play with "reserved force" until the passionate moment arrives, is all that Mr. ALEXANDER

has to do; but this he does admirably, never under-acting, never over-acting, always as natural as a quiet gentleman, of a peculiarly romantic turn of mind, yet with a keen but chastened appreciation of a practical joke, kept all to himself for five months, should be. Had he been compelled by circumstances to sustain the *alias*, and to continue playing the part of a *Burchell* in GOLDSMITH's *Vicar of Wakefield* for one month longer, could he have done it? However, as the piece has "caught on," it may be that Mr. ALEXANDER will have to play the part of Mr. *Burchell alias Owen* for even longer than half a year; and, as he selected the piece, and as he plays this part excellently, it is mainly *Owin*' to ALEXANDER that the piece is payin.' Mr. BEN WEBSTER is good as the somewhat gentlemanly-caddish mixture called *The Hon. Gould Harringay*. Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD, as a Family Solicitor, deeply interests everybody in the First Act; "and then," like *Macbeth*'s "poor player,"—which Mr. N. G. isn't, far from it,— "is heard no more." Perhaps, during the Pantomime season, he might re-appear at the finish with a slight addition to his head-gear, as intimated in this little sketch of him, when he could observe confidentially to the audience, "Here we are again!" But this is only a hint, to the practical use of which, Mr. GOULD, by the kind permission of Mr. ALEXANDER, is heartily welcome.

The "Seasonable" Lawyer.

Capital is Miss FANNY COLEMAN as the housekeeper and maid-of-

all-work; and, in the small part of *Todman's* shop-boy, Master RICHARD SAKER shows that, as Mr. Wardle said of Mr. *Tupman*, when he brought down the birds with his eyes shut, he is "an older hand at this than we thought for." If he works at his profession, he will show himself "a wise-SAKER." Mr. HOLLES and Miss AILSA CRAIG, in two very small but strongly-marked character-parts, add to the general efficiency of an exceptionally complete cast. Miss MAUDE MILLETT makes the indiscreet *Amy Chilworth* a very sweet person, but it is Miss MARION TERRY who has in her hands the one strong dramatic situation at the end of the Third Act. It is a situation which, no matter what might have been the author's conception of it, depends for its effect solely and only on the actress; and Miss MARION TERRY, as she sits, rises to the occasion. It is long since Mr. RIGHTON has had such a part as that of *Todman*, the quaint little old-fashioned bookshop-keeper, and to this quite Dickensian character, the actor does thorough justice; as also does Mr. H. VINCENT to the somewhat highly coloured blustering part of *Briginslaw*. Mr. ALEXANDER commences the new year well. "Prosit!" chirps



"Put a penny in the hat, and the figure will work."

A MOAN OF MERRY CHRISTMAS.

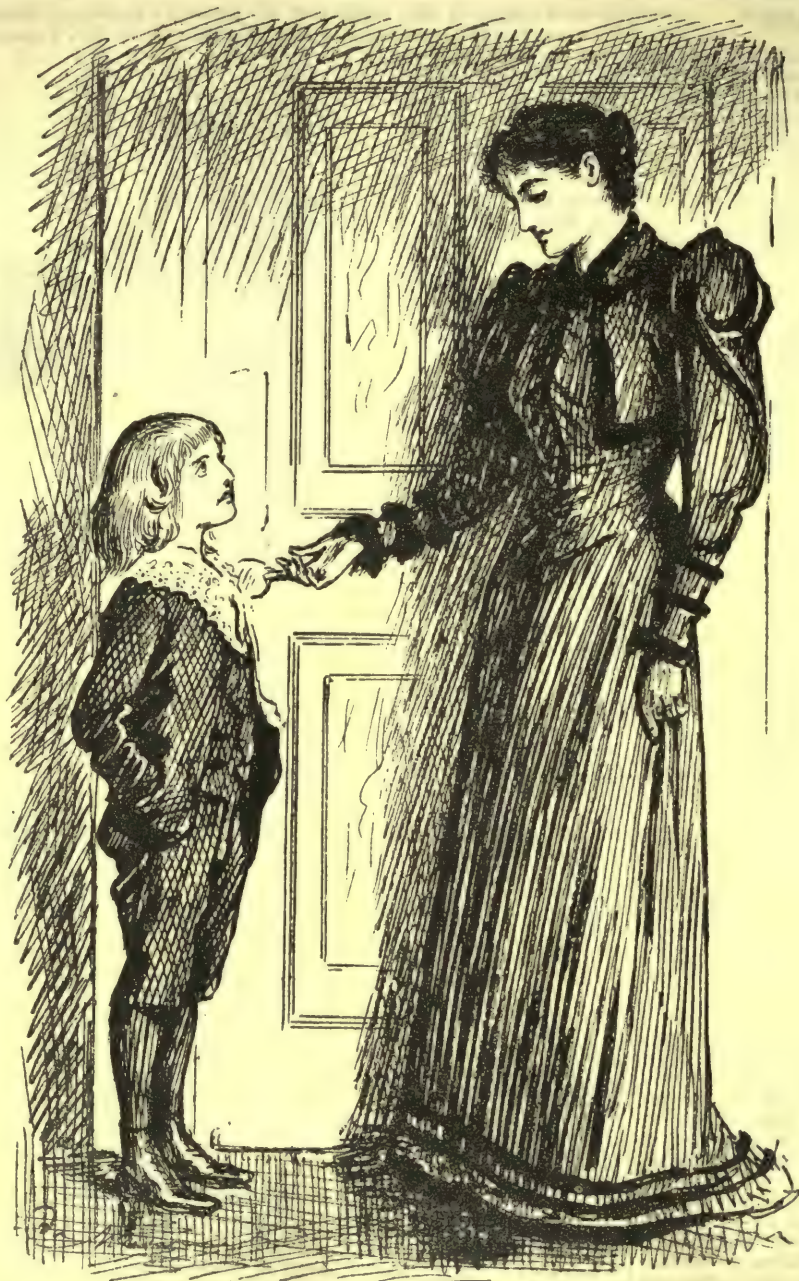
(By Our Own Dismal Dyspeptic.)

Oh, Christmas is a season when this melancholy earth Has to put on the appearance of ungovernable mirth— When you substitute a chuckle for your ordinary sigh, And you give each other presents that you can't afford to buy— When the little boys with snowballs are so shockingly unkind, And improve on the occasion to attack you from behind— When the mistletoe its terrors at the bashful person hurls, And you have to kiss a number of unpleasant-looking girls!

Oh, Christmas is a season when the children make a row, And you have to bear it patiently—although you don't know how— When they will not let you slumber in your comfortable chair, But crawl and tumble over you and ruffle up your hair— When TOM and DICK are home from school with all their nasty tricks, And have terrific combats with a pair of single-sticks— When Auntie comes to stay with us, and always takes their parts, And you smile a sickly smile, and murmur, "Bless their little hearts!"

Oh, Christmas is a season when the beef is very fat, (And it turns me topsy-turvy at the simple thought of that!)— When it seems as if your relatives could never eat enough, And you have to look contented as you sit and watch them stuff— When they give you Christmas pudding, and consider it a treat, Though they know that you are feeling far too bilious to eat— When the very house reverberates with tradesmen's constant knocks, As they call in quick succession to demand a Christmas-box!

Oh, Christmas is a season, when I long to sit alone, In some clean and quiet garret, I can really call my own; Where no Christmas Cards can reach me with their idiotic rhymes— Where I never hear of HARRIS, and his splendid Pantomimes. Where the turkey and the goose would feel distinctly out of place, Where no pallid pie of mincemeat, dares to look me in the face; Where I don't see coloured plates from Christmas Numbers on the wall, Where, in fact, I can forget that it is Christmas-time at all!



A REMINISCENCE.

Aunt Molly (on hospitable thoughts intent). "YOU SHALL HAVE THIS BEDROOM, MIKE—THE SAME THAT YOU HAD LAST CHRISTMAS!"

Mike. "OH, NOT THAT BEDROOM, AUNT MOLLY!—IT'S CHOKE FULL OF DREAMS!"

THE FRENCH "SERPENTINE DANCE;"

OR, PAS DE PANAMA.

THE Minuet's cold and modish grace,
Delirium of the Carmagnole,
Fair France has known. How will she pace
This frantic dance, and to what goal?
Beginning in triumphant sport,
She's tremulous now, with terror cold.
The whirl so dizzies, she breathes short;
The serpent spirals seem to fold
Laocöon-like about her limbs.
Tarantula-bitten victims so
Whirl madly. Shrinks her head and swims;
This is not glory's ardent glow,

But fever's hectic, herald sure
Of dread corruption, if unstayed.
Dance on the footing insecure
Of the keen edge of War's red blade,
Rather than this mad dervish spin,
Drunk with that serpent's poison-breath;
The music is the devil's din,
The dance—the modern Dance of Death!

LATEST FROM "THE GILBERT ISLANDS."
—Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN will probably stay in these islands while writing his new Opera. If successful, these islands will then be annexed by Manager D'O'LY CARTE under the style and title of "The Gilbert and Sullivan Islands."

ON A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

["With kind regards and best wishes for 1893, from Mr. and Mrs. T. BROWN-SMITH and family."]

FROM TOM! It's thirty years ago
Or more, since, destined to talk Tamil, he
Set sail for foreign lands. And so
To-day he boasts a wife and family.

Yes, TOM and I were chums at school,
The Matron—how we used to fool her!
We broke the very self-same rule,
We felt the very self-same ruler.

We gladly in those
classic groves
Accepted all the Fates
provided,
And even in our school-
boy loves
We did not care to be
divided.



Three years at Cambridge
—where we spent
Our money, "linked in
friendly tether."
Three years that all too quickly went,
Then *we* went down, and went together.

Next year 'twas TOM who went abroad;
He vowed that he'd be married—never!
But I was then engaged to MAUDE,
To MAUDE, who swore to love me ever.

Perhaps she kept her plighted word—
But, if she did, she chose as funny
A way as I have ever heard—
She married Some One Else and Money.

Maybe she did not feel inclined
To risk the bread-and-cheese and kisses,
Or else her calculating mind
Preferred "Her Ladyship" to "Mrs."

So I'm unmarried to this day,
And live without the great felicity
Which, as TOM used of old to say,
Can't fail to wait on domesticity.

That joy is his alone, not mine,
Misogynist he liked to call himself,
Whilst I thought every girl divine—
Yet TOM has been the first to fall himself.



I've missed the
sweets of mar-
ried life,
The bills, the
coos, and all
the rest of it!
I cannot boast,
like TOM, a
wife,
I wonder, tho',
who's got the
best of it?

Fair MAUDE, I willingly allow
I thought my heart for ever riven.
It wasn't so at all, and now
Your Ladyship is quite forgiven.

And TOM, old friend—tried, trusty, true,
Across the seas these lines will carry
All New-Year greetings, TOM, to you
And yours, from Yours, as ever, HARRY.

SHOULD there be a hard frost, lady-skaters
in Hyde Park will be able to give quite a
new turn to the "Serpentine Dance."

CRINOLINE is gradually coming in again.
She re-enters to the air of "Steel so gently
o'er Me steeling."



THE FRENCH "SERPENTINE DANCE;"

OR, PAS DE PANAMA.

Montagu Williams.

BORN, 1834. DIED, DEC. 23, 1892.

[He will be missed far more by lawyers and the world at large than many men who hold more important offices in his profession.]—*The Times*.]

COMPANIONS of his ardent youth,
Or comrades of his riper years;
The poor who felt his kindly ruth,
And mourn him with unpurchased tears;
Men of the world whose mordant sense
Shorn of all maudlin sentiment
Seemed the sharp touchstone of pretence;
Soft hearts on swift world-bettering bent,
All miss, all mourn the man whom all
Responsive found to each high call.

Old long-dead days of boisterous mirth,
Far dim-seen hours of arduous fight
When gaiety possessed the earth,
When morning felt no fear of night;
School-form, field, footlights, club! *Eheu*
Fugaces! These, indeed, are fled,
But thoughts of dashing MONTAGU,
That dauntless soul now lying dead,
After long fight with pitiless pain
Make the old memories live again.

Before the triumphs of the Court,
Before the honours of the Bench,
Wild days there were of toil and sport,
Long ere our brows had learned to blench
At threatenings of the first grey hair.
Ah! cordial comrade, champion stout,
The fierce ordeal you had to bear
Is ended; fortune's final flout
Has fallen, and that gallant breast
Is still at last in well-earned rest.

It was your happy lot to blend
Sound brain and sympathetic heart;
The loyal service of a friend,
With worldly wisdom keen and tart.
Shrewd advocate and councillor keen,
You knew the world, yet pitied it;
Compassion mild, not cynic spleen
Tempered the edge of caustic wit.
Farewell! It dims much pomp and state,
Your title—"Poor Man's Magistrate!"

AN IDYLL OF THE CROWD.

(A Tip (after Tennyson) to Tory Topsawyers.)

COME down, O Scribe, from yonder snuffy
height; [lor sang],
What pleasure lives in "sniff" (the Council-
In sniff and scorn, the weakness of the
"swells"? [cease]

But cease to move so near the clouds, and
To sit a votary of the "Great Pooh-Pooh";
And come, for Labour's in the valley, come,
For Toil dwells in the valley, come thou down
And watch him; by the dim slum threshold,
he,

Or hand in hand with poverty in the docks,
Or black with stithy-swartness by the forge,
Or troll-like in the mine; nor cares to walk
With Wealth and Fashion in the parks and
squares; [cold]

But follow! Come thou down, and let the
Cramp-headed cynics yelp alone, and leave
The mugwump scoffers there to shape and
sleek

Their thousand paragraphs of acrid joke
That like a squirting fountain waste in air:
So waste thou not; but come; for hunger pale
Awaits thee; haggard pillars of the hearth
Appeal to thee; slum children call, and now
The Crowd's astir, with every man a Vote
To give him voice, and in that voice you'll
hear ["laws,"]

Myriads of "movements" hurrying into
The moan of men at immemorial ills,
And murmuring of innumerable shes.

MY LANDSCAPE.



CALM sea, the mirror of a cloudless sky,
Blue mountains, in the purple distance
fading,
Tall, dark-hued pines, through which faint
zephyrs sigh,

A garden shading.

A view that might inspire a poet's voice,
Or minstrel's lute to sweetest music waken—
I came to paint this subject of my choice;
My place was taken!

I muttered angry words between my teeth;
I could not see the features of *la bella*,
I only saw a dress and cloak beneath
A great umbrella.

Perhaps some girl, her hair a tousled mop,
Plain-featured, round in shoulder, unpoetic,
With hygienic boots that flatly flop—
Old style aesthetic.

I came a little closer, just to see.
Ye gods, her looks and form were not
alarming!
A graceful, sweet-faced, dainty maiden she,
Completely charming.

The landscape that I loved was what she
drew. [thawing;
I felt my coolness towards her quickly
I also stayed to sketch that charming view—
Here is my drawing.

"SIC ITUR."



THE Old Year flits, the New Year comes,
And, through such severance, man contrives

To parcel out in little sums

The little measurements of lives.
We feign the one a different year,
Outworn, by solemn bells outrung—
The other, founding of our sphere,
As radiant, innocent, and young.

Farewell! we cry, to Ninety-Two,
Its lapses and encompassings,
We bid them all a fond adieu,
And fix our gaze on fresher things;
What has not been we dream will be,
The wounds will heal, the flaws will
mend,
And hopes be born of Ninety-Three
That older, cherished hopes transcend.

It is not thus; Time mocks at pause,
In march continual onward goes;
Th' unfailing progress of his laws,
No respite nor effacement knows;
This year is but the force of last,
Not something new to mortal ken;
Heredit's enchainment vast
Enthral the moments as the men.

Yet welcome still, our childish trust,
Which breathes a truth that Science
Our ladder, based upon the dust, [mars;
Mounts ever nearer steadfast stars;
And, though the rungs be still the same,
The glimpses, as we strive to rise,
Are, 'spite our mists of sin and shame,
More closely neighbouring the skies.

MIXED NOTIONS.

No. III.—PANAMA.

SCENE, and persons as before—namely, two Well-informed Men, an Inquirer, and an Average Man, travelling up together in a suburban morning-train to London.

First Well-informed Man. Jolly old mess they seem to have got into in Paris over this Panama business. I see they arrested half-a-dozen more of them yesterday.

Second W. I. M. Yes—and they haven't done yet. I knew, months and months ago, the crash must come. That French chap, LAMPION told me all about it. He says it'll bust up the Republic before they've done with it.

First W. I. M. And a good thing too. That kind of corruption only flourishes under a Republican form of government. They want a strong man in France, that's what they want.

Average Man. I don't believe much in your strong men. I suppose the last Emperor was a pretty fair specimen; but they seem to have had some high old ramps under him, too. Besides, look at Russia.

First W. I. M. You can't bring Russia forward as an example.

Second W. I. M. Of course not. Russia don't count.

A. M. Why not? I don't suppose you can make a man much stronger than the Czar; but, if we're to believe what we're told, the whole place is honeycombed with corruption. Why—to *First W. I. M.*—you were saying yourself, only the other day, that Russia was corrupt to the core.

First W. I. M. Oh, but I was speaking of something quite different. Russia is a country *per se*.

Inquirer. I thought Russia was an Autocracy.

First W. I. M. It's the same thing.

Second W. I. M. (after a pause). Well, anyhow, we in England haven't done anything of the kind. You can't deny that.

A. M. No, we haven't done anything quite on the same scale lately. I admit that. But we've done our best with worthless mines, and bogus Companies of all kinds, and financial papers, and Building Societies. Seems to me we've no right to chuck stones at poor old LESSEPS.

Inquirer. Is that the same old chap who did something in Egypt some years ago?

Second W. I. M. (smiling, and superior). Yes, the very same. He made the Suez Canal.

Inquirer. Of course—so he did.

That was what we went to the Soudan for, wasn't it?

Second W. I. M. (dubiously). Well, it had something to do with it, of course. As we'd got four million pounds' worth of shares in the Canal, we couldn't afford to see it upset. And then (brightening) there was the Dual Control. That was really at the bottom of the whole business.

Inquirer. The Dual Control? I don't remember what that was.

Second W. I. M. Why, don't you remember ARABI setting himself up against the KHEDIVÉ? Well, naturally, we couldn't stand the two of them playing their games there; so we just had to nip in, and smash old ARABI.

Inquirer. Of course, I remember the whole business now; Khartoum, and the MAHDI, and all the rest of it. [A pause.]

Inquirer (returning to the charge). I wonder why they called it the Panama Canal?

First W. I. M. Why shouldn't they? It happens to be its name.

Inquirer. Yes, I know that's its name now. But why call it after a straw hat?

First W. I. M. (amazed). After a what?

Inquirer. After a straw hat.

First W. I. M. (calmly, but firmly). It isn't called after a straw hat. The straw hat's called after it. That's all.

Inquirer (dogged, and unconvinced). Well, anyhow, I know I bought a Panama hat last summer—and deuced expensive it was, too.

First W. I. M. My dear boy, it was made in Panama. Panama's a place.

Inquirer. Well, I'm dashed! I never knew that. But what on earth do they want a Canal there for?

First W. I. M. Oh, well, I'm bound to admit it would be a convenience. Just think how it would shorten the sea-route. Instead of having to go all the way round Cape What's-his-name—what is that blessed Cape's name?

Second W. I. M. (tentatively). Cape of Good Hope?

First W. I. M. No, no—they're building the Nicaragua Canal for that. Cape—Cape—why, dash it, I shall be forgetting my own name next!

Inquirer (brilliantly). Capricorn.

First W. I. M. Yes, that's it! Well, instead of having to go all round Cape Ricorn, all we've got to do is to sail to Panama, and—(impotently concluding)—there we are!

Second W. I. M. Ah, but I don't think they'll ever finish it.

First W. I. M. I'm not so sure about that; but, of course, the French couldn't do it.

Second W. I. M. Of course not. [Terminus.]



"CREDE EXPERTO."

Q.C. "YES; I LIKE THE ARMY AS A PROFESSION. I MEAN TO PUT MY SON INTO IT."

Little Snooks (who was Gazetted the week before last). "AH, YOU TAKE THE ADVICE OF A MAN WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT—AND DON'T!"

VERY CIVIL LAW.

(With Mr. Punch's Compliments to the London County Council.)

SCENE—The Interior of the Court under the Patronage of the London County Council. Judge, appointed according to the popular view, discovered in the act of passing sentence.

Judge. Prisoner in the dock, or I should say, my good friend—for are we not all liable to err?—I have no wish to increase the natural embarrassment of your position. I am here, as you know, to dispense judgment. This I tell you judicially. I am, when I make this statement, merely the mouthpiece of the Law. In my private capacity, I am deeply sorry for you.

Prisoner (much affected). Thank you kindly, Sir.

Judge. My dear friend, I feel for your misfortunes. I make every allowance for them. By the Statute under whose provisions both of us are here, I notice that I have the power to sentence you to seven years' penal servitude.

Prisoner (startled). Seven years! But you ain't going to do it?

Judge. My dear friend, I will do nothing that is unjust.

Prisoner (angrily). You'd better not, or you'll fear of it again!

Judge. I hope, I do hope that is not intended as a threat! My object is to treat you courteously, and even considerably, but, as I have already remarked, the Law is, in fact, the Law. Although I represent the London County Council to a very large extent, still I am a Member of the Bar, and, by virtue of my office, a gentleman. Under these circumstances, I shall only be doing my duty—painful as its performance may be—when I sentence you to be kept in penal servitude for seven years.

Prisoner (indignantly). What, seven years! Why, you—

[Scene closes in hurriedly upon a flood of language more forcible than polite. Curtain.]



THE GRAND OLD PRINTER.

SEVERAL REPORTS HAVE APPEARED IN THE PAPERS ABOUT THE PRINTING OF THE NEW HOME-RULE BILL BY AN OLD EXPERIENCED HAND WORKING IN SECRET.



AN UNDERGROUND SELL.

First Passenger. "THEY SAY THEY'VE PUT ON DETECTIVES 'ERE, TO CATCH COVES AS TRAVELS WITHOUT TICKETS."

Second Passenger. "'AVE THEY? WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, I CAN TRAVEL AS OFTEN AS I LIKE FROM CANNON STREET TO VICTORIA, AND NOT PAY A 'PENNY!"

Detective. "SEE HERE, MATE; I'LL GIVE YOU HALF-A-CROWN IF YOU TELL ME HOW YOU DO IT."

Second Passenger (after pocketing the Half-Crown). "WELL,—WHEN I WANTS TO GIT FROM CANNON STREET TO VICTORIA WITHOUT PAYIN'—I WALKS!"

"CUT AND COME AGAIN."

THE Annual New-Year's Dinner of Anti-Vivisectionists took place yesterday. The following was the menu:—

Oysters—eaten alive.
Turtle Soup—the Turtle having been exhibited for several days previously in a Confectioner's window.
Stewed Eels—chopped up wriggling.
Lobsters—boiled alive.
Prawns—ditto ditto.
Curried Rabbit—trapped.
Pâtés de Foies Gras.
Roast Pork—Prize Pig, suffocated at a show.
Roast Veal—Calf bled to death to secure an elegant whiteness.

PROBLEM.—At the stranding-of-the-Howe trial there appeared a Witness, whose official position, it appears, is "Hydrographer of the Navy." What is a hydrographer? clearly, by derivation, "a drawer of water." But a ship also "draws water." Therefore, logically, a Hydrographer is a ship. But a ship is never put into a witness-box, where it would be quite at sea, but in the dock, where it could be quite at home. "Truly," writes our Puzzled Correspondent, "there is a muddle somewhere." Q. E. D.

A CHEERFUL INVESTMENT. — A Laughing-Stock.

SAFE PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR.

SOMEONE will write about the extraordinary characteristic of the Season, whether it be warm or cold.

There will be a Political Crisis in Paris on the average of once in every six weeks.

The German Emperor will continue his tours, to the great inconvenience of the Crowned Heads he favours with a visit.

MR. GLADSTONE will lecture, write articles to the Magazines, fell trees, and govern the country, as per usual.

Someone will get a trifle tired of Home Rule, the Channel Tunnel, and General Booth.

A few persons will leave Europe for America, to see the Chicago Exhibition.

A crowd (more or less) will attend the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, the Derby, and the Private View at the Royal Academy.

MRS. SMITH (after having been presented by My Lady BROWN) will present Miss SMITH, Miss ELFRIDA SMITH, and Miss VICTORIA ALEXANDRA SMITH, at Her MAJESTY'S Drawing-Room.

MR. and MRS. PORTLAND SNOOKS will give a dinner-party, which will be reported in the Society papers.

The First Nights at the Lyceum will be amongst the features of the Season.

There will be several failures at the Theatres, and also a success or two.

There will be half a dozen full-dress debates in the House of Commons, and as many important divisions.

The "Popular Budget" is sure, with some people, to be exceedingly unpopular.

The London County Council and the School Board will be censured by the Press.

There will be any number of railway "accidents," and avoidable "deaths by misadventure."

It will be discovered that the British Army is a myth, and that the British Navy is a snare and a delusion.

Parliament will be up in time for the partridges, even if a little late for the grouse.

Everyone will praise the United Kingdom as the land of the tourist, and promptly go abroad.

A subject of deep domestic importance will be discussed in the columns devoted to correspondence in the daily papers during the Silly Season.

A new Author will be discovered, and spring into great popularity with the Publishers, if not with the Public.

Out of every hundred novels, ten per cent. will be absorbed by the London Libraries, and the remainder carted off to the "Circulating Book Emporiums" at the seaside.

A new Magazine will be started, to supply a want hitherto unsupplied.

Someone will write his experiences, and expect someone else to read them.

The children (periodically) will return to school after the holidays, and "men" will go to Oxford and Cambridge, as occasion requires.

Calls to the Bar by the Benchers of the Inns of Court will add materially to the numbers of the Unemployed.

Several social failures will go to the Colonies, and (like a bad shilling) return again.

Professor JONES will call black white, while Professor ROBINSON insists that it is grey.

There will be bags on the moors, and sales at the poultryers'.

The Christmas Numbers will be prepared in May and published in October.

The Divorce Court will be open for the Season, and the Season will amply avail itself of the opportunity.

The year will pass in less than no time, and the Yule-tide greetings will be heard, as it were, shortly after Easter.



Going with the Times.

SUBJECT FOR FANCY PICTURE.—Fined five shillings for swearing. A bench of Magisterial Salmon from the River Tees, after considerable consultation, deciding that they cannot pass over the Dinsdale Dam, but admitted that it was quite allowable for a lady-like Salmon to say to the river, "O you Tees!"

"THE PRESENT TIMES."—Christmas and New Year.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

THE SCHOOL FOR PATRIOTISM.

[A Fund has been raised to supply the School Board with Union-Jacks, with a view to increasing the loyalty of the pupils.—*Daily Paper.*]

SCENE—*A Room of the School Board, decorated with flags and trophies of arms. Teacher discovered instructing his pupils in English History.*

Teacher. And now we come to the Battle of Trafalgar, which was won by NELSON in the early part of the present century. As it is my object to increase your patriotism, I may tell you that "BRITANNIA rules the waves, and Britons never, never, never will be slaves!" Repeat that in chorus.

Pupils. "Rule, BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA rules the waves; Britons never, never, never will be slaves!"

Teacher. Thank you very much; and to show how the *esprit de corps* in Her Majesty's Ships-of-War is preserved, I will now dance the Sailor's Hornpipe.

[*Does so.*]

First Pupil. Please, Sir, do Englishmen always win?

Teacher. Invariably. If they retire, they do not retreat. Can you tell me what a retirement of troops in the face of the enemy is called?

Second Pupil. Bolting, Sir.

Teacher. Nothing of the sort. Go to the bottom of the class, Sirrah! Bolting, indeed! Next boy!

Third Pupil. It is called "a strategic movement to the rear," Sir.

Teacher. Quite right; and now we come to the Battle of Waterloo, which you will remember was won on the 18th of June, 1815. But perhaps this may be a convenient time for the introduction of the Union-Jack War Dance, which, as you all know, has been recently ordered to be part of our studies by the Committee of the School Board. Now then, please, take your places.

[*The Pupils seize the flags hanging to the walls, and dance merrily. At the conclusion of the exercise they replace the flags, and resume their customary places.*]

First Pupil. If you please, can you tell us anything about the Union-Jack?

Teacher. As I have explained on many occasions, when you have been good and obliging enough to put the same question to me, I am delighted to have the opportunity. You must know that the Union-Jack represents the greatest nation in the world. This nation is our own beloved country, and it is gratifying to know that there are no people so blessed as our own. The Union-Jack flies in every quarter of the globe, and where it is seen, slavery becomes impossible, and tyranny a thing of the past. To be an Englishman is to be the noblest creature on the earth. One Englishman is worth twenty specimens of other nationalities; he is more conscientious, more clever, more beautiful than any other living man, and it is a good thing for the world that he exists. [*Looking at watch.*] And now, as we have rather exceeded our usual time for study, we will depart after the customary ceremony.

[*The Pupils then sing the National Anthem, and the School dismisses itself with three cheers for HER MAJESTY. Curtain.*]

BUTTERS BUTTERED.

SIR,—I have been deeply thrilled by the suggestion for curing the Agricultural depression which Messrs. MACDOUGALL, of Mark Lane, have made. I am not myself an Agriculturist; still, in—or rather near—the suburban villa in which I reside, I have an old cow, and a donkey on which my children ride. Directly I heard that the way to keep animals warm and comfortable in Winter was to smear them all over with oil, thus saving much of the cost of feeding them, I tried the plan on the aged cow. Perhaps the oil I used was not sufficiently pure. At all events the animal, which had never been known before to do more than proceed at a leisurely walk, rushed at frantic speed into the garden, and tossed my wife's mother into a cucumber-frame. She has now gone home. Undeterred by the comparative failure of this attempt, I smeared our donkey with a

pint of the best castor-oil, just before setting out on its daily amble, with the children (in panniers) on its back. It did not appear to relish the treatment, as it instantly broke loose, and was found, five miles off, in a village pound, while the children were landed in a neighbouring ditch. I am writing to Messrs. MACDOUGALL, to ask for particulars of how the oil is to be applied. I am sure it is an excellent idea, if the animals could be brought to see it in the same light.

Yours, experimentally,
DARWIN EDISON GUBBINS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—SMITH Minor, who is staying at our house for part of the holidays, said what good fun it would be to try the MACDOUGALL plan on my Uncle from India. He is always cold and shivering. We waited till he was having a nap after dinner in the arm-chair, and we coated him over with butter that SMITH Minor got from Cook. (Cook never will give me butter.) When we got to his hair he unfortunately woke up, so that is probably why the plan did not succeed. We thought he would be pleased to feel warmer, but he wasn't. Uncles are often ungrateful, SMITH Minor says. And it *did* succeed in one way, because he seemed awfully hot and red in the face when he found what we had been doing. Perhaps we ought not to have tried smearing him on his clothes, but how could we get his clothes off without waking him? SMITH Minor says it's a pity we

didn't drug him. N.B.—I have been stopped going to the Pantomime for this, and SMITH Minor is to be sent home!

Your dejected

TOMMY.

SIR,—I want to bring an action against Messrs. MACDOUGALL, of Mark Lane. I tried their smearing plan on a horse in my stable that had a huge appetite, and was always getting cold if left out in the wet. I used paraffin, and at first the animal seemed really grateful. In the night I was called up by a fearful noise, and found that the horse's appetite had not got at all less owing to the oil; on the contrary, it seemed to have eaten up most of the wood-work of the stable, and was plunging about madly. The paraffin caught light, and the stable was burned, and the horse too. In future I shall feed my horse in the usual way, not on the outside.

Yours,

TITUS OATS.



"ON NE 'PATINE' PAS AVEC L'AMOUR."

(With Apologies to the Shade of Alfred de Musset.)

THE THIN BROWN LINE.

["Decidedly the most gratifying feature in the accounts of these engagements which have reached us, is the proof which they contain of the remarkable progress in all soldierly qualities made by the fellahs forces, under the guidance and instruction of their British Officers."—*The Times*.]

Tommy Atkins, loquitur:—

"WE 'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,
And some of 'em was brave, an' some was not ;"
(So Mister KIPLING says. His 'ealth, boys, please !
'E doesn't give us TOMMIES Tommy-rot.)

We didn't think you over-full of pluck,
When you scuttled from our baynicks like wild 'orses ;

But you're mendin', an' 'ere's wishing of you luck !

Wich you 're proving an addition to our forces.
So 'ere's to you, though 'tis true that at El Teb you cut and ran ;
You 're improvin' from a scuttler to a first-class fighting man ;
You can 'old your own at present when the bullets hiss and buzz,
And in time you may be equal to a round with Fuzzy-Wuz !

You've been lammed and licked sheer out of go an' grit,
From the times of Pharaoh down to the Khe-dive ;

Till you 'ardly feel yerself one bloomin' bit,
And I almost wonder you are left alive.
But we've got you out of a good deal of *that*,

Sir EVELYN and the rest of us. You *foller* ;
And you'll fight yer weight in (Souda-
nese) wild cat [oller.
One day, nor let the Fuzzies knock you
Then 'ere's to you, my fine Fellah, and the
missis and the kid!
When you stand a Dervish devil-rush, and
do as you are bid, [Coptic sort;
You'll just make a TOMMY ATKINS of a quiet
And I shouldn't wonder then, mate, if the
Fuzzies see some sport.

Some would like us lads to clear out!
Wot say you? [their fakes;
We don't tumble to the Parties and
But I guess we don't mean scuttle. If we
do, [mistakes;
We shall make the bloomingest o' black
With the 'owling Dervishes you've stood
a brush, [spear;
With a baynick you can cross a shovel-
But leave yer to the French, and Fuzzy's
rush? [year.
That won't be a 'ealthy game for many a
So 'ere's to you, my fine Fellah! May you
cut and run no more,
Though the 'acking, owling, 'ayrick-'eaded
niggers rush and roar,
We back you, 'elp you, train you, and to
make the bargain fair,
We won't leave you—yet—to Fuz-Wuz—
him as broke a British Square.

You ain't no "thin red" 'eroes, no, not
yet, [brown line,"
But a patient, docile, plucky, "thin
May be useful in its way, my boy, you bet!
All good fighters may shake fists, you
know—'ere's mine!
You're a daisy, you're a dasher, you're a
dab! [spree
I'll fight with you, or join you on a
Let the skulkers and the scuttlers stow
their gab, [three times three!
TOMMY ATKINS drinks your 'ealth with
So 'ere's to you, my fine Fellah! 'E who
funked the 'ot Soudan,
And the furious Fuzzy-Wuzzies, grows a
first-class fighting-man:
An' 'ere's to you, my fine Fellah, coffee 'id-
and inky hair
May yet shoulder stand to shoulder with me
in a British Square!

REFLECTION BY A READER OF "REMINISCENCES."

YES, life is hard. Our fellows judge us
coldly; [fettlers;
We mostly dwell in fog, and dance in
But sweeter far to face oblivion boldly.
Than front posterity through a *Life and
Letters*.
That Memory's the Mother of the Muses,
We're told. Alas! it must have been the
Mnemosyne her privilege abuses,— [Furies!
Nothing from her distorting glass secure is.
Life is a Sphinx; folk cannot solve her
riddles,
So they've recourse to spiteful taradiddles,
Which they dub "Reminiscences." Kind
fate,
From the fool's Memory preserve the Great!

"HOW LONDON THEATRES ARE WARMED."
—By having first-rate pieces. This prevents
any chance of a "frost."

SONG FOR THE LIBERATOR SOCIETY, AND
OTHERS.—"Oh, where, and oh where, is our
J. S. B-LF-R gone?"

WHEN the *P. M. Gazette* by a Tory was
book'd, [Cooke'd.
The Editor "Cust," and its readers were



"SURGIT AMARI ALIQUID—"

"AND WHOM DID YOU TAKE INTO SUPPER, MIKE?" "MAUD WILLOUGHBY."
"YOU LUCKY BOY! WHY, SHE'S A DARLING!"
"YES—BUT THERE WAS ANOTHER FELLOW ON HER OTHER SIDE!"

ON AN OLD QUARTETTE.

[*Pantolon, Clown, Harlequin, and Columbine* are the characters of an old sixteenth-century drama, acted in dumb-show. "*Pantaleone*" is a Venetian type; *Columbine* means a "little dove."]

WHILE Fairyland and Fairy tales
'Neath flaunting pageants fall,
And over Pantomime prevails
The Muse of Music Hall,
Still echoes, wafted through the din,
A lilt of one old tune—
Of Columbine and Harlequin,
Of Clown and Pantolon.
Their faded frolics, tarnished show
Are shadows faint and rude
Of mimes who centuries ago
Joked, caramboled and wooed,
Of masques Venetian, Florentine,
Of moyen-age renown—
Of Harlequin and Columbine,
Of Pantolon and Clown.

Not horseplay rough, the Saraband
They danced in vanished years,
But Love and Satire hand-in-hand,
And laughter linked with tears,
And Youth equipped his dove to win,
And Age, who grudged the boon;—
Sweet Columbine, bold Harlequin,
Cross Clown and Pantolon.

Our Children-Critics now who deign
To greet this honoured jest,
Acclaiming, "Here we are again!"

With patronising zest,
They mark no soft Italian moon
Which once was wont to shine
On Harlequin and Pantolon,
And Clown and Columbine!

But, spangled pair of lovers true,
And, whitened schemers twain,
The scholar hears in each of you
A note of that quatrain;
The dim Renaissance seems to spin
Around your satin shoon,
Fair Columbine, feat Harlequin,
Sly Clown and Pantolon!

EVERYONE sincerely hopes that Sir WEST
RIDGWAY will make a good bag during his
visit to the Moors. "Ridgway's Food" is
something that can be swallowed easily, and
is so palatable as to be quite a More-ish sort
of dish. Good luck to the experienced and
widely-travelled Sir EAST-AND-WEST RIDG-
WAY. Our English ROSEBERRY couldn't have
made a better choice.

TO A BREWER (by Our Christmas Clown).
—"Wish you a Hoppy New Year!"

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

VI.—THE MAN WHO WOULD BE A SOUL.

LINCOLN B. SWEZEY was a high-toned and inquiring American citizen, who came over to study our Institutions. He carried letters to almost everybody; Dukes, Radicals, Authors, eminent British Prize-fighters, Music-hall buffoons, and he prosecuted his examination steadily. He did not say much, and he never was seen to laugh, but he kept a note-book, and he seemed to contemplate in his own mind, The Ideal American, and to try to live up to that standard. When he did speak, it was in the interrogative, and he pastured his intellect on our high-class Magazines.

LINCOLN B. discovered many things, and noted them down for his work on *Social Dry Rot in Europe*, but one matter puzzled him. He read in papers or reviews, and he vaguely heard talk of a secret moral institution, the Society of Souls. They were going to run a newspaper; they were not going to run a newspaper. There was a poem in connection with them, which mystified LINCOLN B. SWEZEY not a little; he "allowed it was darned personal," but further than that his light did not penetrate. He went to a little Club, of which he was a temporary member; it was not fashionable, and did not seem to want to be, and SWEZEY thought it flippant. There he asked, "What are the Souls, anyhow?" "*Societas omnium animarum*," somebody answered, and SWEZEY exclaimed "Say!" "They are a congregation of ladies. Their statutes decree that they are to be *bene nate, bene vestita*, and *mediocriter*,—I don't remember what."

SWEZEY perceived that he was being trifled with, and turned the conversation to the superior culture and scholarship of American politicians, with some thoughts on canvas-backed ducks.

He next applied to a lady, whom he regarded as at once fashionable and well-informed, and asked her, "Who the Souls were, anyhow?"

"Oh, a horrid, stuck-up set of people," said this Pythoness. "They have passwords, and wear a silver gridiron."

"Why on earth do they do that?" asked SWEZEY.

"No doubt for some improper, or blasphemous reason. Don't be a Soul—you had better be a Skate. I am a Skate. We wear a silver skate, don't you see" (and she showed him a model of an Acme Skate in silver), "with the motto, *Celer et Audax*—Fast and Forward."

SWEZEY expressed his pride at being admitted to these mysteries—but still pursued his inquiries.

"What do the Souls do?"

"All sorts of horrid things. They have a rule that no Soul is ever to speak to anybody who is not a Soul, in society, you know. And they have a rule that no Soul is ever to marry a Soul."

"Exogamy!" said SWEZEY, and began to puzzle out the probable results and causes of this curious prohibition.

"I don't know what you mean," said the lady, "and I don't know why you are so curious about them. They all read the same books at the same time, and they sacrifice wild asses at the altar of the Hyperborean Apollo, IBSN, you know."

These particulars were calculated to excite SWEZEY in the highest degree. He wrote a letter on the subject to the *Chanticleer*, a newspaper in Troy, Ill., of which he was a correspondent, and it was copied, with zinc-type illustrations, into all the journals of the habitable globe, and came back to England like the fabled boomerang. Meanwhile SWEZEY was cruising about, in town and country, looking out for persons wearing silver gridirons. He never found any, and the more he inquired, the more puzzled he became. He was informed that a treatise on the subject existed, but neither at the British Museum, nor at any of the newspaper offices, could he obtain an example of this rare work, which people asserted that they had seen and read.

Finally SWEZEY made the acquaintance of a lady who was rumoured darkly to be learned in the matter. To her he poured forth expressions of his consuming desire to be initiated, and to sacrifice at the shrine.

"There is not any shrine," said his acquaintance.

"Well, I guess I want bad to be a Soul—an honorary one," of course—a temporary member."

"There are conditions," said the Priestess.

"If there's a subscription"—SWEZEY began.

"There is not any subscription."

"If there's an oath"—

"There is not any oath."

"Well, what are the conditions, anyhow?"

"Are you extremely beautiful?"

Among the faults of SWEZEY, personal vanity was not reckoned.

He shook his head sadly, at the same time intimating that he guessed no one would turn round in Broadway to look at the prettiest Englishwoman alive.

Afterwards, he reflected that this was hardly the right thing to have said.

"Are you extremely diverting?"

SWEZEY admitted that gaiety was not his forte. Still, he pined for information.

"What does the Society do?" he asked.

"There is not any Society."

"Then why do they call themselves Souls?"

"But they don't call themselves anything whatever."

"Then why are they called Souls?"

"Because they—but no! That is the Mystery which cannot be divulged to the profane."

"Then what in the universe is it all about?" asked SWEZEY; but this was a problem to which no answer was vouchsafed.

SWEZEY is still going around, and still asking questions. But he has moments of despondency, in which he is inclined to allow that the poor islanders possess, after all, something akin to that boasted inheritance of his native land, the Great American Joke. "Guess they've played it on me," is the burden of his most secret meditations.



"Then what in the universe is it all about?"

THE INFANT'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Revised to date by Mr. Punch.)

Question. What is an Infant?

Answer. A guileless child who has not yet reached twenty-one years of age.

Q. What is a year?

A. An unknown quantity to a lady after forty. And this reply is distinctly smart.

Q. What is "smartness"?

A. The art of appearing to belong to a good set.

Q. What is a good set?—A. A clique that prefers modes to morality, *chic* to comfort, and frivolity to family ties.

Q. What is *chic*?—A. An indefinable something, implying "go," "fast and loose style," "slap-dash."

Q. What is a dinner-party?

A. A large subject, that cannot be disposed of in a paragraph.

Q. What is a subject?—A. Something distinct from Royalty.

Q. Can one be distinct after dinner?—A. Yes,—with difficulty.

Q. What is a difficulty?

A. When of a pecuniary character—the time following the using up of the pecuniary resources of your friends.

Q. What is a friend?

A. A man who dines with you—a past enemy or a future foe.

Q. What is bad champagne?—A. A fruity effervescing beverage costing about thirty shillings the dozen.

Q. What is good?—A. Cannot reply until I have received samples.

Q. How can an inexperienced diner discover that he has taken bad champagne?

A. By the condition of his head on the following morning.

Q. What is a head?—A. A necessary alternative to money.

Q. What is money?

A. The only satisfactory representative of credit.

Q. What are representatives?

A. The mouthpieces of voters mustered in the House of Commons.

Q. What is mustard?

A. The chief ingredient of breakfast, after a night of it with your friends, when your appetite requires coaxing.

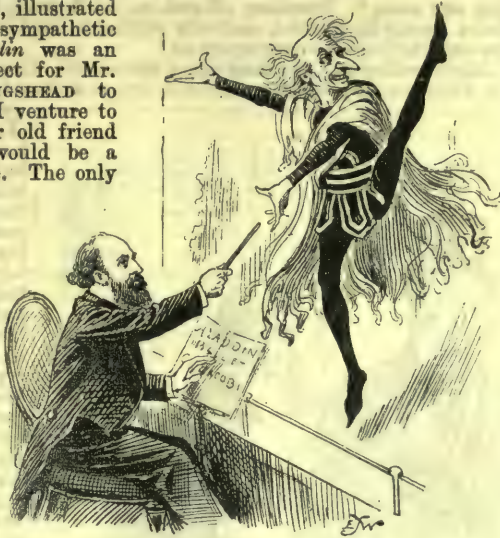
Q. What is the future?—A. To-morrow, and the coming centuries.

Q. And the past?—A. Two minutes ago, and all that went before.

Q. And the present?—A. The right time for bringing the current instalment of the Infant's Guide to a prompt conclusion.

"ENCORE, ALADDIN!"

ALADDIN at the Alhambra is a genuine "Ballet Extravaganza," the story being told in pantomimic action, illustrated by M. JACOBI's sympathetic music. *Aladdin* was an excellent subject for Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD to take, though I venture to think that our old friend *Blue Beard* would be a still better one. The only fault I find with *Aladdin* is that it is too soon over. It certainly will take rank among the most superb and the most dramatic spectacles ever placed on the Alhambra stage. *Aladdin* ought to have been made much more of, as a sort of *L'Enfant Prodigue*. What a chance there would have been for him in games with the street-boys! Mlle. LEGNANT—so called, of course, from the graceful facility with which she remains for



Notes for the *Storey of Aladdin*, supplied by M. Jacobi.

several seconds at a time on one leg—is both a pretty and nimble representative of the Dancing Princess. The *Slave of the Ring* does not appear in this story, as far as I could gather, only the *Spirit of the Lamp*, Signorina POLLINI, puts in an appearance, and a very splendid appearance it is too! Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD is to be congratulated on having struck out a new line—though how he or the LORD CHAMBERLAIN could "strike out a new line" where there is no dialogue, will ever remain a mystery, even to M. JACOBI who knows most things well, and music better than anything. Mlle. MARIE is a slightly *Aladdin*, her pantomimic action being remarkably good. How many *Aladdins* have I seen! Whatever may become of other fairy tales—though all the best fairy tales are immortal—this of *Aladdin* will serve the stage for ever. At least, so thinks



Marie-Aladdin and the Electric Light Pollini.

CHEAP LAW IN THE CITY.

Probable Development of the new "London Chamber of Arbitration," for the economical Settlement of Disputes without recourse to Litigation.



BASQUING IN A NEW LANGUAGE.—Much interest has been excited by the report that Mr. GLADSTONE, during his stay at Biarritz, used up his spare moments by studying the Basque tongue. AUTOLYCUS hears that, contrary to his usual habit, the Right Hon. Gentleman has in this matter an ulterior purpose. Occasionally, in the heat of debate in the House of Commons, Mr. ABBAHAM drops into his native tongue, and addresses the SPEAKER in Welsh. Mr. GLADSTONE, desiring to add a fresh interest to Parliamentary proceedings, will, in such circumstances, immediately follow the Hon. Member for the Rhondda Valley, and continue the debate in Basque.

EVIDENT, "WHEN YOU COME TO THINK OF IT."—At what most patriotic moment of a most patriotic French exile must his feelings be most bitter?—When his love turns to Gaul.

"TO BE CONTINUED."



A Tale Continued in our Next.

What rage was mine to meet the line,
"Continued in our next"!

How eagerly those tales I read
While still of tender years,
Of murder strange, of Haunted Grange,
And gory Buccaneers!
But, at the most exciting point,
Abruptly ceased the text,—

Sometimes, indeed, misfortune sharp
The Journal would attend—
The funds would fail, and so the tale
Remain without an end.

Now, when I take a serial up,
I cry, in accents vexed,—
"I've read enough—why is the stuff
'Continued in our next'?"

Ah well, the things we valued once
Enliven us no more!
(Remarks like these, if morals please,
I've furnished by the score.)
And should these verses but result
In making you perplexed,
You'll learn with glee they will not be
"Continued in our next"!

"Oh, these Christmas Bills!" cried PATER-FAMILIAS. "That's what I do," rejoined IMPEY QUINTOUS. "My sentiments and practice precisely—'Owe these Christmas Bills'—and many others."

BUILDING THE SNOW MAN.

BILLY and JOHNNIE were two little boys,
Who wearied of lessons, and tired of their toys.
Says BILLY, "I've hit on an excellent plan;
Let's go out in the cold, JOHN, and build a Snow Man!"

Johnnie (blowing his fingers). Oh, I say, BILLY, isn't it cold, either?

Billy (stamping). Is it, JOHNNIE? I haven't noticed it myself.

Johnnie. Oh, you're as hard as nails, you are. My fingers are quite numb.

Billy. Then work away briskly. That'll warm 'em! Snow's a bit less binding than I expected to find it. Result of the severe frost, I suppose. But peg away, and we shall podge it into shape yet, JOHNNIE.

Johnnie. Ye-e-e-s! (*Shivers*). But what—er—er—what pattern, or plan, or model, have we—that—is—er—have you—er—decided on, BILLY?

Billy (winking). Well, that's as it happens, JOHNNIE! Remember the one we built in '86—eh?

Johnnie (shuddering). I should think I did. Don't mean to say we're to go on those lines again, BILLY?

Billy. I mean to say nothing of the kind. Many things have happened since then, JOHNNIE. For one thing, we've had heaps of advice.

Johnnie. Hang it, yes! And where are the advisers? Standing aloof and criticising our work—in advance. Where's that bold, blustering, bumptious Behe-

moth, BILL STEAD? Knew all about building Snow Men, he did; had a private monopoly of omniscience in that, as in most other things, BILL had. And now he's licking creation into shape for sixpence a month, and shying stones at us whenever he sees a chance. Little cocksure LABBY, too! Oh, he's a nice boy! If BILL takes all Knowledge for his province, HENRY considers himself sole proprietor of Truth, and he lets us have Truth—his Truth—every week at least—in hard chunks—that hurt horribly. All in pure friendliness, too, as the Bobby said when he knocked the boy down to save him from being run over. Gr-r-r-r! Believe he's hiding behind the hedge there, with a pile of hard snowballs to pelt our Man out of shape as soon as we've licked him into it—if ever we do. TEDDY REED, too, he's turned nasty, though he does come from "gallant little Wales;" and now here's WALLACE, the Scotch boy—though he was all right anyhow!—cutting up rough at the last moment, and complaining of our Snow Man (which they've all

been howling for for six years), because he fancies its head is likely to be a little too Hibernian for his Caledonian taste! Oh, they're a nice loyal, grateful lot, BILLY! And where are the Irish bhoys themselves, in whose interests we are freezing our fingers and nipping our noses? Standing off-and-on, as it were, bickering like blazes among themselves, and only uniting to land us a nasty one now and then—just to encourage us!

Billy (patting and punching away vigorously). Loyal? Grateful? Ah, JOHNNIE, you don't understand 'em as well as I do. Cold has

got on your liver. You're a brave boy, JOHNNIE, but just a bit bilious. Building Snow Men isn't just like arranging bouquets, my boy. Let them bicker, JOHNNIE, and listen to what they say! It may all come in handy by-and-by. We've had gratuitous advice and volunteer plans all round, from ARTY BALFOUR and JOEY CHAMBERLAIN, as well as HENRY, and TEDDY, and TIM and JOHN E., and the rest of 'em. Let them talk whilst we build, JOHNNIE. 'Tis a cold, uncomfortable job, I admit; and whether "friendly" advice or hostile ammunition will do us the most damage I hardly know—yet. Pierce foes are sometimes easier to deal with than friendly finkers. A "Thunderer" in open opposition affrights a true Titan less than a treacherous Therites in one's own camp. But, JOHNNIE, we've got to build up this Snow Man somehow, and on some plan! I only hope (*entre nous*, JOHNNIE) that a thaw won't set in, and melt it out of form and feature before it is fairly finished!

[Left hard at it.



A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

Mr. Wilkins. "BEG PARDON, SIR POMPEY, BUT COULD YOU TELL ME WHO THAT YOUNG GEN'L'MAN IS YOU JUST TOOK OFF YER 'AT TO?"

Sir Pompey (pompously). "HE'S NOT A GENTLEMAN AT ALL, WILKINS. HE'S A NOBLE LORD—THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD VISCOUNT SPEEDICUTTS—A FRIEND OF MINE."

Mr. Wilkins. "INDEED, SIR POMPEY! BUT, I S'POSE SOME OF 'EM'S GEN'L'MEN, SOMETIMES?"

GREAT consternation at hearing of the arrest of "M. BLONDIN" in connection with the Panama scandals. Of course there can be only one BLONDIN, and some wisacres at once applied the proverb about "Give him enough rope," &c. But BLONDIN never fell. It was quite another BLONDIN. The Hero of Niagara was not the Villain of the Panama piece—if villain he turn out to be. BLONDIN is still performing; always walking soberly, though elevated, on the rope that is quite tight. Maybe the rope gets tighter than ever at this jovial period, but BLONDIN, the BLONDIN, our BLONDIN's acts are in the sight of everybody, his proceedings are intelligible to all, though far above the heads of the people.

STILL, whatever financial accident may have happened to M. BLONDIN, he has always kept his balance—on the rope.



THE SNOW MAN.



TO CHLORINDA.

(With a Fan.)

ALL in your glory you to-night
Will dance, and me they don't
invite

Your charms to sear;
And, as a seal might send its
skin [win,
To please the girl it may not
I send a fan.

Behind this fan some other
Your hand will hold; [man
Your fearless eyes, so bright
and brown,
Will hide their gladness,
glancing down,
No longer cold.

And your pale, perfect cheek
will take
That colour for another's sake,
I ne'er controll'd,—
Yet, ere you sleep, stray
thoughts will creep
To days of old.

Of old! For in a single day,
When love first gilds a maiden's
way,

The world grows new;
And from that new world you
will send
Sweet pity to the absent friend
Who so loved you.

Loved — for my love will
wither then;
I cannot share with other men
The dear delight

That dwells in your austerest tone,
That latent hope of joys unknown—
Though now you will not be my own,
Some day you might.

My trusted little friend of yore,
Of course you'd think my love a bore,
It's not romantic:
I've passed beyond the football stage,
And e'en despair is saved by age
From growing frantic.

No, like a veteran grim and grey,
With sling and crutch,
I am but fit to watch the fray
Where, in the world-old, witching way,
In other hands your fingers stay
With lingering touch,
That may mean nothing, or it may
Mean, oh! so much.

I'll wed some woman, prim of face,
Who'll duly fill the housewife's place,
And with her hard, domestic grace
Illusions scatter;
But sometimes when the stars are full,
While at my season'd pipe I pull,
I'll see my little love once more,
With brilliant lovers by the score,
Whose tributes flatter.
And, thinking of the light gone by,
Murmur with philosophic sigh,
"It doesn't matter."

And then, perchance, this fan you'll find,
When all the new romance is over.
Sweet, may you ne'er with troubled mind
Half wish you never had resigned,
Your truest lover.

LAST week, Dr. ADLER gave, as appears
by the extracts, an excellent Lecture on
"Jewish Wit and Humour." He himself
is well known as the *The Jew d'Esprit*.

TEMPORARY CHANGE OF NAME. — Will
Poplar Hospital be styled, "Un-pop'lar
Hospital?"



"THE VERY LATEST."

[“A Cookery Autograph-book is the last idea.
Each friend is supposed to write a practical recipe
for a dainty dish above his or her signature.”

The Graphic]

No, MABEL, no;—though your behest
I always heed with rapt attention,
Most fervently I must protest
Against this horrible invention;
Your word has hitherto been law,
But this appears the final straw!



I'll gladly draw a fancy sketch,
I'll make acrostics with elation,
I'll write you verses at a stretch,
Or give my views on vaccination;
But, even to fulfil your wishes,
I cannot manufacture dishes!

I know, in theory, how to make
The matutinal tea and coffee,
And, when at school, I used to bake
A gruesome mess described as toffee;
But these, which form my whole cuisine,
Are scarce the kind of thing you mean.

Obedient to
imperious
looks,
I've had to
write, at
your sug-
gestion,
The answers
in confes-
sion-books
To many an
idiotic ques-
tion;
I'll vow my
favourite
tint is blue
(The colour
mostly
worn by
you);

Of course I'd learn some more by heart,
If this could gain me your affection,
But fear the anguish on your part
Produced by faulty recollection;
On me, my MABEL, please to look
As lover only—not as Cook!

CRINOLINE.

RUMOUR whispers, so we glean
From the papers, there have been
Thoughts of bringing on the scene
This mad, monstrous, metal screen,
Hiding woman's graceful mien.
Better Jewish gabardine
Than, thus swelled out, satin's sheen!
Vilest garment ever seen!
Form unknown in things terrene;
Even monsters pliocene
Were not so ill-shaped, I ween.
Women wearing this machine,
Were they fat or were they lean—
Small as WORDSWORTH'S celandine,
Large as sail that's called lateen—
Simply swept the pavement clean:
Hapless man was crushed between
Flat as any tinned sardine.
Thing to rouse a Bishop's spleen,
Make a Canon or a Dean
Speak in language not serene.
We must all be very green,



And our senses not too keen,
If we can't say what we mean,
Write in paper, magazine,
Send petitions to the QUEEN,
Get the House to intervene.
Paris fashion's transmarine—
Let us stop by quarantine
Catastrophic Crinoline!

“MORE butter is coming from Victoria,”
says the *P. M. G.*, “to the Mother Country.”
Our Colonies are not given to supplying us
with this article of food to any great extent.
It is generally the Mother Country that has
buttered the Colonies.

On Three Poets.

(By the Fourth Party.)

SWINBURNE, AUSTIN, MORRIS,
Bardic busybodies,
Threnodies they wrote:—
They were the Three Noddies!

MRS. R. says that, in this cold weather,
whenever she wants to know if there is to
be a change, she consults her *thawmo-*
meter.

THE amusing article, “A Man's Thoughts
on Marriage,” ought not to have appeared in
The Gentleman, but in the *United Service*
Magazine. This is evident.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

BEFORE I proceed with the order of subjects which I have proposed to myself as the proper one to follow, I feel that I must revert for a moment to the question of "ladies at lunch." You may remember that some two or three weeks ago I ventured to offer some observations on this topic. Dear ladies, you can read for yourselves the winged words in which your adoring *Punch* settled the matter. "By all means," I said, "come to lunch, if you must." What can be plainer or more direct? Bless your pretty, pouting faces, I am not responsible for the characters of my fellow-men, nor for the harsh language they use. If they behave like boors, and show an incomprehensible distaste for your delightful presence, am I, your constant friend, to be blamed? I cannot alter the nature of these barbarians. But what has happened since I published an article which had, at any rate, the merit of truthful portraiture? Why, I have been overwhelmed with epistolary reproaches in every variety of feminine hand-writing. "A CAREFUL MOTHER" writes from Dorset—a locality hitherto associated in my mind with butter rather than with blame—to protest that she has been so horrified by my cynical tone, that she does not intend to take me in any longer. She adds, that "*Punch* has laid upon my drawing-room table for more than thirty years." Heavens, that I should have been so deeply, so ungrammatically, honoured without knowing it! Am I no longer to recline amid photograph albums, gift-books, and flower-vases, upon that sacred table? And are you, Madam, to spite a face which has always, I am certain, beamed upon me with a kindly consideration, by depriving it wantonly of its adorning and necessary nose. Heaven forbid! Withdraw for both our sakes that rash decision, while there is yet time, and restore me to my wonted place in your affections, and your drawing-room.

But all are not like this. Here, for instance, is a sensible and temperate commentary, which it gives me pleasure to quote word for word as it was written:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I want to tell you that, although I am what one of your friends called "a solid woman," and ought to feel deeply hurt by what you said about ladies at lunch, yet I liked that article the best. I think it was awfully good. But don't you think you are all rather hard on ladies at shooting-boxes? My idea is that there ought to be some new rules about shooting-parties. At present, ladies are asked to amuse the men—at least that is my experience—and it is rather hard they may not sometimes go on the moors, if they want to. But, at the same time, I quite understand that they are horribly in the way, and I am not surprised that the men don't want women about them when they are shooting. But couldn't they arrange to have a day now and then, when they could shoot all the morning, and devote themselves to amusing the women on the moors after lunch? Otherwise, I think there ought to be a rule that no women are to be invited to shooting-boxes. It is generally very dull for the women, and I feel sure the men would be quite as happy without them. I suppose the host might

want his wife to be there, to look after things; but *she ought to strike*, and ask her lady-friends to do the same; and then they could go abroad, or to some jolly place, and enjoy themselves in their own way. Really we often get quite angry—at least I do—when men treat us as if we were so many dolls, and patronise us in their heavy way, and expect us to believe that the world was made entirely for them and their shooting-parties. There must be more give and take. And, if *we* are to give you our sympathy and attention, *you* must take our companionship a little oftener. We get so dull when we are all together.

Your sincere admirer, A LADY LUNCHEON.

I confess this simple letter touched an answering chord in my



TOO AFFECTIONATE BY HALF.

Auntie. "OH, YOU NAUGHTY BOY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SMOKING! WHY YOU'LL NEVER GROW!"

Artful Nephew. "THAT'S JUST IT, AUNTIE. I DON'T WANT TO GROW. I WANT TO KEEP THE SAME SIZE ALWAYS, SO THAT I CAN SIT ON YOUR LAP, AN' LOVE YOU!"

little woman says. She don't mean half of it. Get the hostess to strike!"—here he laughed loudly—"now that's a real good 'un. Why, they haven't got it in them. Fact is, they can't stand one another's company. She says as much, don't she? 'We get so dull when we are all together.' Well, that scarcely looks like goin' off on the strike together, does it? Don't you be alarmed, old quill-driver, they'll never run a strike of that kind for more than a day. They'll all come troopin' back, beggin' to be forgiven, and all that, and, by gum, we shall have to take 'em back too, just as we're all congratulatin' ourselves that we shan't have to go to any more blessed pic-nics. That's a woman's idea of enjoyin' herself in the country—nothin' but one round of pic-nics. I give you my word, when I was stayin' with old FRED DERRIMAN, in Perthshire, they regularly mapped out the whole place for pic-nics, and I'm dashed if they didn't spoil our best day's drivin' by pic-nickin' in, 'oh, such a sweet



MR. PUNCH'S SKATING PARTY.

place.' Truth is, they can't get along without us, my son, only they won't admit it, bless 'em! And, after all, we're better off when they're in the house, I'm bound to confess; so I don't mind lettin' 'em have a pic-nic or two, just to keep 'em sweet. Them's my sentiments, old cock, and you're welcome to them."

I thanked the Captain for his courtesy, and withdrew. But if the whole thing is merely a matter of pic-nics, it is far simpler than I imagined.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"HAVE you read," asks one of the Baron's Assistants of his Chief, "Miss BRADDON's Christmas Annual? It is entitled, *The Mistletoe Bough*, and contains some of the best short stories I have read lately. One of them, 'In Mr. CARTWRIGHT's Library,' is a remarkable combination of quaint, dry humour, and literary skill. Who is the clever author? But here are other stories, too, that interest and please, and, not least among them, a charming sketch, by the ever welcome editress. Bravo, Miss BRADDON!



"*Brownies and Rose-leaves*, by ROMA WHITE (INNES & Co.), is a pretty little book, prettily written, prettily illustrated by LESLIE BROOKE, and prettily bound," he continues. "Miss WHITE has a charming knack of writing musical verse, simple, rhythmical, delightful. To children and their parents, I say, take my tip (the only one parents will get at this season), and read ROMA WHITE's dainty, delicate, fresh and breezy book."

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ROBIN POOR FELLOW!

ROBIN GOODFELLOW, by Mr. CARTON, is not a brilliant play, as its dialogue lacks epigrammatic sparkle; neither is it an interesting play, as the plot, such as it is, is too weak for words,—which, by the way, at once accounts for the absence of the sparkle above-mentioned.

Three questions must have occurred to those who have already seen the play, and which those who may hereafter see it will be sure to ask themselves,—and they are these:—

First. Why should *Grace's* father, *Valentine Barbrook*, tell her



Nearly burning his fingers. Mr. Hare acting with Grace.

of the means by which he had brought about the betrothal of *Hugh Rokeby* to *Constance*?

Secondly. This being so, why allow six weeks to elapse when

a word from the one girl, who knows, to the other, who doesn't, would explain everything?

Thirdly. If a sudden shock would kill the grandmother, surely, in the course of six weeks, *Grace* would have found out that her shortest and best way was to tell the truth to her cousin, without mentioning it to the old lady.

If in doubt, why didn't she confide in the Doctor, who would at once have told her whether the nature of the communication she had to make was of a sufficiently startling nature to kill the old lady right off or not?

The fact is, it was necessary to keep the lover, *Mr. Stanley Trevenen*, away for some time, in order to allow of there being a glimmer of probability in the announcement of his having thrown over the girl to whom he is devotedly attached, and having married somebody else whom he met abroad. "Now," says the dramatist, "what is the shortest possible space of time I can allow for this? Ahem!—say a month." So he gives him a month. "Then," says he, next, "what is the shortest possible time we can allow for an engagement and a marriage? Say six weeks. Good. Six weeks be it. Only, hang it, this muddle has to last for six weeks! Well, it can't be helped. I can't give any more trouble to the bothering plot; and, as after all, there's a capital character for Mr. HARE, and not at all a bad one for Miss RORKE, with a fairish one for FORBES ROBERTSON, why, if Mr. HARE will accept the play, and do it, I should say that, cast and played as it will be, it is pretty sure to be a success."

So much for the Author and the Play. As to the Actors, Mr. HARE has had many a better part, and this is but an inferior species

of a genus with which the public has long been familiar; but there is no one who can touch him in a part of this description. Admirable! most admirable! *Barbrook* is in reality a silly elderly scamp, with all the will to be a villain, but not endowed with the brains requisite for that line of life. Thus, the Author, unconsciously, has created him. But Mr. HARE invests this feather-headed scoundrel with lago-ish and Mephistophelian characteristics, that go very near to make the audience believe that, after all, there is something in the part, and also in the plot. But the part is only a snowman, and melts away under the sunlight of criticism. Miss KATE RORKE is charming. It is a monotonous and wearisome part, and the merit of it is her own. Miss NORREYS is very good, but the girl is insipid. Miss COMPTON, as the good-hearted, knowing, fast lady, wins us, as she proves herself to be the real *Robin Goodfellow*, the real good fairy of the piece. *Robin Goodfellow* is a misnomer, unless the aforesaid *Robin* be dissociated from *Puck*; but it is altogether a bad title as applied to this piece for, as with Mr. CARTON's piece at the St. James's, *Liberty Hall*, it is a title absolutely thrown away. Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON is as good as the part permits, and it is the Author's fault that he is not better. Mr. GILBERT HARE gives a neat bit of character as the Doctor, and Mr. DONALD ROBERTSON may by now have made something of the rather foolish Clergyman (whether Rector, Vicar, or Curate I could not make out), whose stupid laugh began by making a distinct hit, and, on frequent repetition, became a decided bore. It is played in one Scene and three Acts, and no doubt in the course of a fortnight certain repetitions and needless lines will have been excised, and the piece will play closer, and may be an attraction, but not a great one, for some time to come. At all events, the part of *Valentine Barbrook* will add another highly-finished picture to Mr. HARE's gallery of eccentric comedy-character. I think of him with delight, and exclaim once more—

Admirable!



The Happy Pair.

PRIVATE BOX.

At Drury Lane the Baddeley Cake Meeting was a Goodly sight.

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS. THE KEEPER.

(With an Excursus on Beaters.)

OF the many varieties of keeper, I propose, at present, to consider only the average sort of keeper, who looks after a shooting, comprising partridges, pheasants, hares, and rabbits, in an English county. Now it is to be observed that your ordinary keeper is not a conversational animal. He has, as a rule, too much to do to waste time in unnecessary talk. To begin with, he has to control his staff, the men and boys who walk in line with you through the root-fields, or beat the coverts for pheasants. That might seem at first sight to be an easy business, but it is actually one of the most difficult in the world. For thorough perverse stupidity, you will not easily match the autochthonous beater. Watch him as he trudges along, slow, expressionless, clod-resembling, lethargic, and say how you would like to be the chief of such an army. He is always getting out of line, pressing forward unduly, or hanging back too much, and the loud voice of the keeper makes the woods resound with remonstrance, entreaty, and blame, hurled at his bovine head. After lunch, it is true, the beater wakes up for a little. Then shall you hear WILLIAM exchanging confidences from one end of the line to the other with JARGE, while the startled pheasant rises too soon and goes back, to the despair of the keeper and the guns. Then, too, are heard the shouts of laughter which greet the appearance of a rabbit, and the air is thick with the sticks that the joyous, beery beaters fling at the scurrying form of their hereditary foe. It is marvellous to note with what a venomous hatred the beater regards the bunny. Pheasant or partridge he is careless of; even the hare is, in comparison, a thing of nought, but let him once set eyes on a rabbit, and his whole being seems to change. His eye absolutely flashes, his chest heaves with excitement beneath the ancient piece of sacking that protects his form from thorns. If the rabbit falls to the shot, he yells with exultation; if it be missed, an expression of morose and gloomy disappointment settles on his face, as who should say, "Things are played out; the world is worthless!"

All these characteristics are the keeper's despair; though, to be sure, he has staunch lieutenants in his under-keepers; and towards the end of the day he can always count on two sympathising allies in the postman and the policeman. These two never fail to come out in the afternoon to join the beaters. It is amusing to watch the demeanour of the beaters in the policeman's presence. Some of them, it is possible, have been immersed by the law, and have made the constable's acquaintance in his professional capacity. Others are conscious of undiscovered peccadilloes, or they feel that on some future day they may be led to transgress rules, of which the policeman is the sturdy embodiment. None of them is, therefore, quite at his best in the policeman's presence. Their attitude may be described as one of uneasy familiarity, bursting here and there into jocular nervousness, but never quite attaining the rollicking point. You may sometimes take advantage of this feeling to let off a joke on a beater. Select a stout, plethoric one, and say to him, "Mind you keep your eye on the policeman, or he'll poach a rabbit before you can say knife." This simple inversion of probabilities and positions is quite certain to "go." A hesitating smile will first creep into the corners of the beater's eye. After an interval spent in grappling with the jest, he will become purple, and finally he will explode.

During the rest of the day you will hear him repeating your little pleasantry either to himself or to his companions. You can keep it up by saying now and then, "How many did the constable pocket that last beat?" (*Shouts of laughter.*) Thus shall your reputation as a humorist be established amongst the beating fraternity—"that 'ere Muster JACKSON, 'e do make a chap laugh, that 'e do," is the

formula)—and if you revisit the same shooting next year, a beater is sure to take an opportunity of saying to you, with a grin on his face, "Policeman's a comin' out to-day, Sir; I'm a goin' to hev my eye tight on 'im, so as 'e don't pocket no rabbits," to which you will reply, "That's right, GEORGE, you stick to it, and you'll be a policeman yourself some day," at which impossible anticipation there will be fresh explosions of mirth. So easily pleased is the rustic mind, so tenacious is the rustic memory.

But the head-keeper reckons not of these things. All the anxiety of the day is his. If, for one reason or another, he fails to show as good a head of game as had been expected, he knows his master will be displeased. If the beaters prove intractable, the birds go wrong, but the burden of the host's disappointment falls on the keeper's shoulders. His are all the petty worries, the little failures of the day. The keeper is, therefore, not given to conversation. How should he be, with all these responsibilities weighing upon him? Few of those who shoot realise what the keeper has gone through to provide the sport. Inolement nights spent in the open, untiring vigilance by day and by night, a constant and patient care of his birds during the worst seasons, short hours of sleep, and long hours

of tramping, such is the keeper's life. And, after all, what a fine fellow is a good keeper. In what other race of men can you find in a higher degree the best and manliest qualities, unswerving fidelity, dauntless courage, unflinching endurance of hardship and fatigue, and an upright honesty of conduct and demeanour? I protest that if ever the sport of game-shooting is attacked, one powerful argument in its favour may be found in the fact that it produces such men as these, and fosters their staunch virtues. Think well of all this, my young friend, and do not vex the harassed keeper with idle and frivolous remarks. But you may permit yourself to say to him, during the day, "That's a nice dog of yours; works capitally."

"Yes, Sir," the keeper will say, "he's not a bad 'un for a young 'un. Plenty of good blood in him. His mother's old *Dido*. I've had to leave her at home to-day, because she's got a sore foot; but her nose is something wonderful."

"Did you have much trouble breaking him?"

"Lor' bless you, Sir, no. He took to it like a duck to the water. Nothing comes amiss to him. You stand there, Sir, and you'll get some nice birds over you. They mostly breaks this way."

That kind of conversation establishes good relations, always an important thing. Or you may hint to him that he knows his business better than the host, as thus:—

"I must have been in the wrong place that last beat. Not a single bird came near me."

"Of course you were, Sir. I knew how it would be. I wanted you fifty yards higher up, but Mr. CHALMERS, he would have you here. Lor, I've never known birds break here. Now then, you boys, stop that chattering, or I sends you all home. Seem to think they're out here to enjoy themselves, instead of doing as I tells 'em. Come, rattle your sticks!"

Thus are the little beaters and the stops admonished.

FROM A MODERN ENGLISH EXAMINATION-PAPER

Which young Mr. D. Brown went in' to floor, but which floored him.

Question. What is the meaning of "to deodorise." Give the derivation.

Answer. "To deodorise" is to gild the statue of a heathen deity. Literally "to gild a god." This compound verb is derived from "Deus," dative "Deo," and the Greek verb "δωρίζω, i.e. to gild."

Q. What is a "Manicure"? Give its derivation.

A. It is another term for a Mad Doctor. Its derivation is obvious—"Maniac Cure." The last syllable of the first word being omitted for the sake of convenience in pronunciation.



On their Beat.



THE COMING OF THE BOGEYS.

(Mr. Punch's Dreadful New Year's Dream after a Surfeit of Mince Pies and "Times" Correspondence.)

THE COMING OF THE BOGEYS.

I HAD a Dream, which was not all a Dream.
(By Somnus and old Nox I fear 'twas not!)
Common-sense was extinguished, and Good Taste

Did wonder darkling on the verge of doom.
I saw a Monster, a malign, marine, [Bogey,
Mysterious, many-whorled, mug-lumbering
Stretched (like Miltonian angels on the marl)
In league-long loops upon the billowy brine.
Beshrew thee, old familiar ocean Bogey,
Thou spectral spook of many Silly Seasons,
Beshrew thee, and avault! Which being put
In post-Shakspearian vernacular, means
Confound you, and Get out!!! The monstrous worm

Wriggling its corkscrew periwinkly twists
Of trunk and tail alternate, winked huge goggles

Derisively and gurgled. "Me get out,
The Science-vouched, and Literature-upheld,
And Reason-rehabilitated butt

Of many years of misdirected mockery?
You ask omniscient HUXLEY, cocksure oracle
On all from protoplasm to Home Rule,
From Scripture to Sea Serpents; go consult
Belligerent, brave, beloved BILLY RUSSELL!
Verisimilitude incarnate, I
Scorn your vain sceptic mirth!

Besides, behold
The portent riding me, as Thetis rode
The lolloping, wolopping sea-horse of old!
Is it less likely that I should remain
Than she return?"

Then, horror-thrilled, I gazed
At her, the Abominable, the Ogreish Thing;
The soul-revolting, sense-degrading She,
Who swayed and sickened, scourged and scarified

The unwilling slaves of fashion and discom-
A quarter of a century since! [fort

She sat,
A spectral, scraggy, beet-nosed, ankle-less,
Obtrusive-panted, splay-foot, slattern-shape,
Of grim Medusa-faced Immodesty,
Caged cumbrously in a stiff, swaying, swollen,
Shin-scarifying, hose-revealing frame
Of wide-meshed metal, like a monster mouse-
Hideous, indecent, awkward! [trap-

Oh, I knew her—

This loathly revenant, revisiting
The glimpses of the moon. She shamed my
sight, [men's art,

And blocked my way, and marred my young
Twenty years syne and more. 'Twas
CRINOLINA,

The long-abiding, happily banished horror
We hoped to see no more. Shall she return
To vex our souls, unsex our wives and daughters,

And spoil our pictures as she did of old?
Forbid it, womanhood and modesty! [sense
And if they won't, let manhood and sound
Arise in wrath and warn the horror off,
Ere she effect a lodgment on the limbs
Of pretty girls, or clothe our matron's shapes
With shame as with a garment.

"Get thee gone!"
Cries Punch, and shakes his gingham in her face.

"The Silly Season's Nemesis we may stand,
But thou, the loathlier Bogey? Garn away!
(As 'LIZA said to amorous 'AREY 'AWKINS)
Avault, skedaddle, slope, absquatulate,
Go, gruesome ghoul—go quickly—and for ever!!!"

Mrs. R.'s nephew read out an announce-
ment to the effect that MESSRS. MACMILLAN
were about to publish Lord CARNARVON's
"Prometheus Bound." "Indeed!" exclaimed
Mr. R.'s excellent aunt. "That's very
vague. Doesn't it say how it's to be bound?
—whether in calf or vellum?"



"AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE."

Hostess. "ER—ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE—ER—MR. CORNELIUS P. VAN DUNK, FROM CHICAGO—MR. KEMBLE MACREADY KEAN, THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN, AND MANAGER OF THE PARTHENON."

Mr. Van Dunk. "MR. KEMBLE MACREADY KEAN! SIR, YOUR NAME'S VERY FAMILIAR TO ME, AND I'M PROUD TO KNOW YOU!—AND I SHALL TAKE AN EARLY OPPORTUNITY OF ASKING YOU FOR SOME ORDERS FOR YOUR THEATRE!"

LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

"[There is scarcely one of us who does not violate some rule of English grammar in every sentence which he speaks.]—*Daily News*."

NEVER we dreamt of this horrible blundering!
Up to the present, we cheerfully spoke
Quite unaware of our errors, nor wondering
How many rules in each sentence we broke.

Now we can scarcely pronounce the admission
that

Grammar and parsing we freely neglect,
Someone can dare to make humble petition that
Someone or other will cure this defect!

Often we err in the use of each particle,
Seldom observe where our adverbs belong,
Wholly misplace the indefinite article,
In our subjunctives go hopelessly wrong!

What can we do? Will the *Daily News*
qualify

As an instructor in matters like these?
How can we quickest successfully mollify
Those whom our errors must sadly dis-
please?

Scarce can we venture the veriest platitude,
May not its grammar be shamefully weak?
You, Mr. Punch, can rely on our gratitude,
If you will tell us—how ought we to speak?

A DARK SAYING.—HAD HILDA DAWSON—who, as reported in the *D. T.* one day last week, was hailed before Sir PETER EDLIN—been a character in some play of SHAKESPEARE'S, to whom the Bard had given these words to utter—"And this is what you call trial by Jury! Why they are not fit to try shoemakers!" what voluminous suggestions and explanations of the meaning of this phrase would not the learned Commentators have written! What emendations, alterations, or amendments of the text would not have been proposed! Perhaps, some hundreds of years hence, this dark saying of HILDA DAWSON'S will engage the close attention of some among the then existing learned body of Antiquaries.

"SOUNDS RATHER LIKE IT."—In France the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has gone to the DEVELLE.

THE HAYMARKET HYPATIA.

THAT I never could struggle through CHARLES KINGSLEY's novel *Hypatia*, is, as far as I am personally concerned, very much in favour of my pronouncing an unbiassed opinion on the "new classical play" ("Historical," if you like, but not "classical," and there is not the slightest chance of its becoming a "classic") written by G. STUART OGILVIE, entitled *Hypatia*, and "founded on KINGSLEY's celebrated Novel," which "celebrated Novel" is, for me at least, not only "celebrated," but "remarkable," as being one of the very few works of fiction (excepting always the majority of KINGSLEY's works) completely baffling my powers of endurance.

Mr. STUART OGILVIE's Drama may be a clever adaptation of a story difficult to adapt; but that his play is powerfully dramatic, even when it arrives at what, as I conceive, was intended to be its strongest dramatic situation in the Second Scene of the Third Act, no one but an *Umbra* (to be "classical"), a sycophant, a "creature," or a contentious noodle, could possibly assert. Yet, as a series of *tableaux vivants*, illustrating scenes in the public and private life of *Issachar the Jew*,—and that Jew Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, so artistically made up as to be absolutely unrecognisable by those who know him best,—the action is decidedly interesting up to the end of the Third Act. After that, all is tumult. The gay and seductive *Orestes*, Prefect of Alexandria (carefully played by Mr. LEWIS WALLER) is slain, anyhow, all higgledy-piggledy, by the Jew, *Issachar*, whose seductive daughter represented by Miss OLGA BRANDON, Prefect has contrived, not, apparently,



Cyrillus Fernandez Gladstonius Episcopus.

"Where they goes, or how they fares, Nobody knows and nobody cares."



The Tip for the Alexandr(i)a Park Meeting. "Heracian must win." Notice the *Rara Nativa Oysteriana Shrub* in the background.

Ruth (sweetly and gently this gay LOTHARIO of a with any great difficulty, to lead astray, or, to put it "classically," to seduce from the narrow path of such virtue as is common alike to Pagan, Jew, and Christian. As for handsome *Hypatia* herself, magnificent though Miss JULIA NEILSON be as a classic model for a painter, she is nowhere, dramatically, in the piece, when contrasted with the unhappy Jewish Family of two. It is the story of *Issachar*, his daughter and *Orestes*, that absorbs the interest; and, as to what becomes of *Cyril* and his Merry Monks, of *Philammon* (which, when pronounced, sounds like a modern Cockney-rendering of PHILIP HAMMOND, with the aspirate omitted and the final "d" dropped), of old *Theon* (who never appears but he is immediately sent away again, and therefore might be termed "The-on-and-off-'un"), and, finally, of even that charming specimen of a Girt-on Girl-Lecturer on Philosophy *Hypatia* herself, well—to adopt HOOD's couplet about the Poor in London,—

The entire interest is centred in *Issachar*, and had the author devised some strong dramatic climax (such as occurs in that play of SARDOU's, where SARAH B. stabs PAUL BERTON) with which to finish the piece, when the Prefect should have been killed either by *Issachar* or by *Miriam* (SARDOU would have made *Issachar*'s daughter the heroine—the SARA BERNHARDT of the piece) then, in the penultimate Act, anything tragic, or otherwise, might picturesquely and appropriately have happened to the classic Girt-on girl, *Hypatia*, and

Master Phil 'Ammon, the good young Monk so inclined to go wrong, to the great contentment of the audience.

Mr. TREE makes a thoroughly oriental type of *Issachar*, and it is within an ace of being a grand impersonation. What that ace exactly is, it is somewhat difficult to say, but what is wanting is wanting in his great scene with his daughter. If the dramatist had given him such another final chance as I have already suggested, the character might have been dramatically perfected in Mr. TREE's hands. As it is, both by author and actor it is left "to be finished in our next."

Mr. TERRY is good as the amatory Monk, and Miss JULIA NEILSON is statuesquely graceful as *Hypatia*. If I say "she is making strides in her profession," I must be taken to allude not to her vast improvement histrionically, but to the long steps which she takes across the stage.

The costumes are admirable, especially that of *Issachar*, on whose attire the Messrs. NATHAN as Israel-lights-and-leaders must be considered high authorities.

Mr. ALMA TADEMA, R.A., is responsible for the designs of the scenery by Messrs. JOHNSTONE, HANN, HALL and HARKER. [Great chance for 'ARRY'ere! "Scenery by 'ANN—a lady artist of course—then 'ALL and then 'ARKER, from designs by HALMA TADEMA." "I



From an Ancient Vase found in the Haymarket.

s'pose HALMA's a artistic shemale," 'ARRY would say: "cos I know as there's another HALMA on the stage, leastways on the Music 'All

stage, and she's HALMA STANLEY." Whatever the designing ALMA may have done, I cannot say much for the reproduction of his favourite game of marbles. The "marble halls" lack polish; but the Market Place, The Court of Hypatia's House, Issachar's snugger, and a Street in Alexandria, are highly effective pictures. But I should like to know if in Mr. ALMA TADEMA's design for the Monk's dress, Mr. FRED TERRY found a small black and silver crucifix of very modern workmanship suspended from the girdle, as this religious emblem did not come into use until a much later date. By the way, ecclesiastical ornaments must have been cheap in those days to warrant Bishop Cyril (strongly rendered by Mr. FERNANDEZ) flaunting about the streets of Alexandria in such rainbow robes as, in a later age, would have led people to imagine that he had just broken out of the stained glass window of a Gothic Cathedral. Two thousand years hence the New Zealand dramatist may represent the Archbishop of CANTERBURY as walking about London in his lawn sleeves with coronation cope and mitre, or Cardinal HERBERT VAUGHAN as wearing his scarlet hat and robes, and riding in a Hansom cab, having been unable to pick up his own Cardinal's train. All this was hypercriticism, but that the name of ALMA TADEMA, R.A., is a public guarantee for academical accuracy.

Anyhow, *Hypatia*, if not "a famous victory"—is at least a fine spectacle, with some fine acting in it, but this is mainly confined to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. As the very heavy father, Mr. KEMBLE has not been allowed half a chance. Why should he not alternate characters with Mr. FERNANDEZ, and for three nights a week appear as Cyril the Bishop, while FERNANDEZ would be *Hypatia's* parent who has to grovel on the steps while his highly educated child is lecturing, who has to comfort her in her terror, and be turned out neck and crop whenever nobody on the scene wants him, which by the way, happens rather frequently.

The music to a Drama is generally a minor affair, but, in this instance, it is both major and minor, and has been specially written for the piece by Dr. HUBERT PARRY. As this play is not an "adaptation from the French," the music of this Composer is the only *article de Parry* about the piece, and, being strikingly appropriate, it proves an attraction of itself. It is conducted by the Wagnerian ARMSTRONG, who, with his Merry Men, is hidden away under the stage, much as was the Ghost of *Hamlet's* father whom *Hamlet* irreverently styled "Old Truepenny." Altogether a notable piece. *Prosit!*

THE B IN A BOX.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE one volume entitled *My Flirtations*, written by MARGARET WYNMAN (so like a real name!), and published by MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS, consists of short stories setting forth the varied experiences of an uncommonly 'cute young lady. It is a literary portfolio of lively sketches of men and women, "their tricks and their manners," all most amusing, and told in a naturally easy and epigrammatic style. Some of the characters are evidently intended for portraits, which anyone living in the London world could easily label—(which by changing "a" into "i" would be the probable consequence)—were he not baffled by the art of the skilful writer, and by the equally skilful illustrator—our Mr. PARTIDGE—who have, the pair of them, combined to throw the reader off the right scent. The one mistake—not a fatal error, however,—which this authoress has made, is that of getting herself engaged in the last story. Not married, fortunately; only engaged. Consequently the match can be broken off. Let her be "engaged" on another volume. She can be married at the end of volume three, and may give us her experiences as the wife of Mr. Whoever-it-may-be. Will the clever authoress accept this well-meant hint from her literary and critical admirer, THE GALLANT BARON DE B.-W.?

CHEAP LAW IN THE CITY.

Probable Development of the new "London Chamber of Arbitration," for the economical Settlement of Disputes without recourse to Litigation.



"'Ave yer got sich a thing as a second-hand murder defence, Guv'nor?"



"Could you direct me to the Breach of Promise Department?"

ROBERT WITH THE CHILDREN AT GILDHALL.

WELL, I don't quite kno as I quite hunderstans what's bin a goin on in our old Sacred Gildall, or weather it's all xactly what sum of our werry sollemest Holldermen, or ewen our werry anshent Deputys, might admire; but I must say, for myself, that too thowsand more owdashus boys, and larling gals, I never seed nor herd than I did on Toesday larst, for about fore hours, in old Gildall aforesaid!

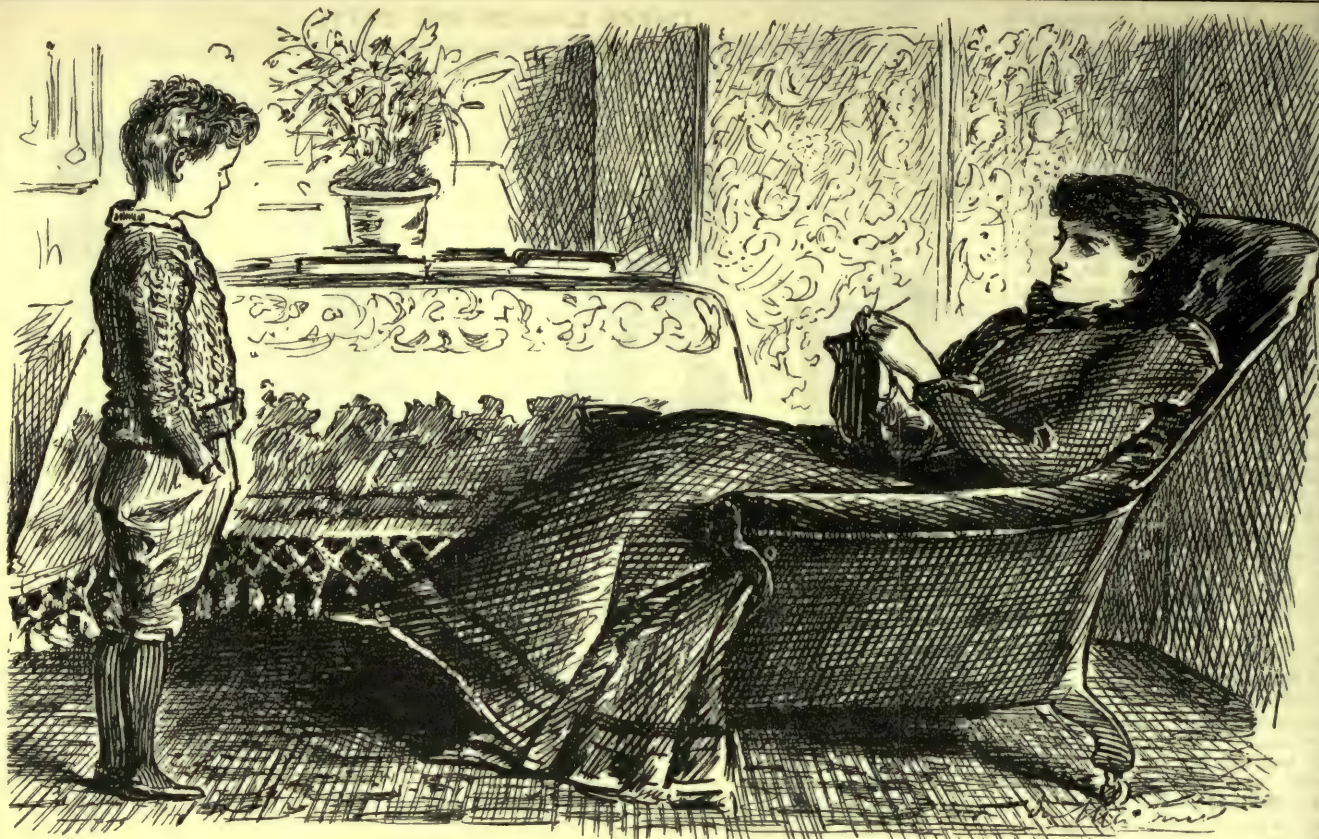
Jest to show how the werry best, aye and the werry wisest on us, gets carried away by the site of swarms of appy children a enjoying thereselves, as praps they never did afore, I feels myself compelled to state, that our good kind Lord MARE was so delighted to see sich swarms of appy children all round him and looking up to him so appy and so grateful, that, jest afore it was time to go, he acshally told 'em a most wonderful story all about two great Giants as lived in the rain of King LUD, on Ludgate Hill. I was that estonished when he begun, as to amost think that Gog and MAGOG, as stood on both sides of him, would begin to grin, but that was, of course, only a passing delushun. But didn't all the children lissen with open mouths when the Lord MARE told 'em that one of the Giants had too heads, and the other three! and that a very good boy named JACK managed to kill 'em both!

And so all was ended but the cheering, and that the pore delited children kept up till they all marched out, smiling and appy, and wishing as such glorious heavenings was in store for them in grand old Gildall for many, many years to come, and with sich a Lord Mare to see as everything was done as it had been done that jolly heavening.

ROBERT.

DWARFS.—Of course there are dwarfs. Lots of 'em all over the world. At least no experienced traveller ever yet made a stay in any country without becoming acquainted with plenty of people who were "uncommonly 'short' just at that moment,"—"that moment" being when the impecunious traveller wanted to obtain a slight loan. The author of *Borrow in Spain* would have been an authority on such a subject.

TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—Dear Sir, I see by the paper that "Mr. EDMUND YATES has been made a J. P." Odd! What does "J. P." stand for? Oh, of course, "JOE PARKINSON." But does "E. Y." on becoming "J. P." cease to be "MOI-MÊME"?—Yours, M. MUDDLE.



A TOO INQUIRING MIND.

"HOW WAS I MADE, MAMMIE DARLING? WAS I KNITTED?"

THE LATEST TRADE OUTRAGE!

(Scene from the New and Unpopular Sensation Drama of "The Monopoly-Monster and the Maid Forlorn.")

"[A large number of complaints have reached the Board of Trade with regard to increase in the new rates adopted by Railway Companies as from January 1. . . . among other complaints of increase of rates for the conveyance of milk, grain, hay and other agricultural produce, firewood, live stock, coal and coke, iron and hardware." — Sir COURTENAY BOYLE to the Secretary of the Railway Companies Association.]

Oh! who'll bring a rescue or two to the help
of a much-injured Maid,
Thus cruelly bound hand and foot, and by
miscreants ruthlessly laid
On the lines, in the Pathway of Peril? The
Monster snorts nearer! Bohoo!
'Tis a Melodrame—crisis of danger! — and
who'll bring a rescue or two?

The Maid (British Trade), has been harried
and hunted by villains and robbers,
By bold, bad, black-masked foreign foes, and
by home-bred monopolist jobbers.
In town or in country alike the poor dear
has been cheived and chased,
By rivals deceitful and dark, and by kindred
debased and debased.

She once was a proud reigning beauty, who
now is a maid all forlorn,
As hopeless and helpless, and tearful as RUTH
midst the alien corn.
Or poor Proserpine snatched by dark Pluto
afar from the day and the light;
Torn away—like this maiden—from Ceres,
and wrapt—like this maiden—in night.

Perchance she was just a bit haughty in
virginal safety and pride;
No rival too near her high throne, Prince
FORTUNIO aye at her side;
But now a poor PERDITA, prone at the feet
of her foes she lies bound,
And that melodramatic thud-thud draweth
near—a most menacing sound!

Ah! sure 'twas enough to deprive the lone
Maid of Protection, her trust!
But this is the last straw of burden that
bows her poor back to the dust.

That Monster *should* be her sworn henchman,
and now she lies bound in his path!

Oh! where is the hero who'll rush to her
rescue, in chivalrous wrath?

Such champion always turns up—on the
stage! CHAPLIN, WINCHILSEA, BOYLE,
HOWARD-VINCENT & Co., here's your chance.
Shall she be that big Monster's mere spoil?

Ah! Surely the Maid is too lovely to leave
to the murderous crew

Of the Monster Monopoly's myrmidons!
Who'll bring a rescue or two?

Her First Appearance.

"WHAT! a new Magazine!" just so.
First number, January. "Oh!
So far? yet farther sure will go
The Mother."

"SCHOOL ATTENDANCE IN BAD WEATHER."
—"SANDFORD" writes of this to the *Times*.
Why doesn't MERTON—our TOMMY MERTON
—speak? And what has the venerated
Mr. BARLOW got to say?

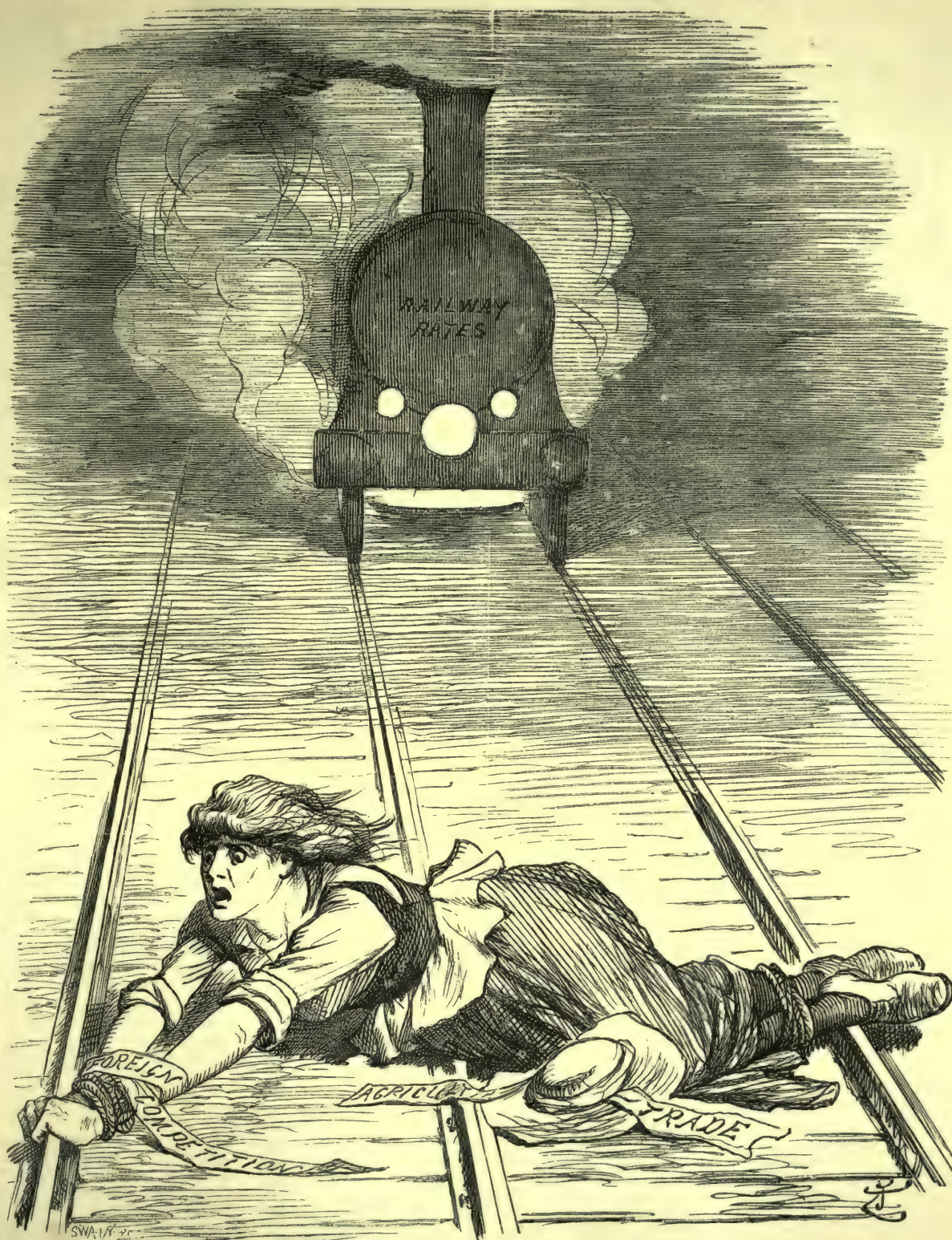
"THE SITUATION IN EUROPE." — Monte
Carlo (i.e., for the winter months).

ETHNOGRAPHICAL ALPHABET.

A is an Afghan, whose knife bids one quail;
B is a Boer, who made England turn pale;
C is a Chinaman, proud of his tail;
D is a Dutchman, who loves pipe and ale;
E is an Eskimo, packed like a bale;
F is a Frenchman, *à Paris fidèle*;
G is a German, he fought tooth and nail;
H is a Highlander, otherwise Gael;
I is an Irishman, just out of gaol;
J is a Jew at a furniture sale;
K is a Kalmuck, not high in the scale;
L is a Lowlander, swallowing kale;
M a Malay, a most murderous male;
N a Norwegian, who dwells near the whale;
O is an Ojibway, brave on the trail;
P is a Pole with a past to bewail;
Q is a Queenslander, sunburnt and hale;
R is a Russian, against whom we rail;
S is a Spaniard, as slow as a snail;
T is a Turk with his wife in a veil;
U a United States' Student at Yale;
V a Venetian in gondola frail;
W Welshman, with coal, slate,—and shale;
X is a Xanthian—or is he too stale?
Y is a Yorkshireman, bred by the Swale;
Z is a Zulu;—and now letters fail.

THE LATEST PARADOX.—JOHN STRANGE
WINTER is taking Summer-y proceedings
against the Coming Crinoline. Henceforth
she will be always known as "the WINTER
of our Discontent."

"GOOD BUS."—From the *Times* money
article we learn that PARR'S Banking Co.,
Limited, is paying 19 per cent. The price of
the shares, therefore, must be considerably
"above par." Capital this, for Ma!



SHOCKING TRADE OUTRAGE!

(Scene from the New and Unpopular Sensation Drama of "The Monopoly-Monster and the Maid Forlorn.")

"OH! WHO'LL BRING A RESCUE OR TWO TO THE HELP OF A MUCH-INJURED MAID, THUS CRUELLY BOUND HAND AND FOOT, AND BY MISCREANTS RUTHLESSLY LAID ON THE LINES, IN THE PATHWAY OF PERIL? THE MONSTER SNORTS NEARER! BOHOO! 'TIS A MELODRAME-CRISIS OF DANGER!—AND WHO'LL BRING A RESCUE OR TWO?"

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SUBACIDITIES.

Gladys. "OH, MURIEL DEAR, THAT HEAVENLY FROCK!—I THINK IT LOOKS LOVELIER EVERY YEAR!"

THE LAY OF THE (MUSIC-HALL) LAUREATE.

AH! Who talks of the reversion of the Laurel,
Of your MORRISSES, and SWINBURNES, and that gang?
I could lick them in a canter—that's a moral!
I'm the most prolific bard who ever sang.
Of the modern Music Hall I'm chosen Laureate,
My cackle and my patter fill the Town;
I'm more popular than BURNS, a thing to glory at;
My name is PINDAR BOANERGES BROWN.
You have never heard it mentioned? Highly probable
A hundred duffers flourish on my fame;
But the Muse is so peculiarly rob-able,
And I am very little known—by name?
But ask the Big BONASSUS—on the Q. T.—
Or ask the Sisters SQUORKS, of P. B. B.
And they'll tell you Titan Talent, Siren Beauty,
Would be both the frostiest fizzles but for Me!
Gracious Heavens! When I think of all the cackle
I have turned out for the heroes of the Halls!!!
No wonder that the task I've now to tackle—
Something new and smart for TRICKSY TRIP!—appals.
I have tried three several songs—and had to "stock 'em,"
She's imperative; her last Great Hit's played out,
And she wants "a new big thing that's bound to knock 'em,"
And "she'd like it by return of post!"—No doubt!!!
She does four turns a night, and rakes the shekels;
She sports a suit of sables and a brougham.
Five years ago a lanky girl, with freckles,
First fetched 'em with my hit, "*The Masher Groom*."
And now her limbs spread pink on all the posters,
And now she drives her pony-chaise—and Me!
Poet-Laureate? I should like to set the boasters
The tasks I have to try for "*TRICKSY T*."

I am vivid, I am various, I am versatile;
I did "*Up to the Nines*" for DANDY DOBBS,
And "*Smacky-Smack*" for "TIDDLUMS."—Isn't *hers* a tile?—
"*Salvation Sue*"—the stiffest of stiff jobs—
For roopy-raspy-voiced and vain "*CEOLIA*,"
Who dubs herself the SCHNEIDER-PATTI BLEND;
And now, a prey to stone-broke melancholia,
I sit and rack my fancy, to no end!
My ink runs dry, my wits seem gone wool-gathering;
And yet I know that over half the town
My "*stuff*" the Stars are blaring, bleating, blathering,
Sacking a tenner where I pouch a crown.
I know that my—anonymous—smart verses,
Are piling oof for middlemen in sacks,
My verse brings pros. seal-coats and well-stuffed purses
My back care bows, whilst profits lade *their* backs.
If you'll show me any "Poet" more prolific,
If you'll point to any "patterer" more smart,
One whose "patriotic" zeal is more terrific,
Who can give me at snide slang the slightest start,
Who can fit a swell, a toff, a cad, a coster,
At the very shortest notice, as I can,
Why, unless he is a swaggering impostor,
I will gladly hail him as the Coming Man!
But he'll have to be a dab at drunken drivell,
And he'll have to be a daisy at sick gush,
To turn on the taps of swagger and of snivel,
Raise the row-de-dow heel-chorus and hot flush.
He must know the taste of sensual young masher,
As well as that of aitch-omitting snob;
And then—well, I'll admit he is a dasher,
Who, as Laureate (of the Halls) is "on the job!"

[Left lamenting.]

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES

SCENE I.—Breakfast-room at No. 92a, Porchester Square, Bayswater. Rhubarb-green and gilt paper, with dark olive dado; curtains of a nondescript brown. Black marble clock on grey granite mantelpiece; Landseer engravings; tall book-case, containing volumes of "The Quiver," "Mission-Work in Mesopotamia," a cheap Encyclopedia, and the "Popular History of Europe."

Time, about 9.45.

Mr. MONTAGUE TIDMARSH is leaving to catch his omnibus. Mrs. T. is at her Davenport in the window.

Mr. T. (from the door). Anything else you want me to do, MARIA?

Mrs. T. Don't forget the turbot—and mind you choose it yourself—and the lobster for the sauce—oh, and look in at SEAKALE's as you pass, and remind him to be here punctually at seven, to help JANE with the table, and say I insist on his waiting in clean white gloves; and be home early yourself, and—there, if he hasn't rushed off before I remembered half—(Mr. T. re-appears at the door.) What is it now, MONTAGUE? I do wish you'd start, and have done with it, instead of keeping JANE at the front door, when she ought to be clearing away breakfast!

Mr. T. Very sorry, my love—I was just going, when I met a Telegraph-boy with this, for you. I hope there's nothing wrong with Uncle GABRIEL, I'm sure.

Mrs. T. Don't stand there holding it—give it to me. (She opens it.) "Regret impossible dine to-night—lost Great Aunt very suddenly. —BUCKRAM." How provoking of the man! And I particularly wished him to meet Uncle GABRIEL, because he is such a good listener, and they would be sure to get on together. As if he hadn't all the rest of the year to lose his Aunt in!

Mr. T. That's BUCKRAM all over. Never can depend upon that fellow. (Gloomily.) Now we shall be thirteen at table!

Mrs. T. Nonsense, MONTAGUE—we can't be! Let me see—Uncle GABRIEL and Aunt JOANNA, two; the DITCHWATERS, four; BODFISHES, six; TOOMERS, eight; Miss BUGLE, nine; Mr. POFFLEY, ten; CECILIA FLINDERS, eleven, and ourselves—we are thirteen! And I know Uncle will refuse to sit down at all if he notices it; and, anyway, it's sure to cast a gloom over the whole thing. We must get somebody!

Mr. T. Couldn't that Miss—what's her name? SEATON—dine, for once?

Mrs. T. The idea, MONTAGUE! Then there would be one Lady too many—if you can call a Governess a Lady, that is. And I do so disapprove of taking people out of their proper station!

Mr. T. I might wire to FILLETER or MAKEWAYT—but I rather think they're both away, and it won't do to run any risk. Shall I bring home STERNSTUHL or FEDERFUCHS? Very quiet, respectable young fellows, and I could let one of 'em go off early to dress.

Mrs. T. Thank you, MONTAGUE—but I won't have one of your German clerks at my table—everyone would see what he was in a minute. And he mightn't even have a dress-suit! Let me think . . . I know what we can do. BLANKLEY supplies extra guests for parties and things, I remember seeing it in the paper. We must hire a man there. Go there at once, MONTAGUE, it's a very little out of your way,

and tell them to be sure and send a gentlemanly person—he needn't talk much, and he won't be required to tell any anecdotes. Make haste, say they can put him down to my deposit account.

Mr. T. I don't half like the idea, MARIA, but I suppose it's the only thing left. I'll go and see what they can do for us.

(He goes out.)

Mrs. T. I know he'll make some muddle—I'd better do it myself! (She rushes out into the passage.) JANE, is your Master gone? Call him back—there, I'll do it. (She calls after Mr. T.'s retreating form from the doorstep.) MONTAGUE! never mind about BLANKLEY'S. I'll see to it. Do you hear?

Mr. T.'s Voice (from the corner). All right, my love, all right! I hear.

Mrs. T. I must go round before lunch. JANE, send Miss SEATON to me in the breakfast-room. (She goes back to her desk; presently Miss MARJORY SEATON enters the room: she is young and extremely pretty, with an air of dejected endurance.) Oh, Miss SEATON, just copy out these menus for me, in your neatest writing, and see that the French is all right. You will have plenty of time for it, as I shall take Miss GWENDOLEN out myself this morning. By the way, I shall expect you to appear in the drawing-room this evening before dinner. I hope you have a suitable frock?

Miss Seaton. I have a black one with lace sleeves and heliotrope chiffon, if that will do—it was made in Paris.

Mrs. T. You are fortunate to be able to command such luxuries. All my dresses are made in the Grove.

Miss Seaton. (biting her lip). Mine was made when we—before I— (She checks herself.)

Mrs. T. You need not remind me quite so often that your circumstances were formerly different, Miss SEATON, for I am perfectly aware of the fact. Otherwise, I should not feel justified in bringing you in contact, even for so short a time, with my relations and friends, who are most particular. I think that is all I wanted you for at present. Stop, you are forgetting the menus.

(Miss SEATON collects the cards and goes out with compressed lips as JANE enters.)

Jane. Another telegram, if you please, M'm, and Cook would like to speak to you about the pheasants.



"Montague, don't say you went and ordered him!"



THE POET LAUREATE OF THE MUSIC HALLS. A STUDY.

[See p. 33.]

Mrs. T. Oh, dear me, JANE! I wish you wouldn't come and startle me with your horrid telegrams—there, give it to me. (*Reading.*) "Wife down, violent influenza. Must come without her. TOOMER." (*Resentfully.*) Again! and I know she's had it twice since the spring—it's too tiresomely inconsistent—no, it isn't—it's the very best thing she could do. Now we shall be only twelve, and I needn't order that man from BLANKLEY's, after all. Poor dear woman, I must really write her a nice sympathetic little note—so fortunate!

SCENE II.—Mrs. TIDMARSH'S Bedroom—Time 7:15. Mrs. T. has just had her hair dressed by her Maid.

Mrs. T. You might have given me more of a fringe than that, PINNIFER. You don't make nearly so much of my hair as you used to! (*PINNIFER discreetly suppresses the obvious retort.*) Well, I suppose that must do. I shan't require you any more. Go down and see if the lamps in the drawing-room are smelling. (*PINNIFER goes; sounds of ablutions are heard from Mr. T.'s dressing-room.*) MONTAGUE, is that you? I never heard you come in.

Mr. T.'s Voice (*indistinctly.*) Only just this moment come up, my dear. Been putting out the wine.

Mrs. T. You always will leave everything to the last. No, don't come in. What? How can I hear what you say when you keep on splashing and spluttering like that?

Mr. T.'s Voice (*from beneath a towel.*) That dozen of Champagne Uncle GABRIEL sent has run lower than I thought—only two bottles and a pint left. And he can't drink that Saumur.

Mrs. T. Two bottles and a half ought to be ample, if SEAKALE manages properly—among twelve.

Mr. T.'s V. Twelve, my love? you mean fourteen!

Mrs. T. I mean nothing of the sort. Mrs. TOOMER's got influenza again—luckily, so of course we shall be just twelve.

Mr. T.'s V. MARIA, why didn't you tell me that before? Because I say, look here!—

(*He half opens the door.*)

Mrs. T. I won't have you coming in here all over soap, there's nothing to get excited about. Twelve's a very convenient number.

Mr. T.'s V. Twelve! Yes—but how about that fellow you told me to order from BLANKLEY's? He'll be the thirteenth!

Mrs. T. MONTAGUE, don't say you went and ordered him, after I expressly said you were not to mind, and that I would see about it myself! You heard me call after you from the front door?

Mr. T.'s V. I—I understood you to say that I was to mind and see to it myself; and so I went there the very first thing. The Manager assured me he would send us a person accustomed to the best society, who would give every satisfaction. I couldn't be expected to know you had changed your mind!

Mrs. T. How could you be so idiotic! We simply can't sit down thirteen. Uncle will think we did it on purpose to shorten his life. MONTAGUE, do something—write, and put him off, quick—do you hear?

Mr. T.'s V. (*plaintively.*) My love, I can't write while I'm like this—and I've no pen and ink in here, either!

Jane (*outside.*) Please, Sir, SEAKALE would like a word with you about the Sherry you put out—it don't seem to ta-smell quite right to him.

Mrs. T. Oh, never mind Sherry now. (*She scribbles on a leaf from her pocket-book.*) Here, JANE, tell SEAKALE to run with this to BLANKLEY's—quick . . . There, MONTAGUE

I've written to BLANKLEY's not to send the man—they're sure to keep that sort of person on the premises; so, if SEAKALE gets there before they close, it will be all right . . . Oh, don't worry so . . . What? White ties! How should I know where they are? You should speak to JANE. And do, for goodness sake, make haste! I'm going down.

Mr. T. (*alone.*) MARIA! hi . . . She's gone—and she never told me what I'm to do if this confounded fellow turns up, after all! Hang it, I must have a tie somewhere!

(*He pulls out drawer after drawer of his wardrobe, in a violent flurry.*)

THE RAILWAY SERVANT'S VADE MECUM.

(*For Use in the Training School when the proposed Institution has been established.*)

Question. What are the duties of a Porter?

Answer. To move passengers' luggage with the greatest possible expedition.

Q. Is there any exception to that general rule?

A. Yes, when the passenger is late, and there seems some doubt about the bestowal of a tip.

Q. How would he inform passengers that they have to change carriages for, say, Felstead, Margate, Highgate, Winchester and Scarborough.

A. By shouting, in one word, "Change-Felgit-Highchester-and-Boro!"



Q. If he had to call a Cab for an elderly Lady with three boxes, or a military-looking Gentleman with an umbrella, which passenger would first claim his attention?

A. Why, of course, the Captain.

Q. What is the customary charge of a Guard for reserving a compartment?

A. A shilling for closing one of the doors, half-a-crown for locking both.

Q. What are the duties of a Booking-Clerk?

A. If very busy, a Booking-Clerk may walk leisurely from one pigeon-hole to the other, and ask the passenger to repeat his demand, and then take some time in finding the required amount of change. If the passenger is irritable, and in a hurry, the Clerk can stop to explain, and remonstrate. In the case of an inquiry as to the progress of the trains, a busy Booking-Clerk can refer impatient passengers to the time-table hanging outside the station.

Q. When is a Booking-Clerk usually very busy?

A. When he happens to be in a bad temper.

Q. Ought a suggestion from the Public that the Public will write to his superiors have any effect upon a Booking-Clerk?

A. Not if the Public has just taken an express ticket in London either for Melbourne, Australia, or Timbuctoo.

Q. What is the best course for the Public to pursue under such circumstances?

A. To bear it either with or without a grin.

Q. Is there much point about a Pointsman?

A. Not after he has been on duty some eighteen hours.

Q. And does his application of the break suggest anything?

A. Yes, a break in this catechism. More on a future occasion.

A SUGGESTION FOR PANTOMIME.—The good Fairy, Sir DRURIOLANUS, triumphing over Evil Spirits, King Fog, Frost ("he's a nipper, he is!"), and Slush, the obstructionists. Evil Spirits disappear, Good Spirits prevail, and, as Kate Nickleby's lunatic lover observed, "All is gas and gaiters!" Messrs. DAN LENO and CAMPBELL are doing great business just now. *Vive DRURIOLANUS PANTOMIMICUS IMPERATOR!*

A MEETING between the "Unemployed and Mr. GLADSTONE." What a contrast!

CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS.

THE KEEPER. (Continued.)

Is there no way, then, you may ask, in which the Head Keeper may be lured from his customary silence for more than a sentence or two? Yes, there is one absolutely certain method, and, so far as I know, only one. The subject to which you must lead your conversation is—no, it isn't poachers, for a good keeper takes the occasional poacher as part of his programme. He wages war against him, of course; and, if his shooting happens to be situated near a town of some importance, the war is often a very sanguinary one, only ended by the extermination (according to Assize-Court methods) of the poachers. But the keeper, as I say, takes all this as a matter of course. He recognises that poachers, after all, are men; as a sportsman, he must have a sneaking sympathy for one whose science and wood-craft often baffle his own; and, therefore, though he fights against him sturdily and conscientiously, and, as a rule, triumphs over him, he does not generally, being what I have described him, brag of these victories, nor, indeed, does he care to talk about them. "There, but for the grace of God, goes Velvetens," must be the mental exclamation of many a good keeper when he hears his enemy sentenced to a period of compulsory confinement. I do not wish to be misunderstood. There are poachers and poachers. And whereas we may have a certain sympathy for the instinct of sport that seems to compel some men to match their skill against the craft of fur or feather reared at the expense and by the labour of others, there can surely be none for the methodical rogues who band themselves together on business principles, and plunder coverts just as others crack cribs, or pick pockets. Even sentiment is wasted on these gentlemen.

But I return from this digression. The one subject, then, on which a keeper may be trusted to become eloquent, is, that of

FOXES.

Just try him. Suppose you are shooting a wood, in which you expect to find a considerable number of pheasants. The guns are posted, the beaters have begun to move at the far end of the wood. Suddenly you are aware of a commotion in the middle of the wood. Here and there pheasants rise long before the beaters have approached. There is a whirring of wings, and dozens of birds sail away, un-shot at, to right, to left, and all over the place. And then, while you are still wondering what this may mean, a fine dog-fox comes sliding out from the covert. Away he goes at top speed across the open. The little stops view him as he passes, and far and near the air resounds with shrill "yoick!" and "tally-ho!" In the end four birds are brought to bag, where twenty at least had been expected. When the beat is over, this is the kind of conversation you will probably hear:—

First Beater (to a colleague). I seed un, JIM; a great, fine fox 'e were, a slinkin' off jest afore we coom up. "Go it," I says to myself; "go it, Muster BILLY Fox, you bin spoilin' sport, I'll warrant, time you was off"; and out 'e popped as sly as fifty on 'em, ah, that 'e was.

Second B. Ah! I lay 'e was that. Where did 'e slip to, TOM?

First B. I heerd 'em a hollerin' away by CHUFF's Farm. Reckon 'e's goin' to hev 'is supper there, to-night.

Second B. And a pretty meal 'e'll make of it. Pheasant for breakfast, pheasant for dinner, pheasant for tea; I'll lay 'e don't get much thinner.

One of the Guns (to the Keeper). Nuisance about that fox, SYKES.

Keeper. Nuisance, Sir? You may say that. Why, I've seen as many as four o' them blamed varmints one after another in this 'ere

blessed wood. Did you see 'im, Sir? I wish you'd a shot 'im just by mistake. Nobody wouldn't a missed 'im. But there, a-course I daren't touch 'em. Mr. CHALMERS wouldn't like it, and a-course I couldn't bring myself to do it. But I do say, we've got too many on 'em, and we never get the hounds, or if they do come, they can't kill. What am I to do? Mr. CHALMERS wants birds, and 'e wants foxes too. I tell 'im 'e can't have both. I does my best, but what's a man to do with a couple o' thousand foxes nippin' the heads off of his birds? Fairly breaks my heart, Sir. Keep 'em alive, indeed! Live and let live's my motter, but it ain't the plan o' them blamed foxes. [And so forth ad lib.]

There are other animals which your true keeper holds in aversion. And chief amongst these is the domestic cat. You might as well try to keep a journalist from his writing-paper as country cats from the coverts. They are inveterate and determined poachers, and, alas, they meet with scant mercy from the keeper if he catches them. Many a fireside tabby or tortoise-shell dies a violent death in the course of every year, and is buried in a secret grave. This often gives rise to disturbance, for the cottager, to whom the deceased was as the apple of her eye, may make complaint of the keeper to his master. My friend SYKES, one of the best keepers I know,

once related to me an incident of this nature. As it may help to explain the nature of keepers, and throw light on the conversational method to be adopted with them, I here set down the winged words in which SYKES addressed me.

"Trouble, Sir? I believe you. Them old women gives me a peck o' trouble, far more nor the breakin' of a retriever dog. There's old Mrs. PADSTOW, Mother PADDS we call 'er, she's a rare old teaser. Went up to Mr. CHALMERS last week and told 'im I'd shot 'er pet cat. Mr. CHALMERS, 'e spoke to me about it; said I'd better go and make it right with the old gal. So, yesterday I goes to call upon 'er. First we passed the time o' day together, and then we got to business. You see, Sir, me and the old lady had always been friendly, so I took it on the friendly line. 'Look 'ere,' I says, 'Mrs. PADSTOW, I've

come about a cat. 'Ah,' she says. 'It's just this way,' I says, 'Mr. CHALMERS tells me you said I'd shot your cat. Now,' I says, 'straightenin' myself up and lookin' proud, 'I couldn't scarcely believe that, and you and me such good friends, so I've just come to ask you if you did say that. She was a bit took aback at this, so I asked 'er again. 'Well,' she says, 'I didn't exactly say that.' 'What did you say then?' I asked her. 'I told Mr. CHALMERS,' she says, 'that our old cat 'ad been shot what never did no 'arm, and I thought it might be as you'd a done it, p'raps not meanin' it.' 'Ah,' I says, 'them was your words, was they?' 'Yes,' she says, 'them was my words.' 'Well, then,' I says, 'you'd better be careful what you say next time, or you don't know whose character you'll be takin' away next.' And with that I left 'er."

"But did you shoot the cat, SYKES?" I ventured to ask.

"Did I shoot it? Ho, ho, ha, ha! What do you think! Sir?" And with that enigmatic answer the dialogue closed.

WHEN referring to a recent Lecture by a certain Noble Marquis (distinguished in the "P.R.-age" of the Realm), the ladies generally say, that they should decidedly object to be married "under the Queensberry Rules." Their prize ring is quite another affair.

"DOWN AMONG THE COALS."—The most appropriate place wherein to try "the scuttle" policy would, of course, be—Newcastle.



"Taking away his Character."

THE DESCENT INTO THE MAELSTRÖM.



(Fragments from a Narrative somewhat in the style of E. A. Poe.)

EVEN while one gazed, the current acquired a monstrous velocity. Each moment added to its speed—to its headlong impetuosity. The vast bed of the waters, seamed and scarred into a thousand conflicting channels, burst suddenly into frenzied convulsion—

heaving, boiling, hissing,—gryrating in gigantic and innumerable vortices, and all whirling and plunging on with a rapidity which water never elsewhere assumes except in precipitous descents.

Precipitous descents! Niagara's abrupt and headlong plunge is but as an eddy in a rocky trout-stream compared with what was soon to be

seen *here*. In brief space there came over the scene another radical alteration. The general surface grew somewhat more smooth, and the whirlpools one by one disappeared, while prodigious streaks of foam became apparent where none had been seen before. These streaks, at length, spreading out to a great distance, and entering into combination, took unto themselves the gyratory motion of the subsided vortices, and seemed to form the germ of another more vast. Suddenly—very suddenly—this assumed a distinct and definite existence in a circle of a colossal and seemingly all-embracing diameter. The edge of the whirl was represented by a broad belt of gleaming, turbid slime-cumbered spray, foul, festering, furiously troubled, slipping, as it seemed, particle by particle, viscid gout by gout, into the mouth of the terrific funnel, whose interior, as far as the eye could fathom it, was a smooth, shining, and jet-black wall of water, inclined to the horizon at an angle of some forty-five degrees, speeding dizzily round and round, with a swaying and sweltering motion, and sending forth to the winds an appalling voice half shriek, half roar, such as not even the mighty cataract of Niagara ever lifts up in its agony to Heaven.

Then, said I, this *can* be nothing else than the "great, all-whirling whirlpool of the Maelström!"

In all violent eddies at sea *there is good fishing*, at proper opportunities, if only one has the courage to attempt it. In fact, it is made a matter of desperate speculation—risk standing instead of labour, and courage, of a reckless, and not too scrupulous sort, answering for capital. But there are many who would lightly adventure the pestilential perils of a tropic stream, or fever-haunted water-way or canal, who would yet shrink from being caught—owing to want of care, and cautious calculation as to the exact hours of slack and safety—by the hideous, irresistible, all-engulfing, all-wrecking whirl of the terrifying Ström! Once drawn within the draught of that hideous vortex, a whole army might be destroyed more certainly than even by the manifold death-dealing contrivances of modern science, a whole legislature lost in a single hour of ghastly and unhonoured catastrophe!

Oh, the sickening sweep of that descent! With what sensations of awe, horror, and strange, distraught admiration, must a doomed victim, once within that whirl, gaze about him!—for he has leisure to observe. The downward draught of those swift, wide-sweeping, spirally-whirling water-walls is comparatively slow. The victim clinging to his boat, or bound to his spar or barrel, appears to be hanging, as if by magic, midway down, upon the interior surface of a funnel, vast in circumference, prodigious in depth, and



FASHIONABLE.

"HOW DO YOU LIKE ME IN THIS, VERA? TELL ME THE TRUTH."

"WELL, DEAR, IT LOOKS AS IF YOUR PET POODLE HAD DIED, AND YOU'D HAD HIM MADE UP AS A CLOAK!"

whose perfectly smooth sides might be mistaken for ebony, but for the bewildering rapidity with which they spin around, and for the gleaming and ghastly radiance they shoot forth, a foul, phosphorescent iridescence, as of accumulated corruption, streaming in a flood of loathsome radiance along the black walls, and far away down into the inmost mist-veiled recesses of the abyss!

Looking about upon the wide waste of liquid ebony on which that helpless, past-struggling, beautiful, and apparently doomed figure was borne, I perceived that she, in the midst of the mighty, all-mastering misery, was not the only object in the embrace of the whirl. Both above and below were visible fragments of wreckage—significant wreckage—plumed hats, sword-sheaths, portfolios, epaulettes, decorations, insignia of honour, as if here a national Argosy, laden with Opulence, Rank Intelligence, and Honour, had gone, dismally and desperately, down to—*what?* Let those Phlegethon walls, that Tophet-like mist, make answer!

And that bound, helpless, seemingly doomed, but beautiful and piteously appealing figure on

which my eyes were fixed in terror, and amaze, and profound compassion? Alas! Yet are there some objects which enter the whirl at a late period of the tide, which for some happy reason descend slowly after entering, which do not reach the bottom before the turn of the tide, which are *not completely absorbed* ere the desperate ordeal of danger is ended by utter submergence and entire wreck! These, conceivably, may be whirled up again to the level of the ocean, without undergoing the fate of those which had been drawn in more early, or absorbed more rapidly!

Here indeed the phantom of Hope seems to gleam forth rainbow-like even amidst the foul mists of the Maelström! That beautiful agonised figure seems yet but as it were at the edge of the whirl. Into its profound and pestilential depths, indeed, she *can see*. And she shudders at the sight, as must all who are interested in her fate. But the Ström will not whirl for ever, the hour of slack cannot be far off, and when the slope of the sides of the vast funnel become momentarily less and less steep, when the gyrations of the whirl grow gradually less and less violent, when the froth and the fume disappear, and the bottom of the gulf seems slowly to uprise; when the sky clears, and the winds go down, and the full moon rises radiantly o'er the swaying but no longer tormented floods, shall she, that beautiful, bound creature be found floating upon the quieting waves, sorely buffeted, may be much scarred, bearing in her beauty ineffaceable traces of the hideous ordeal she has undergone, but living, and *Safe*?

So may it be!

CHARLEY'S OLD 'AUNT AT THE ROYALTY.

Charley's Aunt, by Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, is distinctly related to *The Private Secretary*; and Mr. PENLEY, as Lord Babberley, is second cousin to the Rev. Mr. Spalding, who, as the Private Secretary, obtained so distinguished a position in the theatrical world not so many years ago. As a play, *The Private Secretary* had a strange history, seeing that it began as a failure, had an Act cut out of it, and, surviving this severe operation, grew into an enormous success, then went "so strong" as to be able to keep on running in London, the Provinces, our Colonies, and America, for some years.

Charley's Aunt, however, has experienced no such downs and ups, being born to the rouge-pot as heiress of the great success which *The Private Secretary* had only gradually, though surely, achieved. Yet 'tis a matter for question whether the latter was not the better piece, dramatically, of the two, having, besides its own comic situations, two irresistibly diverting characters, represented by little PENLEY and mountainous HILL, both playing into one another's hands.

There are very few comparatively dull moments in *Charley's Aunt*, and these arise from faulty construction necessitating occasional explanations which come as dampers in the midst of the uproarious fun whereat the house has been shaking its sides and even weeping with laughter. And the awkwardness of these pauses in the action is still further emphasised by their being filled up with either commonplace narrative, or with a kind of cheap sentimentality quite

sentiment is as much out of place as would be plain matter-of-fact conduct or dialogue. To see Mr. PENLEY in the elderly Aunt's dress is enough to convulse the house without his uttering a word. To see him enjoying himself with the young ladies while threatened by their lovers, who cannot take them away without compromising themselves, is delicious. Then, when after dinner he is alone with the ladies, and having been informed by the scout—capitally impersonated by Mr. CECIL THORNBURY—in a whisper, what story it is that the gentlemen find so amusing, he goes into fits of laughter, and subsequently, when after one of the ladies has told a story which makes the girls laugh, he inquires "Is that all?" and being answered that it is, he cannot refrain from expressing, in very strong language, his opinion of the stupidity of the anecdote he has just heard, and then is seized with a perfect convulsion of laughter,—in all this he is most heartily joined by the entire audience, who laugh with him and at him. Altogether in this piece Mr. PENLEY is inimitably and irresistibly funny.

The piece has one other merit which is not the least among its attractions, and that is, that it begins at nine punctually and is over by eleven, thus yielding two hours of all-but continuous merriment.

SIMPLE STORIES.

"Be always kind to animals wherever you may be!"

ELSIE AND THE MACAW.

ELSIE was growing a big girl, and though she was still in short frocks, she gave herself airs, and had ideas about dress, and sometimes was tempted to argue with her dear Mamma and give her a pert answer. She was, however, in high glee just now, because she had been invited by her Aunt DABBLECHICK to a pic-nic with a lot of other little boys and girls. She made a great fuss about her dress, she studied *The Queen*, and *The Gentlewoman*, and other papers devoted to this important subject, and worried her poor Mamma with all sorts of silly suggestions. The costume, however, was at last arranged, and the little goose was cross because her Mamma would not allow her to have a blue feather in her hat.

ELSIE, like a naughty child, determined that she would, by some means or other, have this feather.

How to obtain one was the difficulty. At last it struck her that the splendid Macaw, a gift from her Uncle, Admiral SANGARORUM, brought from Brazil, had some lovely feathers of about the right tint.

Taking a few lumps of sugar with her, she paid a visit to the conservatory where "Lord Macawley," as he was called, swung all day and shrieked. She felt how naughty she was, but her overweening vanity quite stifled her conscience. She scratched the bird's poll, treated him to several lumps of sugar, and, when he was not looking, suddenly jerked one of the finest feathers out of his tail.

"Lord Macawley" screamed furiously, and ELSIE was terribly frightened for fear she should be discovered. She, however, ran away with her prize, and carefully fixed it in her hat.

The next morning, when she was ready to start, and JAMES was waiting with the pony-chaise to drive her over to her Aunt's, her Mamma, who was gathering flowers in the conservatory, sent for her, to see that she looked nice before starting. Very pretty the little girl looked in her peacock blue dress, her snowy frills, her black-silk stockings, and Oxford shoes.

Her hat was trimmed with ribbon to match her dress, and her feather so artfully intertwined, that she hoped her Mamma would not notice it. It certainly would have passed without observation, but, just as ELSIE was tripping away, "Lord Macawley" saw her.

He set up a fiendish scream, and then said, "G-r-r! Gr-r-r! Who stole my feather?" over and over again.

ELSIE turned scarlet. Mamma removed and inspected the hat, and, the little girl was promptly packed off to bed, where she was left to shed many tears over her folly for the rest of the day.

Mamma keeps the blue feather, which she shows to her little girl whenever she is inclined to be disobedient or vain. The exhibition usually has a magical effect.



LIKE AS TWO P's!

The Private Secretary. "Excuse me, Madam; but, d'you know, I fancy you must be a connection of mine—I see such a resemblance to our family. I am the Rev. Robert Spalding!"

Lord Fancourt Babberley. "Oh yes; and I'm Charley's Aunt, and Robert's Cousin." *The P. S.* "Dear me! Fancy that!"

at variance with the general tone of the piece. Were this slight blemish removed, the longevity of *Charley's Aunt* would, it is more than probable, equal that of *The Private Secretary*.

All the parts are well played. Mr. BRANDON THOMAS has not given himself much of a chance as *Colonel Chesney*, who bears a strong family resemblance to the heavy dragon in the *Pantomime Rehearsal*. The young men, Messrs. PERCY LYNDAL and FARMER, have plenty of "go"—it would be "little go" were they Cantabs—as the two undergraduates, young enough to be still up at College completing their education, yet old enough to propose and be accepted as eligible husbands. But in a rattling three-act farce as this is intended to be, any exaggeration is sufficiently probable as long only as it is thoroughly amusing; and, it may be added, in such a piece,



THE NEXT EGYPTIAN LESSON.

SCENE—Interior of the Sanctum of the Young KHEDIVE. Present, his Highness. To him enter the British Representative.

British Rep. I think your Highness desired to see me?

Khedive. Certainly, my dear Lord. I wish to express once again my great regret that I could have done, or said, or thought anything without taking your advice. You have quite forgiven me?

Brit. Rep. (in a tone of respectful annoyance). Thank you very much, your Highness; but as I am exceptionally busy this morning, I think, if you have nothing more to say to me, I will do myself the honour of taking my departure.

Khe. Oh no—a thousand times, no! Are you not aware that I am very European in tastes, am fond of books, and have a hobby in a small aquarium?

Brit. Rep. So I have read, your Highness, in a London evening paper. And now, if you will permit me, I will—

Khe. Oh no—don't go. I promised you I would consult you in every important matter—and I mean to keep my word.

Brit. Rep. I am glad to hear your Highness say so; and I can answer for Her Majesty's Government being extremely gratified at the report of this conversation. I shall make a point of communicating with the Premier forthwith. And now, with your Highness's gracious permission, I will take my leave.

Khe. What a hurry you are in! I have got a lot of important things to consult you about, and yet you won't wait a moment! I say, it's not treating a fellow fairly!

Brit. Rep. (grieved). I trust your Highness will not repeat that observation after due consideration. But to show you my anxiety to meet your Highness's wishes, I will sacrifice the examination of a promising scheme to make the Nile nine and a half times as productive as it is now, to listen to you.

Khe. You are very good. Well, what do you think of my dressing-gown?

Brit. Rep. Capital—in every way capital. But surely you didn't want to talk about that?

Khe. Oh, yes, I did! Would you advise me to have it trimmed with any more fur?

Brit. Rep. I should imagine it was more a matter of taste than politics.

Khe. Oh, hang politics! What do you think about my dressing-gown? Would your Government recommend fur?

Brit. Rep. I think, under the circumstances, I can act on my own responsibility without further reference to Her Majesty's Government. Yes, by all means, have fur.

Khe. I am infinitely obliged to you. Fact is, I told my tailor I thought I would have fur, but I did not like to give the order without your advice.

Brit. Rep. I trust your Highness accepts my assurance that Her Majesty's Government are most anxious to prevent you from appearing in a false position.

Khe. It's most civil of you to say so. Then I will have fur.

Brit. Rep. And now, if your Highness no longer requires my presence—

Khe. (interrupting). But I do. As I have already said, I've a lot of things to ask you. Now, I want to know whether it would be to the benefit of the fellaheen if I visited the theatre more frequently?

Brit. Rep. Your Highness will use your own discretion. I think I may say, without further reference to Downing Street, that Her Majesty's Government will have not the slightest objection to your Highness indulging in any innocent recreation.

Khe. Come—that's very good of them. But don't go. Look here. There will be no great harm if I wear brown leather boots?

Brit. Rep. I think not, if your Highness, by the exhibition of such a preference, does not wound the susceptibilities of other Powers. And now, your Highness, with your permission, I think I must withdraw.



THE SNOW CURE!!

Fiendish Little Boy (to *Elderly Gentleman*, who has come a cropper for the fourth time in a hundred yards). "ERE I SAY, GUVN'OR, YOU'RE FAIR WALLERIN' IN IT THIS MORNIN'! H'ANYONE 'UD THINK AS YOU'D BIN HORDERED IT BY YOUR MEDICAL MAN!!!"

Khe. Very well. If you won't stay any longer I suppose you won't. If I want any more advice I will send over to you.

Brit. Rep. I am extremely obliged to your Highness.

[Bows, and exit.]

Khe. Glad he's gone! And now that I have consulted him about everything, I think I will have a little recreation on my own account. What shall I do? Oh, I know, I will dismiss the entire Ministry!

(Curtain.)

[Does so.]

"GOING STRONG."—At the Court Theatre the *Pantomime Rehearsal* in which Messrs. BROOKFIELD and WEEEDON have a capital duet, is just as fresh as ever. Quite a new piece with all the old fun in it. "Equestrian Scenes in the Circle," might now be added, as they've got a performing PALFREY who does a very pretty *scherso* or skirt-show dance. "Good entertainment for"—everybody.

VICE VERSÂ ON THE STAGE.—Re-appearance of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT at HARE's Theatre. When Mr. HARE made his first appearance in London it was at Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT's Theatre. And *Diplomacy* is to be revived. This move is most diplomatic.

"HAPPINESS IN —."—Professor ST. GEORGE MIVART will be glad to learn that a telegram from New York, dated the 19th instant, contained the following interesting item of intelligence.—"A vast quantity of ice is now at Hell Gate."

DEPRECIATION OF GOLD!—"Guinea Fowls" were sold in the Market last week at from 2s. 5d. to 3s. 6d. and a Plover Golden, was to be had for ninepence!!

WHAT with *The Daily Bourse* and dustmen who refuse to remove the Drury-Lane refuse, our SIR AUGUSTUS DRURICOLANUS has been, of late, considerably Harris'd.

MOTTO FOR THE LADIES WHO BECOME MEMBERS OF MRS. STAN-NARD'S "ANTI-CRINOLINE LEAGUE."—"All hoops abandon ye who enter here."

GREAT BRITAIN is a country *per se*—so is every Island, as it is only *per sea* it can be reached.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"GOOD MORNING, UNCLE CHARLES! DID YOU SLEEP WELL? I'M AFRAID YOUR BED WAS RATHER HARD AND UNEVEN; BUT——"
 "OH, IT WAS ALL RIGHT, THANKS! I GOT UP NOW AND THEN DURING THE NIGHT, AND RESTED A BIT, YOU KNOW!"

MISCHIEF!

[“As regards Home Rule, I did not, of course, say that there were only three Home-Rulers in the world—Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. MORLEY, and myself. I said that . . . there were no stronger Home-Rulers, except myself, than Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. MORLEY in Parliament.”—Mr. H. Labouchere, in a Letter to the “Times.”]

“Monkeys and parrots show much analogy in character and habits; they both possess extraordinary powers of imitation, which they exercise in copying man and his peculiarities. Monkeys ‘take off’ his gestures, and parrots his speech.”—Napier’s “Book of Nature and Man.”]

Oh, a merry mime was Jacko!

He could wink, and whiff tobacco,

Like a man (an artful *homo*) and a brother.

And the Parrot—ah! for patter,

And capacity for chatter

On—no matter much *what* matter,

That gave scope for clatter-clatter,

The world could hardly furnish such

The Parrot was a bird [another.

That could talk great bosh with gravity;

The Ape could be absurd

With an air of solemn suavity;

And which to take most seriously, when the

mimes were both on show,

There were ill-conditioned scoffers who de-

clared they did not know.

“I am very sure,” said Jacko, and he twitched

his tail with glee,

“That the only serious creatures in the

country are ‘We Three’—

You, Polly, honest Jack (an Irish House-dog),

and Myself!”

(Here he pulled poor Poll’s tail-feathers hard,

and capered like an elf.)

Poll held on to his perch, he’d much tenacity
 of claw,

But performed, involuntarily a sort of sharp
 see-saw.

And he snorted and looked down

With a very beaky frown,

And his round orb grew as red as any carrot.

“‘We Three’? your Twelfth-Night tag

Is mere thrasonic brag.

Tschutt! You’ll make my tail a rag!

Wish you wouldn’t pull and drag

At my feathers in that way!” cried the
 Parrot.

Chuckled Jacko, “This is prime!

What a dickens of a time

(Like the Parrot and the Monkey in the
 story)

We shall have! Teach you, no doubt,

Not to leave poor Jacko out

Next time when you are ladling round the
 glory.

I might share with honest Jack

If of yielding I’d the knack,

Or would stoop to play the flatterer or the
 dunkey.

Pretty Poll! It is my pride

To assist you—from outside!

And I hope you’re duly grateful,” said
 the Monkey.

“I perceive,” cried Pretty Polly,

“It’s all right, and awfully jolly!

But if you think to pull me from my
 perch

By the tail, you are mistaken.

Simian tricks will leave unshaken

My hold, though I may seem to sway or
 lurch.

A bird who knows his book
 Can afford to cock a snook
 At a chatterer who intrigueth against *his*
 chief.

‘We Three’? You quote the Clown;
 And you play him! Yes, I own
 Pretty Poll may be pulled down,
 But I do not think ’twill be by Monkey
 ‘Mischief!’”

For a Byronic Exam.

Question. What proof exists that Lord
 BYRON shared expenses with the Maid of
 Athens?

Answer. The line in which he says, “Maid
 of Athens, ere we ‘part,’”—&c.

Q. Is there any allusion to billiards in this
 poem?

A. Certainly. It occurs where the Bard
 says to the Maid, “Take the rest.”

“AGAIN WE COME TO THEE, SAVOY!”
 (vide old-fashioned duet).—It is rumoured
 that the separation, on account of incompa-
 tibility of temper, between a certain distin-
 guished Composer and an eminent Librettist
 has come to an end. Its end is peace—that
 is, an Operatic piece. They have met; the
 two have embraced, and will, no doubt, live
 happily ever afterwards, on the same terms
 as before, with the third party present, whose
 good offices it is pretty generally understood
 (his “good offices” are “Number Something,
 The Savoy,”—but this is not an advertisement)
 have brought about this veritable “Reunion
 of Arts.”



MISCHIEF!



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"Eton of Old, or, Eighty Years Since!" exclaimed the Baron, and, taking up the handsome volume recently published by Messrs. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN, he was soon absorbed in its pages.

"Rather disappointing," murmured the Baron, as he closed the book, and "read no more that day." "Why, with a good memory, a lively imagination, and a pleasant style, this 'Old Colleger' might have given us something far more amusing than he has done. Of course Anybody's Anecdotes of our Grand Old School will probably be interesting up to a certain point; and they might be made 'funny,' without being vulgar. But this worthy Octogenarian, be he who he may, has produced only a very matter-of-fact book, containing historic information likely to arrest the attention of an old or young Etonian, but only now and again does the author give us anything sufficiently amusing to evoke a laugh. However, in the course of perusal, I have smiled gently, but distinctly. Had the Octogenarian already told many of these stories to his intimates, to whom their narration caused as much facile entertainment as was given to the friends of Mr. Peter Magnus, when he signed himself 'AFTERNOON,' in substitution for his initials, 'P.M.'?" And it is related how Mr. Pickwick rather envied the ease with which Mr. Magnus's friends were entertained. If so, then is the Baron to the Octogenarian Etonian and his intimates as was Mr. Pickwick to "P.M." and his correspondents. There are some good tales about KEAT and HAWTREY, and of course the book, as one among an Etonian series, has its own value for all who care about Eton of the past.

"Perdidi diem," says the Baron, "or at least the better part of it, in reading *Zero the Slaver*, by LAWRENCE FLETCHER, who seems to me to be a promising pupil in the school of RIDER HAGGARD and LOUIS STEVENSON, but chiefly of the former. It was a beastly day, snow falling, and North-West-by-North wind howling, bitterly cold, and so," continued the Baron, "I was reduced to Zero. The construction of the plot is clever, as is also the description of a great fight, in the latter portion of the story; but, as a whole, the story is irritatingly ill-written, and tawdrily coloured, while italics are used to bring into prominence any description of some strongly sensational situation.

Few things so annoying to me, personally, as the romancer speaking of his chief puppets as "our friends." This LAWRENCE FLETCHER is perpetually doing. Now his heroes are not "my friends," for, when I read, I am strictly impartial, at all events, through two-thirds of the book, and, if I learn to love any one or two (or more) of them, male or female, I should still resent the author's presuming to speak of them as "our friends." To do so from the first is simply impudent presumption on the part of the author, as why, on earth, should he assume that his creations—his children—should be as dear to us as they are to him?

No—"Our friends," so used, is a mistake.

The influence of RIDER HAGGARD is over the whole book, but in two instances the author has been unable to resist close imitation,



A VOCATION.

The Vicar. "OH—THAT'S YOUR BOY, SMITHERS? AND WHAT'S HE GOING TO BE? A SHOEMAKER, LIKE YOURSELF?"

Smithers. "OH NO, SIR. HE'S UNCOMMON FOND OF ANIMALS, YOU SEE—SO WE'RE THINKING OF MAKING HIM A BUTCHER!"

the logical conclusion arrived at by his humble but critical servant, "THE BARON DE B. W. 'B. B.' (*British Born.*)"

A NEW TURN.—He was an eloquent, an earnest lover, but she saw through him. When he had sworn to be true, which oath of his she didn't trust for a minute, and had implored her to do likewise, she only murmured to herself, "*Had I a heart for falsehood framed*—" Whereupon he vowed that such a thing was impossible; but, supposing her to possess such a heart, what would she do with it, considering it as a frame? Then she replied, softly, "I should put your portrait in it."

"All's Well that Ends Well."

YOUNG ABBAS thought to catch Lord CROMER napping. Perhaps he'll not again try weasel-trapping. E'en HOMER sometimes nods. 'Tis true—of HOMER; But ABBAS thinks 'tis not—as yet—of CROMER!

MR. LABOUCHERE is, AUTOLYCUS hears, much interested in Mr. YATES's promotion to Magisterial honours. "I shall keep my eye on EDMUND," HENRY says. "If only I get a chance of putting him on my weekly Pillory in *Truth*, I do not deny it would give me keen satisfaction."

MRS. R. has read that the Christy Minstrels are turned into a Limited Company, but, before subscribing for shares, she wants to know if she would have to black her face? But what she objects to most is, that the principal performers (as she has been told) rattle their own bones!

nay, almost quotation of a well-known Haggardism, and so he writes at p. 130:—

"Just then a very wonderful and awful thing happened."

And at p. 197:—

"When suddenly, and without an instant's warning, a most awful thing happened."

Both variations on a Haggardism, and both equally spoilt in the process of transferring and adapting.

One sentence, the utterance of a Zulu chief, is well worth quoting, and it is this:—

"But empty hands are evil things wherewith to face a well-armed spook."

"The well-armed spook" is a joy for ever.

"A great black man fled past the rocks."

"Hum!" quoth the Baron, "fled" is a new word to me. Not that I object to its invention and use on that account; in sound and appearance it expresses no more than "sped," or, if pursuit is to be implied, "fled."

Here is something that this novelist having written may well lay to heart,

"The man was as white-skinned as themselves, and judging from the purity of his English, must have been at one time a British subject."

"Now," quoth the Baron, meditatively, "if purity of English, with or without a white skin, is the unmistakable mark of a 'British subject,' then it follows that Mr. LAWRENCE FLETCHER is of some nationality other than British. At least, such is

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE III.—MRS. TIDMARSH'S Drawing-room. Wall-paper of big grey peonies sprawling over a shiny pale salmon ground. Overmantel in black and gold. Large mirrors: cut-glass gasolier, supplemented by two standard lamps with yellow shades. Furniture upholstered in yellow and brown brocade. Crimson damask hangings. Parian statuettes under glass, on walnut "What-nots"; cheap china in rosewood cabinets. Big banner-screen embroidered in beads, with the Tidmarsh armorial bearings, as recently ascertained by the Herald's College. Time, twenty minutes to eight. MRS. TIDMARSH is seated, flushed and expectant, near the fire, her little daughter, GWENDOLEN, aged seven, is apparently absorbed in a picture-book close by. Miss SEATON is sitting by a side-table, at some distance from them. Enter Mr. TIDMARSH, who, obeying a sign from his wife, approaches the hearth-rug, and lowers his voice to a cautious under-tone.

Mr. Tid. It's all right. SEAKALE got in at BLANKLEY'S just as they were closing. They said they would send round and stop the person, if possible—but they couldn't say, for certain, whether he mightn't have started already.

Mrs. Tid. Then he may come, even now! May I ask what you intend to do if he does, MONTAGUE?

Mr. Tid. Well, that's what I rather wanted to ask you, my dear. We might tell SEAKALE to send him away.

Mrs. Tid. If you do, he'll be certain to send away the wrong person—Uncle GABRIEL, as likely as not!

Mr. Tid. Um—yes, I never thought of that—no, he must be shown up. Couldn't you explain to him, quietly, that we have made up our party and shan't require his—hem—services?

Mrs. Tid. I? Certainly not, MONTAGUE. You hired him, and you must get rid of him yourself!

Mr. Tid. (uneasily.) 'Pon my word, MARIA, it's an awkward thing to do. I almost think we'd better keep him if he comes—we shall have to pay for him anyhow. After all, he'll be quite inoffensive—nobody will notice he's been hired for the evening.

Mrs. Tid. He may be one of the assistants out of the shop for all we can tell. And you're going to let him stay and make us thirteen, the identical thing he was hired to avoid! Well, I shall have to let Miss SEATON dine, after all—that's what it comes to, and this creature can take her down—it will be a little change for her. GWENNIE, my pet, run down and tell SEAKALE that if he hears me ring twice after everybody has come, he's to lay two extra places before he announces dinner. (GWENNIE departs reluctantly; Mrs. T. crosses to Miss SEATON.) Oh, Miss SEATON, my husband and I have been thinking whether we couldn't manage to find a place for you at dinner to-night. Of course, it is most unusual, and you must not expect us to make a precedent of it; but—er—you seem rather out of spirits, and perhaps a little cheerful society—just for once—I

don't know if it can be arranged yet, but I will let you know about that later on.

Miss Seaton (to herself). I do believe she means to be kind! (Aloud.) Of course, I shall be very pleased to dine, if you wish it.

Seakale (at door). Mr. and Mrs. GABRIEL GILWATTLE, and Miss BUGLE!

[Enter a portly old Gentleman, with light prominent eyes and a crest of grizzled auburn hair, in the wake of an imposing Matron in ruby velvet; they are followed by an elderly Spinster in black and silver, who rattles with jet.

Miss Bugle (after the usual greetings). I hope, dearest MARIA, you will excuse me if I am not quite in my usual spirits this evening; but my cockatoo, whom I have had for ages, has been in convulsions the whole afternoon, and though I left him calmer, done up in warm flannel on the rug in front of the fire, and the maid promised faithfully to sit up with him, and telegraph if there was the slightest change, I can't help feeling I ought never to have come.

Aunt Joanna (to her host.) Such a drive as it is here, all the way from Regent's Park, and in this fog—I told GABRIEL that if he escapes bronchitis to-morrow—

Seakale. Mr. and Mrs. DITCHWATER! Mr. TOOMER!

Mr. Ditch. Yes, dear Mrs. TIDMARSH, our opportunities for these festive meetings grow more and more limited with each advancing year. Seven dear friends, at whose board we have sat, and they at ours, within the past twelve months, carried off—all gone from us!

Mrs. Ditch. Eight, JEREMIAH, if you count Mr. JAUNDERS—though he only dined with us once.

Mr. Ditch. To be sure, and never left his bed again. Well, well, it should teach us, as I was remarking to my dear wife as we drove along, to set a higher value than we do on such hospitalities as we are still privileged to enjoy.

Mr. Toomer (to Mrs. Tid.) My poor wife would, I am sure, have charged me with all manner of messages, if she had not been more or less delirious all day—but I am in no anxiety about her—she is so often like that, it is almost chronic.

Seakale. Mr. and Mrs. BODFISH! Miss FLINDERS! Mr. POFFLEY!

Mr. Bodf. (after salutations.) Mrs. BODFISH and myself have just been the victims of a most extraordinary mistake! We positively walked straight into your next-door neighbour's house, and if we had not been undeceived by a mummy on the first landing, I don't know where we should have found ourselves next.

Mrs. Tid. A mummy! How very disagreeable; such a peculiar thing to have about a house? But we really know nothing about the people next door. We have never encouraged any intimacy. We thought it best.

Mrs. Bodf. I told their man-servant as we came away that I considered he had behaved disgracefully in not telling us our mistake at once; no doubt he had a motive; people are so unprincipled!

Little Gwendolen (drawing Miss SEATON into a corner). Oh, Miss SEATON, what do you think? Mother's going to let you dine downstairs with them—won't that be nice for you? At least, she's going



"Mr. and Mrs. Ditchwater!"



WRITING THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

to, if somebody comes, and you're to go down with him. He isn't like a regular dinner-guest, you know. Papa hired him from BLANKLEY's this morning, and Mother and he both hope he mayn't come, after all; but I hope he *will*, because I want to see what he's like. Don't you hope he'll come? Don't you, Miss SEATON, dear?

Miss Seaton (to herself). Then that was why! And I can't even refuse! (Aloud.) My dear GWENNIE, you shouldn't tell me all these things—they're secrets, and I'm sure your Mother would be very angry indeed if she heard you mention them to anybody!

Gwen. Oh, it was only to you, Miss SEATON, and you're nobody, you know! And I can keep a secret, if I choose. I never told how JANE used to— [Miss SEATON endeavours to check these disclosures.]

Uncle Gab. (out of temper, on the hearth-rug). Seven minutes past the hour, MONTY—and, if there's a thing I'm particular about, it's not being kept waiting for my dinner. Are you expecting somebody else? or what is it?

Mr. Tid. (nervously). Well, I half thought—but we won't wait any longer for him—he is not worth it—ha! there he is—I think I heard the front door—so perhaps I may as well give him—eh?

Uncle Gab. Just as you like—my dinner's spoilt as it is. (Catching sight of the banner-screen.) What have you stuck this precious affair up for, eh?

Mr. Tid. To—to keep the fire off. MARIA's idea, Uncle—she thought our—hem—crest and motto would look rather well made up like this.

Uncle Gab. (with a snort). Made up! I should think it was! Though what you want to make yourself out one of those good-for-nothing aristocrats for is beyond me. You know my sentiments about 'em—I'm a thorough-going Radical, and the very sound of a title—

Seakale (with a fine combination of awe and incredulity). Lord STRATHSPORRAN!

[There is a perceptible flutter in the company, as a ruddy-haired and rather plain young man enters with an apologetic and even diffident air, and pauses in evident uncertainty as to his host and hostess.]

Uncle Gab. (to himself.) A Lord! Bless my soul! MONTY and MARIA are getting up in the world!

Guests (to themselves.) A Lord! No wonder they kept the dinner back!

Miss Seaton (after a hurried glance—to herself.) Good Heavens! DOUGLAS CLAYMORE!—reduced to this! [She lowers her head.]

Mr. Tid. (to himself.) They might have told me they were going to send us a Lord—I never ordered one! I wonder if he's genuine—he don't look it. If I could only find out, quietly!

Mrs. Tid. (to herself.) Gracious! And I was going to send him in with the Governess! (To her Husband in a whisper.) MONTAGUE, what are you about? Go and be civil to him—do!

[She rings the bell twice; Mr. TIDMARSH advances, purple with indignation and embarrassment, to welcome the new-comer, who shakes him warmly by the hand.]

(End of Scene III.)

HER WAY OF PUTTING IT.—Mrs. R. thinks she has an excellent memory for riddles. She was delighted with that somewhat old conundrum about "What is more wonderful than JONAH in the whale?" to which the answer is, "Two men in a fly," and determined to puzzle her nephew with it the very next time she met him. "Such a capital riddle I've got for you, JOHN!" she exclaimed. "Let me see. Oh, yes—I remember—yes, that's it," and then, having settled the form of the question, she put it thus—"What is more wonderful than two men in an omnibus?" And when she gave the answer, "JONAH in a fly," and correcting herself immediately, said, "No—I mean, 'JONAH in a whale,'" her nephew affectionately recommended his excellent relative to lie down and take a little rest.

RAILWAY RATES.—What better rate can there be than that of the Flying Dutchman to the South, and the Flying Scotchman to the North; the two hours and a-half express to Bournemouth, and the Granville two hours to Ramsgate? The word "Rates" is objectionable as being associated with taxes—and to avoid the taxes the Fishermen are going to employ smacks and boys. Poor boys! there are a lot of smacks about. As the Pantomime and Music-hall poet sang, "Tooral looral lido, whacky smack!" But though they, the Fishermen, hereby avoid the Rails, yet they can't do without their network of lines.

WHEN AN actor has to make love to an actress on the stage, it is "purely a matter of business." Real "love-making" is never a matter of business; most often 'tis very much the contrary. The "matter of business" comes in with "making an uncommonly good marriage," but the love-making has little to do with this, except as it is, on the stage, "a matter of business."

THE RAILWAY SERVANT'S VADE-MECUM.

Question. What are the duties of a Pointsman?

Answer. To remember the effect of moving the switches.

Q. When is he likely to cease to remember this important detail?

A. After he has been on duty a certain or uncertain number of hours.

Q. Do these conditions also appertain to the labours of a man in the signal-box?

A. Certainly, but in a more marked degree.

Q. What would a collision consequent upon the occasion to which you have referred be called?

A. Generally, "an accident."

Q. But would there ever be an exception to this nomenclature?

A. Yes; in the case of a Coroner being over-officious, and his Jury "turning nasty."

Q. What would be the effect of this unpleasant combination of circumstances?

A. That a verdict of "Manslaughter" would be given against the occupant of the signal-box.



Q. What would happen to his superiors?

A. Nothing. However, they would be required to see the proper evidence was forthcoming at the prisoner's trial.

Q. What would be the end of the incident?

A. Six months' hard labour from the Bench, and a day's sympathy from the general Public for the ex-occupant of the signal-box.

Q. What are the duties of a Station-master?

A. To be civil to season-ticket holders, and to refer the general Public to officials of smaller importance than himself.

Q. What is your impression of an ideal Station-master?

A. A gentleman in correct morning dress taking a deep interest savouring of sincere satisfaction in all the arrangements of the traffic over which he exercises a qualified control.

Q. If he is asked why such and such a train is an hour late, what should he reply?

A. He should observe cheerily that it keeps better time than it used to do.

Q. Should he ever exhibit surprise?

A. Only when a train enters the station punctually to the moment, then he may safely presume that there must have been an accident somewhere.

Q. And now in conclusion, how can an official secure in all human probability a long life?

A. By taking care never to travel on his own line?



WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

Burglar (taking the ground heavily). "NAOW, 'OOEVER'D 'A THOUGHT O' THE HOWNER O' THAT THERE HINNERCENT LITTLE VILLA BEIN' A PERFESSIONAL 'CHUCKER-HOUT'!!!"

LAMENT OF THE (WOULD-BE) IRISH EMIGRANT.

(Latest Version, with apologies to Lady Dufferin.)

[Senator CHANDLER, in *The North-American Review*, recommends that immigration into the United States should be suspended, at least for a year.]
Or 'm sittin' on the stile, MARY, an' lookin' o'er the tide,
An' by jabers Oi'm afraid, Aroon, that there Oi'll have to bide!
The grass is springin' fresh an' green in Ould Oireland, but oh moy!
If there's any green in JONATHAN'S land, it is not in his oi!

The States are awful changed, MARY; it is not now as then,
When they lifted a free latch-string to all exiled Oirishmen. [cheek,
Now we miss the whoop ov welcome; they suggest it's loike our
And Oi'm listenin' for brave LOWELL'S words—which CHANDLER
does not speak!

It seems to me their Aigle for full Freedom no more pants,
And the Senator, he mutthers ov "degraded immigrants."
Says they can't "assimilate" us; faix, the wurrud sounds
monstrous foine,
But Oi fancy that it's maning is, "We mane to draw the loine!"
Shure, we're "ignorant and debased," dear; and the poor won't
now find friends

Even in free Columbia! So 'tis thus the ould boast ends! [Show,
"Stop 'em—for a year," says CHANDLER; "we'll be holding our Big
An' poverty, an'—well, Cholera, are not wanted thin, you know."

It's an artful move, my MARY, but, it stroikes me, a bit thin,
And it won't come home consolin', to "the poor ov Adam's kin."
Faix! they won't stop cabin passengers, big-wigs, an' British Peerage.
But—they don't want the poor devils that crowd over in the steerage!

So Oi'm sittin' on the stile, MARY, and there Oi'll loikely shop.
For they don't require poor PADDY in their big new CHANDLER'S Shop.
Uncle SAM's some punkins, MARY, but he's not a great green goose;
An' he's goin' to shop a braggin' ov that latch-string always loose!

MIXED NOTIONS.—No. IV. EGYPT.

Two Well-Informed Men, an Inquirer, and an Average Man, in suburban morning train to London.

First Well-Informed Man (reading his paper). Oh, I say, dash it, this 'll never do. Here's this young KHEWIVE of Egypt kicking up a shine, and dismissing British Ministers. We can't have that, you know.

Inquirer. What Ministers has he dismissed?

First W. I. M. Why, British Ministers,—at least (reading on) I mean Egyptian Ministers; that's to say, chaps whom we appointed.

Second W. I. M. Come, come, we couldn't appoint Egyptian Ministers, could we?

First W. I. M. Oh, it comes to exactly the same thing; they're appointed subject to our proviso (*consulting paper*), yes, subject to our veto, and then this little whipper-snapper goes and gives them the chuck. He'll jolly soon have to climb down off that.

Average Man. Gently! The young chap's King, after all, isn't he? I thought Kings might appoint or dismiss Ministers as they liked.

First W. I. M. Oh, rot! The QUEEN can't appoint her own Ministers. We all know that. They're appointed by the Prime Minister. Any fool knows that.

Inquirer. But who appoints the Prime Minister?

First W. I. M. He appoints himself, and tells the QUEEN he's done it. They all go and kiss hands and get their seals, or something of that sort.

Inquirer. Of course, of course. I forgot that. But how about these Egyptian beggars?

First W. I. M. The KHEWIVE's had the cheek to dismiss the Ministry, and shove another lot in. I see Lord CROMER has been to the Palace to protest.

Inquirer. Lord CROMER! Who's he?

First W. I. M. My dear fellow, fancy not knowing that! Lord CROMER's our Ambassador at Cairo.

Second W. I. M. Oh, nonsense. There are no ambassadors at Cairo.

First W. I. M. Aren't there? Oh, indeed. Well, then perhaps you'll tell me what Lord CROMER is?

Second W. I. M. He's our Minister. That's what they call them.

Inquirer. Was it him the KHEWIVE dismissed, then?

Second W. I. M. (*laughing heartily*). No, no; we haven't got to that yet. He dismissed his own Johnnies, of course; Egyptians. Lord CROMER's the English Minister.

Average Man. No, he isn't. He's the English Agent.

Second W. I. M. Oh, well, it's the same thing.

First W. I. M. (*taking his revenge*). No, it isn't at all the same thing; it's a very different thing. A Minister's only just short of an Ambassador, and an Agent (*pauses*)—well, he's something quite different. I don't think he gets as much pay for one thing, and of course he can't live in the Embassy.

Inquirer. But who does live in the Embassy, then?

First W. I. M. It's unoccupied, of course.

Average Man. No, it isn't. There isn't any Embassy at all. [*A pause. Inquirer (returning to the charge).* But look here, who is Lord CROMER? I never heard of him before. I thought we'd got BARING or ROTHSCHILD, or somebody representing us in Egypt.

First W. I. M. (*with smiling superiority*). My dear chap, you're thinking of Sir EVELYN BARING. He left Egypt long ago.

Inquirer. Why did he leave?

First W. I. M. Old GLADSTONE gave him the sack.

Second W. I. M. No, he didn't. GLADSTONE wasn't in power when BARING left Egypt. It was SALISBURY who dismissed him.

First W. I. M. I bet you a sov. it was GLADSTONE.

Second W. I. M. And I bet you a sov. it was SALISBURY.

Average Man. You'll both lose. It was neither.

First W. I. M., Second W. I. M. (together). Bosh! That's impossible.

Average Man. It's a fact.

First W. I. M. (triumphant). Well, how do you account for his not being there now?

Average Man. He is there.

First W. I. M. He isn't. Lord CROMER's there. Here it is. (*Producing Times*.) "Lord CROMER has protested in person." So come!

Average Man. All right. I know all that. Only, unfortunately, they're one and the same person.

First W. I. M., Second W. I. M. (together). Oh, I daresay; and you think we're going to swallow that. You tell that to your Grandmother!

[*Both remain absolutely unconvinced.*]

Inquirer. But what's this about the French? What have they got to do with it?

Second W. I. M. Oh, they've got their fingers in every pie; always making mischief.

First W. I. M. Quite true; but they'll find we're going to sit tight in spite of them, so the sooner they cart themselves and their blessed old Pyramids out of the country the better.

Inquirer. Why should they take the Pyramids?

First W. I. M. Well, they built 'em, so I suppose they've got a right to do what they like with them.

Inquirer. Of course.

[*Terminus.*]



"H.M.S. 'TOKO.'"

Nurse Britannia. "ALLOW ME TO INFORM YOUR HIGHNESS HERE COMES A BOX OF SOLDIERS YOU MUSTN'T PLAY WITH."

THE Red Spider, by BARING GOULD, is to be dramatised. What a chance this would have been for the "Brothers WEBB," were they still in stage-land.

SOLE SURVIVORS.—The uppers of a Tramp's highlows.

SHARP FIGHTING AT RANGOON.—We hope soon to hear that the Kachins are Kachin' it hot.

ADVICE TO THOSE "UP A GUM TREE" (by "Non Possum").—Come down as quickly as you can, and don't stick there.



A LESSON IN FRENCH.

Fräulein Schnips (who does not devote as much attention to the Toilet as she does to Study, addresses Master Edward who has been made to join in his Sister's lessons during his holidays). "EDFARD, FOT IS 'I VASH MY HANDS' IN FRENCH?"

Master Edward (sulkily). "JE ME LAVE LES MAINS."

F. S. "NOW DEN. 'I DO NOT VASH MY HANDS.' GU'EST-CE GUE C'EST GUE ÇA?"

Master Edward (seizing his opportunity). "EH BIEN, C'EST UNE HABITUDE SALE, DONT VOUS DEVRIEZ AVOIR HONTE!"

"SOME DAY!"

(Latest Egyptian Version of Milton Welling's popular Song.)

Mr. BULL to Miss EGYPT, sings:—

I know not when the day shall be,
I know not when we two shall part;
What farewell you will give to me,
Or will your words be sweet or tart?
It may not be till years have passed,
Till France grows calm, young ABBAS

grey;
But I am pledged—so, love, at last,
Our hands, our hearts must part—*some day*!

Some day, some day,
Some day I shall leave you!
Love, I know not when or how,
(So I can but vaguely vow)
Only this, only this,
(Which I trust won't grieve you),
Only this—I *can't* go now, I *can't* go now,
I *can't* go *Now*!

I know not if 'tis far or near,
Some six months' hence, while we both
live;

I know not who the blame shall bear,
Or who protest, or who forgive;
But when we part, some day, some day,
France, fairer grown, the truth may see,
And all those clouds be rolled away
That darken love 'twixt her and me.
Some day, some day,
Some day I must leave you!

Lawks! I know not when or how,
(Though the Powers kick up a row),
Only this, only this,
(Which I won't deceive you),
Only this—I *can't* go *now*, I *shan't* go *now*, I
won't go *Now*!

IS SCIENCE PLAYED OUT?

*["In a grain of butter you have 47,250,000 microbes. When you eat a slice of bread-and-butter, you therefore must swallow as many microbes as there are people in Europe."—
"Science Notes" in Daily Chronicle.]*

CHARLOTTE, eating bread-and-butter,
Read this Note with horror utter,
And (assisted by the cutter)
Went on eating bread-and-butter!
Man will say—with due apology
To alarmed Bacteriology—
Spite of menacing bacilli,
Man *must* eat, friend, willy-nilly!
And where *shall* he find due foison
If e'en bread-and-butter's poison?
Science told our amorous Misses
Death may be conveyed *in kisses*;
But it did not keep the nation
From promiscuous osculation.
Now it warneth the "Young Person"
(Whom GRANT ALLEN voids his curse on)
"Bread-and-butter Misses" even
In *their* food may find death's leaven!
Never mind how this is made out!
Science—as a Bogey's—played out.
Spite all warnings it may utter,
Women *will* have Bread-and-Butter!

OUT OF WORK.

(After reading "Outcast London" by the Daily Chronicle's Special Commissioner at the East End.)

DIVINES inform us that the Primal Curse
On poor humanity was Compulsory Work;
But Civilisation has devised a worse,
Which even Christian effort seems to shirk.
The Worker's woes love may assuage. Ah,
yes!

But what shall help Compulsory Workless-
ness?

Not Faith—Hope—Charity even! All the
Graces

Are helpless, without Wisdom in high places.
Though liberal alms relieve the kindly soul,
You can't cure destitution by a dole.

No, these are days when men must dare to try
What a Duke calls—ARGYLL the high-and-
dry—

"The Unseen Foundations of Society";
And not, like wealthy big-wigs, be content
With smart attacks on "Theories of Rent."
Most theories of rent we know, the fact is
What we have doubts about, Duke, is—the
practice!

When Rent in Power's hands becomes a rack
To torture Toil, bold wisdom will hark back
To the beginnings and the bases; ask
What hides beneath that Economic mask
Which smiles unmoved by Sorrow's strain and
stress
On half-starved Work and whole-starved
Worklessness!

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE IV.—Mrs. TIDMARSH'S Drawing-room; Mr. TIDMARSH has just shaken hands with the latest arrival, and is still in the utmost perplexity as to the best manner to adopt towards him. The other Guests are conversing, with increased animation, at the further end of the room.

Lord Strathsporr (to Mr. TIDMARSH). Afraid I'm most abominably late—had some such a fog, don't you monly good of you to antiquities like this. If got together a collece-worth coming any dis-round the room, in evident astonishment.

Mr. Tid. (to himself). Nice names to give my dinner-party! Impudent young dog, this—Lord or no Lord! (Aloud, with dignity.) I—ha—hum—don't think that's quite the way to speak of them, Sir—my Lord, I suppose I ought to say!

Lord Strath. Oh, I expect a most interesting evening, I assure you.

Mr. Tid. Well, I—I daresay you'll have no cause to complain, so far as that goes, Lord—er—STRATH—you'll excuse me, but I haven't quite got accustomed to that title of yours.

Lord Strath. (smiling). Not surprised at that—feel much the same myself.

Mr. Tid. Ha—well, to tell you the honest truth, I should have been just as pleased if you had come here without any handle of that sort to your name.

Lord Strath. Quite unnecessary to tell me so—and, you see, I couldn't very well help myself.

Mr. Tid. (to himself). BLANKLEY sends 'em all out with titles—then his is bogus! (Aloud.) Oh, I don't blame you, if it's the rule; only—(irritably)—well, it makes me feel so devilish awkward, you know!

Lord Strath. Extremely sorry—don't know why it should. (To himself.) Queer little chap my host. Don't look the Egyptologist exactly. And where does he keep all his things? Downstairs, I suppose. (He turns, and recognises Miss SEATON.)

MARJORY SEATON—here! and I've been trying to hear something of her ever since I came back from Gizeh—this is luck! (To her.) How do you do, Miss SEATON? No idea we should meet like this!

Miss Seaton (in a low constrained voice). Nor I, Mr. CLAYMORE.

(Mr. TIDMARSH catches his Wife's eye, and crosses to her.)

Mrs. Tid. (sotto voce). MONTAGUE, isn't it time you introduced me to this Lord Whatever-it-is? As the person of highest rank here, he certainly ought to take me in!

Mr. Tid. He's done it, MARIA. He's no more a Lord than I am. Miss SEATON knows him—I just heard her call him "Mr. CLAYTON," or some name like that!

Mrs. Tid. (aghast). So this is the sort of person you would go and engage! He'll be found out, MONTAGUE, I can see Uncle edging up towards him already. And anyhow, you know what his opinions are. A pretty scrape you've got us into! Don't stand gaping—bring the man up to me this minute—I must give him a hint to be careful. (Lord S. is led up and presented.) Sit down here, please, in this corner, Lord—(with a vicious emphasis)—STRATH-BLANKLEY. (Lord S. obeys in mild amazement.) Really, my husband and I were hardly prepared for so aristocratic a guest—we are such plain

humdrum people that a title—a real title like your lordship's—ahoo!—(with an acid titter)—is, well—rather overwhelming. I only hope you will be able to—er—sustain it, or otherwise—

Lord Strath. (lifting his eyebrows.) Am I to understand that you did not expect me, after all? Because, if so,—I—

Mrs. Tid. Oh, yes, we expected you, and of course, you will be treated exactly the same as everybody else—except—I don't know if my husband warned you about not touching the champagne? No? Oh, well, you will drink claret please, not champagne. I daresay you prefer it.

Lord Strath. Thank you, I should indeed—if you have any misgivings about your champagne.

Mrs. Tid. We must draw some distinction between you and our regular guests, as I'm sure you'll understand.

Lord Strath. (to himself). Poor devils—if they only knew! But what an unspeakable snob this woman is! I'd give something to get out of this house—if it wasn't for MARJORY. I must have a word with her before dinner—strikes me she's put out with me about something or other.

Mrs. Gilwattle (to her Husband). Did you ever see anything like the way MARIA's talking to that young nobleman, GABRIEL? as easy and composed as if she'd kept such company all her life—it's a wonder how she can do it!

Uncle Gab. Look at the finishing she's had! And after all, he's flesh and blood like ourselves. She might introduce you and me to him,

though—it looks as if she was ashamed of her own relations. I shall go up and introduce myself in a minute, and do what I can to make the young fellow feel himself at home. (Intercepting Lord S. in the act of moving towards Miss SEATON.) Excuse me, my Lord, but, as the uncle of our worthy host and hostess, I should like the honour of shaking you by the hand. (He shakes hands.) My name's GILWATTLE, my Lord, and I ought to tell you before I go any further that I've no superstitious reverence for rank. Whether a



"I look upon him simply as a human being."

man's a lord or a linen-draper, is exactly the same to me—I look upon him simply as a human being.

Lord Strath. Quite so; he—ah—generally is, isn't he?

Uncle Gab. Very handsome of your Lordship to admit it, I'm sure—but what I mean to say is, I regard any friend of my niece and nephew's as a friend of mine—be he a Duke or be he a Dustman.

Lord Strath. Unhappily for me, I'm neither a Duke nor a Dustman, and—er—will you kindly excuse me? (*To himself as he passes on.*) That old gentleman makes me quite ill. Ah, MARJORY at last! (*To Miss SEATON.*) You've scarcely spoken a word to me yet! I hoped somehow you'd look a little pleased to see me—after all this time!

Miss Seaton. Pleased? I can hardly be that under the circumstances, Mr. CLAYMORE!

Lord Strath. Well, I only thought—we used to be such friends once. You seem so changed!

Miss Seaton. I am not the only one who is changed, I think. You seem to have changed everything—even your name. What ought I to call you, by the way, I didn't catch it exactly. "Lord SOMEBODY," wasn't it?

Lord Strath. Never mind the confounded name, I have heard quite enough of it already! It's not my fault if I'm what I am. I never wanted to be STRATHSPORRAN!

Miss Seaton. Then you really are Lord STRATHSPORRAN! Oh, DOUGLAS, how could you?

Lord Strath. I didn't. It was all that accident to my poor uncle and cousin. And I'm about the poorest Peer in Scotland; if that's any excuse for me!

Miss Seaton. How can it be any excuse for your coming here? Have you no pride, DOUGLAS!

Lord Strath. My goodness, what is there to be proud about? Why shouldn't I dine with anybody, provided—?

Miss Seaton. Please don't excuse yourself—I can't bear it. You know it is unworthy of you to be here!

Lord Strath. I don't indeed. I came here simply as a—

Miss Seaton. Don't trouble to tell me—I know everything. And—and you ought to have died rather than descend to this!

Lord Strath. Ought I? Died, eh? That never occurred to me; and, after all, MARJORY, you're here! What's wrong? What have I let myself in for?

Miss Seaton (bitterly). What have you let yourself out for, you mean, don't you?

Lord Strath. (mystified). I don't know! I believe my man let me out; and, anyway, what does it matter now I've come? There's dinner announced. MARJORY, before we're separated, just tell me what on earth I've done to deserve this sort of thing!

Miss Seaton (with a little gesture of despair). Is it possible you want to be told how horribly you have disappointed me!

(The couples are forming to go down.)

Lord Strath. (stiffly). I can only say the disappointment is mutual!

(He moves away, and awaits his hostess's directions.)

Little Gwenie (stealing up to her Governess). Oh, Miss SEATON, haven't I been good? I've kept quite quiet in a corner, and I haven't said a single word to anybody ever since he came. But what nice Gentlemen BLANKLEY does send, doesn't he?

Mrs. Tid. (on Uncle GABRIEL'S arm). Oh, I quite forgot you, Lord—ah—STRATHPORRIDGE. As you and Miss SEATON seem to be already acquainted, perhaps you will have the goodness to take her down? You will sit on my left—on the fireplace side—and—(*in a whisper*)—the less you say the better!

Lord Strath. I am quite of your opinion. (*To himself.*) Can't make my hostess out, for the life of me—or MARJORY either, if it comes to that! This is going to be a lively dinner-party, I can see!

(He gives his arm to Miss SEATON, who accepts it without looking at him; they go downstairs in constrained silence.)

(End of Scene IV.)

QUEER QUERIES.—CITY IMPROVEMENTS.—How much longer are we to wait for the widening of the whole of Cheapside, the removal of the Post-Office Buildings to a more convenient site, and the total and unconditional sweeping away of Paternoster Row and the south side of Newgate Street? These slight alterations are *imperatively required*. They will only cost about ten millions, and what are ten millions to the Corporation? As I purchased the five square yards on which my little tobacco-shop is built in confident expectation of being bought out at a high figure, I consider that any further delay in the matter involves something like a breach of public faith. Why should not the Government help? They have lots of money, and I haven't.—DISINTERESTED.

"FACTS AND FIGURES."—The business of the Labour Commissioner has to be very delicately managed. There must be a good deal of "give and take" in the work. However much "taking" there may be, there is sure to be plenty of *Giffen*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



THERE is something fascinating about the title of Mr. McCULLAGH TORRENS' book, published in one handsome volume, by BENTLEY. There should be a good deal in *Twenty Years in Parliament*, more so when the epoch covers recollections of PALMERSTON in his green old age, Mr. GLADSTONE in his prime, BRIGHT in his political prize-fighting trim, COBDEN, TOM DUNCAN, MONCKTON MILNES, JOHN STUART MILL, ISAAC BUTT, and a host of other ghosts that have flitted off the scene. My Baronite turned to the book with gusto, read it through with patience, and left it with disappointment. Mr. TORRENS

knew all these men personally; in fact, he was indispensable to them. One marvels to find, from hints dropped and assertions boldly made, how much they were severally indebted to him for counsel and inspiration through the twenty years the narrative vaguely covers. The figures of the men named loom large in history; but they were all stuffed. The wires were pulled by plain unappreciated McCULLAGH TORRENS. The weight of the responsibility has had the effect of somewhat muddling the narrative, and, from time to time, the diligent reader does not know exactly where he is. He begins with some episode in which DIZZY, with arm affectionately linked with that of McCULLAGH TORRENS, is walking along Pall Mall, when a passing Bishop obsequiously takes off his hat and bows. McCULLAGH modestly says this obeisance was paid to DIZZY, but we know very well it was to McCULLAGH. Then, before we know where we are, we are in the middle of an account of the Bulgarian atrocities, the Russo-Turkish war, what Count BEUST said to McCULLAGH, and how, in debate on the Vote of Six Millions, "a Right Hon. friend who sat next to me urged me to add a few words to what had been better said by others in this sense." Better said! Oh, McCULLAGH! Oh, TORRENS! There's an ancient story of an old gentleman who had a treasured anecdote connected with the going off of a gun. When he could not drag it in otherwise, he was wont to furtively lift his foot and kick the table. "Hallo, what's that?" he cried. "Sounds like a gun; that reminds me"—and then the story. Thus Mr. TORRENS drags in successive Parliamentary episodes through twenty years—the Disestablishment of the Church, the Charity Commission, State Aid to Emigrants, School Board for London, Extradition, Artisans' Dwellings; gives a not very clear summary of events leading up to each, and then treats the entranced reader to the heads of the speech he delivered. The book would have been more accurately entitled had it been called *Twenty Years of McCullagh Torrens*, and old Members of the House of Commons will agree that this is a little too much.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

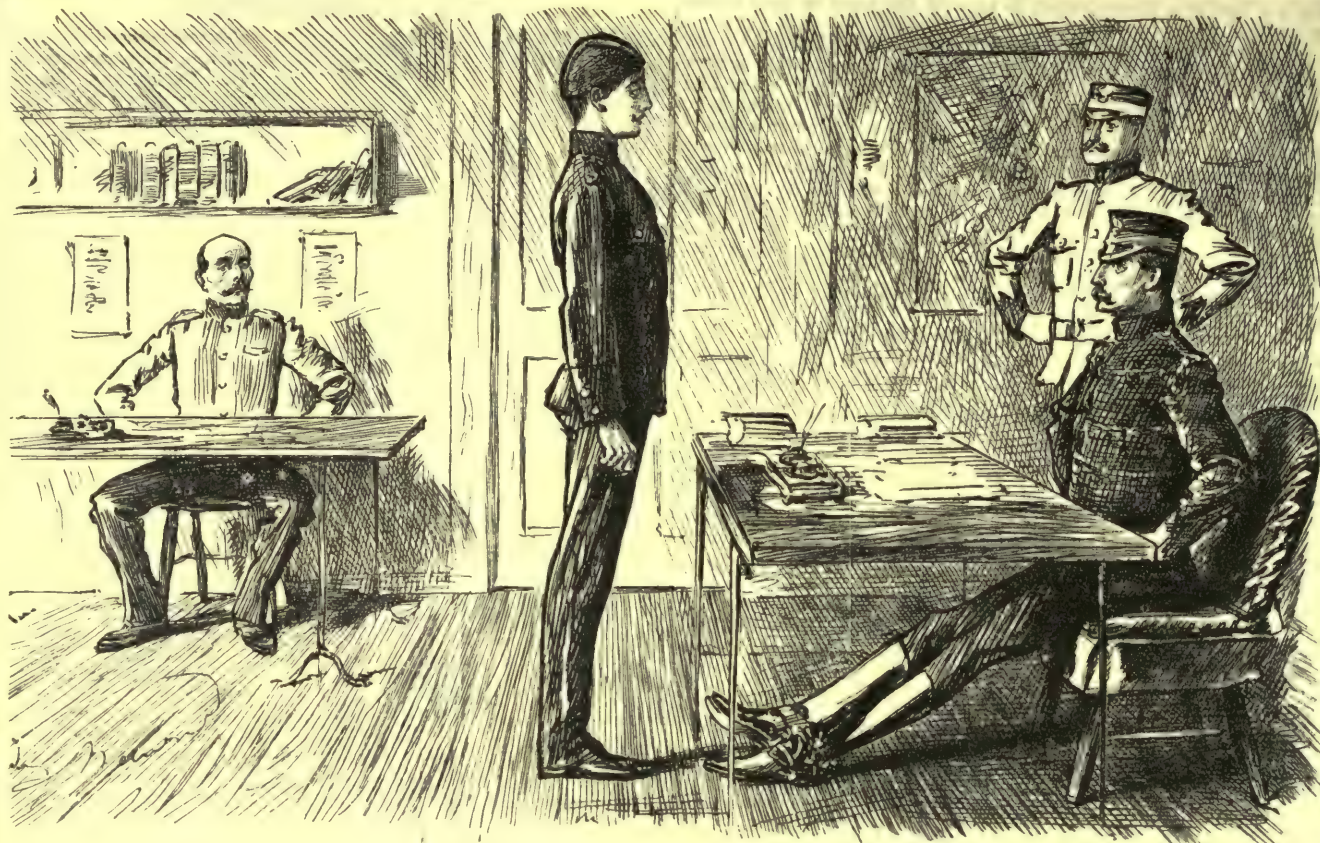
The Three.

SOME hold it a terrible fault of omission That Parsons sit not on the Poor-Law Commission. Alas! Hope would smile, but she finds it a rarity For "Faith" not to hamper the freedom of Charity. The world will look bright when we find in high places A perfect accord 'twixt the Three Christian Graces!

THE FIRST BAL MASQUÉ OF THE SEASON.—Big success. Greater crowd there than when these entertainments came to an end at the beginning of last year. All sorts of disguises were permitted, but it is said that two *viveurs* who came late, disguised in liquor, were denied entrance. The Snow Man found it very hot, and melted. Prizes were to be given away. But there was one prize, an elegant lady, closely masked and hooded, whose identity remained a puzzle to everybody. At last "she gave herself away." The happy recipient congratulated himself on winning the prize.

NEXT, PLEASE!—Suggested subject for the next Newspaper Controversy:—"Is ROBERT BUCHANAN played out?"

"RENT REDUCTIONS" can generally be satisfactorily made *pro tem*. with a needle and thread.



"THE PLAY'S THE THING!"

"COULD I HAVE A FORTNIGHT'S LEAVE, SIR?"

"WHAT FOR, PRAY?"

"URGENT PRIVATE THEATRICALS!"

THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIUS.

(Fragmentary and Unfinished Extracts from the Arabian Nights, Up to Date.)

"SIR," said SHEEVERREADY, "how pleasant soever these stories may be [that I have told your Majesty hitherto, they do not come near that of the Fisherman and the Genius."

There was an ancient, but hale and opulent Fisherman, who had fished with much success for many a day in troubled waters. This practice of his involved him, of course, in extremely arduous labours, but resulted, generally, in securing him a fair share of hard-earned spoil, to the great envy of other fishermen of less hardihood and enterprise. He imposed it upon himself, however, as a law, not to cast his nets save during a certain season—or session, as he called it—which usually arrived but once a year.

His fortune, for some fishing seasons past, had been of a variable, and not too satisfactory sort. It is *not* encouraging, after casting one's nets during a prolonged spell of rough weather, and confidently anticipating a good draught of fish, to perceive that, instead of fish, there is nothing in one's net save such unsought spoil as the carcase of an Egyptian ass, a basket-full of gravel and slime of no substantial utility, or quantities of stones and mud, fit for nothing but for use as missiles among quarrelsome boys.

"O Fortune," cried he; "be not so persistently perverse, nor persecute an ancient fisherman who groweth a-weary of tumultuous billows, turbid floods, broken and filth-obstructed nets, and unprofitable hauls!"

Now, behold, it was told to this Fisherman by a certain Grand Old Voice, vague but sonorous, and voluble exceedingly, that if he would only make a complete change in his nets, and in the fashion of his fishing, miraculous draughts would become as common as minnows in a brook. This Voice visited our Fisherman often in his visions. And, behold, the Fisherman essayed the schemes suggested by the Voice. Not at first, it must be admitted, with supreme success, or entire satisfaction to the Fisherman himself. The Voice, however, attributed this qualified fortune to the Fisherman's lack of perfect trust, and of entire reform in his fashion of fishing. "Behold," cried the Voice, vibrating vehemently, "you have allowed

yourself to be diverted by the sinister councils of antiquated obscurantists from implicit faith in my programmes and prescriptions!"

"And what, in brief and plain language, are these latter?" inquired the anxious but puzzled Fisherman.

"Nay," answered the Voice, sardonically; "that were to inquire too nicely. But place your fortunes absolutely in my charge; follow my lead with unquestioning loyalty, and verily you shall see great results."

The Fisherman, much impressed with these assurances, cast his nets once more in the new fashion; and when he thought it was time, he drew them in as formerly, with great difficulty. But, instead of fish, found nothing in them but a vessel of brass, which, by the weight, seemed to be full of something; and he observed that it was shut up with singular tightness, and sealed up with a thick coating of official-looking wax. And the Seal was Green, green as the abounding grass, or the scarce four-leaved shamrock of that amazing Isle of Emeralds, which some deem as much matter of myth as SINDBAD'S Valley of Diamonds.

The Fisherman examined the vessel on all sides, and shook it to see if what was in it made any noise, but heard nothing. This circumstance, with the impression of the seal upon the cover (which seemed to represent two Hearts linked in Union by some mystic abracadabra of unknown words) made him think there was something precious—or at least peculiar—in it. To try this, he opened it. He presently turned the mouth downward, but nothing came out, which surprised him extremely. He set it before him, and while he looked upon it attentively, there arose from it a very thick smoke, which obliged him to retire two or three paces from it.

The smoke ascended to the clouds, and, extending itself along the sea and upon the shore, formed a great mist, which we may well imagine did mightily astonish the Fisherman. When the smoke was all out of the vessel, it slowly took shape, and became a solid-seeming body, of which there was formed a Genius twice as high and broad as any giant with which the Fisherman had been aforetime familiar. At the sight of a monster of such unsizeable bulk, and from which issued, in as yet unintelligible accents, a Voice which seemed strangely familiar to his ears, the Fisherman—Here SHEEVERREADY perceiving day, broke off her story—for the time.



THE FISHERMAN AND THE GENIUS.

(Vide "Arabian Nights.")



VERY CONSIDERATE.

Mr. Phunkie. "DEAW ME!—NEW RAILS, I DECLARE! NOW IF THERE IS A THING WHICH IS ANNOYING TO THE AGRICULTURIST, IN THE PRESENT STATE OF DEPRESSION, IT IS FOR PEOPLE TO GO RECKLESSLY SMASHING THINGS OF THAT SORT. I SHALL CERTAINLY PUT MYSELF TO THE INCONVENIENCE OF GOING ROUND—AHM!—AS AN EXAMPLE!"

"THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN" AT CAMBRIDGE.

WELL done, the A. D. C.! Their performance of TOM TAYLOR's romantic, pathetic, melodramatic, crib-cracking, head- (though not always side-) splitting play, was an admirable one, carefully rehearsed, well stage-managed, and played with a fine feeling for the capital situations in which the piece abounds. Especially good was Mr. BROMLEY-DAYENPORT's *Jem Dalton*, a finished and truculent presentment of which any young amateur and many an old professional might be proud. *Hawkshaw* (Mr. DICKINSON), too, was excellent, and the *Bob Brierly* of Mr. THORNTON, the *Sam Willoughby* of Mr. THEOBALD, the *Green Jones* of Mr. NORMAN, and the *Maltby* of Mr. MARTINEAU, were all good in their several ways. As for the ladies—but who does not know the A. D. C. ladies, those visions of female loveliness, with big hands bass voices, and projecting knees? Mr.



AGAR, whose waist cannot have really measured more than twenty inches round, was refined and charming as *Emily St. Evremond*, while Mr. CORNISH, though taller than most of his male associates, played *May Edwards* quietly, and sympathetically. *Mrs. Willoughby*, the stage realisation of ARTHUR SKETCHLEY's *Mrs. Brown*, had full justice rendered to her garrulous good-nature by Mr. STONE. But enough. It was a good performance. Memories came floating back of a notable performance of this same play by the A. D. C. far back in the remote ages between '70 and '80. The *Bob Brierly* of those days has been Under-Secretary of State for India, *Hawkshaw*, the Detective, occupies a thorny throne as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, while *Jem Dalton* has become the Burglar at the Court Theatre—a very natural transition. Very great was Mr. BROOKFIELD fifteen years ago as the *Cracksman*, but great, also, was Mr. BROMLEY-DAYENPORT last week. *Dixi!*

DEARTH OF DANCING-MEN.

MY JULIA has been unusually fortunate this evening. She has only had to sit out thirteen dances, and has already been given half a polka by Mr. LAYSIBOHNS, who, however, seemed too tired to finish it. Her view is, that "half a loafer is better than no dance."

In order to get men, we have been obliged to invite the gentlemanly crossing-sweeper at the end of our road, two hawkers who sell blocks of wood in the street, a respectable coal-heaver, and our green-grocer's assistant. They have each had half-a-dozen dancing lessons (at our expense), and are to be paid a guinea a-piece, on condition that they dance at least six dances before going down to supper.

Our boy BOB, who is always trying to be funny, says he is afraid engaging these people will turn out a "valse step."

It certainly is rather slow for the Girls who have not had a partner all the evening. Still, I did not expect them to bring pencils and paper with them, and play games of "consequences" in the billiard-room.

Since Gentlemen have taken to sharing a dance among several Ladies, they have become very conceited. My EMILY is congratulating herself that she has secured one undivided sixteenth part of the next Lancers with that dear Mr. WYNN INGWAYS.

A good part of Mr. MASHER's income is, it is said, derived from the fact that Mothers, sooner than see their Girls sit idle all the evening, are willing to allow him a handsome commission on suitable introductions.

BOB has asked JULIA a riddle, which is—"What is the difference between a game of whist and a ball-room?" The answer seems to be, that in whist you cut for partners, but, in a ball-room, possible partners cut you.

It is quite true that we have decided to emigrate to North-West Colorado, as my Girls say they will have far more chance of partners in a country where the "surplus population" consists entirely of males.





TROP DE ZÈLE.

Hostess. "WHY ARE SOME OF THE LIQUEUR GLASSES EMPTY, KATHLEEN?"

The New Parlour Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, MY LADY, THEY'RE FOR THIM AS DON'T TAKE ANY LIQUEUR!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Jan. 31st.—Back again in old place, with SPEAKER in Chair, Mace on table, and Serjeant-at-Arms on guard. Nothing changed except the Government. Some old familiar faces gone; others replace them. Same old bustle, hearty greeting, and effusive hand-shaking.

"There's only one thing," says ERSKINE, of Cardross, "that equals the hilarity of the opening of a New Session, and that is the joy with which the boys go off on the day of Prorogation."

ERSKINE been in the Chair by the cross-benches some years now. Naturally growing philosophical; insensibly cultivates habit of sententious speech.

"Wonder you can be so garrulous, TOBY," he says, "considering the number of Speeches you hear in a Session. We take in eloquence at the pores, and I for one have no tendency toward exudation."

"Ah," I said, "perhaps that's the lack of exercise. Dear old GOSSET! he was better off in that respect. Remember how he used to waltz up and down between doorway and table with BRADLAUGH? A heavy partner, too, especially taken after dinner. But, on score of health, not by any means an undesirable variation on sedentary life."

"Well, well," said ERSKINE, whose forbears were out in '45, "we must hope for the best." And the gallant Scot's hand involuntarily sought the hilt of his sword as his keen eye roved over the Clan gathered below the Gangway.

A little odd at first to see Mr. G. on the Bench to the right of SPEAKER, Prince ARTHUR facing him on Opposition Bench. They seem to assume altered position quite naturally. Mr. G. looks pretty much as he has done any time these two years back. Eager, straight-backed, bright-eyed, smiling gaily in response to cheer that greets him from at present undivided majority.

MARGARINA.

A BACK-STREET BALLAD.
AIR—"Margarita."

I PASSED along a dim back-street,
Margarina!
In search of something good to eat,
Margarina!
O pallid tripe! O "faggots" queer!
Was ever such strange human cheer?
And O my heart, I loathed thee so,
There on show, there on show,
Margarina!

I saw thee in a sallow dab,
Margarina!
Upon the grubby marble slab,
Margarina!
O sickening stodge! O greasy shine!
O "Dairy Produce" mis-called "Fine!"
O haunt of all blue-flies that blow,
There on show, there on show,
Margarina!

I fled along that gloomy street,
Margarina!
Disgusted, sickened, sad, dead-beat,
Margarina!
Yet still I see that dingy slab,
That oleaginous pale, pale dab.
And thou art still on sale I know,
Where soot-flakes all, and blue-
flies blow, Margarina!

But every night at my snug tea,
Margarina!

Over my toast I muse on thee,
Margarina!

I sniff that smell, I see that dab,
That greasy, grimy, marble slab.
And thou art still the same I know,
The slum's strange love, the slum's
strange love,

The poor man's "Butter," there on
show! Margarina!

MRS. RAM, who had been listening to a conversation among golf-players, and now flatters herself on knowing something about the game, observed—"I suppose, in the Season, instead of Five-o'clock Teas, the fashion at Hurlingham and those places will be to have Golf Teas." She didn't know that it was spelt 'Tees.'

"Pretty well, thank you, TOBY. Only one thing the matter with me, and that, you know, doesn't mend as the years pass. Looking over McCULLAGH TORRENS' book the other day, I noted what DIZZY said when that genial statesman, the former Member for Finsbury, inquired after the health of Lady BEACONSFIELD. 'They tell me she is better, but you know what better is at 83.' I'm as well as can be expected going o' 84. I must admit it's pretty well. I'll undertake to walk a mile, run a mile, eat a meal, and make a speech with any fellow ten years my junior."

Certainly no one on Treasury Bench exceeds Mr. G. in vivacity or overflowing energy. SQUIRE of MALWOOD looks very fit, but there's a massivity about his mirthful mood that becomes a Chancellor of the Exchequer with a contingent surplus. Is much comforted by consciousness that, whilst SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE views composition of Ministry with mixed feelings, and will not commit himself to promise of fealty till he is in possession of full details of their policy, he unreservedly approves the SQUIRE.

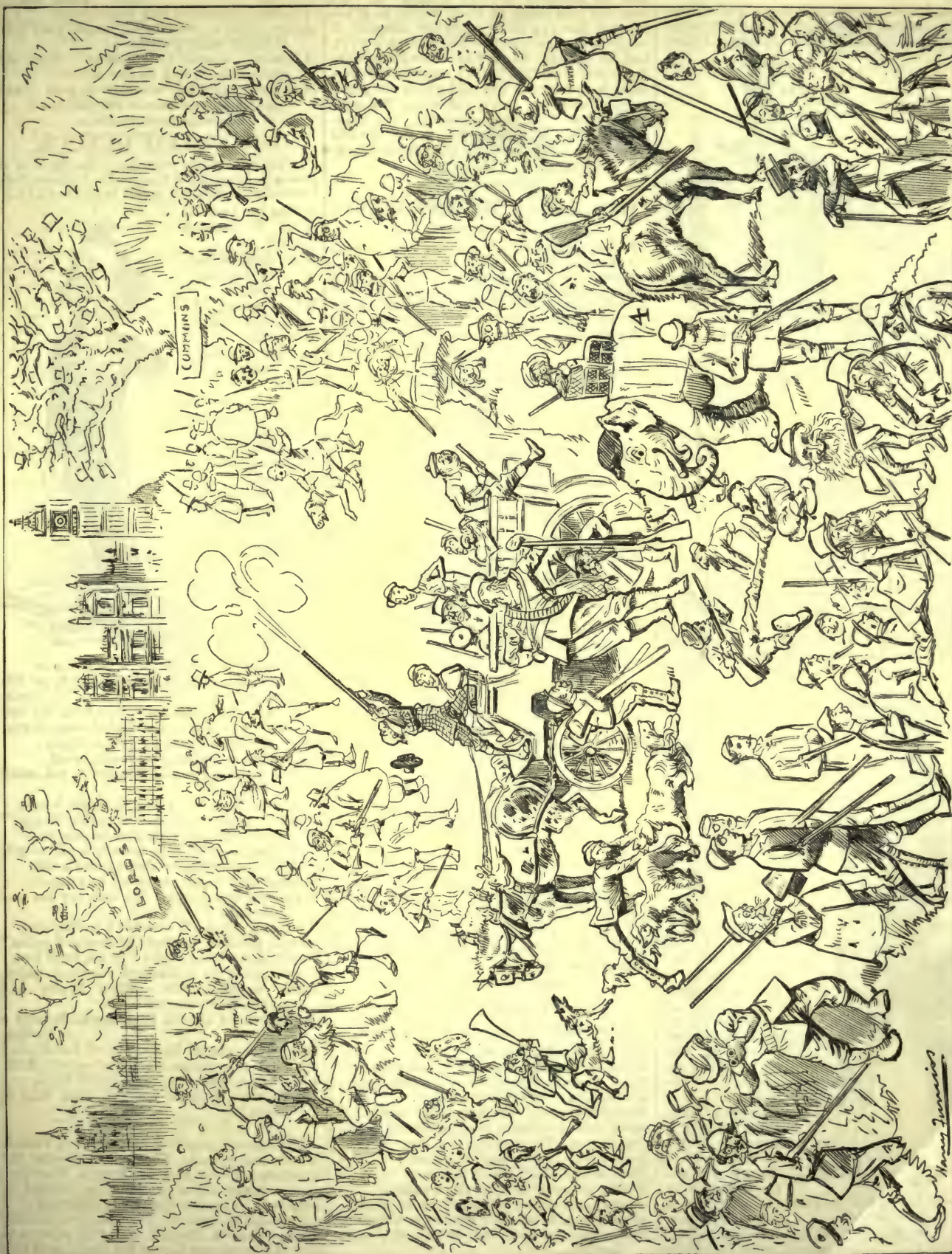
On other side, Her Majesty's late Ministers in state of almost boisterous hilarity. Evidently inclined to regard deposition as a joke. Prince ARTHUR beaming with delight. Something curiously like a smile wreathes stolid countenance of Sir JAMES FERGUSSON.

"It's their turn now," says Prince ARTHUR, gleefully rubbing his hands, "and I wish them joy of it. As for me, I shall live my Saturday to Monday in peace, and shall go to the Opera every Wednesday night in the Season."

"You can go oftener if you like," said ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight). "You may depend on my remaining here. I've thought of a good many things to say during the last six years."

"Ha," said Prince ARTHUR, thoughtfully, "then perhaps I may absent myself through portions of other nights of the week."

Business done.—Address moved.



PARLIAMENTARY SHOOTING BEGINS, JANUARY 31.

HIS LITTLE GAME AT THE COMEDY.

MR. LESTOCQ's amusing farce, *The Sportsman*, now being played at the Comedy Theatre, must inevitably recall to the experienced play-



Opening the Case.

goer the plot and situations of *The Serious Family* and *The Colonel, Truth, The Candidate, Artful Cards*, and it may be some others of the same extensive dramatic family. In this piece the husband, under pretence of joining a shooting-party, is accustomed to absent himself from home, in order to indulge



Briscoe, having lost one suit, gains another.

his propensity for gambling, and he invariably brings home to his wife the hares and rabbits he has shot. This is "his little game." Just so did the husband in *The Serious Family*, when *Aminadab Sleek* remarks that he has seen something very like them at a neighbouring poulterer's. In the Second Act the police make a raid on the gambling Club, and the husband escapes in any coat he can lay hold of, following the example of the unfortunate hero of *Artful Cards*, only that the situation at the end of *that* Second Act was far stronger in that play than it is in *The Sportsman*. In *Artful Cards* the unfortunate hero escaped, carrying a trombone, which turned up in evidence against him when he was inventing plausible explanations to his wife. In fact,

The Sportsman is concocted out of excellent old material cleverly worked up, with only one new point in it, to which, as it has escaped the eye of the English adapter, it would be useless to draw his attention; yet, had he seen it, he might therefrom have developed a really original sequence of perplexing situations. The dialogue is not particularly brilliant; jerky, not crisp. But such is the "go" of the principals, and especially of Mr. HAWTREY, who is the life and soul of the farce, that the laughter is hearty and continuous.

PATRIOTISM AT THE LAW COURTS.

(As we expect to see it.)

["THE INNS OF COURT AND THE VOLUNTEERS. —A Meeting was held yesterday afternoon in the Banqueting Hall of Lincoln's Inn for the purpose of taking such steps as might be deemed necessary to revive the former numerical strength of the Inns of Court Corps of Volunteers, now sadly below its proper strength."—*Daily Paper*.]



FREQUENT Meetings in the Banqueting Hall will soon rectify the "reduced condition," and, after a few gatherings, a gallant and learned Q.C. will don his ancient tunic, and present himself at Head Quarters.

"THE ETERNAL FEMINE."

(By a candid—if capricious—Conjugator.)

Amo, amas—All love a lass!
Amamus, amatis—Churls cry, *jam satis*!
Amat, amat—But that's masculine cant!
Amem, ames—We wish to please.
Amemus, ametis—'Cos love so sweet is.
Amet, amet—Man's never content!
Amavissem—We yearn to kiss 'em.
Amavisses—They accept our kisses.
Ama, amato—Lips like a tomato.
Amate, amanto—Move many a canto.
Amare, amavisse—We marry sweet Missy.
Amans, amaturus—Her charms to secure us.
Amandum, amandi—As wives they come handy.
Amando, amandum—But we don't understand 'em.

Amandum, amando—Their novels are grand oh!
Amatum, amatu—Cries male critic, "I'll
Amor, amaris, amatur—Woman goes like thunder when a starter!
Amamur, amanini, amantur—And she swears she'll lick us in a canter!
Amemur, amemini, amentur—And 'twill take us all our time to prevent her!

THE NEWEST HUMOUR.

["The atmospheric envelope of the Globe is at present in a bacillophil humour."—*Professor PETTENKOFER on Microbes*, quoted by JAMES PAYN.]

Is that the humour o't, O learned Nym?

Well, these be days of mad and morbid whim,

When would - be wits strain wildly at a joke

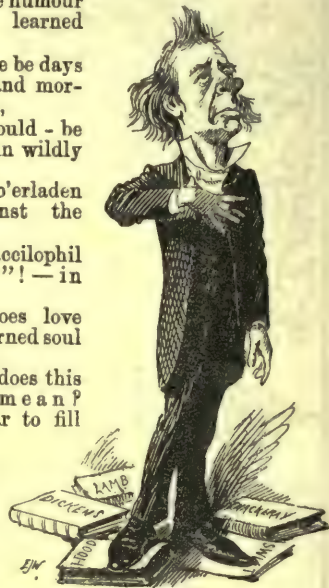
As an o'erladen ox against the yoke.

But "a bacillophil humour"! — in the air!

Science does love the unlearned soul to scare,

But what does this thing mean? With fear to fill us?

C a n a u g h t h u s l o v e a n d c h e r i s h t h e B a c i l l u s ?



O "atmospheric envelope" thy humour Is worse than—Blank's—if we may trust this rumour.

Since microbe "humour" fills both air and Farewell to honest fun and wholesome mirth! Adieu to genial DICKENS, gentle HOOD! Hail to the peddling pessimistic brood Whose "nimini-pimimi" mouths, too small by half

To stretch themselves to a Homeric laugh, Mince, in a mirror, to the "Paphian Mimp!" MOMUS is dead, and e'en that tricky imp Preposterous Puck hath too much native grit To take the taste of OSBICK turned a wit. Humour bacillophil, microbic merriment, Might suit him better. He will try the experiment.

His mirth's a smirk and not a paroxysm; "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prism" Do not disturb the "plie" of his prim lips, Neither do cynic quirks and querulous quips. Mirth would guffaw—when hearts and mouths were bigger, OSBICK would shrink from aught beyond a snigger, Such as is stirred by screeds of far-fetched Ay! that's the humour o't, sententious Nym. Let's hail a dying century's latest birth,— The Newest Humour—purged from taint of Mirth!

MRS. RAM's practical knowledge of French is not marvellous. She was discussing the question as to whether the French Working-classes cared for malt liquor as brewed in England. The excellent Lady observed—"I don't think so, because, if I remember rightly, when I was in Paris, I was told always to give the coachman money for drink, and this they called 'poor beer.' So they couldn't care for 'strong ale,' such as ours."

THE LAST WOMAN.

(A contemporary Pendant to "The Last Man.")

[It is stated that the dreaded Crinoline has actually made its appearance in one or two quarters.]

ALL modish shapes must melt in gloom,
Great WORTH himself must die,
Before the Sex again assume
EVE's sweet simplicity!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
Which made me bow my head and weep
As one aghast, accurst!
Was it a spook before me past?
Of women I beheld the last,
As ADAM saw the first.

Regent Street seemed "No Thoroughfare,"
Bond Street looked weird, inhuman;
The spectres of past fashions were
Around that lonely Woman.
Some were the work of native hands,
Some had arrived from foreign lands,
Nondescript jumbles some!
Pall-Mall had now nor sound nor tread,
Park Lane was silent as the dead,
Belgravia was dumb.

Yet, lighthouse-like, that lone one stood,
Or whisked her skirts around,
Like a wild wind that sweeps the wood,
And strews with leaves the ground.
Singing, "Our hour is come, O Sun
Of Fashion! We'll have no more fun.
Solitude is *too* slow!
True thou hast worn ten thousand shapes
(In spite of man's sour gibes and japes),
But—now the thing lacks go.

"What though the grumbler Man put forth
His pompous power and skill!
He could not make Woman and WORTH
The vassals of his will;—
Fashion, I mourn thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned Queen! To play
To empty box and stall;
To dress—when not another She
Exists to quicken rivalry—
No, it won't pay at all!

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the works of men!
Nothing they did that's worth recall,
With sword, or spade, or pen.
Their bumptious bunglings bring not back!
Man always *was* a noisy quack
Who thought himself a god;
But when he fancied he had scored
Prodigiously, the Sex he bored
Subdued him with a nod.

"Now I am weary. No one tries
The fit of new attire!
Doom, that the joys of Dress denies,
Bids Woman's bliss expire.
But shall *La Mode* know final death?
Forbid it Woman's latest breath!
Death—who is *male*—shan't boast
The eclipse of Fashion. Such a pall
Shall not like Darkness cover all—
Till I give up the ghost!

"What would most vex and worry him,
Dull, modeless Man, whose spark
Long (beside Woman's) burning dim,
Has now gone down in dark?
Ha! He'd kick up the *greatest* shine
(If he could kick) at—CRINOLINE.
Were he recalled to breath,
I'll have one last man-mocking spree
By donning *hooped skirts*. Victory!
This takes all sting from Death!

"Go, Sun, while Fashion holds me up,
Swollen skirt and skimpy waist
Shall fill—*male*—sorrow's bitter cup,
And mortify—*male*—taste!

Go, tell the spheres that sweep through
space,
Thou saw'st the last of EVE's fair race,
In high ecstatic passion;
The darkening universe defy,
To quench her taste for Toggery,
Or shake her faith in Fashion!"



"THE GOVERNESS WHO,
MA' SAID, WOULDN'T DO."

A PLAINT FROM PARNASSUS.

(By an "Unrecommended" Resident.)

[MR. GLADSTONE (replying to Mr. JOHNSTON, of Ballykilbeg) announced that no recommendation had been submitted to Her MAJESTY upon the subject of the succession to the office of Poet Laureate, and that there was no immediate intention of submitting one.]

GLORIOUS Apollo! This is wondrous hard!
Fancy JOHN BULL without Official Bard!
His plight is sad as that of the great men
Who lived, unmarked by the Poetic Pen,
Before great AGAMEMNON. Ah, my HORACE,
Britons are a Boeotian, heavy, slow race!
As for the "Statesman" who treats bards so
shabbily,
'Twill serve him right if thine "*illacrimabile*"
Applies to him. A Premier, but no Poet?
England, you are dishonoured, and don't
know it.

Void of a *Sacer Vates* to enshrine
In gorgeous trope and long-resounding line,
Thy Victories, and Weddings, Shows and
Valour?
Parnassus shakes, the Muses pine in pallor.
When foreign princelings mate our sweet
princesses,
When Rads of fleets and armies made sad
messes,

And stand in need of verbal calcitration;
When—let's say ASHMEAD-BARTLETT—saves
the nation
In the great name of glorious Saint Jingo;
When BULL gives toko or delivers stingo.
To Fuzzy-Wuzzy, or such foolish savages;
When our great guns commit most gallant
ravages
Among the huts of some unhappy village,
Where naughty "niggers" have gone in for
pillage;
When SOMEONE condescends to be high-born,
Or deigns to die, who now shall toot the horn,
Or twang the lyre, emitting verse divine,
For Fame and—say, about a pound per line?
I must submit. I have not been "sub-
mitted."
But poetless JOHN BULL is to be pitied.
Of course self-praise is no "recommenda-
tion," [nation,
(In GLADSTONE's sense) or else, unhappy
I, even I, could spare you natural worry at,
Your non-possession of a Poet-Laureate!

IN A PICKWICKIAN SENSE.—When "a nate
Irishman" (as the song has it) "meets with a
friend," he incontinently "for love knocks
him down," whether with a "sprig of shil-
lelagh" or a "flower of speech," depends
upon circumstances. In either case he
"means no harm," or at any rate far less
harm than the phlegmatic and matter-of-fact
Saxon is apt to fancy. Probably, therefore,
an "Irish Phrase Book," giving the real
"meaning" of Hibernian rhetorical epithets,
would prove a great peacemaker, in Parlia-
ment and out. Colonel SAUNDERSON, when
he had recovered his temper, and with it his
wit, "toned down" the provocative "mur-
derous ruffian," into the inoffensive "excited
politician." But what a pity it is that "excited
politicians" so often string themselves up to
(verbal) "ruffianism."

THE LAST LIGHT.

It scarce can be thou art the last
To fade before my watchful gaze;
So short the part that each one plays,
A flickering flame, and life is past.

And thou wert clothed in
robe of snow,
A crimson veil around
thy head,
And now thou liest,
charred and dead,
Erstwhile with ruddy
fire aglow.

I held thee in a fond
embrace
To guard thee from the
whistling wind;
And not another can I
find
To comfort me and take
thy place.

And though I lay aside my weeds,
Yet like a widow I bemoan;
Nor all the wealth the Indies own,
Could satisfy my present needs.

Thy spark has vanished from my sight,
Useless cigar, tobacco, pipe;
Of perfect misery the type,
A man without another light.



EMPLOYMENT FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.—On
Tuesday, in last week, the Unemployed had
their hands full, when at Temple Avenue they
unsuccessfully attempted to overcome the
effective resistance of the Police. The Unem-
ployed might have been better employed.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

(A New Naval Ode.)



[The Royal Commission on Telegraphic Communication between Lighthouses and Lightships and the Shore, have issued their first report recommending immediate action in the more urgent cases. Dealing with the same subject, on November 28, 1891, *Mr. Punch* said:—

"*Punch* pictures with prophetic pen, a brighter, cheerier page,
Which must be turned, and speedily."—See "*The Sweet Little Cherub that Sits up Aloft*," (*Modern Version as it Must Be*) Vol. ci., p. 254.
Mr. Punch is mightily pleased that his injunction

has been obeyed, and that his prophecy is in process of fulfilment.]

I.

YE Mariners of England,
Shipwrecked in our home seas,

How this will calm your wives' wild
fears,
And give your stout hearts ease!
Hope's blue eyes gleam above the main,
Her lifted light will glow,
And sweep o'er the deep,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the tempest rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirit comfort gathers,
From schemes designed to save
Brave fellows, who have dared the deep,
Near home to find a grave.
See how o'er rock and quicksand fell,
The Electric ray doth glow,
And sweep o'er the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the tempest rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow!

III.

BRITANNIA needs as bulwarks
Light-towers along the steep,
To save her gallant sons from graves
Near home, though on the deep.
With levin as from Jovian hand
She'll light the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the tempest rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The Mariners of England
Glad eyes shall shoreward turn
In danger's night. Behold, brave hearts,
Where the Star of Hope doth burn!
Science, fired by Humanity,
Their grateful song shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the storm is o'er, and they're safe
ashore,
Thanks to Hope's beacon-glow!

Q. Are there any Lighthouses away from
the Coast?—A. Certainly. Q. Where?—
A. In London. Q. Name them.—A. The
Comedy, Toole's, the Opéra Comique, and
Strand. All Light-and-leading Houses.



A SNUB.

"FIFTY GUINEAS FOR A BOA AND A MUFF! THAT'S RATHER DEAR, ISN'T IT?"
"WE DON'T KEEP CATSKIN, MADAM!"

A METROPOLITAN MAYOR'S NEST.

["The Common Council is stated to have appointed a 'Fighting Committee' to oppose the Unification of London, and to take steps for the formation of separate Municipalities in different parts of the Metropolis."—*Daily Paper*.]

Lord Mayor's Day.—Ah, if only we had not got Parliament to sanction the plan of splitting London up into distinct Municipalities, what a proud day this would be for me! As it is, must try and remember that I am *not* LORD MAYOR of London at all, but only Mayor of the new Corporate Borough of Cripplegate Without, one of the half-dozen boroughs into which the old City has been divided.

The Show.—Well, thank goodness, we do keep *that* up! All the 674 Mayors of all the different districts of London take part in it. That reminds me that I must put on my Civic robes, edged with imitation ermine, and my aluminium chain of office, and prepare to start. A little hitch to begin with. Mayors all assembled outside Guildhall. Mayor of South-South-West Hammersmith tries to join us. Nobody seems to know him. Very suspicious, especially as, on referring to official records, we find that there is no such borough as South-South-West Hammersmith! We tell him so. He replies, sulkily, that it was created last night by a Special Vote of the South-West Hammersmith Town Council, who found the work getting too much for them, and that, anyhow, "he intends to take part in the procession." Awkward—but we have to yield.

In the Streets.—The 675 Mayors don't inspire as much respect as I should like. Perhaps it is due to the fact that a regular scramble took place for seats in the old LORD MAYOR'S Coach, in the course of which the Mayor of Tottenham Court Road was badly pommelled by the Mayor of Battersea Rise, and the coach itself had one side knocked out of it. Also that we other Mayors have to follow on foot, and are repeatedly asked if we are a procession of the Unemployed!

At the Law Courts.—In the good old days Lord Chief Justice used to deliver a flowery harangue congratulating the Chief Magistrate on his elevation. But who is the Chief Magistrate now? To-day a free fight among the Mayors to get first into the Court. In consequence, Chief Justice angrily orders Court to be cleared, and threatens to commit us for contempt! Yet surely in former days a Judge would have been imprisoned in the deepest dungeons of the Mansion House for much less.

Evening.—The hospitable custom of the Ministerial banquet still retained. Prime Minister adopts tactics of the Music Hall "Lion Comique," and, after addressing a few genial words to the guests assembled at the table of the Mayor of West Ham, jumps into brougham, and appears a few minutes later at Mayor of Shadwell's banquet, and so on to Poplar and Whitechapel, and as many as he can crowd in. Other Ministers do the same. Still, not enough Cabinet Councillors to go round, and to-night I am horrified to find that the assistant Under-Secretary to the deputy Labour Commissioner had been chosen to reply to the toast of the health of the Ministry at *my* banquet! Ichabod, indeed! [By the way, what a good name for a new Lord Mayor "Ichabod," say, if knighted, "Sir THOMAS ICHABOD." Air to be played by band on his entering Guildhall, "Ichabody meet a body." But alas! these are dreams! Ichabod!] Yet, as the only building in which the Mayor of Cripplegate Without can entertain his guest is the fourth floor of an unused warehouse, perhaps we really don't deserve a higher official. Still, one can't help regretting that the City, in its natural dread of the so-called "Unification of London," persuaded the Government to agree to this sort of "Punification of London."

TOAST FOR THE NEXT "QUEENSLAND MEAT" BANQUET.—"The Army, the Gravy, and the Preserved Forces!"

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE V.—*The Dining-room; walls distempered chocolate; gas-lamp with opal-tinted globes; two cast-iron Cavaliers holding gas-lamps on the mantel-piece. Oil-portrait, enlarged from photograph, of Mrs. TIDMARSH, over side-board; on other walls, engravings—"Belshazzar's Feast," "The Wall of Wailing at Jerusalem," and DORÉ'S "Christian Martyrs." The guests have just sat down; Lord STRATHSPORRAN is placed between Miss SEATON and his hostess, and opposite Mr. GILWATTLE.*

Lord Strath. (to himself). Deuced quaint-looking people—wish they wouldn't all eat their soup at me! Why can't somebody say something? Wonder who's the Lady in black, all over big silver tears—like a foreign funeral. Don't feel equal to talking to MARJORY again till I've had some Sherry. (After sipping it.) Wormwood, by Jove! Champagne will probably be syrup—touch old GILWATTLE up if he isn't careful—ah, he jibs at the Sherry!

Uncle Gab. Where the dickens did MONTY get this stuff, MARIA? Most 'strordinary bitter taste!

Mrs. Tid. (to herself, in an agony). I knew that bottle of GWENNIE'S Quinine Wine had got down into the cellar somehow! (Aloud.) Don't drink it, Uncle, please, if it isn't quite what you like!

Uncle Gab. I'll take his Lordship's opinion. What do you think of this Sherry, my Lord? Don't you find it rather—eh?

Lord Strath. (observing his hostess frown at him imperiously). Oh, excellent, Sir—very—er—mellow and agreeable!

Uncle Gab. Ha—yes—now your Lordship mentions it, there's a sort of nuttiness about it.

[He empties his glass.

Lord Strath. (to himself). There is—a rotten-nuttiness! I'm hanged if he hasn't bolted it! Wonderful old Johnny!

Mrs. Tid. (to him, in an under-tone). You said quite the right thing!

Lord Strath. (ambiguously). Oh, not at all!

[Turbot and lobster-sauce are taken round, and conversation becomes general.

Conversational Scraps. Assure you if I touch the smallest particle of lobster it instantly flies to my... Yes, alive. A dear friend of mine positively had to leave her lodgings at the seaside—she was so disturbed by the screams of the lobsters being boiled in the back-kitchen... I was reading only the other day that oysters' hearts continue to beat down to the very moment they are being assimilated... What they must suffer, poor dears! Couldn't there be a law that they should only be eaten under chloroform, or something?... I never get tired of turbot—cod, now, I don't care for, and salmon I like—but I can't digest—why, is more than I can tell you.—(Etc.)

Miss Seaton. (to herself). To see DOUGLAS here—a paid parasite—and actually seeming to enjoy his food—it's like some dreadful nightmare—I can't believe it! But I'm glad he hasn't the face to speak to me!

Lord Strath. (to SEAKALE offering Hock). If you please. (To himself, after tasting.) Why, it's quite decent! I begin to feel up to

having this out with MARJORY. (Aloud.) Miss SEATON, isn't it rather ridiculous for two such old friends as we are to sit through dinner in deadly silence? Can't you bring yourself to talk to me? we shan't be overheard. You might tell me why you think me such a ruffian—it would start us, at any rate!

Miss Seaton. I don't want to be started—and if you really don't know why I hate your coming here in this way, Lord STRATHSPORRAN, it's useless to explain!

Lord Strath. Oh, we got as far as that upstairs, didn't we? And I may be very dense, but for the life of me I can't see yet why I shouldn't have come! Of course, I didn't know I was in for this exactly, but, to tell you the truth, I'm by way of being here on business, and I didn't care much whether they were cheery or not, so long as I got what I came for, don't you know!

Miss Seaton. Of course, that is the main thing in your eyes—but I didn't think you would confess it!

Lord Strath. Why, you know how keen I used to be about my Egyptian work—you remember the book on Hieroglyphs I always meant to write? I'm getting on with it, though of course my time's

a good deal taken up just now. And, whether I get anything out of these people or not, I've met you again, MARJORY—I don't mind anything else!

Miss Seaton. Don't remind me of—of what you used to be, and—and you are not to call me MARJORY any more. We have met—and I only hope and pray we may never meet again. Please don't talk any more!

Lord Strath. (to himself). That's a facer! I wonder if MARJORY's quite—is this the effect of that infernal influenza?

Mrs. Tid. (to him in an undertone). You and Miss SEATON appear to be on very familiar terms. I really feel it my duty to ask you when and how you made the acquaintance of my daughter's governess.

Lord Strath. (to himself). The governess! That explains a lot. Poor little MARJORY! (Aloud.) Really? I congratulate you. I had the honour of knowing Miss SEATON in Scotland a

year or two ago, and this is the first time we have met since.

Mrs. Tid. Indeed? That is so far satisfactory. I hope you will understand that, so long as Miss SEATON is in my employment, I cannot allow her to—er—continue your acquaintanceship—it is not as if you were in a position—

Lord Strath. (with suppressed wrath). Forgive me—but, as Miss SEATON shows no desire whatever to renew my acquaintance, I don't see that we need discuss my position, or hers either. And I must decline to do so.

Mrs. Tid. (crimsoning). Oh, very well. I am not accustomed to be told what subjects I am to discuss at my own table, but (scathingly) no doubt your position here gives you the right to be independent—ahoo!

Lord Strath. I venture to think so. (To himself.) Can't make this woman out—is she trying to be rude, or what?

Uncle Gab. Hullo, your Lordship's got no Champagne! How's that? It's all right—"FIZZLER, '84," my Lord!

Lord Strath. I daresay—but the fact is, I am strictly forbidden to touch it.



Uncle Gab. Pooh!—if your Lordship will excuse the remark—this won't do you any harm—comes out of my own cellar, so I ought to know. (To SEAKALE.) Here, you, fill his Lordship's glass, d'ye hear?

Mrs. Tid. (in a rapid whisper.) Don't make a fuss—you can take one glass as he wishes it!

Lord Strath. (to himself.) Can I though? If she imagines I'm going to poison myself to please her uncle! (SEAKALE gives him half a glass, after receiving a signal from Mrs. T.) I suppose I must just— (After tasting.) Why it's dry! Then why the deuce was I cautioned not to—?

Uncle Gab. That's a fine wine, isn't it, my Lord? Not much of that in the market nowadays, I can tell you!

Lord Strath. (to himself.) Precious little here. (Aloud.) So I should imagine, Sir.

Uncle Gab. Your Lordship mustn't pass this entrée. My niece's cook knows her business, I will say that for her.

Lord Strath. (as he helps himself.) I have already discovered that she is an artist.

Mrs. Tid. (in displeased surprise.) Then you know my cook too? An artist? and she seems such a respectable person! Pray what sort of pictures does she paint?

Lord Strath. Pictures? Oh, really I don't know—potboilers probably.

[Mrs. Tid. glares at him suspiciously.]

Conversational Scraps. And when I got into the hall and saw them all sitting in a row with their faces blacked, I said "I'm sure they can't be the Young Men's Christian Association!" . . . Hysteria? my poor dear wife is a dreadful sufferer from it—I've known her unable to sleep at all except with one foot curled round her neck! . . . (&c. &c.)

Lord Strath. (to himself.) There's no doubt about it—this woman is trying to snub me—hardly brings herself to talk at all—and then she's beastly rude! What did she ask me here for if she can't be civil! If she wasn't my hostess—I'll try her once more, she may know something about antiquities—(Aloud.) I suppose Mr. CARTOUCHE keeps his collection in a separate room? I was told he has some hunting scarabs of the Amenhoteps that I am very curious to see.

Mrs. Tid. (stiffly.) Mr. CARTOUCHE may keep all sorts of disagreeable pets, for anything I know to the contrary.

Lord Strath. (to himself, in amazement.) Pets! I'm hanged if I let myself be snubbed like this! (Aloud.) I'm afraid you have very little sympathy with his tastes?

Mrs. Tid. Sympathy, indeed! I don't even know if he has any tastes. I am not in the habit of troubling myself about my next-door neighbour's affairs.

Lord Strath. (with a gasp.) Your next-door—! (He pulls himself together.) To be sure—of course not—stupid of me to ask! (To himself.) Good Heavens!—these aren't the CARTOUCHES! I'm at the wrong dinner-party—and this awful woman thinks I've done it on purpose! No wonder she's so confoundedly uncivil! . . . And MARJORY knows it, too, and won't speak to me! Perhaps they all know it. . . What on earth am I to do? . . . I feel such a fool!

Miss Seaton (to herself.) How perfectly ghastly DOUGLAS is looking! Didn't he really know the CARTOUCHES lived next door? . . . Then—oh, what an idiot I've been! It's a mistake—he doesn't come from BLANKLEY's at all! I must speak to him—I must tell him how—no, I can't—I forgot how horrid I've been to him! I should have to tell him I believed that—and I'd rather die! No, it's too late—it's too late now!

[MISS SEATON and LORD STRATHSPORRAN sit regarding the tablecloth with downcast eyes, and expressions of the deepest gloom and confusion.]

(End of Scene V.)

Rhyme by a Rad.

[The question where the Liberal-Unionists shall sit has excited some discussion.]

THEY have stolen the old Tory togs bit by bit,
And we wish they would openly don them.
However, it matters not much where they sit,
For wherever it be we'll sit on them!

"RAILWAY RATES."—Whatever question there may be on this subject, there can be none whatever as to the rates at which "The Bournemouth Express," "The Granville L. C. & D." and "The Flying Dutchman," severally travel. Such rates are first rate.

CON. FOR THE CONSOLATION OF THE MANY SUFFERERS FROM A CURRENT CATCH-WORD.—Q. What is the only thing that is really "up-to-date"?—A. A palm-tree.

MEM. FOR MR. VIVIAN AND THE ROYALISTS.—The Last of the STUARTS.—STUART KNILL. There can be none after Nil.

DRAMATIC WITHOUT BEING STAGEY.

THE plan, successfully inaugurated, and, within the last fortnight, still more successfully carried out by Sir DEURIOLANUS OPERATICUS BALMASCUS PANTOMIMICUS, of giving what may be called "unstagey representations" of popular Operas—that is, popular Operas sung and acted without the aid of scenes or properties (though "substitutes" may be permitted, as, for example, a chair with four legs

complete would represent a horse, and a round table a tower); the singers, however, being in costume, may work an extensive "Transformation" Scene (which is quite in Sir DEURIO's line) in the



Dramatic and Operatic world, and may effect such a change as will save thousands to a Manager. Why not go a step further? Why have "costumes," or even "hand-properties"? Why not leave everything, except the perfection of the singing and the dramatic action, to the imagination of the audience? The prices of admission would be proportionately lowered, and the numbers admitted, in all probability, would be trebled, on which hypothesis a calculation may be based. What an exercise it would be for the imagination of the audience, were the Statue Scene from *Don Giovanni* to be given with the Basso Profondo in evening dress, who represents the Stony Commendatore, seated astride a plank resting on tressels placed on a table which would have been substituted for the stone pedestal, while the Don or *Leporello* (it doesn't much matter which) sings his asides to the audience! Here is novelty, and a great attraction! It is returning to Elizabethan days, when Managers called a spade a spade, and then so labelled it to prevent mistakes.

SONG FROM "AS YOU LIKE IT" (for the Member for East Galway, arranged by Colonel Saunderson, M.P.).—"What shall he have who shot the Deer?"

A BANK NOTE.—The most likely time for obtaining payment "in hard cash," is when the Money Market "hardens a little," as was the case, so *The Times* Money Article informed us, last Friday.



AN EARLY PURITAN.

Bobby (who sees his Mamma in Evening Dress for the first time, and doesn't like it). "I'LL WRITE AND TELL PAPA!"

"A STIFF JOB."

Grand Old Ploughman sings:—

SPEED the Plough! Ah, that's all mighty fine,

And I like the old saying's suggestion;
But—wi' a small crock such as mine,

The speed may be matter o' question.

I've set my hand to 'un, o' course,
And munna look back, there's no doubt o' it:

Yet I wish I'd a handier horse

For the job, or that I were well out o' it!

Stiff clay on a slaantin' hill-side,

Would tax a strong team. Steady, steady!

The little 'un goes a bit wide,

And seems to be shirkin' already.

To keep a straight furrow this go

Will strain the old ploughman's slack muscle;

And yet my new measters, I know,

Will expect I to keep on the bustle.

Stiff job for a little 'un? Yes!

If he doesn't pull straight there'll be bother,

Must make the best of 'un I guess,

This time, for I sha'an't get no other.

Gee up! I shall have a good try,

On that they may bet their last dollar.

It's do, poor old crock, now, or die!

But—I must keep 'un oop to the collar!

"THIS room is very close!" said Mrs. R., settling herself down to her knitting, which her nephew had furtively unravelled. "Open the window, Tom, and let out the asphyxia."

LINES ON THE AUTHOR OF THE LABOUR BUREAU.

(By a Labourer.)

'OORAY for Mister MUNDELLA,
(Who's under Old GLADDY's umbrella.)

For he's a jolly good fella,

And so say all of *hus*!

With a 'ip, 'ip, 'ip, 'ooray!

We hope the Bureau may pay.

Of course it might well have been better,

But then—it might have been *wus*!

EMPHASIS GRATIÂ.—What a difference a slight emphasis makes in an ordinary sentence! The *D. T.* when giving, in advance, an account of a marriage to be solemnised the same afternoon, spoke thus concerning the costumes of the very youthful bridesmaids. "They will wear dresses of very pale blue silk, made up with ivory-hued lace." Now, had the second word been in italics, it would have read thus, "They *will* wear," &c., as if everything had been done to prevent them from so arraying themselves, "but, in spite of all efforts, they *will* wear dresses of very pale blue!" So obstinate of them! Such nice little ladies, too!

"THE Liberal-Unionists have resolved to abstain from pairing during the present Session." So *The Times*. "Birds in their little nests agree," quoth the eminent Dr. WATTS; but these Parliamentary Birds will belie their name of "Unionists" if they refuse to "pair."

TELEGRAM FROM HAWAIIANS TO AMERICAN PRESIDENT.—"WE would be U.S."

THE ANTI—?

YOUR aid let me ask in a difficult task,
Mr. Punch, with the greatest submission;
To win for my name a well-merited fame was always my ardent ambition,
And clearly to-day the least difficult way is to send an appeal to the papers,
To form an intrigue for creating a league against fashion-designers and drapers.

Thereby shall I reap an advertisement cheap, and writers, with much perseverance, Will furnish as news their apocryphal views on my appetite, age, and appearance; They all will revere my conviction sincere, and loudly re-echo my praises, But the thing which, as yet, I'm unable to get, is a novel departure in crazes

The idea shall we float that a swallow-tail coat is only adapted for Vandals?

Write pamphlets, designed to enlighten mankind on the duty of taking to sandals? Would a hatred of hats, or crusade on cravats, secure us a sympathy louder? Or shall we assert it is time to revert to patches, knee-breeches, and powder?

Meanwhile, your applause we invite for our Cause—you notice the capital letter—Subscriptions and fees you may send when you please to the writer, the sooner the better. But as to the theme of this notable scheme, I wait for a timely suggestion; Its worth's beyond doubt, but what it's about remains, for the present, a question!

THE Bishop of CHESTER trembles. He is marked with the brand of "CAINE"!



"A STIFF JOB."

W. E. G. (to himself). "SHALL HAVE TO KEEP HIM UP TO THE COLLAR!" (Aloud). "GEE UP!"



CONVERSATIONAL HINTS FOR YOUNG SHOOTERS. HOSTS.

"DEAR PUNCH," writes a valued Correspondent, "I wish you'd tip me the wink how I'm to talk to my hosts. I'm a poor man, but not a poor shot. So I get asked about a good deal to different places, and as I'm not the sort that turns on the talking-tap very easily, I often get stuck up. Just as I've got fairly into the swim with one of them I leave him, and have to think of talk for quite a different kind of chap, and so on all through the season. For instance, last December I did three shoots in as many weeks. The first was with old CALLABY, the rich manufacturer, who's turned sportsman late in life. I thought he'd like a talk about bimetalism, so I sweated it up a bit, and started off with a burst as soon as I got a look in. All no go. Nothing would please him but to talk of birds, and rabbits, and hares, and farming, and crops, and who was going to be High Sheriff, and all that. So I got a little left at the first go off.

"Next week I shot with BLOSSOM, another new friend, who's come into money lately, after knocking about all over America the greater part of his life. I tried him with the Chicago Exposition, and ranching as a business for younger sons; did it delicately, of course, and with any amount of deference, but he only looked at me blankly, and began talking about the Bank-rate. After that, I settled with myself I wouldn't talk to any more of them about things that they might be expected to feel an interest in.

"In the following week I was due at WHICHELLO's. He's been a perfect lunatic all his life for music. He got up an orchestra in his nursery, which came to smash because his younger brother filled all the wind instruments with soap-suds. Later on he was always scraping, or blowing, or thumping, scooting about from one concert to another, making expeditions to the shrine of WAGNER as he called it, composing songs, and symphonies, and operas, and Heaven only knows what besides. He came into the old place in Essex when his brother died, about a year ago, and this was his first pheasant-shoot. I thought to myself, 'If you're anything like these other Johnnies, it's no good pulling out the music-stop with you.' On the first morning he seemed a shade anxious at breakfast, and said he was going to try a new plan of beating his coverts, which it had given him a lot of trouble to arrange as he wanted. Off we went after breakfast. We had about half a mile to walk before we got to the first wood, and I kept puzzling my brains the whole way about this blessed new dodge of beating.

"Where are the beaters?" I said to WHICHELLO, when we got there, for devil a bit of one did I see.

"You'll find them out directly," says WHICHELLO, looking sly and triumphant; "just you stand here, and wait. You'll get some shooting, I warrant you;" and, with that, he posted the other guns at the far end of the covert, told me and another chap we were to walk outside, in line with the beaters, and walked off. Suddenly he gave a whistle. Then what do you think happened? I'll give you a hundred guesses, and you won't be on it. Out of a little planting, about fifty yards off the piece we were to shoot, came marching a troop of rustics, dressed as rustic beaters usually are, but each of them carrying, in place of the ordinary beater's stick, a musical instrument of some sort. They were headed by the keeper, who waved a kind of *bâton*. When they got to our covert, they arranged themselves in line, and then, on a signal from

WHICHELLO, crash, bang! they struck up the *Tannhäuser March*, and disappeared into the wood.

"Line up, Trombone!" shouted the keeper—I heard his stentorian roar above the din—"Come, hurry along with the Bombardon; Ophicleide, you're too far in front. Keep it going, Clarinets. Now then, all together! What are you up to, Cymbals? Let 'em have it!" And thus they came banging and booming and blowing through the covert. The bassoon tripped into a thorn-bush, the big-drum rolled over the trunk of a tree and smashed his instrument, the hautboy threw his at an escaping rabbit, while the flute-man walked straight into a pool of water, and had to be pulled out by the triangle. But the rest of them got through somehow with that infernal idiot of a conducting keeper, still backing and twisting and waving like mad in the front. That was WHICHELLO's idea of beating his coverts. 'Combining æsthetic pleasure with sporting pursuits,' he called it. Somehow we had managed to bring down a brace of pheasants, which, with three rabbits, made up our total, out of a covert which ought to have yielded ten times as many.

"I daresay you won't believe this story, but it's true all the same.

If you don't believe it, write to WHICHELLO himself. I never saw anyone half so pleased as that fool was. He had given up all his time to teaching his rusties music, with a view to this performance, and had shoved in, as one of his keepers, a sporting third violin from the Drury Lane orchestra. They said it was glorious, and congratulated one another all round, with as much enthusiasm as if they'd repelled a foreign invasion. On the next beat they played the *March in Scipio*, and after that came a *Pot-Pourri of Popular Melodies*, arranged by the keeper. They played a selection from *The Pirates of Penzance* while we lunched, and took the big wood to the tunes of 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' and 'Up-rouse ye then, my merry, merry Men!' 'Rule Britannia' and 'Home, Sweet Home,' played us back to the house. I never heard such a confounded Babel of brass and wood in all my life. A German

band in a country town couldn't come near it. Curiously enough, we most of us got urgent letters by next morning's post, summoning us home at once to attend to business, or to be present at the deathbeds of relatives. I thought you'd like to hear this story, old cock. If you like, you're very welcome to shove it in your shooting series. I've seen a lot of rum goes in my life, but this was the rummest of the lot. And don't forget to let me have a word or two about talking to one's host. I know what I thought of that maniac WHICHELLO, but I shouldn't have liked to say that to him.

"Yours to a turn,

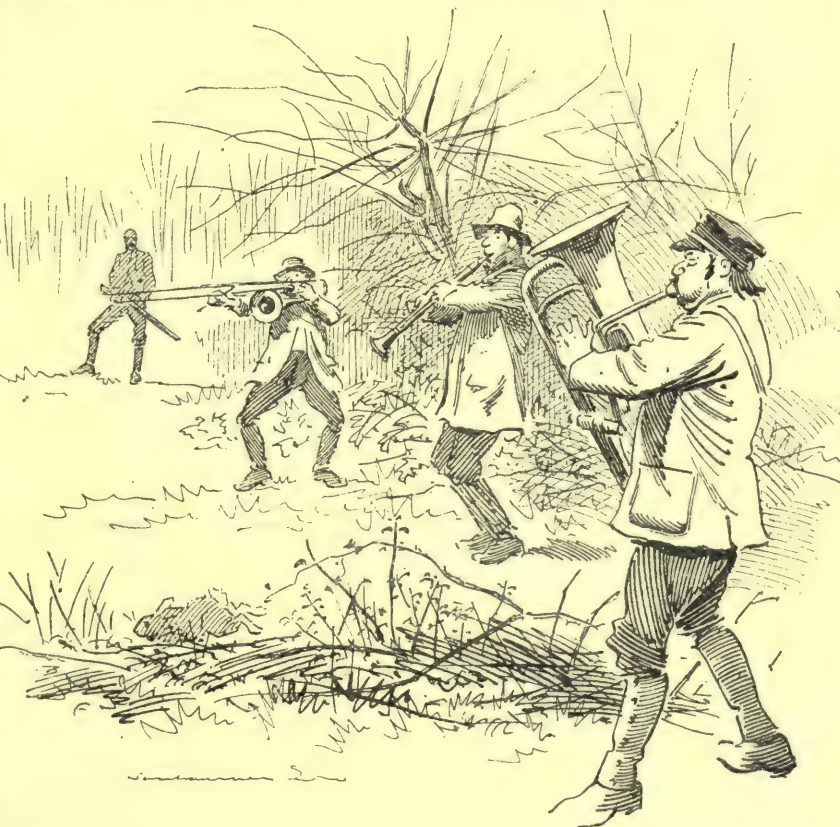
A SPORTSMAN."

For the present I must leave this striking letter to the judgment of my readers. Space fails me to deal with it adequately. On another occasion I may be able to set down some ideas on the difficult subject suggested by my polite Correspondent.

THE APPRECIATION OF GOLD.—"Why all this fuss?" writes a Correspondent. "Is there a difficulty in finding persons who properly appreciate gold? If so, I, Sir, am not of that number. I will be happy to receive from the Bank any quantity of sovereigns; and, further, I will undertake to show and honestly express my appreciation of this generosity on the part of the Bank. Ah! I should like to possess any number of those 'promises of May.'

"Yours,

A MUNNIE GRUBBER."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, Jan. 31st.—"Members desiring to take their seats will please come to the Table."

"Twas the voice of the SPEAKER; one could hear him declaim just as Big Ben tolled four o'clock this afternoon. House crowded in every part, throbbing with excitement; crowds everywhere. In Centre Hall some vainly hoping for impossible places; others content to see the men go by whose names they read in the papers. Outside Palace Yard multitude standing patiently for hours, happy if only they saw the tip of Mr. G.'s hat as he drove in at the gate, or imagined the buttons on the Squire of MALWOOD's gaiters. Never, in recent times, such a rush on opening days.

And Colonel SAUNDERSON, comfortably seated on Front Bench below Gangway, in choice companionship with Dr. TANNER, actually yawning!

"All very well for you, TOBY, dear boy," he said, responsive to my polite stare. "You come down here leisurely in afternoon, and take your seat. I've been on war-path since before daybreak. Knew the wild Irishmen meant to open proceedings of Session by appropriating our seats. Have not served in Royal Irish Fusiliers for nothing. Session opened by Royal Commission at two o'clock this afternoon. Thought if I arrived on spot at seven in morning would be in moderately good time. Here before seven: place in utter darkness; found friendly policeman with bull's-eye light; tightened my belt; cocked my pistol; requisitioned Bobby and his lantern. You should have seen us groping our way into House;

Bobby first, with bull's-eye lantern professionally flashing to right and left, under seats, into dark corners. Made straight for my old corner-seat below Gangway; something white gleaming on front bench; with supple turn of wrist Bobby brought flambeau to bear upon it; found it was TANNER—TANNER, hatless, coatless, without even a waistcoat on! You might have knocked me down with much less than bayonet—prod. "Morning, Colonel," says he. "Been here all night?" I gasped. "Oh, no," says he; "had cup of coffee at stall by Westminster Bridge, bought a few hats in the New Cut, and, you see, I've planted them out." So he had, by Gad! Every corner-seat taken, and he prone in JEMMY LOWTHER's. 'Weren't enough o' them,' TANNER said, with his sixpenny snigger; 'couldn't leave out our revered leaders, TIM HEALY and O'BRIEN, you know. So just took off my coat, flopped it down for TIM, hung the waistcoat on a knob, and there's WILLIAM O'BRIEN's place secured for the night. Now, if you'd like a seat, you'll find one above the Gangway; or if you want to come and sit by me, here you are. I've got a necktie, a collar, and a pair of braces to spare; if you've any particular friends in your mind, why, we'll get seats for them.' No knowing what a fellow like TANNER would do in these circumstances. Even his trowsers not sacred. So made best of bad job, and here I am. At least, better off than JEMMY LOWTHER, evicted without compensation for disturbance."

Conversation interrupted by loud cheer. Mr. G. marching with head erect, and swinging stride, to take the Oath and his seat. Necessary by Standing Orders that two Members shall accompany new Member on these occasions to certify identity and prevent guilty impersonation. It's a wise child that knows his own father, but HERBERT, walking on one side of Premier, with MARJORIBANKS on other, ready to testify. Clerk at table, thus assured all was right, administered Oath and then conducted Premier up to SPEAKER, presenting the new Member.

"Mr. GLADSTONE, I presume," said SPEAKER, making a motion towards extending his hand.

"Yes, Sir," said the new Member, nervously.

"Dear me!" said the SPEAKER, now shaking hands. "I've often heard of you. I daresay you'll soon get accustomed to the place, and will, I hope, be comfortable." Mr. G. bowed, and retired to his seat. SPEAKER suffered succession of shocks as in same way were brought up and introduced to him, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, JOHN MORLEY, CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, the Count MUNDELLANI, GEORGE TREVILYAN, The Boy ASQUITH, and quite a host of new acquaintances.

Business done.—New Members took their seats. Address moved.

Thursday Night.—Something like flash of old times to-night. Of course, it came from Irish quarter, and it was SAUNDERSON who kindled the torch. Colonel presented himself early in sitting on corner bench below Gangway. This apparently reverted to possession of JEMMY LOWTHER. He lent it to Colonel for an hour, sitting on other side of him. How they secured the place is a mystery, darkened by temporary disappearance of TANNER. "Where is TANNER?" Members ask, looking, not without suspicion, on placid face and generally respectable appearance of JEMMY LOWTHER. Last seen, not exactly in company of JEMMY and the Colonel, rather in conflict for the corner-seat. LOWTHER has the seat; lends it to SAUNDERSON. But where is TANNER?

"Oh, he's all right," said LOWTHER, with forced smile, when JUSTIN MCCARTHY, with ill-feigned indifference, inquired after the lamb missing from his fold. "Bad sixpence, you know; always turns up," JEMMY added. But his merriment forced, and SAUNDERSON abruptly changed subject.

Evidently a case for SHERLOCK HOLMES; must place it in his hands.

Doubtless it was with object of diverting attention from a ghastly subject that SAUNDERSON led up to row alluded to. In course of remarks on release of Gweedore prisoners, he alluded to Father MCFADDEN as "a ruffian." Irish Members not used to language of that kind. Howled in pained indignation; the Colonel, astonished at his own moderation, varied the phrase by calling the respected P.P. "a murderous ruffian." Shouts of horror from compatriots closely massed behind. TIM HEALY, in particular, boiling with indignation at use of language of this character addressed to gentle-

men from whom one had difference of opinion on public matters. Nothing would content them short of absolute and immediate withdrawal. Colonel declined to withdraw. Uproar rose in ungovernable fury. Every time Colonel opened his mouth to continue his remarks, an Irish Member (so to speak) jumped down his throat.

Considerable proportion of Ministerial majority had disappeared in this fashion, when happy thought occurred to JOHN DILLON. Hotly moved that SAUNDERSON "be no longer heard." Considering he had not been heard for fully five minutes, this joke excellent. SPEAKER, however, wouldn't see it. COLONEL trumped the card

by moving Adjournment of Debate. Mr. G. interposed, adjured SAUNDERSON to put end to scene by withdrawing expression objected to.

Colonel, hitherto obdurate, found irresistible the stately appeal from Premier. "Certainly," said he, ever ready to oblige; "I will withdraw the words 'murderous ruffian,' and substitute the expression, excited politician." This accepted as perfectly satisfactory. Terms apparently synonymous; but the latter, on the whole, less irritating to susceptible nerves. Irish Members round about fell on Colonel's neck; embraced him with tears; gently disengaging himself, he proceeded uninterrupted to the end of his address.

"Capital title that," said GEORGE NEWNES, who always has eye to business. "Shall start a new Weekly; lead off with serial Novel by Colonel SAUNDERSON, entitled *The Murderous Ruffian; or, the Excited Politician*. Sure to take."

All very well, this cleverly conceived diversion. But where is Dr. TANNER? *Business done.*—Debate on Address.

Friday Night.—Still harping on Ireland. Began with row round issue of Writ for South Meath. ESMONDE, one of innumerable Whips present House possesses, says the business was his. "Then why didn't you do it?" asked NOLAN. "As you didn't seem disposed to move, I do." Nationalists want to get North Meath Election finished first; Parnellites don't. So ESMONDE is in no hurry to move Writ, and Colonel NOLAN is. Pretty, in these circumstances to hear NOLAN with his indignant inquiry, "Is the moving of Writs to be taken as an Election dodge?"

After Ireland, Uganda. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE talked for hour and half. Later, rose to blandly explain that this was only half his speech; rest will be delivered when he brings question up again on Supplementary Vote. As Mr. G. says, this is fair notice, and every Member may determine for himself whether he will forego a portion of the promised treat. *Business done.*—Talking.



HISTORICAL SUBJECT.—S-and-rs-n "finding the body of"—T-nn-r.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

EVERYONE knows Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON's dainty verse. In *Eighteenth Century Vignettes* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) everyone has an opportunity, which he will do well to seize, to enjoy his equally charming prose. Mr. DOBSON is one of those enviable men who have time to read. He spends an appreciable portion of his days and nights not only with ADDISON, but with STEELE, PRIOR, JOHNSON, GOLDSMITH, and others, whom a generation that read newspapers and subscribe to MUDIE'S, know only by name. Mr. DOBSON is so omnivorous, that he has read right through JONAS HANWAY's *Journal of Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames*, the book which drew from JOHNSON the genial remark that HANWAY "had acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home." A man that would read that, would read anything. Mr. DOBSON, happily, survived it, living to write a paper in which, within the limit of a few pages, we become thoroughly acquainted with JONAS, his travels in Persia, his discreet flirtations, his umbrella (the first under which man ever walked in the streets of London), his suit of rich dark brown, lined with ermine, his *chapeau bras* with gold button, his gold-hilted sword, and his three pairs of stockings. JONAS always thought there was safety in numbers, whether odd or even. When he travelled, his "Partie" consisted of Mrs. D. and Mrs. O. When he dedicated a book (which Mr. DOBSON found, more than a hundred years later, in a second-hand book-shop in Holborn), he inscribed it to the "Twin Sisters, Miss ELIZABETH & Miss CAROLINE GRIGG." When he took his walks abroad, he wore three pairs of stockings. JONAS HANWAY under Mr. DOBSON's care, is unexpectedly delightful. With the same magic touch he brings upon the stage STEELE, FIELDING GOLDSMITH, GRAY, HOGARTH'S SIGISMUNDA, and Dr. JOHNSON, who lives for us again in his garret in Gough Square. These *Vignettes* should be framed in the private room of every man and woman who loves books.

(Signed), "Non obstat,"
BARON DE B.-W.

Discovered in Drury Lane
Near the new Baker Street Lodging
House established by the County
Council.

I 'OLD it true wote'er befall;
I feel it when things go most
cross;
Better to do a fi'penny doss,
Than never do a doss at all!

"WAITE FOR THE END."—On Friday last, at another Unemployed Meeting, a certain person, whose name is never mentioned in ears polite, "found mischief still," as wrote the immortal Dr. WATTS, "for idle hands to do," and set one WAITE, whether a light or heavy weight is not stated, and one SULLIVAN, by the ears. It was a hand-to-hand fight, and WAITE was subsequently captured and brought before the Magistrate. *Mem.* for WAITE, in the words of a recently popular song, "*Never hit a Man of the name of Sullivan.*"

FALLEN FORTUNES.—Quoth *The Observer* of a certain celebrity, "The family to which he belongs can trace an uninterrupted descent for a period of six centuries." What an awful "come-down"! *Quelle dégringolade!*

BETWEEN TWO GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS.—"What do you think of CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's choice of an assistant private secretary? Odd? eh?" "Not odd! *Strange.*"

PROVERB FOR MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT WHO WISH TO SECURE SEATS.—"Two Hats are better than one."

THE INFANT'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

CONCERNING CASH.

Question. What is cash?

Answer. Cash may be described as comfort in the concrete.

Q. Is it not sometimes called "the root of all evil"?

A. Yes, by those who do not possess it.

Q. Is it possible to live without cash?

A. Certainly—upon credit.

Q. Can you tell me what is credit?

A. Credit is the motive power which induces persons who have cash, to part with some of it to those who have it not.

Q. Can you give me an instance of credit?

A. Certainly. A young man who is able to live at the rate of a thousand a-year, with an income not exceeding nothing a month, is a case of credit.

Q. Would it be right to describe such a transaction "as much to his credit"?

A. It would be more precise to say, "much by his credit;" although the former phrase would be accepted by a large class of the community as absolutely accurate.

Q. What is bimetallism?

A. Bimetallism is a subject that is frequently discussed by amateur financiers, after a good dinner, on the near approach of the coffee.

Q. Can you give me your impression of the theory of bimetallism?

A. My impression of bimetallism is the advisability of obtaining silver, if you cannot get gold.

Q. What is the best way of securing gold?

A. The safest way is to borrow it.

Q. Can money be obtained in any other way?

A. In the olden time it was gathered on Hounslow Heath and other deserted spots, by mounted horsemen wearing masks and carrying pistols.

Q. What is the modern way of securing funds, on the same principles, but with smaller risk?

A. By promoting Companies and other expedients known to the members of the Stock Exchange.

QUEER QUERIES.

FOREIGN CLERKS.—I should be grateful for any information as to where I could acquire a knowledge of French, German, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, and Russian, without leaving the neighbourhood of Camberwell New Road, and at a merely nominal cost. I find that, unless I know those languages, I have no chance of competing with German Clerks; whereas, if I did know them, I should be nearly sure of obtaining a berth in a London Firm at not less than fifteen shillings a week, rising, by half centuries, to fifteen and sixpence, and even to sixteen shillings. Also, what is the least amount of porridge (without milk or sugar), haricot beans, or lentil soup, that will preserve a person from starvation, if he takes nothing else, and works fourteen hours a day? I intend imitating my Teutonic rivals in frugality, as well as in languages; any dietetic hints (especially from Scotchmen), would therefore be welcomed by
No POLYGLOT.

A DELICATE REQUEST.—On Wednesday—that day in every week which is kept as a whole holiday in honour of *Mr. Punch*—the 8th Feb., there is to be "a meeting of Old Paulines" at Anderson's Hotel" when "*the attendance of all Old Paulines is requested.*" Ahem! The aged representatives of the heroine of the *Lady of Lyons* will not be attracted by the wording of this rather un-paulite announcement. Why was not the invitation extended to the old *Claude Melnottes* as well? There must be a lot of them about.



SELF-PRESERVATION IS THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE;

OR, GETTING THE START OF CRINOLINE.

PHANTASMA-GORE-IA!

Picturing the Various Modes of Melodramatic Murder. (By Our "Off-his"-Head Poet)

NO. IV.—THE "OVER-THE-CLIFF" MURDER.

It may be this—that the Villain base
Has insulted the hero's girl;
It may be this—that he's brought
disgrace
On a wretchedly-acted Earl.
I care not which it may chance to be,
Only this do I chance to know—
A cliff looks down at a canvas sea
And some property rocks below!

You say, perhaps, it is only there
From a love of the picturesque—
You hint, maybe, that
it takes no share
In the plot of this
weird burlesque;
But cliffs that tremble
at every touch,
And that flap in the
dreadful draught,
Have something better
to do—ah, much!
Than to criticise Na-
ture's craft!

The cliff is there, and
the ocean too,
And the property
rocks below.
(These last, as yet,
don't appear to you,
But they're some-
where behind, I
know.)

The cliff is there, and the sea besides
(As I fancy I've said before).
And yonder alone the Villain hides
Who is thirsting for someone's gore!

And now there comes to the Villain bold
The unfortunate Villain Two.
He's here to ask for the promised gold
For the deeds he has had to do.
But words run high, and a struggle strong
Sends the cliff rocking to and fro,



And Villain Two topples off ere long
To the property rocks below!

The scene is changed. The revolving cliff
Now exhibits its other side.
The corpse is there, looking very stiff—
Even more than before it died!
The crime is traced to the hero JACK,
Notwithstanding the stupids know
Deceased was thrown by the Villain black
To the property rocks below!

RHYMES FOR READERS OF REMINISCENCES.

If the day's (as usual) pitchy,
Take up ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE!
If you're feeling "quisby-snitchy,"
Seek the fire—and read your RITCHIE!
If your nerves are slack or twitchy,
Quiet them with soothing RITCHIE.
If you're dull as water ditchy,
You'll be cheered by roseate RITCHIE.
Be you achey, sore, chill, itchy,
Rest you'll find in Mrs. RITCHIE!
May her light ne'er shine with slacker ray,
Gentle daughter of great THACKERAY!

"WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!"—The decision in "the Missing Words (and money) Competition" is, in effect, "No more words about it, but hand over the £23,628 to the National Debt Commissioners." Advice this of STIRLING value.

You Fall, Eiffel!

ARE the Panama sentences rather hard?
So Monsieur EIFFEL *pro tem.* disappears.
To walk round about a prison yard
Is the *Tour d'Eiffel* for a couple of years.

EVIDENT.—The little song for Mr. HARRY LAWSON to sing on reading Mr. CHARLES DARLING's letter in the *Times* of Thursday last—"Charley is my Darling!"

A REAL "OPENING" FOR A SMART YOUNG (POLITICAL) MAN.—The settling, on rational grounds, of the great and much-muddled up "Sunday-Opening" Question.

CUE FOR THE CRITICS (*if the New Coinage does not seem an improvement upon the Jubilee failures*).—Pepper Mint!

IMPORTANT FINANCIAL QUESTION FOR ITALIANS.—Are the Banks of the Tiber secure?

ICHABOD!

["Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN, lecturing at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, said English people were not an artistic nation, and instead of getting better, they appeared to be rapidly getting worse. The author of the present day was losing the sincerity and the individuality which ought to characterise him.—*Daily Paper.*"]

Oh, gaily did we hasten to the London Institution,
Expecting some amusement in our inartistic way,
And little did we reckon on the awful retribution
Which Mr. HENRY BLACKBURN had in store for us that day.

We'd fondly looked towards him for an eulogistic blessing,
But got instead a general and comprehensive curse,
We are, as he informed us, with an emphasis distressing,
By nature inartistic, and are daily getting worse.

Thereafter he directed magisterial attention
Upon the hapless authors who a fleeting fame had got;
He drew no nice distinctions, nor selected some for mention,
But, with superb simplicity, he just condemned the lot.

Every man of them is sinning with an ignorance persistent,
Poet, novelist and critic, or whatever be their sphere,
Their "individuality" is almost non-existent,
And only on occasions, if at all, are they "sincere."

Well, what, then, is the remedy? Will Mr. BLACKBURN fix it?
Must all our fiction travel from the cultured Continent?
Or dare we snap our fingers at this haughty *ipse dixit*,
And read our inartistic books in very great content?

Mr. PERKS, M.P., has undertaken to bring in a Bill for "the Abolition of Registrars at Nonconformist Marriages." If successful, the Ministers will lose their "Perks."

LUSUS NATURÆ.

In the *Field's* Dog-for-sale column, there recently appeared, wedged in between descriptions of vendible Beagles and Bloodhound Pups, the following remarkable advertisement:—

BLOODHOUND, 40-Tonner, for SALE; built by Fife of Fairlie; has all lead ballast, and very complete inventory.—For price, which is moderate, and particulars, apply, &c.

Most interesting canine specimen this. The Managers of the Zoological Gardens should at once apply, if by this time they have not already done so, and secured the "Forty-tonner Bloodhound," with complete inventory, "built by FIFE of Fairlie."

Nursery-Rhyme for the Neo-Crinolinists.

GIRLS and Matrons, who wins the day,
Now WINTER and JEUNE have had their say?
Come with a hoop to concert or ball,
Come with balloon-skirts, or come not at all!

A Candid Friend.

SCENE—Brown's Study—the well-known "Brown's Study," of course. BROWN is reading the fortieth chapter of his three-volume *Autobiography* to JONES.

Brown (*pausing in his gigantic work*). Well, tell me, honestly, have you any fault to find with it?
Jones. Well—hum!—it wants finish.

[Looks at his watch, rises hurriedly, and exit quickly.]

WHY, on an Illustrated Paper, should the position of the reproducer of Artists' black-and-white work be a higher one than that of the Artists themselves? Because he undertakes "Graver" responsibilities.

BURIDAN'S ASS.

(Modern Agricultural Version.)



[BURIDAN is said to have been the inventor of the dilemma of the ass between two absolutely equal bundles of hay, he maintaining that the ass's choice must be so equally balanced that he would starve, there being no motive for preference.]

Long-patient Issachar, o'erladen muncher
Of heaps of "vacant chaff well-meant for grain,"

If, like the pious spouse of *Jerry Cruncher*,
You "flop," and, camel-wise, won't rise again

To bear big burdens that strength staggers under,

On fodder most inadequate, what wonder?

To wallop a poor "donkey wot won't go."

The good old song suggests is cruel folly.

Give him some fragrant hay, then cry "Gee-woa!"

The lyrist hints, in diction quaintly jolly.

From starving moke you'll get no progress steady;

The well-fed ass responds to "Gee-up, Neddy!"

Poor brute, between two piles of sapless chaff,

While such big burdens weigh your weary shoulders,

Your choice is difficult! Cynics may laugh,
But pity for your plight moves kind beholders.

Cockneys cry, "Kim hup, Neddy!" or "Woa Emma!"

But *Punch* compassionates your hard dilemma

What choice between the chaff of arid Rad
And that of equally dry-and-dusty Tory?

CHAPLIN would feed you on preposterous fad,
And GARDNER on—postponement! The old story!

While the grass grows the horse may starve.
Party would bring you to a similar pass!

"A certain Mister JESSE COLLINGS" poses
As your particular friend and patron.
Quite so!

JOSEPH and he cook their pugnacious noses
At their old Chief, venting their zeal (and
spite) so.

CODLIN—no, COLLINGS—is the friend. "Lard
bless 'ee,
Turn WILLYUM oop, and try JOSEPH and
JESSE!"

"WILLYUM"—who wields a very pretty flail—
Drubs them delightfully, 'midst general
laughter.

But oh, poor ass, aching
from head to tail,

Pray, what the better
is your state there-
after?

BURIDAN'S Ass was surely
your twin brother.

There's such small difference
'twixt one and
t'other!

POLITICS IN PLAY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I
notice that that eminent
author, Mr. HENRY AR-
THUR JONES, has written
a play called *The Bauble
Shop*, in which he has
introduced the room of the
Prime Minister in the House
of Commons as one of his
most striking *tableaux*. I
have not yet had the ad-
vantage of seeing what I
feel sure must be an admi-
rable comedy, but in justice
to myself I must ask you
to publish a portion of a
piece of my own, which
seems to me to bear some
resemblance to what I su-
pose I must call (as it has
enjoyed priority of produc-
tion) the *Criterion* original.
I call my drama *The Walk-
ing Gentleman, or the
Young Premier*, and I
beg to submit to you the
last Scene (a very short
one) of the last Act. Here
it is in *extenso* :—

SCENE.—ANGELINA'S *Bou-
doir*. ANGELINA dis-
covered waiting for
EDWIN.

Angelina (anxiously).
And, will he never come!
Ah! that House—that
House! With its blazing
beacon from the Clock Tower; it— (With
a cry of joy.) Ah, he is here!

Edwin (entering hurriedly and taking
ANGELINA in his arms). My own one! Yes,
I say it advisedly, my own one! Mine—
Mine—for ever!

Ang. Nay, EDWIN; you forget the claims
the Government—the country—have upon
your time!

Edw. No, darling, I do not. The Division
has been taken; it is all over. At the last
moment I rose in my place in the House, and
made purposely one of the most injudicious
orations ever heard within those respected
walls. I disgusted friends, alienated adhe-
rents, and in every possible manner strength-
ened the hands of the Opposition; and,
darling, we are beaten—yes, beaten—by a
thumping majority.

Ang. (in tears). Oh, EDWIN, EDWIN! I
am so sorry!

Edw. Nay, do not weep. For thy dear
sake I accepted the sacrifice. I am no longer
leader of the House, I am no longer head of
the Administration, and now I shall have
ample leisure. Yes, darling, smile once
more. Now I shall have time to be married.
Now I can speak with hope of a honeymoon!
(Curtain.)

There, Mr. Punch! If that would not
overwhelm the Stalls and Boxes with painful
emotion, and bring down the Pit and Gallery
with thunders of applause, I am a Dutchman!

Yours obediently,
GARRICK SHAKSPEARE SNOOKS.

I'm a-pinin' for it, POLLY, wick in course,
my dear, I mean

That convenient, cleanly cover-all, wot's
called the Crinerline!

It hides so much, my POLLY; wick I'm sure,
my dear, you'll twig!

As dear Lady JUNE informs hus, the too-little
or too-big,

The scraggy and the crummy ones, the
lanky 'uns and the lumps,

Will be grateful for a fashion as is kind to
bones and 'umps.

Eel-skin skirts may suit the swells, dear, and
the straight, and slim, and tall,

And—well, them whose
wardrobe's plentiful;

they don't suit me at all;

Wick I'm four-foot-ten
and stoutish, as to you

is well bekown;

I'm a bit short in the legs

like, my limbs do not run
to bone.

Now my purse won't run
to petticoats and ceter

hevery week,

As a pound a month won't
do it. Ho! it's like their

blessed cheek,

Missis JOHN STRANGE WIN-
TER'S Ammyzons as Lady

JUNE remarks—

To swear Crinerline is
"ojus," dear, and

'idjous. 'Twill be larks

To see them wearin' ooped-
skirts, as in course they're

bound to do,

When they fair become the
fashion. Yus, for all

their bubbaroo.

The seving thousand
Leaguers, and their

Leader will cave in,

And wear wot now they
swear is jest a shame,

dear, and a sin.

I do not care a snap
wot the opinion of the

men is,

Nor yet for the hesthe-
tecks, nor the toffs as

play at Tennis;

I sez 'Ooped Skirts for
hever! This STRANGE

WINTER's out o' tune,

I prefers the Summer,
POLLY, wick I mean dear

Lady JUNE.

Anti-Crinerline be jig-
gered! I've got one dear

mother wore,

Though the steels is a bit
twisted, and the stuff a

trifle tore,

I can fake it up, when Fashion gives the
watch-word, I've no doubt,

And I ony wish 'twould come, dear, with my
first fine Sunday hout.

Drat these sniffy snapping Leaguers! Ho!
they fancy they're high-tone,

But I'll give 'em the straight griffin.
Leave our petticoats alone!

They may take it from me, POLLY, they'll
soon drop their bloomin' banner,

If all women show the sperrit of,
Yours trooly, MARY-ANNE.



ON THE FREE LIST.

MARY-ANNE ON THE COMING MODE.

[“That there is much to be said for crinoline on
hygienic grounds, and on those of cleanliness,
must be obvious to its most prejudiced opponents.”
—Lady JEUNE “In Defence of Crinoline.”]

DEAR POLLY,—This comes hooping—I mean
hoping, as you're heard,

As the QUEEN and the PRINCESS O' WALES
declines to be absurd,

And put their foot in it—dear me!—I mean
to put it down

Upon the coming Crinerline! A-arsting of
the Crown

To hinterfere with hus, dear,—wick I means
the female sect,—

In our Fashions, is fair himperence. But,
wot can yer expect

From parties—wick they may be litterary, or
As earn't see any beauty in balloon-skirts?

Reglar rot!

I can fake it up, when Fashion gives the
watch-word, I've no doubt,

And I ony wish 'twould come, dear, with my
first fine Sunday hout.

Drat these sniffy snapping Leaguers! Ho!
they fancy they're high-tone,

But I'll give 'em the straight griffin.
Leave our petticoats alone!

They may take it from me, POLLY, they'll
soon drop their bloomin' banner,

If all women show the sperrit of,
Yours trooly, MARY-ANNE.

CUE FOR KENNINGTON (especially after the
smart seconding of the Address in the Lower
House).—“MARK—BEAUFOY!”

AN EXAMPLE OF A “SUSPENSORY BILL”
would be a small account from your haber-
dasher's for a pair of braces.

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE VI.—*The Dining-room, as before. Lord STRATHSPORRAN is still endeavouring to grasp the situation.*

Lord Strath. (to himself). Don't want to make a fuss, but I suppose I ought to do something. Good little chap, my host—didn't like to tell me I'd made a mistake; but his wife's a downright vixen. Better make it right with her. *(To Mrs. TID.)* I—I'm afraid I ought to have found out long before this what an intruder you must consider me; but your husband—

Mrs. Tid. Pray say no more. Mr. TIDMARSH chose to act on his own responsibility, and of course I must put up with the consequences.

Lord Strath. (to himself). It's hard lines to have to leave MARJORY like this; but this is more than I can—*(Aloud.)* After that, of course I can only offer to relieve you of my presence as soon as—

Mrs. Tid. (horried). Not for worlds! I can't have my party broken up now. I insist on your staying. I—I have no complaint to make of your conduct—so far!

Lord Strath. Very kind of you to say so. (To himself.) Pleasant woman this! But I don't care—I will stay and see this out; it's too late to go in to the CARTOUCHES now, and I won't leave MARJORY till— (Aloud.) Miss SEATON—MARJORY—I'm in a most awfully difficult position—do let me tell you about it!

Miss Seaton (penitently). Oh, DOUGLAS, I—I know—I heard. . . I'm so sorry—I mean, I'm so glad! Please forgive me for treating you as I did!

Lord Strath. You did let me have it pretty straight, didn't you, MARJORY? But, of course, you thought me an impudent cad for calmly coming in to dinner uninvited like this—and no wonder!

Miss Seaton (to herself). He doesn't know the worst—and he shan't, if I can help it! *(Aloud.)* It doesn't matter what I thought—I—I don't think it now. And—and—do tell me all you can about yourself!

[They converse with recovered confidence.]

Uncle Gab. (to himself). For all the notice that stuck-up young swell takes of me, I might be a block of wood! I'll make him listen to me. *(Aloud.)* Ahem! My Lord, I've just been telling my niece here the latest scandal in high-life. I daresay your Lordship has heard of that titled but brainless young profligate, the Marquis of MANX?

Lord Strath. MANX? Oh, yes—know him well—sort of relation of mine. Never heard a word against him, though!

Uncle Gab. (in confusion). Oh, I—I beg your Lordship's pardon—I wasn't aware. No doubt I got the name wrong.

Lord Strath. Ah—or the facts. Great mistake to repeat these things—don't you think? Generally lies.

[He resumes his conversation with Miss S.]
Uncle Gab. (nettled). It's all very well for you to stand up for your order, my Lord; but it's right I should tell you that the Country doesn't mean to tolerate that den of thieves and land-grabbers—I need hardly say I refer to the House of Lords—much longer! We're determined to sweep them from the face of the earth. I say so, as the—ah—mouthpiece of a large and influential majority of earnest and enlightened Englishmen!

Lord Strath. (to himself). Fancy the mouthpiece has had quite enough champagne! *(Aloud.)* My dear Sir, you can begin sweeping to-morrow, so far as I am concerned. I'm no politician.

Uncle Gab. (warming). No politician! And yet you sit in the Upper House as one of our hereditary legislators, obstructing the will of the People! Do you mean to tell me there's no incongruity in that!

[Consternation among the company.]

Lord Strath. A good deal, I daresay, if I sat there—only I don't—haven't had the honour of being elected at present.

Mrs. Tid. (hastily). He means he—he has other things to do, Uncle—don't excite yourself so! *(To Lord S. in a whisper.)* You're only exposing yourself by talking of what you know nothing about. Surely you know that Peers aren't elected!

Lord Strath. I was under the impression they were—in Scotland; but it's not worth arguing about.

Uncle Gab. You're evading the point, my Lord. I'm trying to put plain sense—

Lord Strath. (wearily). I know—but—er—why try? Wouldn't plain nonsense be rather more amusing—at dinner, don't you know?

Uncle Gab. (stormily). Don't think you're going to ride roughshod over me, my Lord! If you think yourself above your company—

Lord Strath. I assure you I've no idea what I've said or done to offend you, Sir. It was perfectly unintentional on my part.

Uncle Gab. (relaxing). In that case, my Lord, no further apology is needed. I—ah—accept the olive-branch!

Lord Strath. By all means—if I may trouble you for the olives.

Uncle Gab. (effusively).

With all the pleasure in life, my Lord. And, without withdrawing in any sort or kind from any of my general opinions, I think I express the sentiment of all present when I say how deeply we feel the honour—

Lord Strath. (to himself). Good Lord—he's going to make a speech now! *(Little GWENDOLEN enters demurely and draws up a chair between his and her mother's.)* Saved, by Jove! Child to the rescue? *(To her.)* So you're going to sit next to me, eh? That's right! Now what shall I get you—some of those grapes?



"Let me advise you to be very careful."

Gwen. No, a baby orange with silver paper round it, please. What is it, Miss SEATON? [She rises and goes to Miss S.]

Miss Seaton (whispering). Now, darling, be careful—you know what I told you—you mustn't tell tales or repeat things!

Gwen. Not even if I'm asked, Miss SEATON? . . . No? . . . Would you be displeased? Then I won't. (Returning to her seat and addressing Lord S. confidentially). Do you know why I've come to sit next to you? Because I want to see how you behave. You aren't just like one of our regular dinner-party guests, are you, you know?

Lord Strath. (humbly). I'm afraid not, my dear; but you'll be kind to me for all that, won't you?

Gwen. (primly). Miss SEATON says we should never be unkind to anybody, whatever their position is. And I think you're rather nice. I wish Papa would have you to dine with us often, but perhaps you're expensive?

Lord Strath. (laughing). I don't know, Miss GWENNIE. I've been feeling uncommonly cheap all the evening!

Gwen. (reflectively). Mamma always says everything's much cheaper at BLANKLEY'S.

Mrs. Tid. (to Uncle GAB.). Growing such a big girl, isn't she? and getting on wonderfully with her lessons. I must get her to recite one of her little pieces for you, Uncle, dear—she does it so prettily!

Uncle Gab. Hey, GWEN—I'll bet you one of these sugar-biscuits you don't know who it is you're chatting away so freely to!

Gwen. Oh yes, I do, Uncle; but I'm being very kind to him, so that he mayn't feel any different, you know!

Uncle Gab. Upon my word—what will you get into that little noddle of yours next, I wonder!

Gwen. (after deliberation). Preserved ginger, I think—I like ginger better than biscuits. (To Lord S.) You can reach it for me.

Uncle Gab. Come, come, young lady, where are your manners? That's not the way to speak to that Gentleman. You should say—"Will your Lordship be so very kind as to pass the preserved ginger?"

Lord Strath. (impatiently). Please don't, GWENNIE! I like your own style much the best! [He helps her to the preserve.]

Uncle Gab. You mustn't allow the child to take liberties, my Lord. Now, GWEN, suppose you tell me and his Lordship here something you've been learning lately—don't be shy, now!

Mrs. Tid. Yes, GWENNIE—tell Uncle a little tale—repeat something to him, come, darling! Gwen. No, I shan't, Mamma!

[She pegs away stolidly at the preserved ginger.]

Uncle Gab. Hullo? 'Shan't' to your Mother? This how you bring the child up, MARIA?

Mrs. Tid. Not when Mother asks you to, GWEN? And Uncle wanting to hear it so! No? Why won't you?

Gwen. Because Miss SEATON told me not to—and I won't, either. Uncle Gab. Hah—Miss SEATON seems the supreme authority here, evidently—better get her permission, MARIA!

Miss Seaton (distressed). Indeed. I—I never meant—GWENNIE didn't understand me quite—that is all!

Gwen. Oh, Miss SEATON! when you said I wasn't to tell tales or repeat things—you did say so!

Miss Seaton. Yes, yes, but that was a different kind of tale altogether, GWENNIE,—you may tell a fairy tale!

Gwen. (obstinately). If I mayn't tell any kind of story I like, I shan't tell any at all—so there!

Uncle Gab. Pretty behaviour, upon my word! Children didn't behave like that in my young days, MARIA! I should no more have dared to refuse to tell my elders anything they—but it strikes me you leave her too much with her governess—who, by the bye, has been going on with his Lordship in a manner that well, really I shouldn't have thought—!

Mrs. Tid. (mortified and angry). I am not at all satisfied with Miss SEATON in many ways, Uncle—you can safely leave her to me!

[She gives the signal; Lord STRATH. opens the door. (To Miss SEATON, as she passes, last but one). I—I suppose I shall get a word with you upstairs?

Mrs. Tid. (overhearing—to herself). I'll take good care he doesn't! (To Lord S., waspishly.) Let me advise you to be very careful! [Lord STRATH. closes the door after her, with relief and amazement.]

SCENE VII.—On the Stairs.

Mrs. Tid. (detaining Miss SEATON). I hope you are satisfied with yourself, Miss SEATON? You ought to be, I'm sure—after encouraging my own child to disobey me, and behaving as you did with that most ill-bred and impertinent impostor!

Miss S. (indignantly). He is nothing of the sort! Mrs. TIDMARSH, you—you don't understand! Please let me tell you about him!

Mrs. Tid. I have no desire whatever to hear. I am only sorry I ever permitted you to dine at all. It will be a lesson to me another time. And you will be good enough to retire to your own room at once, and remain there till I send for you! [She passes on.]

Miss Seaton (following). But I must tell you first what a mistake you are making. Indeed he is not—!

Mrs. Tid. I don't care what he is. Another word, Miss SEATON,—and we part! [She sweeps into the Drawing-room.]

Miss Seaton (outside). I have done all I can! If I could only hope the worst was over! But it doesn't matter much now. I know I shall never see DOUGLAS again!

[She goes sorrowfully up to her room. (End of Scene VII.)]

"THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" AT OXFORD.

THE Oxford University Dramatic Society, unlike the Cambridge A. D. C., is compelled by the Authorities to walk only amidst the high peaks and sometimes monotonous solitudes of the legitimate drama. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which was chosen for this

term's performance, is, if the truth must be told, an uninteresting stage-play. The story is of the slightest; there is scarcely a genuinely dramatic incident from beginning to end. The audience wearies of a succession of pretty pictures and sentimental soliloquies or dialogues, mouths begin to gape, and the attention wanders. Is this sacrilege? If it be, I must be content to be sacrilegious. But there is scope for careful and graceful acting, and of this the O. U. D. S. took full advantage.

Mr. WHITAKER's *Valentine* was a very pleasing performance. He spoke his lines admirably, grouped himself (if the Hibernianism be



Teaching him his A. D. C.

permissible) excellently, and showed himself in every sense a well-graced actor. Mr. PONSONBY's *Launce*, too, was capital, carefully thought out and consistently rendered. One or two of the actors in tights seemed unduly conscious of their hands and knees, but, on the whole, the acting was of good average excellence. The Ladies here are real Ladies, not stuffed imitations, as at Cambridge. Mrs. SIM, Mrs. MORRIS, and Miss FARMER, were all good. But the one really brilliant performance was that of *Crab*, the dog, by a wonderful Variety performer from the Theatre Royal, Dogs' Home, Battersea. If this gorgeously ugly, splendidly intelligent, and affectionately versatile animal is sent back at the conclusion of the run of the piece to be asphyxiated at Battersea, I shall never believe in the gratitude or humanity of the O. U. D. S.

ANOTHER GENTLEMAN.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

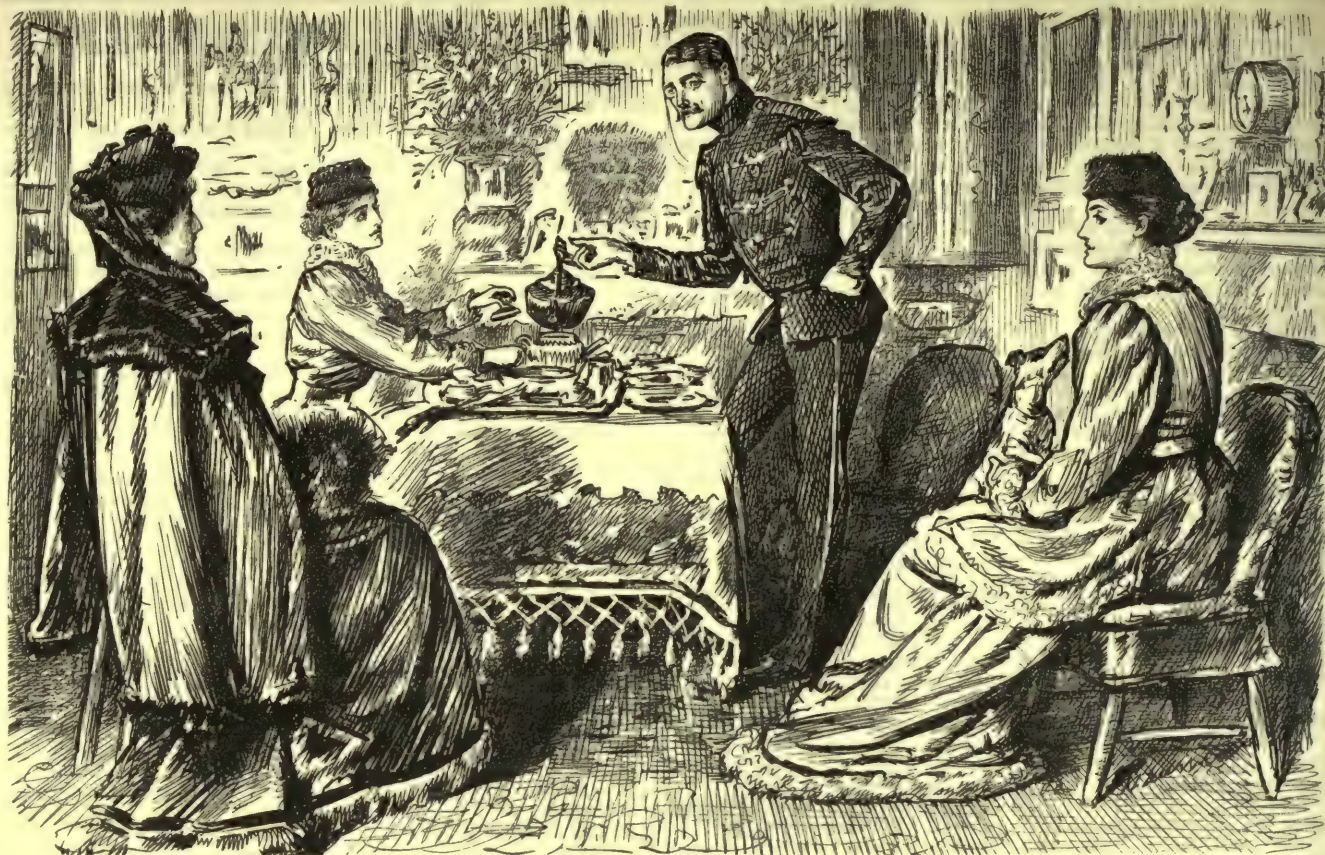
In the arid life of the book-reviewer there is sometimes found the oasis of opportunity to recommend to a (comparatively) less suffering community a book worth reading. My Baronite has by chance come upon such an one in *Timothy's Quest*, by KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. The little volume is apparently an importation, having been printed for the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. It is published in London by GAY AND BIRD, a firm whose name, though it sounds lively, is as unfamiliar as the Author's. Probably from this combination of circumstances, *Timothy's Quest* has, as far as my Baronite's quest goes, escaped the notice of the English Reviewer. That is his personal loss. The book is an almost perfect idyl, full of humanity, fragrant with the smell of flowers, and the manifold scent of meadows. It tells how *Timothy*, waif and stray in the heart of a great city, escaped from a baby-farm to whose tender cares he had been committed; how, in a clothes-basket, mounted on four wooden wheels, cushioned with a dingy shawl, he wheeled off another waif and stray, a prattling infant; and how, accompanied by a mongrel dog named *Rags*, the party made its way to a distant village, nestling in the lap of green hills with a real river running through it. Here boy and baby—and *Rags* too—find New England friends, whom it is a privilege for *nous autres* to know. *Samanthy Ann* is a real live person, and so is *Jabe Slocum*—a long, loose, knock-kneed, slack-twisted person, of whom Aunt *Hitty Tarbox* (whom GEORGE ELIOT might have sketched) remarked he would have been "longer yit if he hedn't hed so much turned up fur feet." *Timothy's Quest* is the best thing of the kind that has reached us from America since *Little Lord Fauntleroy* crossed the Atlantic.

(Signed) "Nihil obstat," BARON DE B.-W.



Timothy's Quest.

SYNONYM FOR A *CHEMISE DE NUIT*.—"A Nap-sack."



Q. E. D.

"SORRY I'VE NO BETTER QUARTERS TO INVITE YOU ALL TO, MRS. QUIVERFULL!

"AH, YOU SHOULD MARRY, CAPTAIN SPARKS! IF YOU'D GOT A BETTER HALF, YOU'D HAVE BETTER QUARTERS TOO!"

WITH "THE OLD MASTERS."

AT Burlington House.—Real treat. No. 6. Portrait of CHARLES DIBBIN, the Nautical Poet and Songster. Painted by Sir WILLIAM BEECHY, R.A. Appropriate, a "*Beechey Head*."

No. 11. "*Girl Sketching*." By Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. Everybody knows that the sun stood still for JOSHUA; here you may see how, for Sir JOSHUA, the daughter stood still.

No. 36. Our old friend, "*A Chat round the Braserio*." By PHILLIP OF SPAIN, i.e., JOHN PHILLIP, R.A. It ought to have been called "*A Good Story*." No chatting is going on, but the worthy padre has just told them a story which, like the picture itself, is full of local colour. The padre has given a "Phillip" to the conversation.

No. 43. "*Portrait of an Actor*." By ZOFFANY, R.A. Who is the Actor? The Painter we know; but the Actor? "*Ars longa, vita brevis*"—and "then is heard no more."

No. 48. Another Portrait of another Actor. By ZOFFANY. Name! Name! Did they both appear for "one night only"—come "like shadows, so depart"?

No. 75. "*Portrait of a Lady*"—an old lady, but such an old lady! By REMBRANDT. What a cap! What a frill! What a pocket-handkerchief! Delighted to see such a specimen of "Old Dutch!" Homely old Dutches!

No. 78. "*The Fishmonger*." By VAN OSTADE. The fish as fresh to-day as when it was originally bought.

No. 109. Wonderful! VAN DYCK's "*Burgomaster Triest*." As the eminent critic and punster, JOSEPH VON MÜLLER, observed to VAN DYCK, "DYCK, my boy, thou wilt never paint a better than this *Burgomaster of Triest* if thou Tri-est ever so!"

Then quoth my companion, "Come to the BLAKE Collection." Ahem! Into the Black-and-White Room. Ugh! . . . "That way madness lies." No more to-day, thank you.

VALENTINE VERSES.

(An Apology accompanying a Purse.)

Do you like it? I wonder! Or think you it's stupid
To send such a commonplace gift as a Purse?
Do you sigh for the tinsel, and gauze, and the Cupid,
And the wonderful sentiments written in verse?
Well, suppose I had sent them. You'd murmur, "How pretty!"
Then not see them again as you put them away.
Shall I candidly tell you I thought 'twere a pity
Just to send you a gift that would last for a day?

But consider the times and the seasons—how many!
When a purse—something in it—will save you from fuss.
When you're posting a letter (to me), or a penny
You may want for a paper, a tram, or a bus.
When you've done with the purse, as you carefully look it,
And look with all proper precaution to see
That the gold is still there, as it goes in your pocket,
Let a thought or two, sweetheart, come straying to me.

I've explained as I could. Do you still go on sighing
For the commoner Valentine—tinsel and gauze,
With the pictures of wonderful cherubim flying
In a reckless defiance of natural laws?
If you do—well, forgive me. Don't think me unkind. You
Know I'd not treat yourself in so heartless a style,
And so let this gift, as you use it, remind you
Of one whom you won, my dear, outright, with your smile.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT suggests that "Parish Councils will do everything for the distressed Agriculturists." Sir WILLIAM should advertise the remedy out of his *Farmereopoeia*—"Try Parish's Food for Agricultural Infants in distress."

BEASTLY SUPERIORITY.—(Konundrum by the "*Boxing Kangaroo*," on hearing of the "*Wrestling Lion*.")—What is tamer than a tame Lion? Why, of course, a Lion Tamer.

A MEERY JEST.—Said the AMEER to an English friend, "Yes, I am uncertain of my position. I *Am* 'er to-day and gone to-morrow."



THE OLD WOMAN AND HER PIG.

"DOG, DOG, BITE PIG,
PIG WON'T GET OVER STILE,
AND I SHAN'T GET HOME (-RULE) TO-NIGHT."



THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

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THE BECKET, NOT A BECKET.

BECKET has beaten the record. By the way, how the real original THOMAS A BECKET would have beaten *The Record*, if the latter



ecclesiastical journal had existed in his time, and had given his Grace of Canterbury some nasty ones in a leading article! But "that is another story." It is some time since HENRY IRVING, — than whom no actor takes more thought, whether as to his author's lines, or to his own lines when "making up," — has

the Fair,—whom he was obliged to keep dark,—the life of the monarch, like that of the policeman, was "not a happy one." *Eleanor* the Queen, as a *divorcée*, was not *Henry's* wife; but *Rosamond*, if, as is supposed, the King had married her, was his wife and not his mistress. It is just this point that ought to be emphasised, in order to give the right clue to *Eleanor's* character and conduct in regard to her treatment of *Rosamond*. *Rosamond* must be right and virtuous; *Eleanor* wrong and vicious; the King fond, weak, and capricious. To regard the whole story as one of a mere *amour* is to entirely miss the beauty of the gentle *Rosamond's* nature. She is at once "gentle and simple."

And herein seems to me to have been the puzzlement in the poet's mind; he was in doubt whether to regard *Henry's* attachment to *Rosamond* as only a *liaison*—to represent *Becket* as so treating it, or to place *Eleanor* manifestly in the wrong, as being herself *not* the wife she pretends to be. "Go to a nunnery, go!" is the end of it all. But at that nunnery, it seems, *Fair Rosamond* remained for some time *permissu superiorum* as, I suppose, a lady-boarder, not assuming the habit of even a postulant, much less compelled, as a novice, to be shorn of her hair, and so to appear in the final Transformation Scene as "The Fair One without the golden locks." This freedom of action on the part of *Rosamond* shows what it is to be a postulant in a convent of a Poetically Licensed Order.

The Scene of the Martyrdom, "*Becket's crown*," is thrillingly impressive. The faithful Monks are well played by Messrs. HAVILAND and BISHOP—a real Bishop on the Stage, among all these representatives of various sees—while Mr. FRANK COOPER is a rough-and-ready *Fitzurse* leader of the four "King's-men," who, of course, are all Fellows of King's, Cambridge, and probably, therefore, under the ancient statutes, Old Etonians. Master LEO BYRNE, aged eleven or thereabouts, makes quite a big part of little *Geoffrey*, whose affections are divided between Ma, Pa, and his nurse *Margery* ("with a song"), the latter capably played and sung by Miss KATE PHILLIPS.

Where all the scenery is good, it is difficult, perhaps to single out one set for especial praise; but my advice is, on no account miss the Second Scene of the Prologue, "on the Battlements of a Castle in Normandy," painted by W. TELBIN. "*Rosamond's Bower*," by HAWES CRAVEN, is equally perfect in another and of course totally distinct line. To pronounce upon Professor STANFORD's music when "the play's the thing" is impossible. The *entr'actes* deserve such special attention as they are not likely to command when the audience is relaxing and refreshing itself.

On the whole, I should be inclined to say that the Lyceum has not had so big a success since *Faust*: a success due to the popularity of the subject represented, and the perfection of its representation. At least so thinks
THE BUSY B. IN A BOX.

achieved so great and so genuine a success, and a success that will last in the memory of playgoers for many years to come, as he has in placing TENNYSON's *Becket* on the stage, and himself playing the part of the great Archbishop. By the side of this ecclesiastic, his *Wolsley* is, so to speak, nowhere.

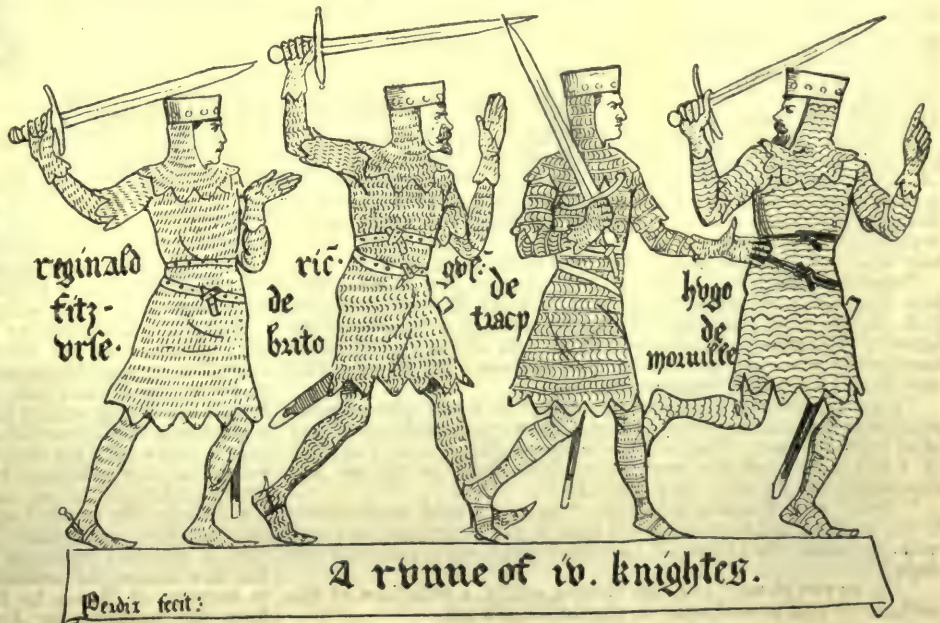
In SHAKESPEARE's time *Becket* would have been a difficult subject to tackle; as indeed did KING HENRY find him,—an uncommonly difficult subject to tackle. But fortunately for English history in dramatic form, it was left for TENNYSON to treat the incidents of the story with a free hand, poetic touch, and a liberal mind. Once, towards the close of the tragedy, HENRY IRVING, austere, yet pitiful, going "to meet his King," brought to my thoughts *Savonarola*. Grandeur far than *Savonarola* was *Thomas Becket*, soldier, priest, and martyr.

Then his tender compassion for the unfortunate *Rosamond*, a most difficult character—nay, a characterless character—for any actress to play! *Becket* as archbishop and actor, seems to pity her for being so colourless. TENNYSON couldn't do without her, yet he could do very little with her.

Our ELLEN TERRY is a sweet loving gentle figure, clinging to her royal lover with a sort of fond hope that one of these days things in general would turn out all right; but in the meantime she is living always "in a maze." The love-scene (taking place in a marvelously effective stage set) between her and *Henry* is charming. Poor *Henry*! With *Eleanor* the Dark and *Rosamond*

PHILOSOPHIC Sages have generally been careless of their personal appearance. Soap and water has not been their strong point. The exception is DIOGENES, who was seldom out of his tub.

APPROPRIATE DAY FOR A MUSICAL SERVICE IN CHURCH.—
"Sunday within the Octave."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, February 6.—"Did you ever destroy your offspring, TOBY?" Rather curious question to ask any fellow. To me particularly startling. There are family traditions that, in accordance with sort of Malthusian doctrine, some of my young relations, my contemporaries in fact, were put out of the way even before their innocent eyes had grown accustomed to the light of a beneficent heaven. Thought at first GEORGE WYNDHAM meant something personal; was really thinking of his own woes.

"That's my speech," he said, showing me with melancholy smile quite a bundle of manuscript. "Worked at it all yesterday, instead of going to church. Read every Blue Book about Uganda; studied the map, and could pass an examination in the matter of its rivers and valleys, its hills and lakes, its various tribes, who are always murdering each other. Prince ARTHUR, you know, asked me to resume Debate at to-night's Sitting. Great opportunity; meant to make most of it; then, when I'm in my place conning my manuscript, Prince ARTHUR gives me up. Mr. G. reads text of PORTAL's instructions, and shows we've nothing to complain about or to criticise. Rather hard on a young fellow not unduly given to speech-making. Tell you what, TOBY, if you've got three-quarters of an hour to spare, and will come with me into the Lobby, I'll read you my speech."

Much touched at this kindness. Unfortunately had an engagement which prevented my availing myself of it.

KENNAWAY and ALPHABET COUTS in same box as WYNDHAM; get out of it in different fashion. They, also, had prepared speeches, unknowing what turn affairs would take. Weren't going to waste them, so delivered them at length. They had everything but an audience. House could not prevent them reeling off their speeches, but wouldn't stay to listen. Everybody happy all round, and evening agreeably wasted. *Business done.*—More talk round Address.

Tuesday.—Pretty to see DON'T-KEIR HARDIE just now escorted into House arm-in-arm with CHARLES EDWARD HOWARD VINCENT, C.B., formerly of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, now Colonel of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. Some talk of the two Members temporarily changing coats whilst they addressed the House. This was HOWARD VINCENT's suggestion.

"I fancy, Brother HARDIE," he said, "it would picturesquely emphasise the situation, don't you know, if we thus made community of at least our coats. That's rather a remarkable garment you wear. If I put it on, and you wore mine, then House would see how thoroughly one we are. Do you mind?"

"Well," said HARDIE, dubiously, "there's a good many things in the pockets, and they might get loose if you went mauling round with the coat. So I think, if you don't mind, we'll go in our own duds."

"Oh, as you please," said the Colonel, coldly, a little hurt at this evidence of lack of confidence on part of his new pal.

So DON'T-KEIR HARDIE, moving Amendment to Address, orated in his own clothes, whilst HOWARD VINCENT sat above Gangway near him, and punctuated his speech with persistent cry of "Hear! hear!" A notable figure his friend made. Evidently in the ranks of the Unemployed in the DON'T-KEIR HARDIE household are the comb and brush. Through a mass of black hair, matted on head and chin, DON'T-KEIR looked on House of Commons. The coat HOWARD VINCENT hankered after was rather a jacket, cut short, so as to hide little of the effulgence of his murky mustard-hued trowsers. Pockets alike of trowsers and jacket were bulging with letters and papers. You could see when he stood up to speak that he had just posted a letter to himself, sticking it in his waistcoat pocket, which only half concealed its surface.

"I don't exactly know how it is," said GORST, curiously regarding DON'T-KEIR HARDIE, and his eruption of correspondence, "but our friend, for whom I shall certainly vote, somehow reminds me of Mrs. Jellaby. The same earnestness of vague purpose, the same self-devotion to public questions, and the same large correspondence. I wouldn't be surprised, if you had the opportunity of examining our friend's hands, if you found them rather inked than horny. Still, I shall vote for him, and say something, if not exactly in his favour, at least a few words that will puzzle our fellows and rile the Bench opposite."

Business done.—DON'T-KEIR HARDIE moved Amendment to Address, calling upon Parliament to provide for Unemployed; negatived by 276 votes against 109.

Wednesday.—"It was a good thing to win the Inverness Burghs," said the SQUIRE of MALWOOD just now, reflectively stroking his chin. "But it was not all gain. FINLAY worth a good deal to us. In moments of profoundest depression he acted upon Mr. G. with remarkable tonic effect. Often when we sat on other side, things going bad, and Mr. G. has seemed a little dull, he has accidentally turned round, and caught sight of FINLAY, sitting, as you will remember he did, just behind us. In a moment our revered Chief was another man. His eye flashed, colour came. Mr. G. was himself again.

On the whole, I fancy FINLAY was worth more to us than the two votes on a Division, for which we have bartered him."

Much in what the SQUIRE says. It turned out this afternoon he did not mourn as one who has no hope. FINLAY gone, but JESSE COLLINGS remains. Has in degree, the same physical and mental effect on Mr. G. that FINLAY had. This afternoon Mr. G. sitting on Treasury Bench, apparently waiting for Division. Debate on JESSE COLLINGS's Amendment to Address flickering out. HENRY FOWLER, in vigorous speech, had replied for Government. EDWARD STANHOPE said a few words; nothing to be done but to take Division. Whilst STANHOPE speaking, Mr. G. turned round to see how forces were mustered. Accidentally his eye fell on benevolent visage of JESSE COLLINGS, just then lit up with smile of genial satisfaction at compliment paid him by personal reference in STANHOPE's speech. In an instant Mr. G.'s visage and attitude altered. The spell had worked, and to surprise of House he followed STANHOPE, falling straightway upon the unsuspecting JESSE, treating him, as GRANDOLPH, an



AN UNPARALLELED HARDSHIP.

Clerk (to Emigrant). "YES, THAT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THE PASSAGE-MONEY; AND NOW ABOUT YOUR TRUNK?"

Emigrant. "AND HWHAT WOULD OI BE DOOIN' WID A TRUNK, SORR?"

Clerk. "OH, TO PUT YOUR CLOTHES IN."

Emigrant. "HWHAT! AND ME GO NAKUD?"



THE GRAND OLD MARIONETTE; OR, THE HOME-RULE DANCE.



THE NEW DOCTOR.

"THE HIDEAR OF A YOUNG MAN LIKE THAT A-TELLING O' ME 'OW POOR PEOPLE'S CHILDREN HOUGHTER BE FED AND LOOKED AFTER! WHY, I'VE BURIED FOURTEEN O' MY OWN!"

amused and interested spectator of the scene, observed, "with all the vigorous familiarity Pantaloon is accustomed to meet with at Christmastide."

Business done.—Mr. G. "goes for" JESSE COLLINGS.

Friday, 2 A.M.—Long time since I saw Liberals in such fighting trim as at this moment. Been at it all night discussing REDMOND'S motion for release of Dynamitards. ASQUITH made speech that has confirmed and improved his Parliamentary position. At quarter to one this morning Division taken, giving thumping majority, 316, to Government. When figures announced, Ulster Member moved Adjournment of Debate. Wants to talk about release of Gweedore prisoners.

"Right you are," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD; "Twelve o'Clock Rule suspended; we can sit all night. Fire away!"

Prince ARTHUR, forgetful of many cheerful nights he has sat up hearing the chimes in company with TIM HEALY, protested against this as tyrannical proceeding. Irish Members massed below Gangway howled with delight. Their turn come now. Long they groaned under Prince ARTHUR'S iron heel. Now they've got him down, and dance round him with shouts of exultation and Homeric bursts of laughter. Hardly can his voice be heard above the din; but he pegs along, finally turning his back on jubilant mob below Gangway; addresses himself to SPEAKER, edging in a sentence amid comparative pauses in uproar. PRINCE ARTHUR protests he will not yield to force; Liberals opposite, cheered by news from Walsall, following fast on heels of triumph at Halifax, laugh and scoff. Mr. G. safely packed off to bed; the SQUIRE and his brother officers on Front Bench evidently ready to make a night of it. TIM HEALY, radiant with this rare and rosy reflection of the good old times, observes it is "an excellent hour of the evening to begin fresh work."

More hubbub; House divides, showing Government in possession of majority of 80. Renewed tumult when they come back from the Lobby. JESSE COLLINGS rising, with intent to implore House to remember its dignity, is met with such swift, sudden, rampant roar of "Rat! Rat!" that after ineffectual contest, he subsides. Another Division; Government majority gone up one. Fresh Motion made for Adjournment; Members tightening their belts for all-night sitting, when SQUIRE OF MALWOOD unexpectedly gives in. "Go on! go on!" excited Liberals cry.

"No," said the dignified Old Roman, throwing an imaginary toga over substantial shoulder. "No; they have done enough to make their position clear before the country. Let them go to bed." So at 2'20 A.M. they went. *Business done.*—Blowing great guns.

Friday Night.—A flash in the pan at the opening of the Sitting, when PRINCE ARTHUR, meaning to smite at the unoffending figure of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, hit Mr. G. He explained, and apologised; thereafter, a long, dull night.

DAVITT took his seat, amid loud cheers from both sides. A curious episode in his history, honourable both to him and House. A real good man DAVITT, with all the modesty of sterling merit. Still, inclined to be argumentative. Had scarcely taken his seat, when he came up to me, and said, "It's very well for you, *Toby*, to be M. P. for Barks; but I'm M.P. for Tenpence. Yes, that's the precise sum it cost me to win my seat."

New Members come, and old ones depart. Everybody sorry to hear of the death of LOUIS JENNINGS, a fine-natured, high-souled man, of brilliant intellect and wide culture. In later Sessions has been handicapped by the cruel illness that carried him off whilst in his prime. But he made his mark at Westminster as he had done in New York, India, and Printing House Square.

Business done.—Still talking round Address.

THE LEGAL INFANT'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

CONCERNING THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Question. What is the Stook Exchange?

Answer. The best English substitute for Monte Carlo.

Q. Has it any rivals?

A. Certainly; the Turf and the Card-room.

Q. In your opinion, is the Stock Exchange preferable to the alternatives you have mentioned?

A. It is, as it is more business-like, and consequently more respectable.

Q. Has politics anything to do with speculation at Capel Court?

A. To a certain extent; but a good unscrupulous untruth is better than the tottering of kingdoms.

Q. Is the dissemination of false news permissible?

A. Only by operators for the rise or fall.

Q. What is a flutter?

A. The performance of a financial operation with the assistance of a tossed-up halfpenny.

Q. When is it advisable to indulge in a flutter?

A. At the moment when your credit is greater than your balance at the Banker's.

Q. What is a balance?

A. An unknown quantity—to the impecunious.

Q. Is it necessary for the impecunious to suffer want?

A. Not if the lack of funds is concealed from the tradespeople.

Q. Ought not a (legal) infant to pay his debts?

A. Only at the instigation of a County-Court Judge, or if they happen to be debts of honour.

Q. What is a debt of honour?

A. Usually the outcome of a discreditable transaction.

Q. Is the nonpayment of a tradesman dishonourable?

A. No, for such a payment is not a "necessary." Payment only becomes a "necessary" when you bet with a man of your own order.

Q. Is it possible to do without money?

A. Yes, when you can live upon your acquaintances.

Q. From your last answers it would appear that money seems sometimes capable of being treated with levity. Can you give me an instance when cash is not a light subject?

A. Yes, when it is under weight, and is, consequently, refused at your Banker's.

Q. What is the best method of obtaining the full value of a light sovereign?

A. By obtaining in return for it change in silver from a friend.

Q. Is silver of the same value as gold?

A. No, silver is a token; and in the instance to which I have referred, it would be a token of confidence.

Q. Would this transaction be amusing?

A. Yes, to everyone but the friend.

Time-Work versus Piece-Work!

(By John Bull, Employer of Labour.)

PAYMENT of Members? Well, well, I don't mind, If Members who're worthy of payment I find. But then all this quarrelsome cackle must cease— If my M.P.'s I pay—like my Smiths—by the piece, I may yet get good work; but 'twere folly, nay, crime, To pay seven hundred praters for wasting my time!

A MAN WHO MAY BE SAID TO "KNOW THE ROPES."—M. BLONDIN.

MIXED NOTIONS.

No. V.—AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

(Scene and Persons as usual.)

First Well-Informed Man. There hasn't been much in this debate on the Address.

Second W. I. M. Oh. I don't know. They've promised a pretty big list of measures. How they're going to find time for the lot I can't make out.

First W. I. M. (contemptuously). Yes, that's always the way with these Governments. They all talk mighty big at the beginning of the Session, and then, at the end, they've done nothing, absolutely nothing; at least, nothing that's any good to anybody. Parliament's getting to be nothing but a bear-garden. The House won't be a fit place for a gentleman to be seen in soon.

Second W. I. M. (spitefully). You didn't seem to think it would be such a bad place for one gentleman, about eight months ago. You were after a constituency yourself, weren't you?

First W. I. M. Well, and what if I was? I told you at the time why I thought of standing. I thought I could do some good, but I precious soon found they were a miserable lot, so I made 'em my bow. "Gentlemen," I said, "you can worry it out among yourselves, and, when you've agreed, you can let me know."

Second W. I. M. And they never did let you know, did they? Went and elected another Johnny. Deuced bad taste I call it.

Inquirer (creating a diversion). Look here, I say, what's all this talk about Agricultural Depression? What does it mean?

First W. I. M. What does it mean! Why, my dear chap, I should have thought that any schoolboy knew that our agriculture is being simply ruined. If things go on like this, we shan't have a farmer left. They're all on the verge of bankruptcy.

Inquirer (doggedly). I daresay you're right; but, anyhow, I know, when I was at Chilborough, the other day, I saw a lot of farmers about, and they looked pretty fat and comfortable. That's why I can't make out what it all means.

First W. I. M. (resignedly). Well, I suppose I must explain it all, from the very beginning. The first point is, we've got Free Trade, and the farmers want Protection; and old GLADSTONE and all the rest of them say they're not to have it. Well, that isn't likely to put the farmers in a good temper, is it? Then, of course, the Americans, and the Russians, and the Indians see their chance, and they send ship-loads of food into this country, and the taxes have to be paid all the same by our farmers.

Second W. I. M. (interrupting). What taxes?

First W. I. M. (flustered). I wish you wouldn't break in just as I'm trying to make things clear. Why, the taxes on food, of course.

Second W. I. M. There aren't any taxes on food.

First W. I. M. Oh, indeed! Well, then, how do you explain Free Trade, and rent, and all that?

Second W. I. M. Now you're getting a bit nearer. It's all a question of rent. Free Trade's got absolutely nothing to do with it. What we want in this country is a Sliding-scale.

Inquirer. What's a Sliding-scale?

Second W. I. M. (taken between wind and water). A Sliding-scale? Let me see—it's very difficult to put these things shortly. A Sliding-scale is a—well, it's a sort of patent mechanical contrivance for weighing out things, so as to make it fairer than

ordinary scales do. (*Plunges recklessly.*) You can make it slide up or down, you know, and fix it at any point you like.

Inquirer. Really! What a rum-looking thing it must be. Have you ever seen one?

Second W. I. M. Oh yes. They've got two or three in every big town.

Average Man. When did you last see it?

Second W. I. M. (suspiciously). Oh, I haven't seen one for some time. It may perhaps be a little different now.

Average Man. Ah!

[A pause.

Inquirer. I see the Government's going to have an inquiry about Agricultural Distress. How are they going to work it?

First W. I. M. Royal Commission, of course.

Second W. I. M. No, no. It's going to be a Select Committee.

First W. I. M. Well, what's the difference?

Second W. I. M. Surely you know that. They only have Royal Commissions for labour and that sort of thing. Committees don't get any pay, you know.

Inquirer. Of course. I ought to have remembered that. But who's this Lord WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM, who's cutting about the country, talking about agriculture! What does he know about it? I don't seem to recollect his name.

First W. I. M. He's a Peer.

Inquirer. Yes, I know that; but why do they call him Lord WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM?

Average Man. Because that's his name. [A pause.

Inquirer (resuming). But what is he driving at?

First W. I. M. He's got hold of the right end of the stick. It's just this way. (*To Inquirer, who winces under the imputation.*) You're a foreign country, and I'm a British farmer. Well, you grow your corn for nothing, and then you chuck it into my markets. Well, what I want to know is, where do I come in? You may call that Free Trade, if you like—I call it ruin. The result is, I'm smashed up, and the whole country goes to the devil!

Second W. I. M. But you ought to consider the consumer.

First W. I. M. What do you mean by the consumer?

Second W. I. M. Why, myself, for instance. I get the benefit of it.

First W. I. M. Ah, you may think you do, but you don't really. In the end you've all to pay more for everything.

Average Man. Well, I'm pretty happy as things are.

First W. I. M. Oh, of course—and you'd let the land go out of cultivation. That's mere selfishness.

Inquirer. How's that? Can't they work the land now?

First W. I. M. What a question! Of course they can't.

Inquirer (anxiously). But I've seen 'em ploughing a bit lately.

First W. I. M. My dear Sir, they do it just to occupy time—they must do something.

Inquirer. Of course—of course.

[Terminus.



THE RESOURCES OF CIVILISATION.

M.P. (apostrophising ruined hat). "VERY WELL, THEN, NEXT TIME THERE'S GOING TO BE A RUSH, I'LL BRING A JAPANNED TIN HAT CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY—THEN LET HIM SIT ON IT!"

OUR amiable old friend, Mrs. R., came across a book entitled *Playthings and Parodies*, by BARRY PAIN. "Oh, I must buy that!" she exclaimed. "I've seen him so often in the Pantomime at Drury Lane! And fancy his being an Author, too! But I don't so much wonder at it, because I remember that, when I was a little girl, there was a celebrated Shakespearian Clown at Astley's called BARRY, and he sailed in a tub drawn by geese down the Thames, and there was a wonderful Pantomime actor of the name of PAIN. And now this talented gentleman turns out to be an Author as well!"



RETURN OF "GRANDOLPH" THE WANDERER! "BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE, THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"

FRONT OF PROPOSITION: BENCH

FINALITY.

["He was one of those who believed that, even in the ordinary legislation of the House, and still more in a measure of such complexity, it was the utmost folly to talk of finality!"—*Mr. J. Redmond on the Home-Rule Bill.*]

ARE our sage legislators, then, set upon finding
A measure that's "final, conclusive, and binding."
As lawyer-phrase puts it? They might as well try
To fix down in the East, or nail clouds to the sky!
There's nothing that's "final" in infinite time,
That great, goalless, measureless race-course sublime;
In which relays of runners must keep up the race;
There's nothing "conclusive" in limitless space;
And "binding" man's soul to his best of to-day
For the future of growth, in an absolute way,
Were folly as futile as binding an oak
To the seedling's first prop, or the sapling's first yoke;
For provisional law, not for secular life,
Such phrases are fit. Yet to heal age-long strife
By the very best "betterment" now in our ken,
Till—a better shines forth's the first duty of men.
Do right to the height of our sight's actuality!—
Yes, that is our best—and our only—Finality!

AN odd Advertisement frequently catches our eye. It is "*Dr. Gordon Stables's Health Series.*" Have the Gordon Stables anything to do with "the Gordon Hotels"? If not, why not? as evidently they could work together to their mutual benefit.

A HISTORY of Medicine, by Dr. EDWARD BERDOE, is announced as shortly to appear. It will be illustrated by a Black (-and-White) draughtsman.



THE EVIDENCE OF WEALTH.

"AND WHO LIVES IN THE BIG HOUSE OPPOSITE?"

"MR. FLINDERS, SIR,—AND MRS. FLINDERS,—THE OLD VETERINARY SURGEON AND HIS WIFE."

"THEY MUST BE PRETTY WELL OFF, I SHOULD THINK, TO LIVE IN A HOUSE LIKE THAT?"

"OH YES, SIR, VERY RICH INDEED. WHY, THEY 'AD A GOLDEN WEDDING THERE, THE WEEK BEFORE LAST!"

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

(Latest Parliamentary Version.)

Returned Wanderer sings:—

'Mid gold-fields and lion-haunts though we may roam, [home;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like A charm from the past seems to hallow us there, [meet elsewhere.
Which, trot round the globe, you will not Home! Home!
Sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
An exile from home freedom dazzles in vain;
Ah! give me my lowly front-bench seat again.
The cheers, sounding sweetly, that come at my call, [than all.
Give me these, and old pals of mine, dearer Home! Ho-ome!
Sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!

(Extra or encore verses on his own account.)

The first seat was mine, but I forfeited that;
Will they welcome the waif, kill the calf that is fat?

Will dear ARTHUR rejoice to receive his lost chief?

Will the Wanderer's return bring regret, or relief?

Home! Ho-ome!

Sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble (winks) there's no place like home!

So humble! Oh yes! So seemed DAVID, no doubt,

Till he struck at GOLIATH and put him to rout.

My giant—his name, too, begins with a G—
Braves the whole of our hosts. I—no matter—we'll see.

Home! Ho-ome!

Sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble (grins), there's no place like home!

DESIGNS FOR MI-CARÈME.

(To be worn as Costumes at the next International Fancy-Dress Ball.)

The Emperor W-ll-m.—PAUL PRY on Tour.

The Czar of R-ss-a.—Protection.

The Sultan of T-rk-y.—Wrecked in Port.

The Khedive of Eg-y-t.—Young Hopeful.

The President C-rn-t.—A Dissolving View.

Prince von B-sm-rck.—The Shadow of the Past.

Count C-pr-vi.—The Sub-stance of the Future.

Vicomte de L-ss-ps.—A Lock on the Suez Canal.

The Pr-m-r.—A Scotch Mixture of HOMER and Home Rule.

Sir W-ll-m H-ro-t.—The latest of the Plantagenets.

Mr. J-hn M-rl-y.—"To Dublin from Pall Mall."

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-reh-ll.—The Prodigal Returned.

Mr. Speaker P-l.—The chucker in.

Mr. L-b-ch-re.—The Spirit of Te-ruth.

The Marquis of S-l-sb-ry.—The Irish Emigrant.

Mr. Arth-r B-lf-r.—Golf surviving Government.

Mr. H-nry Irv-ng.—A Canterbury Pilgrim.

Miss Ell-n T-rry.—A Nun, with none like her.

Mr. J. L. T-le.—A Walker, Running, London and the Provinces.

"I'M MANXIOUS TO KNOW."—The Isle of Man, it appears from MR. SPENCER WALPOLE'S book, has thriven on Home Rule. We all know that Club Land gets on very well, Club-law being administered by men only, seeing that men only are the governing and governed. But "Home" is the antithesis of the Club, and Home Rule, domestically, means Female sovereignty. In the Isle of Man-sans-Woman there can be no Home Rule properly so called. It must be "*Homo Rule.*"

TREATS FOR TOMMY.—"What shall I do to amuse our little boy, aged fourteen, when he returns home for Easter Vacation?" Why, certainly improve his mind. Procure for him a free admission to the Geological Society, and let him hear a paper on "Anthracite and Bituminous Coal-beds," likewise on "Inclusions of Tertiary Granite." Take him to the Linnean Society, and treat him to a lecture "On the Differentiation of the Protozoan Body Microscopically Sectionised." Another evening may be given to "Mosses and Sphagnums," not to be confounded with "Moses and Magnums." After this little course, he may write to say that during the next vacation he would prefer remaining at school.

"I CAN'T drink Champagne," quoth General BOOZER; "it gives me a red nose." "No, it won't," replied his medical adviser; "that is, not if you drink Pommery and Grey-nose."

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE VIII.—*In the Drawing-room—Time, 'about 10.* Mrs. BODFISH and Mrs. DITCHWATER are talking in confidential undertones on a *settee*. Miss BUGLE's anxiety concerning her invalid Cockatoo has already obliged her to depart. Mrs. GILWATTLE is lecturing her Niece on a couch by the fire, while little GWENDOLEN is in a corner with a Picture-book.

Mrs. Bodfish (in a wheezy whisper). If he had condescended to make himself agreeable all round, I shouldn't say a word; but to sit there talking to that little forward governess, and never an audible word from first to last—well, I quite felt for poor dear Mrs. TIDMARSH being so neglected at her own table.

Mrs. Ditch. Ah, my dear, if she will have the aristocracy to dine with her, she must put up with such treatment. I wouldn't stoop to such presumption myself. And, if I did, I would have a couple of *entrées*, and everything carved off the table! He'll go away with such a poor opinion of us all!

Mrs. Bod. He must have noticed how the vegetable dishes were chipped! And I'm sure I was ashamed to see she had put out those old-fashioned doyleys with the finger-glasses. I wonder she never thought of getting some new ones. I saw some the other day in the Grove, hand-worked, at only five-pence three-farthings!

Mrs. Ditch. I could see something was weighing on her mind, or she'd have talked more to him. What is his title? It sounded like "STRATHPODDLE." I must look it out in my Peerage. Would he be an Earl now, or what?

Mrs. Bod. I don't expect he's more than a Viscount, if so much. I do think she might have presented us to him, though!

Mrs. Ditch. It isn't the fashion to introduce, nowadays. But I consider we are quite entitled to speak to him, if we get an opportunity—in fact, he would think it very odd if we didn't! (&c., &c.)

Mrs. Gilwattle. Well, MARIA, I say, as I said before, don't let it turn your head, that's all! Depend upon it, this young nobleman isn't so affable for nothing. He wouldn't dine with you like this unless he expected to get something out of it. What that something may be, you best know!

Mrs. Tid. (to herself). A guinea, at the very least! (Aloud.) I'm sorry you think my head's so easily turned. Aunt JOANNA! If you'd noticed how I behaved to him, you wouldn't say so. Why, I scarcely spoke to the man!

Mrs. Gilw. I was watching you, MARIA. And sorry I was to see that being next to a member of the nobility overawed you to that extent you could hardly open your mouth. So unlike your Uncle GABRIEL!

Mrs. Tid. (hurt at this injustice). Overawed, indeed! I'm sure it was no satisfaction to me to see him here! No, Aunt, the only people I welcome at my table are those in my own rank of life—relations and old friends like you and the others. And how you can think

I was dazzled by a trumpety title when I sent him in with the Governess—!

Mrs. Gil. Ah, you make too much of that girl, MARIA. I've noticed it, and others have noticed it. She takes too much upon herself! The idea of letting her forbid GWENDOLEN to recite—no wonder your authority over the child is weakened! I should have insisted on obedience.

Mrs. Tid. (roused). I hope I know how to make my own child obey me. GWENDOLEN, come out of that corner. Put down your book. (GWEN. obeys.) I wish you to repeat something to your Auntie—what you refused to say downstairs—you know what I mean!

Gwen. Do you mean the thing Miss SEATON said I wasn't to, because you'd be angry?

Mrs. Tid. (majestically). Miss SEATON had no business to know whether I should be angry or not. She is only your Governess—I am your Mother. And I shall be extremely angry if you don't repeat it at once—in fact, I shall send you off to bed. So you can choose for yourself.

Gwen. I don't want to go to bed... I'll tell, if I may whisper it.

Mrs. Tid. Well, if you are too shy to speak out loud, you may whisper. You see, Aunt, I am not quite such a cipher as you fancied! [GWEN. puts her mouth to Mrs. GILWATTLE'S ear, and proceeds to whisper.

SCENE IX.—The Breakfast-room—Time, the same as in the foregoing Scene. Mr. TIDMARSH, after proposing to "join the ladies," much to the relief of Lord STRATHSPORRAN, has brought him in here on the transparent pretext of showing him a picture.

Mr. Tid. (carefully closing the door). I only just wanted to tell you that I don't at all like the way you've been going on. It's not my wish to make complaints, but there is a limit!

Lord Strath. (hotly). There is—you're very near it now, Sir! (To himself.) If I quarrel with this little beggar, I shan't see MAJORY! (Controlling his temper.) Perhaps you'll kindly let me know what you complain of?

Mr. Tid. Well, why couldn't you say you couldn't you say you

didn't smoke when my Uncle offered you one of his cigars? You must have felt me kick you under the table!

Lord Strath. I did—distinctly. But I gave you credit for its being accidental. And, if you wish to know, I said I smoked because I do. I don't see why you should expect me to lie about it!

Mr. Tid. I don't agree with you. I consider you ought to have had more tact, after the hint I gave you.

Lord Strath. It didn't occur to me that you were trying to kick tact into me. And, naturally, when I saw your Uncle about to smoke—

Mr. Tid. That was different, as you might have known. Why, one cigar is as much as my wife can stand!

Lord Strath. You—er—wouldn't wish her to smoke more than one, surely?



Mrs. Gilwattle rises slowly, bristling with indignation.

Mr. Tid. (outraged). My wife smoke! Never did such a thing in her life! She don't allow me to smoke. She wouldn't allow Mr. GILWATTLE if he wasn't her Uncle. And I can tell you, when she comes down in the morning, and finds the curtains smelling of smoke, and hears you were the other, I shall catch it!

Lord Strath. Sorry for you—but if you had only made your kick a trifle more explanatory—

Mr. Tid. That's not all, Sir. When you saw me and my Uncle engaged in talking business, what did you cut in for with a cock-and-bull story about the Boxing Kangaroo being formed into a Limited Company, and say the Kangaroo was going to join the Board after allotment? You couldn't really believe the beast was eligible as a Director—an animal, Sir!

Lord Strath. Why not? They have guinea-pigs on the Board occasionally, don't they? But of course it was only a joke.

Mr. Tid. You weren't asked to make jokes. My Uncle doesn't understand 'em—no more do I, Sir!

Lord Strath. No, I gathered that. (*Breaking out.*) Confound it all, Sir, what do you mean by this? If you didn't want me, why couldn't you tell me so? You knew it before I did! I don't understand your peculiar ideas of hospitality. I've kept my temper as long as I could; but, dash it all, if you force me to speak out, I will!

Mr. Tid. (alarmed). No, no, I—I meant no offence—you won't go and let everything out now! It was a mistake, that's all—and there's no harm done. You got your dinner all right, didn't you? By the way, talking of that, can you give me any idea what they'll charge me for this, eh? What's the regular thing now?

Lord Strath. (to himself). Extraordinary little bounder—wants me to price his dinner for him! (*Aloud.*) Couldn't give a guess!

Mr. Tid. Well, considering I sent round and all that, I think they ought to make some reduction—y'know. But you've nothing to do with that, eh? I'm to settle up with BLANKLEY's?

Lord Strath. I should say he would prefer your doing so—but it's really no business of mine, and—er—it's getting rather late—

Mr. Tid. (opening the door). There, we'll go up. And look here, do try and be a bit stiffer with my Uncle. It's too bad the way he goes on—lording you, y'know. You shouldn't encourage him!

Lord Strath. I wasn't aware I did. (*To himself.*) Trying, this. But never mind, I shall see MARJORY in another minute!

Mr. Tid. (to himself). The airs these chaps give themselves! Oh, lor, there's Uncle GABRIEL hooking on to him again. If he only knew!

[*He follows them upstairs uneasily.*]

SCENE X.—In the Drawing-room; GWENDOLEN is still whispering in Mrs. GILWATTLE's ear.

Mrs. Gilw. Eh? You're tickling my ear, child—don't come so close. Louder. Yes, go on. "Sat next to him at dinner"? Well, what about him?... What?... What's the child talking about now?... "A gentleman out of BLANKLEY's shop"! "Hired for the evening"! Let her alone, MARIA. I know who's telling the truth! So this is your precious Nobleman, is it? Oh, the deceit of it all!

[*The door opens, and Uncle GABRIEL enters, clinging affectionately to Lord STRATHSPORRAN's arm.*]

Uncle Gab. And when I take a fancy to a young fellow, my Lord, I don't allow any social prejudices to stand in the way. I should say just the same if you were a mere nobody. We ought to see more of one another. I should esteem it a distinguished favour if you'd honour me and my wife by dropping in to a little dinner some evening; no ceremony; just a few quiet pleasant people like ourselves. We'll see if we can't fix a day with my wife.

[*He steers him across to Mrs. GILWATTLE.*]

Lord Strath. (to himself). Now, how the deuce am I going to get out of this? And what have they done with MARJORY?

Uncle Gab. JOANNA, my love, I've been telling his Lordship here how delighted and honoured we should be to see him at dinner some—

[*Mrs. GILWATTLE rises slowly, bristling with indignation, and glares speechlessly at the unconscious Lord STRATHSPORRAN, while Mrs. TIDMARSH vainly attempts to appease her, as her husband and the other men enter. Tableau.*]

End of Scene X.

"At the Window."

In dull days of sensational horrors, and wild would-be humorous hums,

What delight to fly darkness, and watch the "Auld Licht," from "A Window in Thrums"!

Let pessimists potter and pule, and let savages slaughter and harry; Give me Hendry, and Tammas, and Jess, and a smile, and a tear born of BARRIE.

"THE French," says Mrs. R., "have been shown up in a very queer light by all these Panama candles."

THE HOUSE THAT BILL (SYKES) BURGLED.

(Namely, that of Messrs. WALTER CROSS & Co., Jewellers, 8, Holywell Street, Strand, as narrated in the *Times* of the 16th inst.)

THIS is the House that BILL burgled.

This is the window, plastered with brown-paper and treacle, and then broken, belonging to the House that BILL burgled.

This is the rope-ladder, attached to the window, plastered with brown-paper and treacle, &c.

This is the show-case, reached by way of the rope-ladder attached to the window, plastered with brown-paper and treacle, &c.

This is the "burglar-alarm," lately connected with the show-case, reached by way of the rope-ladder, attached to the window, &c.

This is the bell that belonged to the "burglar-alarm," lately connected with the show-case, &c.

This is the wire that rang the bell, that belonged to the "burglar-alarm," lately connected with the show-case, &c.



This is the telephone that communicated with Bloomsbury, set in motion by the bell, rung by the wire, &c.

This is the dog who barked at the bell, agitated by the telephone that communicated with Bloomsbury, &c.

This is the man unshaven, unshorn, aroused from his sleep in the early morn by the dog who barked at the bell, &c.



These are the "Bobbies," all forlorn, called on by the man unshaven, unshorn, aroused from his sleep in the early morn, by the dog who barked at the bell, &c.

And this is the burglar, smiling in scorn, who escaped by the rope-ladder, window-sill-borne, and evaded the Bobbies all forlorn, called on by the man, unshaven, unshorn, aroused from his sleep in the early morn, by the dog who barked at the bell, agitated by the telephone, set in motion by the wire, attached to the burglar-alarm, connected with the show-case, reached by way of the rope-ladder, hooked to the window, plastered with brown-paper and treacle, belonging to the House that BILL burgled.



SUGGESTIONS FOR RIDE PARK.

"MANY improvements," the *Daily News* writes, "in the arrangement of the Parks in the West End" have been made. Have they? Perhaps visible to the eye assisted by Mr. Weller's "pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power." But why, for the hundredth time we ask, and every equestrian asks as well, why aren't rides made across Kensington Gardens from Princes' Gate to Bayswater? Beautiful rides they would be under the trees, and thus varying the wearisome monotony of the round and round squirrel-in-a-cage sort of routine exercise, to which the Rotten-Row Riders are purgatorially bound. Also, why not a ride right across Hyde Park from the Achilles Statue to an exit facing about Albion Street, Bayswater? What difficulties can there be which a First Commissioner of Works representing an actively Liberal and Progressive policy could not carry out for the benefit of the Mounted Liver Brigade and the Light Cavalry?

OLD Father Thames is still rather dirty. We often hear of "The Thames Basin." Why doesn't Father Thames use it,—with soap? What a chance here for a P's's advertisement.



FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.

"JUST MAKE IT A COUPLE OF SHILLINGS, CAPTAIN DEAR!"—"NO!" "EIGHTEENPENCE THEN, MAJOR!"—"NO!"
 "OOH THIN, COLONEL DARLING, JUST THEREPPENCE FOR A GLASS O' WHISKEY!"—"NO, I TELL YOU!"
 "GIT OUT WID YE THIN, YE BOA CONSHTRUCTOR, SURE AN' I KNOW'D YE ALL THE TOIME!"

[N.B.—The Fare is the Head of an eminent Firm of Furriers in Kilsnon Street, and cultivates a martial appearance.]

A BIG LION AMONG THE LITTLE 'UNS.

"DANIEL in the Lions' Den" will occur to many on reading how HENRY IRVING ventured into and actually dined as the distinguished guest of a society styling itself "The Playgoers' Club." But after all, whether these were real leonine cubs, or only "lions stuffed with straw," the Real Lion of the evening was the Daniel come to Judgment, HENRY IRVING, who, having partaken of the "chicken and champagne," and acknowledged the goodness thereof, gave them the less smooth side of his own tongue with charming frankness.

"I do not hesitate to tell you," purred the Lion, sweetly, "that there have been times when the genius of frankness which possesses the Club"—he did not allude to the existence among them of any other sort of genius—"has not appeared to be allied with the finest discrimination. (Laughter.)"

Yes—the poor little Lions laughed—it was all they could do, unless they had whimpered, and promised not to offend again. It must have been a delightful evening. To what other banquets will our leading Histron be invited? To the Pittites' Club Dinner? To the Wreckers' Banquet? Will he be entertained by the Dissident Gallery-Boys' Club, and finish up with a supper strictly confined to the Upper Circles' Society? Instead of "Give your orders, Gents—the Waiter's in the room!" of old days, the Chairman will probably advise the enterprising Playgoers to "Ask for 'orders,' Gents—the Manager's in the room." However, if these heaven-born dramatic critics occasionally hear a few words of good advice from so honest a guest as HENRY IRVING, such gatherings may perhaps serve some useful purpose.

Gladstone's Aside on the Irish Members.

You are, in faith, like women—devil doubt you!—
 For "there's no living with you, or without you."

VERY BAD DRAINAGE.—Because the London School Board built schools with defective drainage, the London Ratepayers are to be mulcted in £250,000. A nice drain this on our pockets!

THE POLITE SPEAKER.

(Intended for the use of courteous Members of Parliament.)

Question. I trust you quite acknowledge that strong language is absolutely unnecessary in Westminster?

Answer. Quite, especially when a compensating description can be found for every suitable term of abuse.

Q. You grasp the idea. How would you describe NERO fiddling during the burning of Rome?

A. I should say that he was a musician with a turn for pleasing variations.

Q. Very good. And how would you speak of GUY FAUX on the eve of blowing up the House of Commons?

A. An experimentalist who would have been a useful lecturer upon chemistry at the Royal Institution.

Q. And could you refer to Blue Beard after the discovery of the cause of his last widowhood without giving offence?

A. Yes; as a married man who objected on principle to the Mormon practice of being wedded to more than one wife at a time.

Q. Yes. And what would you say of MARIE DE MEDICIS, who is reported to have fired at the Huguenots from the Louvre?

A. I should say that her late Majesty took such an interest in field sports, as nowadays would have secured her election to the Gun Club.

Q. And, lastly, were you asked to describe HENRY THE EIGHTH after he had slaughtered most of his wives, plundered all the monasteries, and imprisoned or executed many of his subjects, what would you call him?

A. Without hesitation I should refer to him as "an excited politician."

"CONTINUOUS-SOUNDING MACHINES."—Lots of 'em on view in the House of Commons. But, for the genuine article, consult a "Colomb" of the Times.

"I love those cradle-songs," said Mrs. R. "The other day I heard—I forget who it was—sing a most charming *ahbi*."



A LULLABY.

NURSE G. (*sings*). "O HUSH THEE, MY BABY,
TAKE REST WHILE YOU MAY'—"

(*To himself.*) "AND NOW I MUST GO AND LOOK AFTER THE OTHERS!"

TO SERAPHINE.

THROUGH happy years, that number now I ween
A dozen, or—to be correct—thirteen,
My comfortable better-half you've been,
O SERAPHINE!

The ups and downs of life we two have seen—
From Camberwell, of stucco-fronted mien,
To quaintly-decorated Turnham Green,
O SERAPHINE!

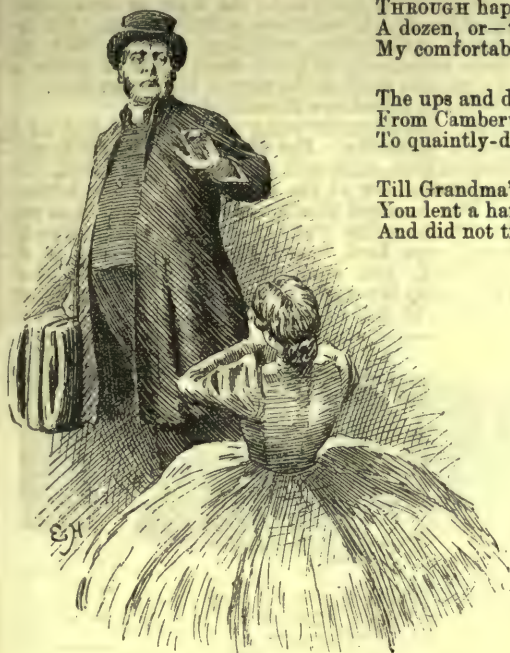
Till Grandma's money came with golden sheen,
You lent a hand at SARAH's weekly clean,
And did not tilt your nose at margarine,
O SERAPHINE!

And now that I've been made a
Rural Dean,
Your figure is no longer slim, my
Queen;
You'd scarcely make a graceful *bal-
lerine*, O SERAPHINE!

But after dinner as you doze each
e'en,
From your disjointed mutterings I
glean
Your mind is running on a crinoline,
O SERAPHINE!

Oh, let me not appear to speak with
spleen—
Yet pause!—nor go to Madame
ANTONINE
To get yourself a—you know what I
mean, O SERAPHINE!

I will not condescend to make a "scene,"
But—if you needs *must* have your crinoline—
Good-bye!—you cannot have your Rural
Dean, O SERAPHINE!



For if that huge and hideous machine
Should thrust its bilious bulginess between
A blameless couple, such as we have been,
My SERAPHINE,

DER COPHETUALISCHEHOCHZEITVEREIN.

[“In Vienna a Club has been formed among young men of fashion for the encouragement of marriage with poor girls.”—James Payn, in “Illustrated News.”]

O YOUTH of Wien, what does this mean?
Can you forget you are
All *hochgeboren* as of yore
Was King COPHETUA?

To wed a lot of girls *sans dot*
Is strange, and yet you are
No more afraid of beggar maid
Than King COPHETUA.

But if you break the vow you take,
And dowries get, you are
A thousand pound to forfeit bound,
Which beats COPHETUA.

So you by stealth can't marry wealth,
Not if in debt you are;
But, as we see, resemble the
Late King COPHETUA.

O men elsewhere, Mammas declare
How hard to net you are!
You can't be led poor girls to wed
Like King COPHETUA.

Consider, then, these noble men,
And you'll regret you are
Unmarried still, and quickly will
Do like COPHETUA!

PUT A STOP TO IT!—A Correspondent, signing himself “O'NOODLE,” asks, “What does this mean? See Cook's *Guide-Book to Paris*, page 23:—‘Visitors should take the precautions against pickpockets recommended by the Administration.’” A comma or a dash after “precautions,” and another after “pickpockets,” or put pickpockets into brackets—handcuff 'em, in fact—and then O'NOODLE will get at the sense of the paragraph.

A DOLE-FUL PROSPECT.

Easter.—Wonder what the effect of the BISHOP's appeal to the “loyal laity,” to come down heavily with Easter Offerings to the Clergy, will be? Rather an exciting day for me. Hard-up is not the word for my condition at present. Can't keep myself, and have to keep a Gardener and a Curate!

A lot of cast-off clothes arrive from “A SYMPATHETIC PARISHIONER!” How degrading! Wish BISHOP OF WORCESTER hadn't said that he knew a Clergyman who stayed in bed because he had no decent clothes to wear. Congregation seem to think he meant me! Two blankets, and a rig-out of “Cellular under-clothing,” from “CHURCH DEFENCE,” addressed to “Our Beloved but Impoverished Incumbent.” Quite insulting! Give blankets to Gardener, and send the Cellular things to Curate, as his tendencies are distinctly monastic.

Letter from a Newmarket Bookmaker! Says he hears I'm in want of Easter Offerings, so he offers to “put me on to a good thing for the Derby.” I am, apparently, to forward him a £5 note, and he returns me £50 “without fail.” Tempting, but haven't got a £5 note to send.

Arrival at my quiet Vicarage of a donkey, a cow, two pigs, and a dozen barndoor fowls! Perhaps, in honour of the pigs, I might call this a “sow Easter!” The whole menagerie sent by neighbouring farmers. Wish they'd send me arrears of rent for glebe instead; yet I daren't ask for them. Evidently intended as Easter “gifts in kind,” but not the kind I want. Send donkey on to Curate, and tether cow in back-yard, not having a field. Pigs temporarily accommodated in back kitchen. Cook threatens to give notice.

Church. Offertory goes to me to-day! Don't half like it. Feel like a schoolboy expecting to be tipped. Curate rather glum.

Finds he thinks my sending the donkey to him was meant to insult him. When I assure him it wasn't, he cheers up, and says he'll hold the plate. Does so. Seems very heavy. Curate distinctly winks at me, which is against the Rubrics, no doubt, but still seems to be an augury of happy tidings about the sum collected. On his way to Vestry, Curate whispers to me “Two-fifty!” What does he mean? Is it two fifty pounds, or shillings? It's neither—it's *pence*! Really, if this is all the “loyal laity” can do, I may as well disestablish myself.

Best Easter Offering of all comes by post. Offer of position as Under-Cashier in a firm of eminent Bone-boilers. Write to accept offer with thanks. Better to boil bones for other people than to have all the flesh taken off my own.

THE NEW COINAGE.

ART will now adorn our purses,
Hitherto an artless place;
More than pictures, songs, or verses,
This should elevate the race.

Is it safe to be prophetic?
Will the miser, once abused,
Be considered quite æsthetic,
With the connoisseur confused?

Will the banker, grown artistic,
Talk a jargon new and strange?
Will this feeling, subtle, mystic,
Even reach the Stock Exchange?

Will it from the City banish
Dress that artists should eschew?
Will the hallowed “topper” vanish,
And the frock-coat fade from view?

Will the cabman now be willing,
After driving half a mile,
To accept a high-art shilling,
Not with oaths, but with a smile?

Will the porter at the station
While his thanks pause on his lip,
Gaze in silent admiration
At the beauty of his tip?

“Music hath,” so CONGREVE stated,
“Charms to soothe the savage breast”;
Numismatic art is fated
May be to be likewise blest.

NAILED!

(Lord Dufferin and the Gallic Vermin.)

[At the Annual Dinner of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris, Lord DUFFERIN took occasion to refer trenchantly, but temperately, to the long series of calumnies lately directed against him by certain sections of the French Press.]

YES, DUFFERIN, yes, the Reptile Press
Is not confined to realms Teutonic.

You squelch it—could you well do less?—
With an urbanity fine, ironic.

France is too chivalrous, too polite,
To back these crawlers, venomous, “var-
ment”!

But our Ambassador does quite right
To—brush them lightly from his garment.

A “Plucky” Answer.

Q. Who was PROCRUSTES? What was the Bed of PROCRUSTES?

A. He was an ancient philosopher who never would get up in the morning. Hence the word for a person who puts off or delays; viz, “One who Procrastinates.”

THE WHITTINGTON RECORD BROKEN.—“MR. HURST,” *The Athenæum* gossip informs us, “has been four times Mayor of Bedford.” He ought to be perfect in the part, for certainly it has been well re-hearsed.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 13.—House filled from floor to topmost range of gallery. Terrible rumour that it is also peopled underneath. Members sitting on two front benches evidently restless through opening passages of Mr. G.'s speech. Weird whispering heard, apparently rising from boots of FIRST LORD of the TREASURY. GRANDOLPH pricks up his ears; fancies he recognises voice familiar in Harley Street. First thought, whispered commentary must come from Ladies' Gallery. Right Hon. Gentlemen look up, and conclude it is too remote. Besides, Ladies never talk in the Gallery.

"Moreover than which," said FERGUSON, staring stolidly at open network of iron floor, "it comes from quite different quarter."

Even Mr. G., absorbed as he was with great topic, evidently noticed the odd state of things, for towards end of magnificent

yore, on the long-suffering box; the voice even better than it was for a certain period towards close of 1880 Parliament; the mental vision as clear; the fancy as luxuriant; the logic as irresistible; the musical swing of the stately sentences as harmonious. For two hours and a quarter, unfaltering, unflinching, Mr. G. held the unrivalled audience entranced, and sat down amid a storm of cheering, looking almost as fresh as the posy in his button-hole.

Business done.—Mr. G. introduces Home-Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—COLONEL SAUNDERSON going about to-day just as if nothing had happened yesterday. But something did. Little misunderstanding arose in connection with appropriation of a Seat. The Colonel, of course, in the row at the door of the House, between eleven and noon. Two hundred Members waiting to get in as soon as doors opened. "Nothing like it seen in civilised world since the rush for Oklohama," says LORD PLAYFAIR, who has been in the United States. "Then, you remember, the intending settlers, gathering from all parts, bivouacked on line marked by military, and on appointed day, at fixed hour, at sound of gun, made the



GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS TAKING THEIR SEATS, MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1893.

speech he dropped his voice right down through the grating into the chamber below, so that Strangers in distant Gallery lost the purport of his words. Above-board—or rather above iron grating—House presented spectacle worthy of occasion. Last time anything like it seen was in April, 1886, when first Home-Rule Bill introduced. Singularly like it this afternoon, with chairs blocking the floor in fashion to which LORD-CHAMBERLAIN, looking down from Peers' Gallery, admitted he would not permit in any other theatre. Side-galleries filled; Members thronging Bar, sharing the steps of SPEAKER'S Chair, peeping round from behind its recess, sitting on the Gangway steps. The Lords' Gallery thronged, with somewhat disorderly fringe of Viscounts jostling each other on the steps. Not an inch of room to spare in the Diplomatic Gallery, whilst happy strangers rose tier beyond tier on the benches behind. Over the clock H.E.H., *debonnaire* as usual, able to extract fullest pleasure and interest out of passing moment. By his side, his son and heir; not the one who sat there on the April night nine years ago, but the younger brother, with Cousin MAY facing him through the grille of Ladies' Gallery. Many other gaps filled up on floor of House, the biggest those created by the flitting of BRIGHT and PARNELL.

The figure at table answering to SPEAKER'S call, the "FIRST LORD of the TREASURY" is the same, though different. Marvellously little different, considering all that has passed since '86, and remembering the weight of added years when they come on top of fourscore. Scantier the hair, paler the face and more furrowed; but the form still erect, the eye flashing, the right hand beating vigorously, as of

dash into the Promised Land. Lack some of those particulars here. But the passion just the same; equally reckless; every man first, and the Sergeant-at-Arms take the hindmost."

PLAYFAIR himself came down two hours later, intending to take his seat in Peers' Gallery, but, finding another mob at entrance, almost as turbulent, concluded he would not add to the tumult by wrestling with anybody for a place in the front rank. So, meeting a Bishop, who had come down with similar intent and abandoned endeavour from analogous reason, they went for a walk in the Park.

SAUNDERSON not a man of that kind. Thoroughly enjoyed himself for exciting three-quarters of hour. Was in first flight of heated and dishevelled senators who crossed the Bar when door flung open, and elderly Messenger was simultaneously flattened at back of it. SAUNDERSON dropped on to first convenient seat; folded his arms; beginning to view the scene when, like the person in the pastoral poem, "he heard a voice which said,"—"You're sitting on my hat!"

"Well," replied Colonel, genially recognising Irish Member of same Province, but another faith, "now you mention it, I thought I did hear something crunch." On examination, found remains of hat.

"Come out of my seat!" said the other Ulster man.

"Not at all," said the Colonel.

"Then I'll take you!" said the Ulster man.

"Do so," said the Colonel. Ulster man seized Colonel by collar and coat, and tugged violently. Rest of conversation was carried on with the Ulster man lying on his back, at full length, partly under his seat. "There was no hat here when I arrived," said the Colonel.



MR. PUNCH'S HISTORICAL CARTOONS. MR. G.'S ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"Then how did it get there?" said the Ulster man, under the seat.

"That's for you to explain," said the Colonel, politely assisting Ulster man to rise. "If, when a gentleman is taking his seat, an Hon. Member places his hat upon it, accidents will happen."

Ulster man threatens to bring question under notice of SPEAKER. "Begad, I hope he will," said the Colonel, smiling grimly. "If you know the gentleman, TOBY, tell him I'll keep him in hats through Leap Year if he'll only do it. I should like to give the House an unadorned narrative of the incident. JOHN ROCHE's deer-stealing story would be nothing to it."

Business done.—Debate on Home-Rule Bill.

Thursday.—GRANDOLPH back again at old post on Front Opposition Bench. All the Parliamentary world gathered to greet him. H.R.H. in old familiar seat over clock, whence, up to Monday, his pleasant presence had long been missed. Not a seat vacant on floor of House. Galleries crammed, whilst, through grille of Ladies' Gallery, bright eyes rained influence. GRANDOLPH had arranged to resume Debate on Home-Rule Bill; should have come on bright and fresh as soon as questions were over. Meanwhile sat on Front Opposition Bench, awaiting the signal to dash in. Incessantly playing with beard, in fashion that testified to high state of nervousness.

Everything excellently planned, the man, the hour, and the surroundings. Only thing forgotten was the dog—dog, you know, that has a little place down at Epsom, and turns up on course just as the ranged horses are straining at the bit, and the flag is upheld for the fall. On this occasion, Irish dog, of course. Introduced in artfullest way. ESMONDE, mildest-mannered man that ever whipped for Irish party, casually, as if he were inviting him to have a cigarette, asked WOLMER across House whether it was true that he had called Irish Members "forty paid mercenaries"? WOLMER, an equally well-dressed, civil-spoken young man, smilingly admitted that it was quite true he had couched a remark in the terms quoted, but had certainly not meant anything offensive to Irish Members. Indeed general aspect of noble Lord, and his tone, suggested feeling of surprise that ESMONDE and his friends should not rather have felt complimented by the observation challenged.

This turned out to be polite crossing of swords before duel to the death, a shaking of hands before deadly set-to without gloves. SEXTON suddenly dashed in, and, with back-handed stroke at WOLMER, went for the *Times* who had adopted and improved upon the Viscount's genial remarks. Assault admirably planned; carried on with irresistible vigour, sweeping down earlier resistance of SPEAKER. Showed what SEXTON can do when so deeply moved as to forget himself, and resist besetting temptation to play the fatal windbag.

An hour-and-a-half's tussle all round House; at end Irish held the field, and, without dissentient voice, *Times* article declared to be "gross and scandalous breach of privileges of House."

But the hour and half had passed, and with it RANDOLPH's chance of supreme success. House of Commons, though greedy for excitement, will never stand two doses in quick succession. After scene like that, which to-night filled House with fire and smoke, anything that follows is anticlimax. It was a cruel fate, which GRANDOLPH bore uncomplainingly, and fought against with quiet courage. Painfully nervous when he broke the silence of two years, the still crowded House had difficulty in catching his opening sentences. But, as he went on, he recovered himself, and regained mastery over an audience evidently eager to welcome his permanent return to position of old supremacy.

Business done.—The Wanderer returned. Slow music. Air—
"Come, Kill the fatted Calf."

REAL "DIPLOMACY."

No doubt of it! A great diplomatic stroke on the part of Mr. JOHN HARE is this revival of *Diplomacy*—i.e., SARDOU'S *Dora* in an English-made dress—at the Garrick Theatre. An unequivocal success (of which more "in our next") on Saturday night for everybody; and, after the Play was over, the audience, inspired by "the gods," called Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT before the curtain. Mrs. BANCROFT, in the course of an admirable little speech, said, "If I stood here till next week, I should not be able to express all I feel." Now as, by the right time, it was exactly 11:54 P.M. *Saturday night*, this clever lady would certainly *not* have been able in the time to express all she felt, or to say all she would have liked to say, seeing there were only six minutes left before "next week" began.

Saturday, 12th 50, A.M.—Mr. G. just brought in Home-Rule Bill, amid ringing cheers from Ministerialists, who rise to their feet, and wildly wave their hats as PREMIER passes to table. Been some effective speaking on this last night of Debate. CHAMBERLAIN, BLAKE, and JOHN MORLEY, each excellent in varied way. Only few Members present to hear BODKIN insert maiden speech in dinner-hour. A remarkable effort, distinguished, among other things, by necessity of SPEAKER twice interposing, second time with ominous threat that BODKIN could not be tolerated much longer. BODKIN, resuming thread of his discourse, humbly apologised, kept his eye (BODKIN's eye) warily on SPEAKER, and, when he saw him preparing to rise for third time, abruptly resumed his seat,—returned hurriedly to the needle-case, so to speak,—and thus avoided worse things.

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill read a First Time.



"GOING FOR THE TIMES!"—CHARGE OF "MERCENARIES."
 "Once more unto the breach (of privilege) dear Friends!"—*Henry the Fifth*, Act iii. s. 1.

THE OLD FRENCHMAN AND THE YOUNG.

(After a Well-known Original.)

"You are old, *Le Grand Français*," the young Frank said, "And your hair has become very white. Yet the Judges award you five years, it is said—I can't think, at your age, it's quite right."

"Such Gaul gratitude, boy!" *Le Grand Français* replied,
 "As it brightens history's page;
 In my youth I served France, was her boast and her pride;
 And France has forgotten my age."

"I HEAR," said Mr. R., "that there is some question of real or sham Constables at Burlington House. Why not refer it to the Chief Commissioner of Police?"

Sad, but True.

YOUR journalist may be a scribe of sense, or comicality,
Avoiding the sensational, the silly, and the shoppy ;
But he can never make a claim to true originality,
His contributions always being recognised as "copy."

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.

A BALLAD OF WEALTHY WOOLING.

AH, why, my Love, receive me
With such tip-tilted scorn?
Self-love can scarce retrieve me
From obloquy forlorn;
'Twas not my fault, believe me,
That wealthy I was born.
Of Nature's gifts invidious
I'd choose I know not which;
One might as well be hideous
As shunn'd because he's rich.
O Love, if thou art bitter,
Then death must pleasant be;

I know not which is
fitter,
Not I—(or is't "not
me"?)

'Tis not that thou abhor-
rest, [mould!
Oh, maid of dainty
The foison of the florist,
The goldsmith's craft
of gold;
Nor less than others storest
Rare pelts by furriers
sold;
But knowing I adore thee,
And deem all graces
thine, [thee
My choicest offerings bore
Just because they are
mine. [deceiver,
Then smile not, dear
Keep no kind word
for me, [ceiver
Enough that the re-
Is thou—(or is it
"thee"?)

When others come, how
trimly [sail!
Thou sett'st thy chatty
For me alone all dimly
Seemeth the sun to fail.
Young FRANK he frown-
eth grimly,
And thou turn'st
haughty pale.
'Tis not the taint of
"City,"
For here be scores who
sport [pretty
Their Mayfair manners
In Cop - the - Needle
Court. [coolly,
Ah, chill me not so
A Croesus though
I be— [truly
The one who loveth
I swear is I—(or
"me"?)

But what availeth gram-
mar
As taught in straitest
schools—
The hammer of the Cram-
mer
Forging Bellona's
tools—

Or words that humbly stammer
Regardless of the rules?
And what availeth fretting,
Deep sighs, and dwindling waist,
And what the sad forgetting
Of culinary taste,
Since still thou fondly spurnest
Five hundred thou. (or "thee."?)
And on young STONEY turnest
Love's eye—(or is it "me"?)

SAD CONCLUSION.—To be virtuous for
virtue's sake, without prospect of reward,
it is to be good for nothing!

INDERWICKEDNESS.

"I do not wish to make a joke," Mr. INDERWICK, Q.C., is reported to have observed in the course of examining the plaintiff in a divorce case, but, in spite of this pathetic announcement, which passed without any comment from the Judge, the ruling passion was too strong for him, and he continued, "but Artists' models are not always models of virtue, are they?" Not new, not by any means new, of course, but he had apologised beforehand, and he couldn't help it; as the weak heroine, who yields to strong tempta-

and brighter times, "when all the world was young."

When a good old joke is again brought into Court with or without apology, instead of its being received with respectful silence, we should like to read that it was greeted with "tears" or "sobs." It would, indeed, not be unbecoming on the part of the Judge if, unable to control his emotion, he had immediately arisen, and, in broken judicial utterances, had adjourned the Court for the day, out of respect to the memory (for old jokes) of the Leader or Junior who had apologetically perpetrated one. Should Mr.

INDERWICK try this again, the new effect, as above suggested, may be obtained to the satisfaction of all parties, except, maybe, those to the suit, "whom," as one learned brother might say with another, and still profounder apology, "such a proceeding would not suit at all."

LINES ON A LIFE-BELT.

(After Waller's "On a Girdle.")

["According to the evidence of the only two witnesses who sailed with her, no Life-belts were forthcoming, when the Life-belts might have given many of those on board a last chance of life."
—The "Times" on the Inquiry into the Wreck of the "Roumania."]

Shipwrecked Passenger
loquitur:—

THAT which would give
me ease of mind, [find.
And hope of life, I cannot
No monarch but would
give his crown
For a Life-belt, when
ships go down.

It would relieve extremest
fear,
That circlet light, that
cork-lined sphere;
But in dark nooks below,
above, [trifles shove!
The careless crew such
A narrow compass, and
yet there
Dwells safety, but for
want of care.
Give me the Belt, which
can't be found,
And I might live, who
must be drowned!

A CERTAIN noble Lord was supposed to have somewhat disparaged one of his horses on by describing him as "a Whistler." JAMES MCNEILL, "of that ilk," was of opinion that this description, supposing the animal to have been "a genuine Whistler," ought to have increased its value considerably.

The Musical Coster Craze.

Customer. Have you a copy of COSTA'S *EH?*
Shopman. No, Sir; we have none of CHE-
VALIER'S songs.

SUPERLATIVE!—The appointment of Mr. DUFF, M.P., to be Governor of New South Wales is a "positive" good, seeing that they might have appointed "a comparative Duffer."



BYE-ELECTION-OLGY.

Gladys. "LISTEN, SIBYL. PAPA HAS WON A GREAT MORAL VICTORY—WHAT DOES A MORAL VICTORY MEAN EXACTLY?"
Sibyl (who has had more experience). "OH, IT MEANS—WELL, THAT WE ARE TO BE THE VICTIMS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND NOT GO TO LONDON, AFTER ALL!"

tion in a French novel or play, usually acknowledges "*C'était plus fort que moi.*" The inflammable materials being in close contact, there was nothing to 'inder-wick from catching fire when in proximity to a spark of genius. Yet so powerfully had the eminent Queen's Counsel's prefatal apology affected the Court and the audience, that his saucy sally—(for there is life in the old sally yet, whether in our alley or in this Court)—was not followed by the usually reported "laughter." How was it received? Doubtless with decorous silence and down-cast eyes, expressive of sweet memories of dear old jokes made long ago, in happier

and brighter times, "when all the world was young."

LOVELY CHEESE! OR, A WELSH RARE-BIT.



AIR—"Lovely Night." Dissenting Anti-Church Mice sing:—

LOVELY Cheese! Lovely Cheese!
 To Church Mice thou art most dear,
 But *do* please, but *do* please
 Let us also share thy cheer:
 For though our "freedom" gladsome seems,
 Too oft it brings poor fare alone;
 But aided by what haunts our dreams,
 How many joys Church Mice have known!
 Lovely Cheese! Lovely Cheese!
 Long we've yearned to draw more
 To the ease, toothsome ease, [near
 Of the dwellers in thy sphere!

Lovely cheese! Lovely cheese!
 When a mouse thy cover nears,
 Growling fit his heart to freeze,
 Some keen-claw'd (Church) cat appears.
 But now—that knife portends a boon;
 Monopoly slice by slice 'twill slay.
 We, too, may get—let it be soon!—
 Our bit of cheese, some day, some day!
 Lovely Cheese! Lovely Cheese!
 When that cover's lifted clear,
 With what ease, with what ease
 We poor mice may share Church cheer!

THERE was a feeling of uncertainty in the House of Commons last Wednesday, as to what should be taken to constitute "A Religious Body." Not to go harking back to the Rev. SYDNEY SMITH's definition of "a Corporation"—which, without speaking it profanely, cannot be here quoted without offending eyes polite,—one may say that "A Religious Body" is a contradiction in terms. It is simply "A Soul-less Thing."

"WHAT's the name of that German Beer?" asked Mrs. R., "I rather think it is Pil-sen-ner. It sounds to me more like medicine."

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

A STORY IN SCENES.

SCENE XI.—*The Drawing-room.* Mrs. GILWATTLE is still unable to express her feelings by more than a contemptuous glare.

Uncle Gabriel. My—ah—love, you didn't hear me. I was saying I've almost prevailed on his Lordship—

Mrs. Gilwattle (*becoming articulate*). His Lordship, indeed! If that's a Lord, I don't wonder you're such a Radical!

Uncle Gab. Why—why—what's come to you, JOANNA? My Lord, I hope you'll excuse her—she's a little—

Mrs. Gil. Fiddlesticks! You've been made a fool of, GABRIEL! Can't you see for yourself that he's neither the manners nor yet the appearance of a real nobleman—or anything but what he is?

Uncle Gab. (*dropping Lord S.'s arm*). Eh? If you're not a Lord, Sir, what else are you?

Lord Strath. (*wavering between wrath and amusement*). Afraid I can't enlighten you—I'm extremely curious to know myself.

Mrs. Tid. (*distractedly*). Oh, Aunt, it wasn't my fault, really! MONTAGUE would have him! And—and we sent round to say he wouldn't be required—we did indeed! Please, please don't tell anybody!

Mrs. Gil. (*rigidly*). It is my duty to let everyone here know how disgracefully we have been insulted to-night, MARIA, and might have gone away in ignorance, but for that innocent child—who has done nothing, that I can see, to deserve being shaken like that! I'm not going to sit by in silence and see a man passed off as a Lord who is nothing more nor less than one of the assistants out of BLANKLEY'S shop, hired to come and fill a vacant seat! Yes, GABRIEL, if you doubt my word, look at MARIA—and now ask that young man to dine!

[*Profound sensation among the company.*]

Uncle Gab. I—ah—withdraw the invitation, of course—it is cancelled, Sir, cancelled!

Feminine Murmur. I had a feeling, the moment he came in, as if—so thankful now I didn't commit myself by so much as—ah, my dear, it all comes from a desire to make a show!—&c., &c.

Uncle Gab. It's the bare-faced impudence of coming here on false pretences, that I can't get over. Come, Mr. SHOPWALKER, COUNTERJUMPER, or whatever you really are, what have you got to say for yourself?

Lord Strath. Say? Why—

[*He struggles to control his countenance for a moment, until he is convulsed at last by irrepressible laughter.*]

All (*except the TIDMARSHES*). He's laughing—positively laughing at us! The brazenness of it!

Lord Strath. (*regaining composure*). I—I'm awfully sorry, but it struck me suddenly as so— After all, the joke is only against myself. (*To himself*). Must try and get my unfortunate hostess out of this fix—not that she deserves it! (*Aloud*). If you will kindly let me explain, I think I can—

Mrs. Tid. (*suddenly*). Oh, hang explaining! It's all out now, and you'd better leave it there!

Lord Strath. I can't, indeed. I must make you all understand that this well-meaning lady with the highly-developed sense of duty has done our host and hostess a grave injustice, besides paying me a

compliment I don't deserve. I'm sorry to say I can't claim to be half as useful a member of the community as any of the very obliging and attentive gentlemen in Mr. BLANKLEY'S employment. If I'm anything, I'm a—an Egyptologist, in an amateur sort of way, you know. A—in fact, I'm writing a book on Ancient Egypt.

The Others. A literary man! As if that made it any better!

Lord Strath. I merely mention it because it led me to write to Mr. CARTOUCHE—whom I happened to hear of as a famous collector—and ask to be allowed to call and inspect his collection. Mr. CARTOUCHE (who lives, I believe, at No. 92, next door) very kindly wrote, giving me leave, and inviting me to dine at the same time, and—I know it was unpardonably careless of me—but somehow I came here instead, and, Mr. and Mrs. TIDMARSH being both

too—er—hospitable to deceive me, I never found my mistake out till too late to put it right, without inconveniencing everybody. That's really all.

[*Uneasy reaction in the company.*]

Uncle Gab. (*pompously*). Ha—hum—no doubt that puts a somewhat different complexion on the case, but it doesn't explain your conduct in calling yourself Lord STRATHFOOZLEUM, or whatever it was.

Lord Strath. I think you mean STRATHSPORRAN. I did call myself that, because it happens to be my name.

Mrs. Tid. (*passionately*). I don't believe it.... I can't. If it is, why did Miss SEATON call you "Mr. CLAYPOLE"?

Lord Strath. I beg your pardon—CLAYMORE. Because, when we last met, I was DOUGLAS CLAYMORE, with no prospect whatever, as it seemed then, of being anything else.

Mrs. Tid. (*faintly*). Then he really is—Oh!

[*She sinks on the couch, crushed.*]

Uncle Gab. Ha, well, my Lord, I'm glad this little misunderstanding is so satisfactorily cleared up, and if I may venture to hope for the honour of your company,—shall we say Friday wee—(Lord S. looks at him steadily.) Oh, if your Lordship has some better engagement, well and good. Makes no difference to me, I assure you. JOANNA, our carriage must be here by now, say good-bye and have done with it! Good-night, MARIA, I'll see you don't expose me to this again!

SCENE XII.—*The guests have all taken leave with extremely frosty farewells:*

Mr. TIDMARSH is downstairs superintending their departure. GWENNIE has been "pardoned" on Lord S.'s intercession, and dismissed, in much bewilderment, to bed. Mrs. TIDMARSH and Lord STRATHSPORRAN are alone.

Mrs. Tid. (*hysterically*). Oh, Lord STRATHSPORRAN, when I think how I— What can I ever say to you?

Lord Strath. Only, I hope, that you forgive my stupidity in blundering in here as I did, Mrs. TIDMARSH.

Mrs. Tid. It was a good deal your fault. If you had only said who you really were—if my husband had not been idiot enough to misunderstand—if Miss SEATON had been more straightforward, all this would never—!

Lord Strath. We were all the victims of circumstances, weren't we? But I, at least, have no reason to regret it. And, if I may ask one last indulgence, will you—a—let me have an opportunity of saying good-bye to Miss SEATON?

Mrs. Tid. She, she doesn't deserve—Oh, I don't know what I'm



"Sitting down heavily on a Settee."

saying. Of course, Lord STRATHSPORRAN, anything, anything I can do to—I will send her down to you, if you will only wait. She shall not keep you long!

Lord Strath. (alone, to himself). It's an ill wind, &c. I shall have MARJORY all to myself, now! To think that—but for a lucky blunder—I should be spelling out scarabs and things on the wrong side of that wall at this moment, and never dreaming that MARJORY was so—Ah, she's coming! (Miss SEATON enters, looking pale and disconsolate.) MARJORY, you've no idea what you've missed! I must tell you—it's too good to lose. What do you think all these good people have been taking me for? You'll never guess! They actually believed I was hired from BLANKLEY'S! Give you my word they did! . . . Why don't you laugh, MARJORY?

Miss Seaton (faintly). I—I am laughing. No, DOUGLAS, I'm not. I can't; I haven't the conscience to. Oh, I never meant you to know—but I must tell you, whatever comes of it! I believed it too, at first. (Tragically.) I did, DOUGLAS!

Lord Strath. Did you though, MARJORY? Then, by Jove, I must have looked the character!

Miss Seaton (timidly). I knew you—you weren't very well off, DOUGLAS, and so I fancied you might—Oh, I know it was hateful of me ever to think such a thing, but I did. And you can never really forgive me!

Lord Strath. Couldn't think of it! Shall I tell you something else, MARJORY? I've a strong impression that you will not be an inmate of this happy English household much longer.

Miss Seaton. I'm sure I shan't, from Mrs. TIDMARSH's expression just now. But I don't care!

Lord Strath. Don't be reckless. How do you know there isn't a moral lion about? And where will you go next, MARJORY?

Miss Seaton (with a shrug). I don't know. I suppose to anybody who wants a Governess, and doesn't mind taking her without a reference, if there is such a person!

Lord Strath. Well, oddly enough, I fancy I know somebody who

has been trying for a long time to find a young person of just your age and appearance, and might be induced to waive a reference on a personal interview. (Miss SEATON looks incredulous.) . . . MARJORY, don't you understand? If I hadn't been such a pauper, I'd have spoken long ago, when we were up in Scotland together, only it didn't seem fair then. I—I daresay I've no better chance now; but, at least, I've more right to speak than I had, and—and—will you have me, MARJORY? (She turns away.) I—I won't worry you, dear, if you really can't care about me in that way; but—but if you only could, MARJORY, even a little!

Miss Seaton. DOUGLAS! . . .

Same Scene—somewhat later.

Lord Strath. Not yet, MARJORY—I can't let you go just yet! . . . Must I, really? Before I've said half what I wanted! . . . Well—in one minute, then. And you're coming to my people as soon as you can get out of this, MARJORY; and I shall see you every day, till—till we shall never be separated any—Confound it!—who's that? [Mr. TIDMARSH enters suddenly.]

Mr. Tid. Oh—er—Lord STRATHSPORRAN, sorry to interrupt you, but—hem—my wife, who's feeling too unwell to come down again, desires me to say that, in her opinion, Miss SEATON has been here quite long enough. [Miss SEATON escapes by the back drawing-room.]

Lord Strath. I entirely agree with Mrs. TIDMARSH; but I am happy to say that Miss SEATON will not remain here very much longer, as she has just done me the honour of consenting to be my wife. Good night, Sir, and many thanks for a most er—eventful evening.

[He goes out.]

Mr. Tid. (making an effort to escort him downstairs, but giving it up, and sitting down heavily on a settee instead). She'll be Lady STRATHSPORRAN! And I shall have to break it to MARIA—after she's just gone in and stuck a month's salary and immediate notice on her pincushion! Oh, lor—as if my poor wife hadn't trouble enough to bear as it was!

THE END.

HARE-ING HIS DIPLOMACY.

As I have already conveyed, in a short note last week, the first night of the revival of *Diplomacy*, viz., Saturday, Feb. 18th, will be for ever memorable in the annals of the English stage in general, and in the reminiscences of Mr. JOHN HARE in particular, whenever he may choose to give them to the public. It will also afford matter for a brilliant chapter in the second or third series of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT'S *On and Off the Stage*. A great night, too, for the eminent adapters Messrs. SCOTT and STEPHENSON, once known as "the Brothers Rowe," who rowed in the same boat.

Never, at any time, has this version of the French play been so well cast as it is now at the Garrick Theatre, though nervousness told on all the actors, especially on the elder ones, except, apparently, Mrs. BANCROFT, in whose performance there was hardly any trace of it, though once she nearly missed her cue while resting awhile at the back of the stage.

The part of *Lady Henry Fairfax* has literally nothing whatever to do with the plot, and were it not played as it is now, and played so capably by Mrs. BANCROFT, it would be better, for an English audience at least, if omitted entirely, or reduced to a few appropriate lines in pleasant places. An English audience wants the story, when once begun, to go on without any break or interruption; and indeed, but for dramatic effect, an English audience is inclined to resent even the division of a piece into Acts, unless such arrangement is evidently necessitated by some heavy mechanical change of scenery.

So our audiences would decidedly prefer to have the rôles of *Lady*

Henry and *The Marquise de Rio Zarès* (with her wearisome iteration about "Don ALVA," and played with rather too much accentuation by Lady MONCKTON) reduced to the smallest possible algebraic expression. Mr. BANCROFT was the same *Count Orloff* as he was years ago on the little stage of the old Prince of Wales's Theatre; his action more deliberate than when he was younger and

more impetuous; his pauses for meditation longer by a thought or so than of yore; while in his tone and manner there was just a delicately-deepened colouring of the genuine original Bancroftian "Old Master." To Mr. BANCROFT, resuscitating our old courtly friend *Count Orloff* (now *Count Ori-on-again*), I would address the once well-known line from "*Woodman, spare that Tree*"—

"Touch not a single bow!"

ARTHUR CECIL, too, as *Baron Stein*, excellent,

cela va sans dire; yet, somehow, his effects now seem to me to be laid on with too broad a brush, especially in the scene of his last appearance, where he makes a sly, and, for the *Baron Stein*, a rather over-elaborated and farcical attempt to recapture the letter he has just given up. FORBES ROBERTSON is good from first to last as the very weak-knee'd *Julian Beauclerc*, sufficiently emotional in the strong situations, and never better than when the character itself is at its weakest; that is, in the one great scene with his wife.

The *Algie Fairfax*, of Mr. GILBERT HARE, was natural where the authors have allowed him to be natural, and best, therefore, in the last Act, where he has become a responsible personage in a diplomatic office. The "three-men-in-a-difficulty" scene went as well as ever, though, on the whole, played far too slowly, and with so much "suppressed force," that the celebrated



"Three Men in a boat."

"*Monsieur! à vos ordres!*" when Orloff suddenly breaks out into "the language of diplomacy," did not electrify the house. On the contrary, the audience took it very quietly, awaiting with some curiosity the interference of *Henry Beauclerc*. And it was at this point that the services of Mr. JOHN HARE in this character were

momentous situation of his interview with *Zicka*. "*Maintenant à nos deux!*" Odd that, in his treatment of the strength of the scent, SARDOU should have shown the feebleness of his method. Yet so it is. The play, at this point, being practically played out, he carelessly chucks the puppets into a corner. He has made his great scenes, and there's an end of it; let the weakest go to the wall.

Last of all to be mentioned with unstinted praise is Miss KATE RORKE. It is as well to remember throughout that we are witnessing a play of semi-French, not purely domestic English life, and the essence of the play could not be adapted to ordinary English notions. *Julian Beauclerc*, for example, in England, would never have challenged *Count Orloff*; he might have had "a deuce of a row with him"; *et voilà tout*. *Dora*, as a young Irish girl, and not, as she is here, a half-breed, would never have threatened to suicide herself out of the window, though all else she, as a not particularly well-educated, but certainly very impulsive girl, might probably have done. Her great scene, where she bangs her fists against the locked doors, shrieking to her husband to return—an effect to be led up to and made within the space of a minute—was, if I may be allowed to say so, without being suspected of exaggeration, "just perfect." That some considerable time will elapse before the enthusiasm aroused by this revival dies out among the patrons and lovers of the Drama-at-its-best is the private opinion, publicly expressed, of Yours, truly, "THE ONE MAN SEEN" IN A BOX.

P.S.—When *Diplomacy* shall have accomplished its Hundred Nights, Mr. HARE can announce its Scenatary.



DUET—Baron Cecil Stein and Lady Henry Bancroft Fairfax (with original model of Strasbourg Clock)—"Here we are again!"

invaluable. Never had his crisp incisive style produced more marked effect. It is a pity that in the Third Act, which being the weak point of the play requires all the strength of the actor to be seriously employed, Mr. HARE should have given a very light comedy, nay, even a farcical touch to his treatment of the "business" of sniffing the perfume—when he is literally "on the scent"—and to the



SCENT ZICKA—from a (guilt)-stained-glass Russian window.

A LAST STRAW.

(By One who has to Make Bricks with It.)

"... It is rumoured that a measure will shortly be introduced for transferring the duties of Revising Barristers to Magistrates."

Go, tell the budding blooms they'll ne'er have dew more,

Go, doom the summer trees to languish leafless—

A like effect this ultra-fiendish rumour Works in the drooping bosoms of the Briefless.

No more Reviserships! No paltry pittance For Themis' harvesters, too often sheafless! Is this the Constitution, once Great Britain's; This, your provision for the meekly Briefless?

As well proclaim to such as slave at Sessions, A world unburlarised and wholly thiefless,

As rob the least rewarded of professions Of its ancestral comfort for the Briefless.

What's to become of us?—I speak for many, Idle and "Unemployed," but oh! not griefless;

Please, please kind Government to spare a penny,

Or yet Trafalgar Square shall rouse the Briefless.



A REGULAR KNOT AND KNOTTER!!!

Yes! Don't imagine, uncomplaining creatures [chiefless; Are quite disorganised and limp, and Our jaw is one of our most drastic features, And Art is long, though Life perforce be Briefless.

"BEN' TROVATO."—Odd that the French author of such truly Parisian stories as *Cœur d'Actrice*, *L'Amour pour Rire*, *Flirtage*, and others *du même genre*, should be named "TILLET." There is a "du" before the French author's name, and it is of course proverbial that even a certain person in the Lower House shall have his "due." 'Tis just this, that, as far as name goes, differentiates him from t'other TILLET, "which his Christian name is BEN."

Further Fall in Irish Stocks.

(Vide Daily Papers, Feb. 24, 1893.)

THOUGH mongers of panic, with malice satanic,

The credit of Ireland be troublin', Home Rule cannot shake her, nor severance break her, So long as her capital's D(o)ublin.'

WEATHER FORECAST BY MRS. R.—"After this cold snowy weather," she observed, oracularly, "we may expect what they call 'equally obnoxious gales.'"



HISTORY CONTRADICTS ITSELF.

THE MISSES ROUNDABOUT THINK TIGHT SKIRTS A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. WEASEL'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE. [*Vide "Punch" for Nov. 21, 1887.*]

PUTTING IT PLEASANTLY.

[Mr. FOWLER announced the Government's willingness to appoint "a small Commission" to consider how the City could be amalgamated with the rest of London.]

"DILLY, Dilly, come and be killed!"

Cried good *Mrs. Bond* to the ducks, in the story.
Conceive with what rapture the victims were thrilled,
And then picture the joy of our Turtle friends, filled
With sweet premonitions of glory!

No little testudinate triflers are these,
Unmindful of doom unforbodingly playing.
The cook's charming manners are likely to please,
But the flash of that knife Snapping Turtles might freeze,
'Tis so strangely suggestive of—slaying.

The civic Brer Terrapin certainly seems
Extremely content with its time-honoured station.
Our "young men" may dream highly optimist dreams,
But Turtledom feareth what Turtledom deems
The perils of—Unification!

"No compulsion, of course, only, darlings, you must!"
That's their reading *au fond* of the C. C. Cook's attitude.
"Amalgamate" Us? Doosed cool, most unjust!
Your offer inspires us with dismal distrust,
Your 'Commission' won't move us to gratitude.

"We love the traditions of Old London Town,
We Turtles. Pray leave us alone, and don't bother!
Amalgamate? Nay, on the notion we frown!
Like the lion and lamb we'll together lie down—
When the one is safe inside the other!"

Alack and alas! But the new *Mrs. Bond*
Means mischief, we fear, with her kind "Dilly, Dilly!"
And well may the Turtles droop fins and despond,
When the snug isolation of which they're so fond,
They must part with at last, willy-nilly!

WAGES.

(*A long way after Lord Tennyson.*)

["Lord WOLMER . . . pointed out that Mr. GLADSTONE's majority of forty would be wiped out if the 'paid mercenaries' of the Irish-American factions were withdrawn, or were even unable to keep up a steady attendance in the House of Commons."—*The Times.*]

"The proposed Bill to Provide for the Payment of Members of Parliament . . . is a bold attempt to transfer to the tax-payers of Great Britain the burden of supporting at Westminster the Irish Nationalist Members."—*Ibid.*]

GLORY of Irishman, glory of orator, going it strong,
Paid by his countrymen's mites from across the Atlantic Sea—
Glory of PAT, to spout, to struggle, right Ireland's old wrong!
Nay, but they aim not at glory, or Home Rule (swears WOLMER,
swears he):
Give 'em the glory of living on *us* and our L. S. D.!

The wages of swells are high; if high wage to a Minister's just,
Shall we have the heart low wages to hard-worked M. P.'s to deny?

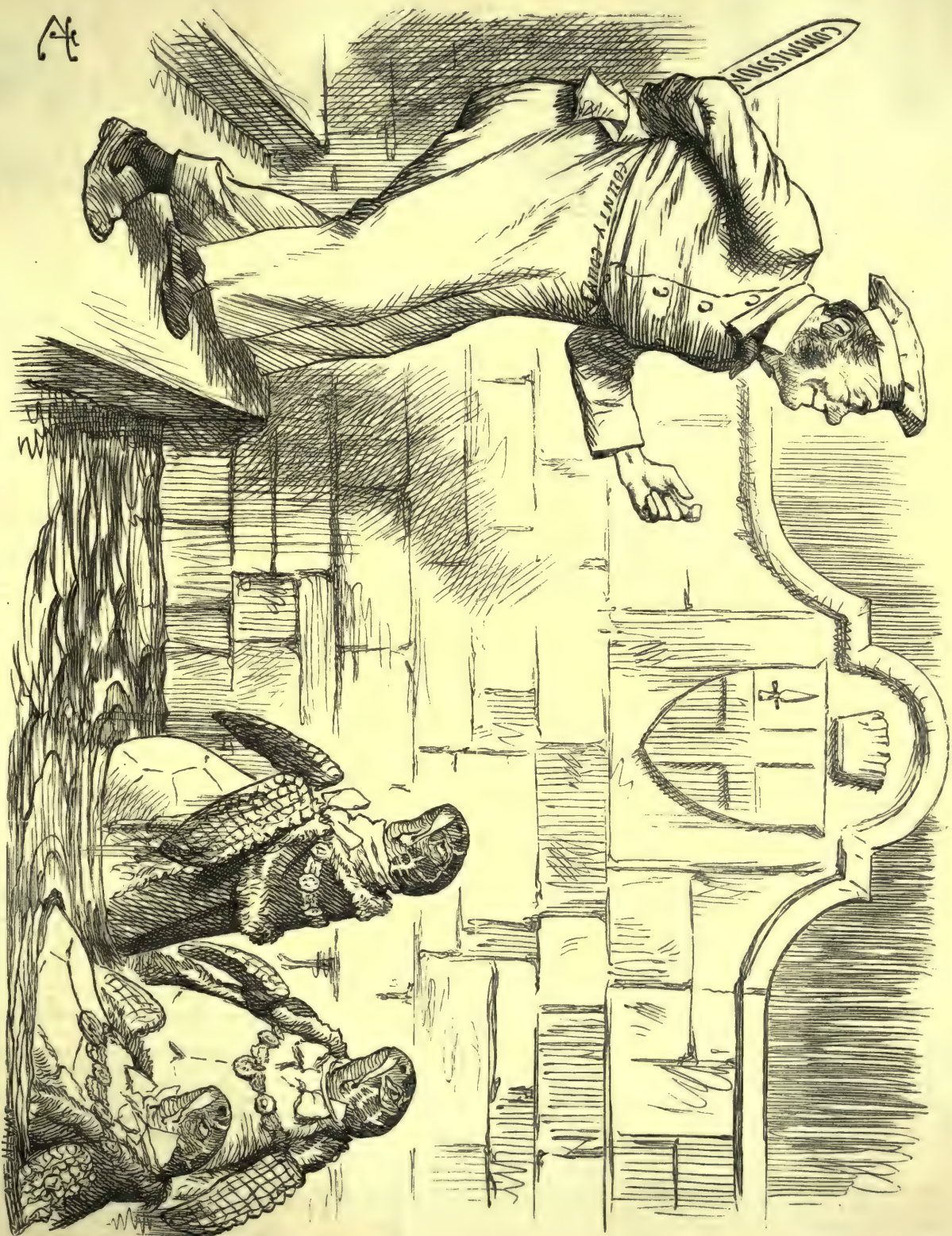
Mercenaries? What then are those toffs in high places of trust,
Who live on our golden largess? Will WOLMER inform us just why
We may give wages to Wealth, and not unto Poverty?

"Down Among the Dead Men."

Ebrius loquitur:—

SILLY spook-hunters show a wish to learn
If (*hic!*) departed spiritish e'er return!
Did they, I should not have so dry a throttle,
Nor would it cost so much to—passh the bottle!
Thersh no returning (*hic!*) of Spiritish fled,
And (*hic!*) "dead men"—*worsh luck!*—continue dead!

WANTED BADLY.—A "close time" for Autograph-hunting.
Alas! the great—and even the not-so-very-great—are "made game of" all the year round.



PUTTING IT PLEASANTLY!

COUNTY COUNCIL COOK. "DILLY, DILLY, DILLY! COME AND BE—AMALGAMATED!"





A TRUSTY KNIGHT.

Tommy (who has undertaken to escort his fair Cousin to see the Hounds draw Covert). "AND YOU KNOW YOU NEEDN'T MIND ALL THESE MEN. IT'S ALL RIGHT, AS YOU 'VE GOT ANOTHER FELLOW WITH YOU."

MR. PUNCH'S CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

Question. What is a holiday?

Answer. The hard work of that wearisome pursuit known as "pleasure."

Q. To whom are holidays profitable?

A. To the butchers, the pastry-cooks, and last, but certainly not least, the doctors.

Q. What are the ends of holidays?

A. Pills and Bills.

Q. What are pills?

A. The means by which fortunes are made, and in another sense Clubs kept select.

Q. And Bills?

A. Necessary evils laid on the table in the House of Commons, and thrown into the waste-paper basket in the domestic circle.

Q. What is Parliament?

A. An assembly of men in which hats are worn when the Members don't want to talk, and removed when they wish to show what amount of brains they may possess.

Q. What is a hat?

A. Generally a nuisance.

Q. What is cover?

A. The profit made by an Outside Broker out of his too confiding customers.

Q. What is the difference between an Outside Broker and an Inside Broker?

A. One is associated with the Stock Exchange, and the other is usually made comfortable with a pot of beer and a penny paper in the kitchen.

Q. What is a kitchen?

A. The source from which happiness or misery flows under the superintendence of a cook.

Q. Describe a cook.

A. As a food-preparer he, or she, is often an executioner.

Q. What is a century?

A. When obtained by a cricketer, an honour; when achieved by an individual, a distinction that must be shortly followed by extinction.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE. — JOHN OLIVER HOBBS'S last contribution to FISHER UNWIN'S charming Pseudonym Library is well named *A Study in Temptations*. It is not in itself an attractive title, but it accurately indicates the style of the book. It is a study for a novel rather than an accomplished work. One expects, my Baronite says, that in some leisure time the author will come back and finish it. It is well worth the labour, being full of living characters. *Lady Warbeck* in particular, is excellent, reminiscent of, and worthy of THACKERAY. The temptingly arranged pages glitter with shrewd thoughts admirably phrased. BARON DE B.-W.

NO DOUBT AS TO THE ANSWER. — In the list of "Noblemen and Gentlemen" (invidious distinction, by the way) attending the *Levee* at St. James's Palace, whose name would be always found? — Why that of "JAMES O. FORBES, of *Corse*."

NEW (NORWEGIAN) NONSENSE VERSE.

(After seeing Ibsen's Dramas.)

THERE was a young female in Norway,
Who fancied herself in a poor way,
Because she felt that
Her sweet sex was squeezed flat,
As though caught in cold Destiny's doorway.
This rebellious young woman of Norway
Cried, "Man, in his coarse, brutal boor-way,
Would wipe his big feet
On my sex soft and sweet;
But I'll be no mere mat in Man's doorway!"
And so this young woman of Norway
Got IBSEN to write, in cock-sure way,
Concerning her woes,
And tip-tilted her nose, [way!]
Crying, "Now womankind will have more
But alas! this young woman of Norway
Still feels that her soul's in a poor way,
Because, in a play,
She won't charm (so they say) [way.
Or draw crowds through the theatre's door—

LATEST À PROPOS OF THE COVENT GARDEN FANCY DRESS BALLS. — "Of course," observed Mrs. R., "as ladies do not want to be recognised, they simply go in dummy noses."

LEGAL QUERY. — When a leading Barrister gets someone to "devil" for him, may the latter's occupation be correctly described as "devilry"?



**"IL Y EN A TOUJOURS UN QUI AIME—ET L'AUTRE
QUI TEND LA JOUE."**

He. "Ah! you'd think a precious lot more of me, Matilda, if I was only six feet high!"

She. "Yes, Dearest! But then you wouldn't think such a precious lot of me!"

AN ORLEANS PLUM.—Prince HENRI D'ORLÉANS (says the *Times*) has just been rebuking the British people for the Chauvinism of their Oriental policy. Like the late M. MASSIE, whose shade he invokes, the young Prince seems to object to us, not because we commit any specific acts of hostility, but "because we look on in a most aggravating fashion." This is truly funny! One country may steal a—Tonkin, but another may not look over a boundary! Prince HENRY presents a peculiarly close parallel to KEENE's infuriated (and incoherent) Paterfamilias, who angrily commanded his silent son "not to look at him in that tone of voice!"

OPERA AND DISESTABLISHMENT.—*La Damnation de Faust* was produced most successfully at the Theatre at Monte Carlo. According to some stern moralists, who regard the Principality as a gambling-hell upon earth, this particular Opera was in a quite congenial atmosphere. Odd that in the two Principalities, Monte Carlo and Wales, the objects for Disestablishment should be so diametrically opposite. In Wales it is the particular Church, and at Monte Carlo it is the not-at-all-particular t'other word, unmentionable twice in the same paragraph to ears polite.

NEW READING.—(*By a Musical Lady Latinist.*)—"Amor et melle et KELLIE est fecundissimus."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 20.—New Chairman to-day; dropped in in most casual way. Wondered to see MELLOR wandering about Library and corridors at three o'clock in afternoon in full evening dress. "Going out to tea?" I asked, in my genial way.

"Order! order!" said MELLOR; "the Hon. Member will please give notice of that question." And he stalked off, trying to convey to the mind of his astonished interlocutor as near an approach to back view of COURTNEY as could be attained, without loan of late Chairman's famous summer pantaloons.

Everything explained later. Soon as questions over, Mr. G., rising and fixing glittering eye on SPEAKER, observed, "I beg to move that you, Sir, do now leave the Chair." Strangers in Gallery pricked up their ears; thought SPEAKER been doing something, and was now in for it. Right Hon. Gentleman offered no defence, but meekly left Chair. Mr. G. up again like a shot. "I beg to move that Mr. MELLOR do take the Chair," he said. Then MELLOR (fortuitously on spot in evening dress) stepped into Chair, where through six Sessions, COURTNEY has sat ruling the whirlwind out of order, and riding on the storm. All done in moment. Before you knew where you were, there was new Chairman of Committees proposing vote of £2,000 for rearrangement of rooms in Houses of Parliament. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS rose, with evident intent of wanting to know "about these rooms," when irrepressible Mr. G. on his feet again. "I beg to move," he said, addressing Chairman, "that you do report progress, and ask leave to sit again."

Rather hard this on MELLOR. Just got into Chair; beginning to feel comfortable. Had proposed subject that might have agreeably occupied Committee for half an hour, when here comes the untameable, irresistible, peremptory Mr. G., and bundles him off. At first some signs of inclination to resist. New Chairman, having put question and declared it carried, should forthwith have stepped away from the table. MELLOR dropped into Chair again.

A moment of embarrassment. COURTNEY, looking critically on form below Gangway, grimly smiled. Members under Gallery tittered. Clerk nudged new Chairman in ribs. MELLOR sat on till, lifting his eyes, discovered Mr. G. meaningly regarding him. Knew he'd be up again if he didn't go; so with promising alacrity, hopped out of Chair, and disappeared from ken of House.

"Well, I don't know," said honest BILL CREMER. "Of course I don't hold with COURTNEY's goings-on in the political field, and he can scarcely have expected us to keep him on in a snug berth. But this I will say, the manners of the new Chairman may, so to speak, be more MELLOR, but, as Chairman of Committees, COURTNEY 'll be hard to beat."

Business done.—"Ban, ban, Caliban, got a new Premier, get a new man"—in Chairman of Committees.

Tuesday.—"The life of Her Majesty's Ministers," said the GRAND YOUNG GARDNER, moodily contemplating his spats, "is not an entirely happy one. I think I may add that is peculiarly the case with the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE. I must say, if the language be not regarded as too flowery—"

"The MINISTER for AGRICULTURE," I said, desiring to put GARDNER at his ease, "would be fully justified in using cauliflower language."

"Thank you. Then I'll say I go to bed with tuberculosis, and get up with HARRY CHAPLIN. The casual observer is, doubtless, aware that CHAPLIN has an eye. He sees it gleaming through the eyeglass. I feel it ever upon me. It is no slight thing to have succeeded a statesman of the calibre of CHAPLIN. But when he persistently sits opposite you, critically observing all your movements with that air of supreme intelligence which more than hints that, as MINISTER for AGRICULTURE, he was personally acquainted with every one of the cattle on a thousand hills, it is an ordeal that calls into play all the higher faculties of Man. As to the tuberculosis, it is always breaking out in unexpected places; people concerned insist upon regarding me as personally responsible for the visitation."



THE POLITICAL FANCY DRESS BALL AT COVENT GARDEN.

"Supposititious."—"Well," observed our old friend, who was discussing a recent case that had been headed "Romance in the Court of Chancery," "this all comes from bringing up a child that they pretended was their own. I mean what they call 'A Supposititious Child.'"

QUITE ANOTHER THING.—With reference to a recent burglary at Sir Thomas Piggot's, it is stated that "thieves were known to be in the neighbourhood, and the police have the matter in hand." Wouldn't it be better if they had the thieves there?

"But," I said, "you have your little holiday, Saturday to Monday, and get out to dinner on off-nights?"

"No," he sighed, "the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE has no off-nights; and if I go to church at the seaside on a Sunday, the Churchwarden in passing round the collection-plate, is sure to steal into my hand a telegram, announcing a fresh outbreak of tuberculosis. As to going out to dinner—"

"Ministers," CAUSTON here observed, "never dine out when the House is sitting, unless commanded by the QUEEN, and Whips can't be spared even to dine with HER MAJESTY."

"As to going out to dinner," continued the GRAND YOUNG GARDNER, ignoring the interruption of his genial colleague, "it is impossible. It was said, I believe by one of themselves, 'The Guard dies, but never surrenders.' I may add, the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE lunches but never dines. What would become of the Government if a division-bell rang and he was found out of the way? Now to-night, you would say, looking at the business, I

Harry'd H-rry Ch-pl-n, as he appeared when meditating on Bimetallistic and Agricultural Distress.

might well be spared. We commence with KIMBER on disparities in the representation of constituencies. ROLLIT will follow in the interests of undersized flat-fish. What has the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE to do with flat-fish of whatever size? you might ask. To the casual observer, nothing. But, looking ahead, as the responsibilities of my position make it necessary I should habitually do, I recall the fact that sometimes the plaoid pilchard is cast upon our shores in such quantities as to be carted away for manurial purposes. I am not intimately acquainted with the pilchard. It is not like the terrapin a land fish. I am not sure it is flat. Still I have a strong impression it is undersized. Therefore it might come within the purview of the discussion on ROLLIT's motion. MUNDELLA, as you say, is in charge of the debate, and I might comfortably go to dinner. But what does MUNDELLA know of manure? No; the MINISTER for AGRICULTURE remains, and will dine, if necessary die, at his post."

Business done.—8:10 P.M., House Counted Out, whilst GRAND YOUNG GARDNER is explaining how it was he couldn't go out to dinner.

Friday, 12:30 A.M.—Storm subsided. Magnificent whilst it lasted. GRANDOLPH in fine form. Mr. G., under his influence, renewed his youth like the eagle. At same time, though Welsh Church may be doomed, supply of cabs on night like this inadequate. Better be out in yard in good time. KENYON lingers on scene, still asking for Bill to be "taken de die in diem." "As if he were giving a prescription," said WILFRID LAWSON, back from Mansion House, where he has seen his portrait presented to Lady LAWSON. KENYON, with eye on Bishop of St. ASAPH, up in Peers' Gallery,

made desperate resistance to attack on Church. Bishop looked a little grave when KENYON dropped into metaphor.

"Bill like bagged fox, don't you know," said KENYON, nodding confidentially to SPEAKER. "Meant to run any way you like. What I mean to say is—" and here he turned for approval to Lord Bishop, consorting in Gallery with his fighting Dean, "this fox is so tainted with insincerity, or aniseed, that the hounds may just as well shut up their noses, and have nothing to do with it."

With this sage remark, and something horribly like a wink at the Bishop, KENYON sat down. Up again later, when Closure moved. HICKS-BEACH, in temporary command of Opposition, deprecated resistance. But KENYON's blood up. With strong effort of self-restraint he stopped himself midway in stentorian shout, "Yoicks!" dexterously turned the "Yo" into "No," and so saved himself from reproof of SPEAKER. Having got the "No!" he made most of it. Nothing left but to clear House for Division. Members near entreated KENYON to desist from further opposition. No use fighting Closure; only meant another Division and twenty minutes' prolongation of sitting. KENYON, with eye reverently fixed on Bishop, immovable. Others might falter on the way; might palter with the truth; might parley with the enemy. KENYON would have no compromise, no surrender. "Yoic—" he meant

A FEATURE OF THE DEBATE.

M-nd-lla. A cause de mon nom suis-je "alien"?

J. L-with-r (heard but not seen). Non, Monsieur! Mais vous n'osez pas dire le contraire.

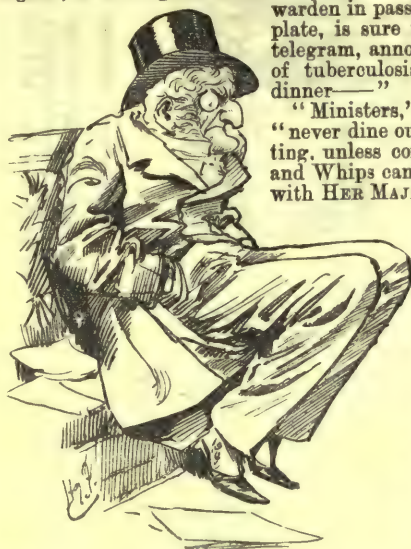
"No! no!" and he shouted it too.

"Will the Hon. Member name another teller?" said the wary SPEAKER, when House cleared for Division. KENYON, evidently still seeing the fox steal away, Aniseed at the Helm and Insincerity at the Prow, almost stumbled on the name "Yoicks!" Again stopped himself just in time, and looked forlornly round; eye finally resting on Peers' Gallery. If only the Bishop could "tell" with him! That evidently out of order. Bishop belonged, to other House. No one volunteering to stand with him in the breach, and two tellers being a necessary preliminary to Division, KENYON bent his head in silent grief, and leave given to bring in Bill which ASQUITH remorselessly admitted was first step towards Disestablishment of Welsh Church.

Business done.—Welsh Church Suspensory Bill read First Time, by majority of 56, in excited House of 546 Members.

Friday Night.—After the storm, the customary calm. Spent night in discussing tempting themes of Local Taxation in London, and Superannuation of School-teachers. On latter subject CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; made him promise to fork out.

Business done.—Much of useful kind.



"THE WESTMINSTER PLAY."

Young Grandolphus (in costume, with appropriate action). "Hæc recinunt Juvenes dictata senesque!"

that preux Chevalier, TEMPLE, laying down the lute, and leaving Amaryllis in the shade, delivered luminous speech; convinced CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; made him promise to fork out.

MIXED NOTIONS.

NO. VI.—REGISTRATION REFORM.

(Scene and Persons as Usual.)

First Well-Informed Man (bristling with indignation, as he lays down his newspaper). Well, I'm dashed!

Inquirer (nervously). What's up?

First W. I. M. What's up! Everything's up. Up the spout, that's where this blessed country will be if this kind of thing's going on.

Inquirer. What kind of thing?

First W. I. M. Why, all this gerrymandering kind of business.

Inquirer. Oh, by the way, that reminds me. I came on that word the other day. Can any of you chaps tell me what it means?

First W. I. M. It's as plain as a pikestaff. It means playing ducks and drakes with things all round, and letting the whole business go thoroughly rotten.

Inquirer. Has it got anything to do with jerry-builders?

First W. I. M. It's the same thing precisely.

Inquirer (insisting). But what's the point of calling 'em jerry? Where does that come in?

First W. I. M. It's a French word.

Second W. I. M. It isn't. It's German.

First W. I. M. Bosh, it's French.

Second W. I. M. I bet you a dollar it's German.

First W. I. M. And I bet you a dollar it's French. (To *Average Man*.) Here, you decide. Which is it?

Average Man. Well, I'm sure it isn't French—

Second W. I. M. (interrupting). Of course it isn't. Pay up, my boy!

Average Man (continuing). But, on the other hand, it isn't German.

First W. I. M. Oh, rot! It must be one or the other, you know. (Scornfully.) You'll be telling us it's Greek next.

Average Man. Well, of course, it might be; but, as a matter of fact, I fancy it's English.

First W. I. M., Second W. I. M. (together). Oh, you tell that to the Marines! It won't wash here.

Inquirer (doubtfully). Perhaps it's American.

Average Man (resignedly). Well I daresay it is. Any way, you can have it so if you like. It may be Sanskrit for all I care.

[Retires to his paper. A pause.]

Inquirer (to First W. I. M.). But, look here, what made you lose your hair, just now? You looked as angry as blazes about something.

First W. I. M. (with dignity). Did I? Well, isn't it enough to make anybody, who loves his country, angry when he sees what's going on. Why, the Government's going to turn everything inside out, with some blessed new law about elections. Registration Bill, they call it, or something of that sort. Just as if we hadn't had enough tinkering and pottering lately. It's all through this confounded County Council interfering with everything.

Second W. I. M. (aggressive). What the dickens has the County Council got to do with it? You're always dropping on the County Council.

First W. I. M. Oh, they've got their finger in every pie. I'm pretty certain this is their job.

Second W. I. M. Well, you're wrong this time, that's all. You're thinking of the Employers' Liability Bill.

First W. I. M. No, I'm not. I never even heard of it. So that's where you're wrong. What has the Employers' Liabill got — I mean the Employers' (steadily, and with determination) Li-a-bil-ity Bill got to do with the County Council?

Second W. I. M. Everything. Didn't you read JOHN BURNS'S speech about it?

First W. I. M. No—and I don't mean to. Ask me another.

Second W. I. M. All right—I will. Do you mean to deny that our present Registration System is a ridiculous one?

First W. I. M. (hotly). Yes, I do.

Second W. I. M. (with triumph). Ah, I've got you now. You said, only yesterday, that any system by which a Government like this got into power must be ridiculous. (To *Inquirer*.) Didn't he?

Inquirer (hesitating). Well, I'm not quite sure. I rather fancy he did say something of that kind. But—(deprecatingly)—perhaps he meant something else.

First W. I. M. No, I didn't. I meant what I said—and I stick to it. But that isn't the same thing as the Registration System.

Second W. I. M. Perhaps you'll tell us, then, what the Registration System is?

Inquirer (eagerly). Yes, do. I should like to get to the bottom of it, because I'm constantly meeting a sort of third cousin of mine, who's a Registrar of something or other, and I never quite know what he does. All I know is, that he isn't a Registrar in Bankruptcy.

First W. I. M. Let me see—how can I put it shortly? It's just this—you chaps have got votes.

Inquirer (decisively). No, I haven't.

First W. I. M. (put out). Ah, but you ought to have.

Second W. I. M. (cutting in). There you are again. That's just what I've been saying all along. He ought to have—but he hasn't; so where's your beautiful system now?

First W. I. M. (retreating strategically). I never said it was perfect, did I? But I'll come to that afterwards. (To *Inquirer*.) Now why haven't you got a vote?

Inquirer (with a painful sense of inferiority). I'm sure I don't know. I suppose the old Johnny, whoever he is, didn't chalk me down when he went round last time.

First W. I. M. Probably you haven't lived in your house long enough. You haven't got a qualifying period.

Inquirer. Haven't I? How long ought I to have lived there?

First W. I. M. (vaguely). Oh, it's something between three and four years. I can't tell you the exact number; they alter it every year.

Second W. I. M. Who alter it?

First W. I. M. The Revising Barristers, or somebody.

Second W. I. M. Well, my brother-in-law's a Revising Barrister, and I never heard of him doing that.

First W. I. M. (sarcastic). But you don't suppose he'd tell you everything he does, do you?

Inquirer. But I've lived in my house six years.

First W. I. M. Ah! but aren't you a lodger?

Second W. I. M. What's the odds if he is? My brother's a lodger, and I know he's got a vote.

First W. I. M. But that's a different franchise altogether.

Second W. I. M. How do you mean? They're both lodgers.

First W. I. M. But they don't live in the same district. Perhaps they don't give him a latch-key.

Inquirer (producing it). Yes they do. Here it is. (Chuckles.) I think I jolly well see myself without a latch-key. But, I say, about this vote. I don't half like not having got one. What shall I do about it?

First W. I. M. You'd better see somebody about it.

Inquirer. Somebody was talking about Leasehold Franchise the other day. Perhaps I could get in on that.

First W. I. M. Ah! I daresay that might help you. [Terminus.]



“NOUS AVONS CHANGÉ TOUT CELA!”

“WERE YOU EVER IN CHICAGO, DUCHESS?”

“WHY YES, LADY MARY. IT'S MY NATIVE PLACE, YOU KNOW—AT LEAST, IT USED TO BE!”



DRESS REHEARSAL OF EMINENT COMEDIANS, GRANDOLPH AND SARUM,
Previous to Starring Tour in Scotland and Ireland respectively.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

TIME and the Woman. By RICHARD PRYCE. Not by any means a pearl of Pryce, and certainly not likely to make so great noise in the novel-reading world as did *The Quiet Mrs. Fleming*, by the same author. METHUEN & Co. publish it.

The Baron heartily recommends FRANK BARRETT's novel, in three vols., entitled, *Kitty's Father*. A thoroughly absorbing plot, well worked out, and interesting right up to the last page. *Kitty's* father is a mysterious person, and she, not being a wise child, for she doesn't know him, does several foolish things, and says several wise ones. *Kitty's* uncle is a necessary nuisance, but a cleverly and consistently drawn character, while *Kitty* herself is delightfully made out of good home-spun material. But the villainous Curate is just a bit too grotesque, too Uriah-Heepish for the awfully tragic situation in which he is placed. When the imaginative author shifts the scene to Dublin, why did he not represent an Irish Cardinal-Archbishop as waiting at the stage-door to escort home the light-and-leading lady? But "for a' that and a' that," most decidedly "read it," quoth the Baron, and on he goes again.

MARION CRAWFORD's *Children of the King*, published by MACMILLAN, is a tragic story, told in most simple and most fascinating style. It is all colour and character: the colours and the characters being those of Southern Italy.

Out of regard to the importunities of numerous correspondents, the Baron has read IBSEN's *Master Builder*, translated by two of the Ibsenitish cult. "Only fancy!" Of all the weak-knee'd, wandering, effeminate, unwholesome, immoral, dashed "rot," to quote Lord Arthur in the *Pantomime Rehearsal*, this is the weak-knee'dest, effeminatest, and all the epithets as above superlatived. Read it by all means, and see it, too, if you will, but if the honest English playgoer's verdict is worth a "big, big, D" (I thank thee, W. S. G., for teaching me that abbreviated form of dashed expressiveness!) he will give IBSEN's *Master Builder* the benefit of the "D," and "D" it once and for ever. And that, at your service, my masters, is the rough-and-ready opinion expressed by,

Yours truly,

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A RACY READING OF AN OLD QUOTATION FROM SCOTT.

(Suggested by Burns.)

"My foot is on Newmarket Heath!
My name, JEM LOWTHER!"

THE benefits that Sir JOHN LAWES has been able, and will yet be able to confer on agriculturists everywhere, including those in his immediate neighbourhood, cause him to be regarded as a living exception to the rule about a prophet in his own country. So, in that part of England, "Profit and LAWES" are synonymous terms, meaning the same person.

"HAPPINESS IN—FOLKESTONE."

"He said, 'Go and be —' I accordingly went and stayed at Folkestone." See last Thursday's "Daily News;" Evidence in the *De Walden Case*.]

THRICE happy Town Council: when pestered to pave,
Remember this fact that her Ladyship mentions.
Intend, but do nothing; your rates you can save
By paving your streets with the best of intentions.

HITHERTO UNREPORTED.—Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. ASQUITH received deputations on the Eight Hours' Question last Friday. The chief speakers were Mr. PARROT and Mr. ONIONS. Mr. G.

observed that in all his vast experience, frequently as he had tasted a savoury dish of rabbit and onions, yet the combination of Parrot with Onions was something really novel. Perhaps Mr. PARROT would be useful at any bye-election, and would give them the state of the poll. As to Mr. ONIONS, well, he (Mr. G.) hadn't words of welcome sufficiently strong for him. Why hadn't he brought "BREER RABBIT" with him? In approaching the Eight Hours' Question, no time must be lost, so he would at once proceed to business.

At a recent Monday Pop Concert, Mr. BORWICK put any amount of powder—everyone has seen or heard of Borwick's Powder—into his performance of "*Suite Anglaise*." As a pretty lady observed, "He might just as well, or better, have put the name in English, and called it, '*The Sweet English Girl*.'" Messrs. JOACHIM, RIES, STRAUSS, and PRATTI, played a string-quartet in C Sharp Minor, and out of respect to the Ecclesiastical Season of the year, they gave marked prominence to the "*Lento*" in G. Flat.

A GENUINE BUILDING SOCIETY.—The Birds, just now. And its members are not even waiting for a Re-leaf Fund, which will, however, soon come, with "the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!"

THE G. O. M. FROM A MUSICAL POINT OF VIEW.—When preternaturally alert, he is "Mr. G. Sharp." When depressed,

he is "Mr. G. Flat." When himself again, he is "Mr. G. Natural." As being second son, he is "G. Minor." He is also *hors ligne*. But he refuses to be musically translated to the House of Lords, and become "The Upper G."

Q. What is the difference between a lover asking the object of his affections to marry him, and a guest who ventures to hint to his host that the Pommery '80 is rather corked?

A. The one pops the question, the other questions the pop.

MRS. R. saw the heading of a paragraph in the *Times*, of Monday, Feb. 27, "*Jade in Upper Burma*." She laid the paper down, and exclaimed, "Dear me! I wonder who she is!"

If we ever do adopt Bimetallism, it is evident, from Mr. GLADSTONE's masterly speech, that holders of Consols will obtain very little consol-ation.



FROM OUR VILLAGE.

Mrs. Sharply (to the Doctor, who has looked in, having heard that her "good man" is ailing). "No, I THANK YE, SIR. YOU SEE I'VE HEERD OF YOU, SIR, AS YOU'VE BEEN 'PRACTISING' HERE FOR THE LAST THREE YEARS, AND SO I'D RATHER YOU WENT 'PRACTISING' ELSEWHERE, AS I DON'T WANT NO 'SPERIMENTS ON MY OLD MAN!'"

PILL-DOCTOR HERDAL.

(Translated from the Original Norwegian by Mr. Punch.)

[PREFATORY NOTE.—The original title, *Mester-Pjil-drögster Herdal*, would sound a trifle too uncouth to the Philistine ear, and is therefore modified as above, although the term "drögster," strictly speaking, denotes a practitioner who has not received a regular diploma.]

ACT FIRST.

An elegantly furnished Drawing-room at Dr. HERDAL'S. In front, on the left, a Console-table, on which is a large round bottle full of coloured water. On the right a stove, with a banner-screen made out of a richly-embroidered chest-protector. On the stove, a stethoscope and a small galvanic battery. In one corner, a hat and umbrella stand; in another, a desk, at which stands SENNA BLAKDRAF, making out the quarterly accounts. Through a glass-door at the back is seen the Dispensary, where RÜBUB KALOMEL is seated, occupied in rolling a pill. Both go on working in perfect silence for four minutes and a half.

Dr. Haustus Herdal (enters through hall-door; he is elderly, with a plain sensible countenance, but slightly weak hair and expression). Come here, Miss BLAKDRAF. (Hangs up hat, and throws his mackintosh on a divan.) Have you made out all those bills yet? [Looks sternly at her.]

Senna (in a low hesitating voice). Almost. I have charged each patient with three attendances daily. Even when you only dropped in for a cup of tea and a chat. (Passionately.) I felt I must—I must!

Dr. Herd. (alters his tone, clasps her head in his hands, and whispers). I wish you could make out the bills for me, always.

Senna (in nervous exaltation). How lovely that would be! Oh, you are so unspeakably good to me! It is too enthralling to be here!

[Sinks down and embraces his knees.]
Dr. Herd. So I've understood. (With suppressed irritation.) For goodness' sake, let go my legs! I do wish you wouldn't be so confoundedly neurotic!

Rübub (has risen, and comes in through glass-door, breathing with difficulty; he is a prematurely bald young man of fifty-five, with a harelip and squints slightly). I beg pardon, Dr. HERDAL, I see I interrupt you. (As SENNA rises.) I have just completed this pill. Have you looked at it?

[He offers it for inspection diffidently.]

Dr. Herd. (evasively). It appears to be a pill of the usual dimensions.

Rübub (cast down). All these years you have never given me one encouraging word! Can't you praise my pill?

Dr. Herd. (struggles with himself). I—I cannot. You should not attempt to compound pills on your own account.

Rübub (breathing laboriously). And yet there was a time when you, too—

Dr. Herd. (complacently). Yes, it was certainly a pill that came as a lucky stepping-stone—but not a pill like that!

Rübub (vehemently). Listen! Is that your last word? Is my aged mother to pass out of this world without ever knowing whether I am competent to construct an effective pill or not?

Dr. Herd. (as if in desperation). You had better try it upon your mother—it will enable her to form an opinion. Only mind—I will not be responsible for the result.

Rübub. I understand. Exactly as you tried your pill, all those years ago, upon Dr. RYVAL. [He bows, and goes out.]

Dr. Herd. (uneasily). He said that so strangely, SENNA. But tell me now—when are you going to marry him?

Senna (starts—half glancing up at him). I—I don't know. This

year—next-year—now—never! I cannot marry him . . . I cannot—I cannot—it is so utterly impossible to leave you!

Dr. Herd. Yes, I can understand that. But, my poor SENNA, hadn't you better take a little walk?

Senna (clasps her hands gratefully). How sweet and thoughtful you are to me! I will take a walk.

Dr. Herd. (with a suppressed smile). Do! And—h'm!—you needn't trouble to come back. I have advertised for a male book-keeper—they are less emotional. Good-night, my little SENNA!

Senna (softly, and quiveringly). Good-night, Dr. HERDAL!

[Staggers out of hall-door, blowing kisses.]

Mrs. Herdal (enters through the window, plaintively). Quite an acquisition for you, HAUSTUS, this Miss BLAKDRAF!

Dr. Herd. She's—h'm!—extremely civil and obliging. But I am parting with her, ALINE—mainly on your account.

Mrs. Herd. (evades him). Was it on my account, indeed, HAUSTUS? You have parted with so many young persons on my account—so you tell me!

Dr. Herd. (depressed). Oh, but this is hopeless! When I have tried so hard to bring a ray of sunlight into your desolate life! I must give RÜBUB KALOMEL notice too—his pill is really too preposterous!

Mrs. Herd. (feels gropingly for a chair, and sits down on the floor). Him, too! Ah, HAUSTUS, you will never make my home a real home for me. My poor first husband, HALVARD SOLNESS, tried—and he couldn't! When one has had such misfortunes as I have—all the family portraits burnt, and the silk dresses, too, and a pair of twins, and nine lovely dolls.

[Chokes with tears.]

Dr. Herd. (as if to lead her away from the subject). Yes, yes, yes, that must have been a heavy blow for you, my poor ALINE. I can understand that your spirits can never be really high again. And then for poor Master Builder SOLNESS to be so taken up with that Miss WANGEL as he was—that, too, was so wretched for you. To see him topple off the tower, as he did that day ten years ago—

Mrs. Herd. Yes, that too, HAUSTUS. But I

did not mind it so much—it all seemed so perfectly natural in both of them.

Dr. Herd. Natural! For a girl of twenty-three to taunt a middle-aged architect, whom she knew to be constitutionally liable to giddiness, never to let him have any peace till he had climbed a spire as dizzy as himself—and all for the fun of seeing him fall off—how in the world—!

Mrs. Herd. (laying the table for supper with dried fish and punch). The younger generation have a keener sense of humor than we elder ones, HAUSTUS, and perhaps, after all, she was only a perplexing sort of allegory.

Dr. Herd. Yes, that would explain her to some extent, no doubt. But how he could be such an old fool!



"For goodness' sake, let go my legs!"

Mrs. Herd. That Miss WANGEL was a strangely fascinating type of girl. Why, even I myself —

Dr. Herd. (*sits down and takes some fish*). Fascinating? Well, goodness knows, I couldn't see that at all. (*Seriously*.) Has it never struck you, ALINE, that elderly Norwegians are so deucedly impressionable—mere bundles of overstrained nerves, hypersensitive ganglia. Except, of course, the Medical Profession.

Mrs. Herd. Yes, of course; those in that profession are not so inclined to gangle. And when one has succeeded by such a stroke of luck as you have —

Dr. Herd. (*drinks a glass of punch*). You're right enough there. If I had not been called in to prescribe for Dr. RYVAL, who used to have the leading practice here, I should never have stepped so wonderfully into his shoes as I did. (*Changes to a tone of quiet chuckling merriment*.) Let me tell you a funny story, ALINE; it sounds a ludicrous thing—but all my good fortune here was based upon a simple little pill. For if Dr. RYVAL had never taken it —

Mrs. Herd. (*anxiously*). Then you do think it was the pill that caused him to —?

Dr. Herd. On the contrary; I am perfectly sure the pill had nothing whatever to do with it—the inquest made it quite clear that it was really the liniment. But don't you see, ALINE, what tortures me night and day is the thought that it *might* unconsciously have been the pill which — Never to be free from that! To have such a thought gnawing and burning always—always, like a moral mustard poultice! (*He takes more punch*.)

Mrs. Herd. Yes; I suppose there is a poultice of that sort burning on every breast—and we must never take it off either—it is our simple duty to keep it on. I too, HAUSTUS, am haunted by a fancy that if this Miss WANGEL were to ring at our bell now —

Dr. Herd. After she has been lost sight of for ten years? She is safe enough in some Sanatorium, depend upon it. And what if she *did* come? Do you think, my dear good woman, that I—a sensible clear-headed general practitioner, who have found out all I know for myself—would let her play the deuce with me as she did with poor HALVARD? No, general practitioners don't do such things—even in Norway!

Mrs. Herd. Don't they indeed, HAUSTUS? (*The Surgery-bell rings loudly*.) Did you hear that? There she is! I will go and put on my best cap. It is my duty to show her that small attention.

Dr. Herd. (*laughing nervously*). Why, what on earth! — It's the night-bell. It is most probably the new book-keeper! (*Mrs. HERDAL goes out*; Dr. HERDAL rises with difficulty, and opens the door.) Goodness gracious!—it is that girl, after all!

Hilda Wangel (*enters through the Dispensary door. She wears a divided skirt, thick boots, and a Tam o'Shanter, with an eagle's wing in it. Somewhat freckled. Carries a green tin cylinder slung round her, and a rug in a strap. Goes straight up to HERDAL, her eyes sparkling with happiness*). How are you? I've run you down, you see! The ten years are up. Isn't it scrumptiously thrilling, to see me like this?

Dr. Herd. (*politely retreating*). It is—very much so—but still I don't in the least understand —

Hilda (*measures him with a glance*). Oh, you will. I have come to be of use to you. I've no luggage, and no money. Not that that makes any difference. I never have. And I've been allured and attracted here. You surely know how these things come about?

Dr. Herd. What the deuce! Miss WANGEL, you mustn't. I'm a married man! There's my wife! (*Mrs. HERD enters.*)

Hilda. As if that mattered—it's only dear, sweet Mrs. SOLNESS. She doesn't mind—do you, dear Mrs. SOLNESS?

Mrs. Herd. It does not seem to be of much use minding, Miss WANGEL. I presume you have come to stay?

Hilda (*in amused surprise*). Why, of course—what else should I come for? I always come to stay, until—h'm!

Dr. Herd. (*involuntarily*). She's drinking my punch! If she thinks I'm going to stand this sort of thing, she's mistaken. I'll soon show her a Pill-Doctor is a very different kind of person from a mere Master Builder!

[HILDA finishes the punch with an indefinable expression in her eyes, and Dr. HERDAL looks on gloomily as the Curtain falls. End of First Act.]

"AMONG THE MEMORABLE BOOKS OF THE PRESENT RAINE."—Canon RAINE has just published (*per LONGMANS*) his *York*, as one of the series of *Historic Towns*. The proofs of RAINE on *York* of course came very moist from the press. Is there a frontispiece to it of "RAINE poring over his own book?" The work is highly spoken of,—so disons, "*Vive le Raine!*"

MR. WILSON BARRETT is to appear in a play called *Pharaoh*—"What the plague!"—Is he coming out as an Egyptian Mummer? Will the drama prove interesting to plague-goers?

A FULL MEASURE OF JUSTICE.

(According to the Modern Method.)

SCENE—The Old Bailey. Judge seated on the Bench, thoroughly enjoying himself. Prisoner in the Dock. Jurymen in the Box. Counsel, Solicitors, and Public, in attendance.

Judge. Now I will swear the Jury.

Officer of the Court. I beg your Lordship's pardon, but I have always been accustomed to —

Judge (*interrupting*). Not at all; I will do it myself. You can't give me too much work. (*Swears the Jury*.) And now, Prisoner, what do you plead, guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner. Well, my Lord, I should say —

Judge. Not guilty. Quite right, always give yourself the benefit



of the doubt. You can't imagine what stupid Jurymen we have sometimes. Quite right to say Not guilty. And now who appears for the prosecution?

Counsel. I do, my Lord, I —

Judge. Glad to see the eminent counsel here, and I know of no one who can better conduct a case. Still, with my learned friend's or rather my learned brother's, I should say the learned Counsel's permission, I will just open for the Crown myself. (*Opens for the Crown with brilliant effect. Applause*.) No; I cannot allow any demonstration of that sort. By the way (to Counsel for the Prosecution). Have we any witnesses?

Counsel. Yes, my Lord, a Police Sergeant.

Judge. Oh, indeed, I will soon settle him. (*Witness enters box and is sworn*.) And now, you Sir, I am not going to allow any speeches—so be on your guard. (*Examines and cross-examines him*.) Have we any more witnesses?

Counsel. No, my Lord—that is our case.

Judge. Quite so. The face of the learned Counsel, who is retained for the defence, is new to me, but if he has no objection, I will open for him. Counsel. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Thank you. (*Addresses the Jury*.) And now, if we have no witnesses, I think I will sum up. (*To Counsel for the Defence*.) Have we any witnesses?

Counsel. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Well, I think we won't call any witnesses, because then the Prosecution won't have a reply.

Counsel. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Quite so. And now, Gentlemen of the Jury, I have now my own special functions to perform. I will sum up the case in my judicial capacity. You must know then—(*Sums up*.) And now I will leave you to decide upon your verdict. (*Jury consults*.) Or perhaps you would like to leave the matter to me?

Foreman of the Jury. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Thank you. Then I think we may say "Guilty." Prisoner at the Bar, it is now my duty to sentence you. I think, under all the circumstances of the case, that I need not treat you too harshly. There is no doubt that the prosecution has been conducted in a very able manner; and this remark is equally applicable to the manner in which the defence has been carried out. I think a month's imprisonment will be sufficient. Prisoner, you are sentenced to a month's imprisonment.

Prisoner. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. But, as I have had a good deal to do with this case, I think I may as well remain in it to the end. So, with the consent of the convict, the Counsel, and the Jury, I will go to prison myself. The Entire Court. As your Lordship pleases.

Judge. Thank you all very much. I hope, after a month's retirement, to have the pleasure of meeting you again.

[Exit, in custody. Curtain.]

FOR A FEW NIGHTS ONNET.—Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL have revived *The Ironmaster*. As may be imagined, the dialogue is full of irony.



THE OLD COUNTRY. ST. WYCLIFFE'S COLLEGE, OXBRIDGE.

Mr. Jonah P. Skeggs, from Chicago (with his family) suddenly bursts on Jones, who keeps at Letter A in the Cloisters.

"SIR—WE OFFER YOU—MANY APOLOGIES—FOR THIS—UNWARRANTABLE INTRUSION! WE WERE NOT AWARE THE OLD RUIN WAS INHABITED!"

BETWEEN THE ROUNDS.

[“The record of the Opposition, so far, is one of wasted opportunities and ill-conceived tactics. They have been beaten, out-manœuvred and discredited by a foe on whom, with proper management, they might often have turned the tables. . . . These are no days for punctilious or over-strained courtesy in dealing with political opponents. . . . Conservatives and Unionists may be tolerably certain that they will gain nothing by this misplaced delicacy.”—*The Standard*.]

Perturbed Old Party loquitor:—

WICH, ARTHUR, I'm puffeck aweer as a fighter you're truly tip-top, Our party's peccoliar pride, and our cause's perticular prop!

You can “pop in a slommacking wunner,” if ever a lad could, dear boy:

But—well, there, you ain't scored *this* round; and yer foes is a-chortling with joy!

'Ow is it, my ARTHUR, 'ow is it! I've nurriged you up from a kid,

And if ever a lathy young scrapper showed pluck and fair promidge, boy, *you* did;

Wich I've cheridged and cracked you up constant, and backed you in all of your fights, And I've swore it was you, right as rain, as would do the Grand Ould 'Un to rights!

But he's turned up more younger than ever—O drabbit him; 'ow he do wear!—

I thought he'd be knocked out at once, the fust round, and he ain't turned a hair!

He hits hard and fast as the “TINMAN,” he's nimble as poor “Young DUCKROW.”

And now this round's over, *where are we?* I'm jiggered, dear boy, if I know!

Look at 'im! As perky as pickles! Weaves in like a young 'un, he do,

Jest as limber of limb as a kitten; pops in that perdigious one—two,

Like a new Eighty-tonner. Good gracious, the wetterun's all over the shop!

He can mill you, or throw you a burster; feint, parry, duck, counter, or stop!

Reglar mixture of MACE, Young DUTCH SAM, and a Old Pugilistical 'And!

'Ow the dooce does he do it, I wonder? I don't mind admitting it's grand.

But—wot price our Party, my ARTHUR? He's scoring two points to our one;

And I don't see the fun of it, ARTHUR, I certainly *don't* see the fun.

Mustn't take it to heart overmuch, 'ARTY! 'Taint as I wants for to scold;

But—you play him too light—*entry* noo! 'Taint aces you are young, and he's old.

As you need be so precious “punctilious.” Delicate 'andling of *him*

Won't pay; it's misplaced altogether. Go at him, lad! Lam the old limb!

His bellows can't be as they used to wos. Youth will be served—that's your chance;

But, if you play light with Old Shifty, he'll lead you no end of a dance.

Think of BENJY, dear boy, my old champion, bless his black curls! *He* wired in,

Never thinking of manners or taste, wich is muck when you're fighting to win.

Look at GRANDOLPH, the Marlborough Midget, as often reminds me of BEN!

There—there! Don't turn touchy, and tiff; we all need a straight tip now and then.

You can do him, next round, I've no doubt, if you'll only fight up to your form.

Pull yourself well together, 'it 'ard, bustle up the old boy, make it warm!—

Remember wot JOHNNY BROOME's mother once wrote to her boy—mark, and mind!—

“Be sure you make use of your left; keep away from your man till you find

You can reach him in safety, and *then*—give him pepper. Avoid being thrown,

But give 'im all the bursters you can!” Wich that Ammyzon, who is beknown

To the fistical world, gave her son—as you're mine—werry proper advice.

When time's called, my ARTHUR, wire in; and wotever you do, *don't be nice!*

No “overstrained courtesy” *this* time! It's blessed nigh bunnicked your chance.

Let me fan you, dear boy, let me fan you! And when it is time to hadvance

Go at 'im for all you are wuth! Bless yer, him and his low Irish lot

Won't be in it with GENTLEMAN ARTHUR—*if only you'll give it him hot!*

[*Left fanning and fuming.*]

SHAKESPEARI JUNIORES. — Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS'S and PETTIT'S *Prodigal Daughter* is going all over the shop. She is coming out in France, in Germany, also, of course, in the Horse-tryin' capital, and will appear, as a matter-of-Corso, in Rome. This for the original English authors is a dramatic triumph which for the universality of their work is second only to that of SHAKESPEARE.



BETWEEN THE ROUNDS.

Perturbed Old Party (*log.*), "WHICH, ARTHUR MY DEAR, YOU'VE TREATED HIM TOO DELICATE IN FUST ROUND! YOU'LL AVE TO PULL YERSELF TOGETHER, IF YOU'RE A-GOIN' TO DO ANY GOOD!"

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

THE MAN THAT SMOKES THE RANK TWO-D CIGAR, OH!

AIR—"The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo."

[Pardon, good
GILBERT,
pardon, ge-
nial COBORN,
That from the
Bois Boolong,
Unto the Cock-
ney purlieus
of 'Igh 'Ol-
born,
We shift your
famous song.]



I'M just "all there," no
'ARRY; I've the
money, so I score!
To a Race last week I
went,
And there staked a
quarter's rent.
Dame Fortune smiled upon
me as she never done
before:
And now I've copped the
ochre I'm a gent!
Yus, now I've piled the
pieces, I'm a gent!

Chorus.

As I mash and lark in
Finsbury Park,
With a free an' heasy
hair,
You can twig the donahs stare.
"Bob must be a millionaire!"
You can 'ear 'em cry,
"Oh, ain't 'e fly?"

And can't 'e wink the hother heye?"
The man wot smokes the prime Two-D cigar,
oh!

I've chucked my crib, and two-quid-screw,
for bettin' 's now my walk;
I do my mornin' march
Down to the Marble Arch.
I'm bound to spot more winners; I've a eye
that's like a 'awk;

I'm a mass of oof and 'air-
oil, shine and starch;
Yus, a reg'lar mass of ochre,
shine and starch.

Chorus.

As I walk along, still "go-
ing strong,"
With my Tuppenny all
a-flare,
You can 'ear old buffers
swear,
As my bacey scents the
air.
You can hear 'em sigh,
And moan, "Oh my!"
You can see 'em choke,
and blink the heye
At "the man wot smokes
the rank Two-D cigar,
oh!"

I paternise the Promenards
on a Sunday, with the
Swells,
With my topper on the
skew,
And my cloud a-blowin'
blue;
For a tuppenny smoke and
a leary joke they nobble
the mam'selles,
And if they're nuts on
me, wot can I do?
Yus, if they're arter me,
wot can I do?

Chorus.

As I swagger and swell along Pell-Mell,
With a reg'lar oof-bird air,
You can 'ear sour swells declare,
"A Whitechapel weed!"—and swear.
But their narsty cry
Means—jealousy.

So I puff, and wink the hother heye—
"The man wot smokes the rank Two-D
Cigar, oh!"

Nuts for Knutsford.

In the City Article of last Saturday's *Times*,
we read that Lord KNUTSFORD has joined the
London Board of "CHAFFEY, BROS., Limited."
What a festive board! What a rivalry must
exist among the CHAFFEY Brothers as to who
shall be the chaffiest and the wheatiest of the
family!

WOMEN'S WRONGS IN JAPAN.

[The new Japanese Press Bill prohibits women from
becoming Publishers or Editors.—*Daily Graphic*.]

A LAND of flowers and of Art,
Which lived for centuries apart,
Some years ago woke with a start;
Folks, simply dressed by wrappin' knees
In silken robes of dainty hue,
Began to long for something new
The good, the beautiful, the true
No longer charmed the Japanese.

So Western Art improved their lot;
A House of Commons grew. Each got
Boots, trousers, frock-coat, chimney-pot.
"Art? 'E don't care a rap, an' 'e's,"
Says 'ARRY, "sich a swell! I'm blowed
'E'd knock 'em in the Old Kent Road."
You are a sight, dressed *à la mode*
O too-progressive Japanese!

And yet, to *Madame Chrysanthème*,
Divided Skirt, Primrose Dame,
And all the rest, are but a name;
It therefore cannot happen ease

Is yours, although men dress like frights,
And even have election fights;



One thing is wanting—Women's Rights,
O *fin-de-siècle* Japanese!

THE COMING COAL-SCUTTLE.

SWEET Maiden, what is this you wear,
This most eccentric sort of bonnet,
That stands erect upon your hair
As though a coal-scoop fixed upon it?
A very funny shape it seems,
Flat, oval, rather like a shuttle,
Or, like some Statesmen's foreign schemes,
A sort of undecided scuttle.
And yet not wholly of the kind
Beloved by loud Salvation lasses,
Which brings the coal-box to one's mind—
Booth's fashions would not suit the Classes.



There's some resemblance to a spoon,
But you are not considered "spooney"—
Word coined by some low buffoon,
Romantic, quite, as "*Annie Rooney*."

It's rather like the ace of spades,
And yet it plays the deuce with features,
O Queen of hearts, of pretty maids,
So say we knaves of clubs, male creatures;
Who look askance at what may shade—
When larger grown—the face that charms
us.
If scoop or scuttle, spoon or spade,
No matter; each of them alarms us.

A POSSIBLE BUNGLER.—Through REUTER'S
Agency last Friday, we learn that "BUNGLE
KHAN is in Afghan territory." Capital man
to be opposed to us. We shall be ready to
take any advantage of him, as, if BUNGLE
KHAN can bungle, he will of course do so.

ONE FOR THE OTHER SIDE.—Mrs. R. can-
not understand how Mr. GLADSTONE can
advocate Monometallism in the House of Com-
mons, as, she says, she has always heard that
"Words are silver, and silence is gold."



EMBARRASSING.

Curate. "HELLO, REGIE! AH, IT'S GOOD TO BE YOU! A POOR BEGGAR LIKE ME, YOU SEE, HAS TO BE CONTENT WITH RUNNING AFTER THE HOUNDS ON FOOT."

Regie (who, as the Son of our M.F.H., has all the Hunting-Man's horror of Foot people). "AH—YES. AND THE PATER SAYS HE WOULDN'T MIND THAT SO MUCH, IF ONLY HALF THE PARISH DIDN'T SOMETIMES TURN OUT TO RUN AFTER YOU!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 27.—"Am thinking, TOBY," said RIEBY, just now, "of applying for Chiltern Hundreds. Parliament isn't quite the place I pictured to myself when I fought for a seat. Of course I've done pretty well. To be made SOLICITOR-GENERAL right off, with WADDY around, and WILLIS still in prime of life and energy, was a fine thing. But House seems perversely inclined to accept me as a joke, and that's not the sort of thing I'm accustomed to at Chancery Bar. Look what happened the other night, when, in my learned brother RUSSELL's absence, I answered questions. Did it in my best, most imposing, and conclusive style. Kept my eye on SPEAKER throughout, to see how he'd take it. Effect most satisfactory. You know I make CHITTY sit up, and NORTH tremble. They, to certain extent, used to it; all new to SPEAKER, and told accordingly. Was really fascinated myself. I frowned at him, pursed my mouth, wrinkled my forehead, squared my jaw, sometimes lowered my voice into my boots, anon uplifted it above where my wig ought to have been. Being my first appearance at table, thought it worth while to make an effort. Judging from SPEAKER's limp appearance towards conclusion of my remarks, felt I had done it. Suddenly curious noise, that I'm told is known as a titter, interrupted me, and, before I had quite finished, there was a boisterous roar of laughter."

"Oh, come," I said, "you mustn't take that too much to heart. House will have its joke, and, if you won't make it, it sometimes makes it round you, using you as lay-figure. Your voice and manner in answering simple matter-of-fact question, were perhaps a size or so too large. But you'll get the hang of the place by-and-by, and will be all right."

"I don't think so," said SOLICITOR-GENERAL, sadly. "Look

again what happened just now. House unexpectedly goes into Committee. Can't find MELLOR. 'You take the Chair,' says the SQUIRE; 'you'll fill it admirably.' No time for hesitation; I take the Chair; Clerk claps Bill into my hand. I say, 'Question is, that I do report progress, and ask leave to sit again.' Shouts of 'Aye,' and 'No.' 'I think the Ayes have it,' I say, in deep chest-notes, with persuasive fall of eyebrows. 'The Noes have it!' they shout. Very well; first duty of Chairman is to be impartial; so I say, 'The Noes have it.' Again they roar with laughter. WOODALL, in charge of Bill, feels for sword of Financial Secretary to War Office. Fortunately, can't find it. Otherwise, Chair of Committees might have been steeped with my gore. What shall I do next? 'Put question again,' Clerk hoarsely whispered. 'Question is, that I do report progress, and ask leave to sit again. Those who are of that opinion say Aye; the contrary, No. I think the Ayes have it.' That would at least get me out of the Chair, and you certainly won't find me asking for leave to sit again. But what follows? In all parts of the House, just now opposing progress, hilarious shout of 'No! No!' rises up. That means I'm to go on with the Bill; but I know if I declare 'the Noes have it,' they'll turn round to the 'Ayes.' So, after standing for moment irresolutely, Bill in hand, I'm not ashamed to say I bolted from table, taking Bill with me. House roared louder than ever. Seem to have discovered excellent joke. But I don't see it, TOBY. If this is House of Commons life, give me the dignity and quiet of the Chancery Bar."

Quite a procession of new Members took their seats on election. Honours of the day with HARRY LAWSON, who, after stubborn fight, has won Cirencester. As young HARRY, with his beaver on, marched to table, Liberals temporarily relieved themselves from imputation that they don't know how to cheer.

Business done.—Local Veto Bill brought in.

Tuesday Night.—"It's a natural temptation," said CHARLES



APPLYING FOR THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

RUSSELL, "for the human mind to believe that Mr. G.'s latest performance at table of House of Commons excels all he has done before. There is a phrase—you are probably familiar with it in HORACE—which speaks of the *Laudator temporis acti*. But the other



Young Harry obtaining his Majority on Coming of Age in the Parliamentary Time.

impulse is certainly, in this connection, quite as strong. I, therefore, hesitate to affirm that that's the best speech Mr. G. ever made; but certainly it's among the best."

It was on Bimetallism. Like olives and claret, Bimetallism quite an acquired taste; ordinary Member will have none of it; flees House when subject announced. In the Parliamentary world, Bimetallism supplies part of the BROWNING or IBSEN cult known out-of-doors. Analogy accurate inasmuch, that whilst mass of mankind are averse to contemplation of topic, the few faithful pass all ordinary bounds in the enthusiasm of their worship. Thus, for upwards of hour to-night, MEYSEY-THOMPSON handled it as if he loved it. MONTAGU, whilst musically jingling in trowser-pocket handful of newly-minted sovereigns, equally adulatory. Then Mr. G. walked in. It was reasonably thought in advance that Bimetallism would prove too much even for the charm of his oratory. Had evidently come down unprepared for special effort; neither sheaf of notes nor pomatum-pot. He listened to mover and seconder, and then just talked to entranced House, crowding up in every corner. Quite surprised, as Mr. G. was himself when he sat down, to find he'd been talking for an hour.

Business done.—House declares by 229 votes against 148, will have nothing to do with Bimetallism.

Wednesday.—Hear a very pleasant thing in connection with an old friend. Am told that as soon as Local Veto Bill passes into law, WILFRID LAWSON is to be raised to the Peerage.

"Why not?" asks SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. "On the principle that the Devil shouldn't have all the good tunes suitable for WESLEY'S

hymns, why should the Trade have the monopoly of the Peerage? Why shouldn't there be a Viscount APPOLINARIS as well as a Baron BASS, a Lord BARLEYWATER to pair off with a Baron BARLEYCORN? Let us drink (in toast-and-water), health and long life to Lord BARLEYWATER of Brayton!"

Business done.—In discussion on Irish National Education Bill GRANDOLPH effects little surprise. Been running admirably in double harness with Prince ARTHUR. This afternoon suddenly jibs; nearly upsets coach.

Friday, 1 A.M.—"Begin to think, TOBY," said Prince ARTHUR, as we walked home together in the moonlight, "that we shall scotch this Home-Rule Bill yet. Expectation only just dawned on me. When I went down to House in the afternoon, was of different opinion. Had philosophically settled down to acceptance of inevitable. Might maim it a bit in Committee; play with it so as to block off other business, and send it up to Lords at so late period of Session that they would seem justified in throwing it out, on score of inadequate time to discuss it. Now I think we shall go one better. COURTNEY thought he could serve Unionist cause better from standpoint below Gangway. The supremest service he could render to that cause was effected when he created vacancy in Chair."

"Don't you think," I said, "they were a little hard on MELLOR? Wasn't the sport something after the fashion of the gallant emprise in Windsor Park with the carted stag? And then the merry sportsmen didn't give the new Chairman the ordinary courtesy of a fair start and a little run."

"Oh," said Prince ARTHUR, "if you put it in that way, of course there's something to be said. But all is fair in hate and war. Mr. G. should have thought of that before he got rid of COURTNEY. Our business is to stop Home-Rule Bill from passing, and after to-night the way is clear, and the goal certain."

Business done.—New Chairman baited for an hour by Westminster Clock. Before the lawless, disorderly squabble about Law and Order in County Clare, regular foot-ball scrimmage, in which SAUNDERSON naturally turned up. In one of the pauses the Colonel dropped into poetry; could hear him crooning to himself:—

There's Justice O'BRIEN of Clare,
How rare!

'Tis little for justice they care
Down there!

They're choke full of crimes,
(So at least says the *Times*),
And they've got no policemen to spare,
How quare!

They've got no policemen to spare.

Friday Night.—Seems, after all, MELLOR quite right in his ruling yesterday. Point was that, on supplementary Estimate, you may not debate questions of policy settled when original vote agreed to. Prince ARTHUR denounced this as absolutely novel principle. CHAMBERLAIN kept game up from other side, and for full hour conviction borne in upon new Chairman that life not worth living. SPEAKER, appealed to to-day, declares MELLOR to have been in the right. Report of Select Committee on Estimates. Procedure cited to show COURTNEY categorically laid down the principle challenged, and systematically acted upon it.



Irish National Football Match.

"Yes," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, reflectively stroking his chin, "and COURTNEY might have got up and said so last night. Only his fatal bashfulness, his irreclaimably retiring disposition, could have kept him silent in such circumstances. True, his interposition would have spoiled the little game of his friends. It would not have been War, but it would have been Magnanimous."

Business done.—ALBERT ROLLIT, and Ex-Lord Mayor WHITEHEAD, carry Resolution declaring Revised Railway Rates prejudicial to commercial interests of country.

MIXED NOTIONS.

No. VII.—PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

(Scene and Persons as usual.)

Inquirer (to First Well-Informed Man). I say, have you ever been in the House of Commons?

First W. I. M. (shortly). No, you know I haven't.

Inquirer. Oh, I don't mean as a Member. Of course I know you wouldn't stand the rot of all these Constituents, or whatever they call themselves. But have you ever been there as a visitor while a debate's going on?

First W. I. M. Yes, once—some years ago. But why do you ask?

Inquirer (producing an order of admission). Well, you see, I got old JENKINS to give me a ticket for to-night, and I'm hanged if I know how I'm to get there, or when I'm to go, or anything about it. I thought you might be able to tell me how it's done.

First W. I. M. Let's have a look at your ticket.

[*Both the Well-Informed Men inspect it with an air of critical sagacity.*]

First W. I. M. (after a prolonged pause). I don't see where your difficulty is. You just present this at the door.

Inquirer. Ah, I daresay—but what door? That's what I want to know. The place looks as if it had about fifty thousand doors, you know. And then I believe, if you make any mistakes, they march you off, in two-tuos, as a dynamiter, or a Socialist, or an agitator, or something. You know old BONKER. Well, he went there once with a black bag, in which he'd got some sandwiches and cake, and, just because he wouldn't open it, they made no end of a row, and shoved him in the Clock-tower, or something, until he apologised. I don't want any of those games, you know.

Average Man. Don't take a black bag then. They won't want to search your pockets.

Inquirer (relieved). Won't they? That's one comfort, at any rate. Do you think I ought to go in at the big entrance?

First W. I. M. Of course you ought. The others are only for Members.

Inquirer. Ah! And I suppose I ought to get there pretty early now that they've changed their hours. (*With determination.*) I'll go about half-past eleven.

[*A pause. They read papers.*]

Inquirer (suddenly, with intense alarm). Oh, I say, look here, you chaps. Here's old GLADSTONE gone and suspended the Twelve o'Clock Rule. What does that mean?

Second W. I. M. It means that they start everything at twelve o'clock in the day.

First W. I. M. No, it doesn't. It means that they don't start anything till twelve o'clock at night.

Second W. I. M. (pityingly). My dear fellow, where have you been all these years? They *always* go home on the stroke of midnight now.

First W. I. M. That's just where you're wrong. Midnight to two in the morning is just jolly well their best time now.

Second W. I. M. I'll bet you half a thick 'un you're wrong!

First W. I. M. And I'll bet you half a thick 'un I'm right!

[*The argument continues for some minutes in this strain.*]



"WELL MATCHED."

Medico (pathetically, with a view to touching the Dealer's heart). "Now, Mr. BOBBS, WHAT DO YOU THINK I COULD GET A THOROUGHLY GOOD USEFUL PAIR OF HORSES FOR, EH? PRICE NOT STIFF."

Mr. Bobbs. "LOE' BLESS YOU, SIR, TO FIND HORSES—NOTHIN' EASIER. BUT, AS REGARDS PRICE—WELL—YOU CAN HAVE 'EM AT ALL PRICES, JUST AS YOU CAN DOCTORS!"

Inquirer. I wonder if they'll have any obstruction. I should like to see some of that. I believe it's no end amusing.

Second W. I. M. Oh, you may trust this Opposition for that. Their only notion for employing time is to obstruct everything and everybody.

First W. I. M. (with a deadly calmness). Ah! you call it obstruction, of course, because you want to rush your iniquitous Bills through the House. But you don't think we're going to stand that, do you?—because we're not, and the Country's with us. Just look at Grimsby.

Second W. I. M. All right! Suppose you look at Cirencester.

First W. I. M. What do you say to Stockport then?

Second W. I. M. And what do you say to Walsham and Hexall, and all the rest of them? (*At the suggestion of the Average Man, they abandon this fiery debate. A pause.*)

Inquirer. Who's Speaker now?

First W. I. M. Sir ROBERT PEEL.

Inquirer. Will he be there to-night?

First W. I. M. Of course he will. He's got to be there.

Inquirer. But then what does the Chairman of Committee do?

First W. I. M. Oh, ah,—um, let me see; the Chairman of Committee does—(*Brightly.*) He's only appointed, you know, when they want a Committee about something.

Second W. I. M. I fancy he has to read the Bills.

First W. I. M. (gathering assurance as he proceeds). Not when they're read a first time. Somebody else does that—I forget what they call him. The Chairman reads 'em a second time, and takes 'em up to the House of Lords.

Inquirer. So he does, of course. I ought to have remembered that. But I'd got a sort of notion they didn't really read the Bills at all—just chucked 'em into a bag, and called it a Second Reading.

First W. I. M. (condescendingly). That's how they used to do it about ten years ago; but they had to alter the whole thing after they got BRADLAUGH into the House.

Inquirer. Why was that?

First W. I. M. Well, he wouldn't take an oath, you know; so, after that, they altered everything.

Inquirer (with admiration). By Jove, what a chap you are for recollecting things!

[*Terminus.*]

QUEER QUERIES.

A NEW POLL-TAX.—Would somebody inform me of the easiest way of getting into Parliament? I see that Members are soon going to be paid, and that would be very useful to me, as my present yearly expenses are £1,500, and my income barely £150. Had I better try as a "Labour Candidate"? I feel that I may claim the title, on account of the labour—twelve hours at least *per diem*—which I have to expend on getting out of the way of my creditors. I presume that, before long, there will be Parliaments all over the place, for England, Wales, and Scotland, as well as for Ireland, and I want to get into *all*! At least, I want to get into all where the excellent system of payment of Members is adopted, with salaries "On the higher scale," as they say in the Courts. It is curious that, when I explain to my creditors this most promising source of prospective income, they don't seem to see it! But creditors always were a purblind race.—WOULD-BE LEGISLATOR.

THE "WITLER" AND THE "WASSER-MAIDEN."

A Ballad of Bungdom. (After Hans Breitmann's Ballad of the Mermaid.)

DER noble Witler* BUNGO
 Von Schvillenschvigggenop,
 Rode out mit shpeer und helmet,
 Und he coom to de pancks of de Schlopp.

Und oop dere rose a Meer-maid
 Vot hadn't got nodings on,
 Und she say, "Oh, Witler BUNGO,
 Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

* Licensed Victualler.

Und he says, "I rides mine high-horse,
 Mit helmet und mit shpeer,
 Till I gooms unto mine Gasthaus,†
 Where I sells goot wine und peer."

Und den outspoke de Maiden
 Vot hadn't got nodings on:
 "I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh
 Dat cares for demselves alone.

† Tavern, or Wine Shop.

You'd petter coom down to de Wasser,—
 'Tis de pest trink ash you'll see,—
 Und haf a wholesome tinner
 Mit Schlopp-Vash, along mit me."

"Dere you sees de fisch a-schwimmin!
 Und dere healthy efery one."
 So sang dis Wasser-Maiden,
 Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Your shtrong tippleh cost mooch money,
 Dere ish death in de trinks you've sold;

Und you helps yourself, by doonder,
To de Vorkmansh hard-earned gold.

"Shoost look at doze sodden wretches,
White schlafes of de Witler Rings!
From dere 'trunks' you vill your pockets,
Und you rob dem like efery dings.

"Vot dey vantsh mit your schnaps* und
Vitrioled gin and doctored wine? (lager,
Smash your pottles, and preak your parrels,
Und try dese Schlopps of mine!

Vill dat fetch him! He standsh as shpell-
bound!

She would pool his coat-tails down.
She von't draw him oonder der Wasser—
Dat Maiden mit nodings on!

* Drams, drinks.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THANK you, Mrs. HUNGERFORD (says the Baron, bowing his very best to the talented authoress), for one of the cheeriest, freshest, and sweetest—if I may be allowed to use the epithet—of one-volume'd stories I've read for many a day. The three daughters are delightful. I question whether you couldn't have done better with "two only, as are generally necessary;" but perhaps this is ungrateful on my part. Anyway, two out of the three lovers are scarcely worth mentioning, so I don't think I am far wrong for the team was a bit unmanageable, well as you had them in hand. Excellent, too, is the sketch of *Dad*, though that of *Aunt Jane* is a trifle too grotesque, and will, perforce, remind those of your readers, who are theatre-goers, of Mr. PENLEY in petticoats, now actually playing "*Charley's*" irresistibly comic *Aunt* at the Globe Theatre. But it is all good, and not too good to be true. Likewise, my dear Madame, you have given us two life-like sketches, one of a car-driver with his vicious mare, and the other of *Molly's* little dog. In conclusion, I congratulate you, Mrs. HUNGERFORD, as also the publisher, Mr. HEINEMANN, on having secured so good a specimen of the material for sale in this Hungerford market, says

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOME, CHEAP HOME!

"THINE be a cot beside a hill,"
Hums Mrs. HAWES in our ear;
"Such cots are in the market still,
At only thirty pounds a year.

"Then, as for furnishing the fold,
Another fifty pounds will do it;
But mind you stick to what is old,
Nor carry modern rubbish to it!

"Your chairs must all be Chippendale,
Your tables of the native oak,
Your sofas"—but of what avail!
To further urge this little joke?

For in this cot the chairs may be
Much chipped, but hardly Chippendale,
Unless the lady will agree
To costs "upon the hire scale."

SAID a prim Bachelor, in a nasty temper,
after a struggle with an ultra-stiffened clean shirt,
"I should like to indict my laundress
at the Old Bailey, charge her with murdering
my linen, and, as evidence, I'd produce the
mangled remains in Court."

MRS. R. has been studying architecture.
She says that "all Schoolmasters' Houses
ought to be built in the Early Perpendicular
Tutor style."



"WHERE A FOOTMAN IS KEPT."

"BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO LEAVE, SARAH? IT'S NOT A HARD PLACE, AND JOHN DOES MOST OF YOUR WORK?"

"YES, MA'AM! BUT—A—JOHN HAS NO CONVERSATION?"

LIQUID AIR.

A LEARNED Professor, the other day,
At the Royal Institution,
Explained, in a quite scientific way,
How, helped by a contribution
From the Goldsmiths' Company, he'd
prepare
Some liquid oxygen—you're aware
This is what plain English folks call
Unspoilt by smoky pollution. ["air"]

No doubt he meant well, and the Goldsmiths
In their noble work together; [too,
But was it the very best thing to do,
In that showery, soaking weather; [cats,
When drizzle, or downpour, of dogs and
From the "liquid air" made us all
drowned rats,
And ruined our clothes and our best top-
hats,
And spoilt boots of the stoutest leather?

Professors and Companies, if you would
Invent some sort of appliance
To dry "liquid air," on which we could
Repose implicit reliance,
Arranged to diminish this H₂O,
Which, as every schoolboy ought to
know,
The Germans call *wasser*, the French
call *eau*,
We should bless your chemical science.

CON. FOR CAPITALISTS.

Q. Why is it clear the Sparrow is an
advocate of Free Competition?

A. Because his everlasting cry is, "Cheep-
Cheep!"

"THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM."—Mrs. R.
warmly espouses the cause of Temperance.
She is very strong on what she has heard is
called "The Gotobed System," in Sweden.

PILL-DOCTOR HERDAL.

(Translated from the Original Norwegian by Mr. Punch.)

SECOND ACT.

DR. HERDAL'S Drawing-room and Dispensary, as before. It is early in the day. DR. HERDAL sits by the little table, taking his own temperature with a clinical thermometer. By the door stands the New Book-keeper; he wears blue spectacles and a discoloured white tie, and seems slightly nervous.

Dr. Herd. Well, now you understand what is necessary. My late book-keeper, Miss BLAKDRAF, used to keep my accounts very cleverly—she charged every visit twice over.

The New B. I am familiar with book-keeping by double entry. I was once employed at a Bank.

Dr. Herd. I am discharging my assistant, too; he was always trying to push me out with his pills. Perhaps you will be able to dispense?

The New B. (modestly). With an additional salary, I should be able to do that too.

Dr. Herd. Capital! You shall dispense with an additional salary. Go into the Dispensary, and see what you can make of it. You may mistake a few drugs at first—but everything must have a beginning.

[As the New B. retires, Mrs.

HERDAL enters in a hat and cloak with a watering-pot, noiselessly.

Mrs. Herd. Miss WANGEL got up early, before breakfast, and went for a walk. She is so wonderfully vivacious!

Dr. Herd. So I should say. But tell me, ALINE, is she really going to stay with us here? [Nervously.]

Mrs. Herd. (looks at him). So she tells me. And, as she has brought nothing with her except a tooth-brush and a powder-puff, I am going into the town to get her a few articles. We must make her feel at home.

Dr. Herd. (breaking out). I will make her not only feel, but be at home, wherever that is, this very day! I will not have a perambulating Allegory without a portmanteau here on an indefinite visit. I say, she shall go—do you hear, ALINE? Miss WANGEL will go!

[Raps with his fist on table.]

Mrs. Herd. (quietly). If you say so, HAUSTUS, no doubt she will have to go. But you must tell her so yourself.

[Puts the watering-pot on the console table, and goes out, as HILDA enters, sparkling with pleasure.]

Hilda (goes up straight to him). Good morning, DR. HERDAL. I have just seen a pig killed. It was ripping—I mean, gloriously thrilling! And your wife has taken a tremendous fancy to me. Fancy that!

Dr. Herd. (gloomily). It is eccentric certainly. But my poor dear wife was always a little—

Hilda (nods her head slowly several times). So you have noticed that too? I have had a long talk with her. She can't get over your discharging Mr. KALOMEL—he is the only man who ever really understood her.

Dr. Herd. If I could only pay her off a little bit of the huge, immeasurable debt I owe her—but I can't!

Hilda (looks hard at him). Can't I help you? I helped RAGNAR BROVIK. Didn't you know I stayed with him and poor little KAIA—after that accident to my Master Builder? I did. I made RAGNAR build me the loveliest castle in the air—lovelier, even, than poor Mr. SOLNESS's would have been—and we stood together on the very top. The steps were rather too much for KAIA. Besides, there was no room for her on top. And he put towering spires on all his semi-

detached villas. Only, somehow, they didn't let. Then the castle in the air tumbled down, and RAGNAR went into liquidation, and I continued my walking-tour.

Dr. Herd. (interested against his will). And where did you go after that, may I ask, Miss WANGEL?

Hilda. Oh, ever so far North. There I met Mr. and Mrs. TESMAN—the second Mrs. TESMAN—she who was Mrs. ELVSTED, with the irritating hair, you know. They were on their honeymoon, and had just decided that it was impossible to reconstruct poor Mr. LÖVBORG's great book out of Mrs. ELVSTED's rough notes. But I insisted on GEORGE's attempting the impossible—with Me. And what do you think Mrs. TESMAN wears in her hair now?

Dr. Herd. Why, really I could not say. Vine-leaves, perhaps.

Hilda. Wrong—straws! Poor TESMAN didn't fancy that—so he shot himself, un-beautifully, through his ticket-pocket. And I went on and took Rosmersholm for the Summer. There had been misfortune in the house, so it was to let. Dear good old Rector KROLL acted as my reference; his wife and children had no sympathy with his views, so I used to see him every day. And I persuaded him, too, to attempt the impossible—he had never ridden anything but a rocking-

horse in his life, but I made him promise to mount the White Horse of the Rosmersholms. He didn't get over that. They found his body, a fortnight afterwards, in the mill-dam. Thrilling!

Dr. Herd. (shakes his finger at her). What a girl you are, Miss WANGEL! But you mustn't play these games here, you know.

Hilda (laughs to herself). Of course not. But I suppose I am a strange sort of bird.

Dr. Herd. You are like a strong tonic. When I look at you I seem to be regarding an effervescent saline draught. Still, I really must decline to take you.

Hilda (a little sulky). That is not how you spoke ten years ago, up at the mountain station, when you were such a flirt!

Dr. Herd. Was I a flirt? Deuce take me if I remember. But I am not like that now.

Hilda. Then you have really forgotten how you sat next to me at the table d'hôte, and made pills and swallowed them, and were so splendid and buoyant and free that all the old women who knitted left next day?

Dr. Herd. What a memory you have for trifles, Miss WANGEL, it's quite wonderful!

Hilda. Trifles! There was no trifling on your part. When you promised

to come back in ten years, like a troll, and fetch me!

Dr. Herd. Did I say all that? It must have been after table d'hôte!

Hilda. It was. I was a mere chit then—only twenty-three; but I remember. And now I have come for you.

Dr. Herd. Dear, dear! But there is nothing of the troll about me now I have married Mrs. SOLNESS.

Hilda (looking sharply at him). Yes, I remember you were always dropping in to tea in those days.

Dr. Herd. (seems hurt). Every visit was duly put down in the ledger and charged for—as poor little SENNA will tell you.

Hilda. Little SENNA? Oh, Dr. HERDAL, I believe there is a bit of the troll left in you still!

Dr. Herd. (laughs a little). No, no; my conscience is perfectly robust—always was.

Hilda. Are you quite quite sure that, when you went indoors with dear Mrs. SOLNESS that afternoon, and left me alone with my Master Builder, you did not foresee—perhaps wish—intend, even a little, that—H'm?

Dr. Herd. That you would talk the poor man into clambering up that tower? You want to drag Me into that business now!



"Beautiful rainbow-coloured powders that will give one a real grip on the world!"

Hilda (teasingly). Yes, I certainly think that then you went on exactly like a troll.

Dr. Herd. (with uncontrollable emotion). HILDA, there is not a corner of me safe from you! Yes, I see now that *must* have been the way of it. Then I *was* a troll in that, too! But isn't it terrible the price I have had to pay for it? To have a wife who—. No, I shall never roll a pill again—never, never!

Hilda (lays her head on the stove, and answers as if half asleep). No more pills? Poor Doctor HERD!

Dr. Herd. (bitterly). No—nothing but cosy commonplace grey powders for a whole troop of children.

Hilda (lively again). Not grey powders! (*Quite seriously.*) I will tell you what you shall make next. Beautiful rainbow-coloured powders that will give one a real grip on the world. Powders to make everyone free and buoyant, and ready to grasp at one's own happiness, to dare what one would. I will have you make them. I will—I will!

Dr. Herd. H'm! I am not quite sure that I clearly understand. And then the ingredients—?

Hilda. What stupid people all of you pill-doctors are, to be sure! Why, they will be *poisons*, of course!

Dr. Herd. Poisons? Why in the world should they be that?

Hilda (without answering him). All the thrillingest, deadliest poisons—it is only such things that are wholesome, nowadays.

Dr. Herd. (as if caught by her enthusiasm). And I could colour them, too, by exposing them to rays cast through a prism. Oh, HILDA, how I have needed you all these years! For, you see, with her it was impossible to discuss such things. [*Embraces her.*]

Mrs. Herd. (enters noiselessly through hall-door). I suppose, HAUSTUS, you are persuading Miss WANGEL to start by the afternoon steamer? I have bought her a pair of curling-tongs, and a packet of hair-pins. The larger parcels are coming on presently.

Dr. Herd. (uneasily). H'm! HILDA—Miss WANGEL I should say—is kindly going to stay on a little longer, to assist me in some scientific experiments. You wouldn't understand them if I told you.

Mrs. Herd. Shouldn't I, HAUSTUS? I daresay not.

[*The New Book-keeper looks through the glass-door of Dispensary.*]

Hilda (starts violently and points—then in a whisper). Who is that?

Dr. Herd. Only the New Book-keeper and Assistant—a very intelligent person.

Hilda (looks straight in front of her with a far-away expression, and whispers to herself). I thought at first it was . . . But no—that would be too frightfully thrilling!

Dr. Herd. (to himself). I'm turning into a regular old troll now—but I can't help myself. After all, I am only an elderly Norwegian. We are made like that . . . Rainbow powders—*real* rainbow powders! With HILDA! . . . Oh, to have the joy of life once more!

[*Takes his temperature again as Curtain falls.*]

PROFESSOR WHITEWASH'S GUIDE TO HISTORY.

Question. Who was WILLIAM the Conqueror?

Answer. The Managing Director of an Exploration Company composed of the most respectable shareholders.

Q. WILLIAM RUFUS, HENRY THE FIRST and RICHARD THE FIRST?

A. RUFUS, a worthy son of a worthy father; HENRY, a scholar, who strongly objected to over-cramming; and RICHARD, a mild-mannered man, who modestly shrank from canonisation.

Q. And what do you know about King JOHN?

A. That he gave to a grateful country the Magna Charta.

Q. And all the intermediate monarchs being equally good, what have you to say about King HENRY THE EIGHTH?

A. He was a model monarch, and worthy to be the father of MARY and ELIZABETH.

Q. How about the Royal ladies you have last mentioned?

A. The first had as large a mind as the other a heart.

Q. What do you think of the STUART Family?

A. It was famed for its fidelity, trustfulness, and gratitude.

Q. Were WILLIAM and MARY, and ANNE, pleasant Monarchs?

A. Most pleasant. As witty as they were beautiful.

Q. And how about the GEORGES?

A. All that could be desired—and more. Indeed, all our monarchs have been of the most exemplary character, against whom the most scandal-loving would utter no word of complaint.



The Professor.

THE ENGLISH-FRENCH EMBASSADORE AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

WELL, we've bin a going on much as usual at our grand old Manshun House under our trewly liberal LORD MARE, but I ain't had nothink werry new to tell about, till a few nites ago, when we had what I can truthfully call a reel staggerer, and no mistake. It seems as it's allers the custon, when a Embassadore, who has made hisself werry poplar, is gitting jest a leetle tired of us, and begins to si for Ome sweet Ome, for the principalest Gent in London to give him sitch a grand Bankwet as he ain't never seen afore, and ain't never likely for to see again. So the LORD MARE, hearing as the French Embassadore was in that werry delicate sitiuation, arsked about three hundred of the most hement Gents in all London to come to the Manshun House to meet him, and they all came, as in course they wood do, and that was one of the werry grandest Bankwets as regards silly brated Gests as ewen I ewer had the honner of waiting on.

And now for the staggerers! Just to begin with, why the French Embassadore is no more a Frenchman than I am! for his name it's WODDINGTON, and so was his Father's before him, and strange to say, thanks, I spose, to the splendid dinner, *et setterer*, as was guv him, he aeshally told us as he rowed in the Winning Boat at the University Boat-race at Putney, ewer so many years ago! Werry like a Frenchman, suttlenly, or, as I should prefer saying, werry like a Whale! Of course all the Gents present, being reel Gents, looked quite as if they bleveed it all; but, when he afterwards went on to say that his Grate Grandfather took his most religious and grayshus Majesty, King CHARLES THE SECOND, right up into the Hoak Tree, and so saved his preshus life, I saw sum two or three of the werry hiest on 'em trying in wain to look quite serious, as if they bleveed it all; and one werry smart young feller near me said to his friend, "Why not call it the Hoax Tree?" I didn't kno quite wat he meant, but they both had a quiet larf over it.

He gave us a few more staggerers, but not quite equal to the King Charles one, and of course we coud all make allowances for him, as it was his last chance in such a party as that was. But he made up for it all before he left, by speaking of the Grand Old Copperation as one of the werry noblest bodys in the world, and as having made its mark in the history of this great Country, and how artily he hoped it would continue and flurrish for ever! I don't suppose as there was any county counsellors among so distingwisht a Body, or I should like to know what they thort of the Embassadore's opinion of us! An I'm thinkin of wizitin Parry myself and cummin out strong. And wy not? They tell me it will make me kwite young again, for I shall go over there a helderly henglish waiter and reappear in Parry as a "garsong" which is french for "a young man."

ROBERT.

BRIGHTON BOORS.

[MR. GLADSTONE was mobbed by an immense crowd on Sunday, the 5th.]

O BRIGHTON, it isn't a thing to be proud of

That people, the fat uns as well as the bony uns,
Should squeeze an old Gentleman, crushed in a crowd of
Brightonians.

All watering-places you claim to be Queen of,

As proud as the Tyrians or the Sidonians;
Your manners don't match; such behaviour seems green of
Brightonians.

You scare away visitors, who are affrighted

By folks rude as Goths, Huns, or wild Caledonians.
Such staring shows that in two ways you're short-sighted
Brightonians.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—CHATTO and WINDUS have published, in handy form, cloth bound, and handsomely printed, an edition of JUSTIN MCCARTHY's novels. There are, ten in all, going at half-a-crown a-piece, and well worth the money. The literary style is excellent—not a matter of course in the writing of novels—the tone wholesome, whilst on every page gleams the light of genuine, if gentle humour. In looking through the pages of this charming little library, my Baronite is inclined to regret that Mr. MCCARTHY should, to some extent, have given up to Politics what was meant for Literature.

B. DE B.-W.



"Robaire" à la mode de Parry.



AN EFFECT OF SHYNESS.

Proud Mama. "WHICH DO YOU THINK EFFY'S MOST LIKE, MR. JINKS?—HER FATHER, OR ME?"

Mr. Jinks. "OH—A—I SHOULD SAY SHE'S A PLAIN LIKENESS OF HER FATHER— I MEAN—A—HANDSOME LIKENESS OF HER MOTHER—A—I MEAN—A—A—"

[*Stammers hopelessly, upsets his Tea, and wishes himself unborn.*]

THE ASSAULT!!

Beleaguers babble around the Battering-Ram:—

Balfourius (musingly). "Heroes tall
Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall."

Chamberlainius (sardonically). Heroes tall, indeed! Have the distressed defenders of this untenable Citadel any such? GLAD-STONIUS is a sort of hero, perhaps, but hardly tall; HARCOURTIUS is tall indeed, but no hero. Aha!

Saundersonius (sharply). Yes; and we have had too much of that "tortoise-creeping" business. Sharp's the word now, I hope. BALFOURIUS'S Battering-Ram—though the murderous ruffians—I mean excited politicians—*did* denounce it, is better than all your tortoises!

Balfourius (completing his quotation). "Lances in ambush set."
Saundersonius. Oh yes, they're all very well—in their way. A School of Strategy for our "young bloods," with secret *séances*, and—ahem!—*Fagin*-like rehearsals, is not a bad notion. But on the whole I agree with *Moloch*:—

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More inexpert, I boast not: there let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to arise, sit lingering here,
Prisoners of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell-flames and fury all at once,
O'er these high towers to force resistless way,
Turning Obstruction into horrid arms
Against the Obstructor; when to meet the noise
Of his 'iniquitous' engine, he shall hear
Ulsterian thunder; and for lightning set
Green fire and rockets shot with equal rage
Among his 'items'; and his seat itself

Shake with Tartarean tactics, 'dirty tricks,'
His own invented dodges.

Grandolphus (tugging at Balfourius's tunic-tails). Ha! ha! ha!
Well quoted, my Orange-plumed Hyperborean hero! (*Aside: I must read up the bards a bit. Didn't know they were so practically pertinent. How handy that "senesque" bit came in the other day!*)

Balfourius (fidgeting). I say, GRANDOLPHUS, if you'd tug at the rope, instead of my tails, I fancy you'd tire me less, and have more effect on the Ram.

Grandolphus (cheerily). Ah, my old friend, I assure you I intend to stick to you "loyally and unhesitatingly."

Balfourius (drily). Oh—thanks!!!

Chamberlainius. Never were such a United lot as we are!

(*Sings sotto voce.*)

For I love dear B. as a brother, I do,
And dear B. he worships me;
But we'll both be blowed if we'll either be-stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see!

Balfourius. What's that you say?

Chamberlainius. Oh, merely humming "Birds in their little nests agree."

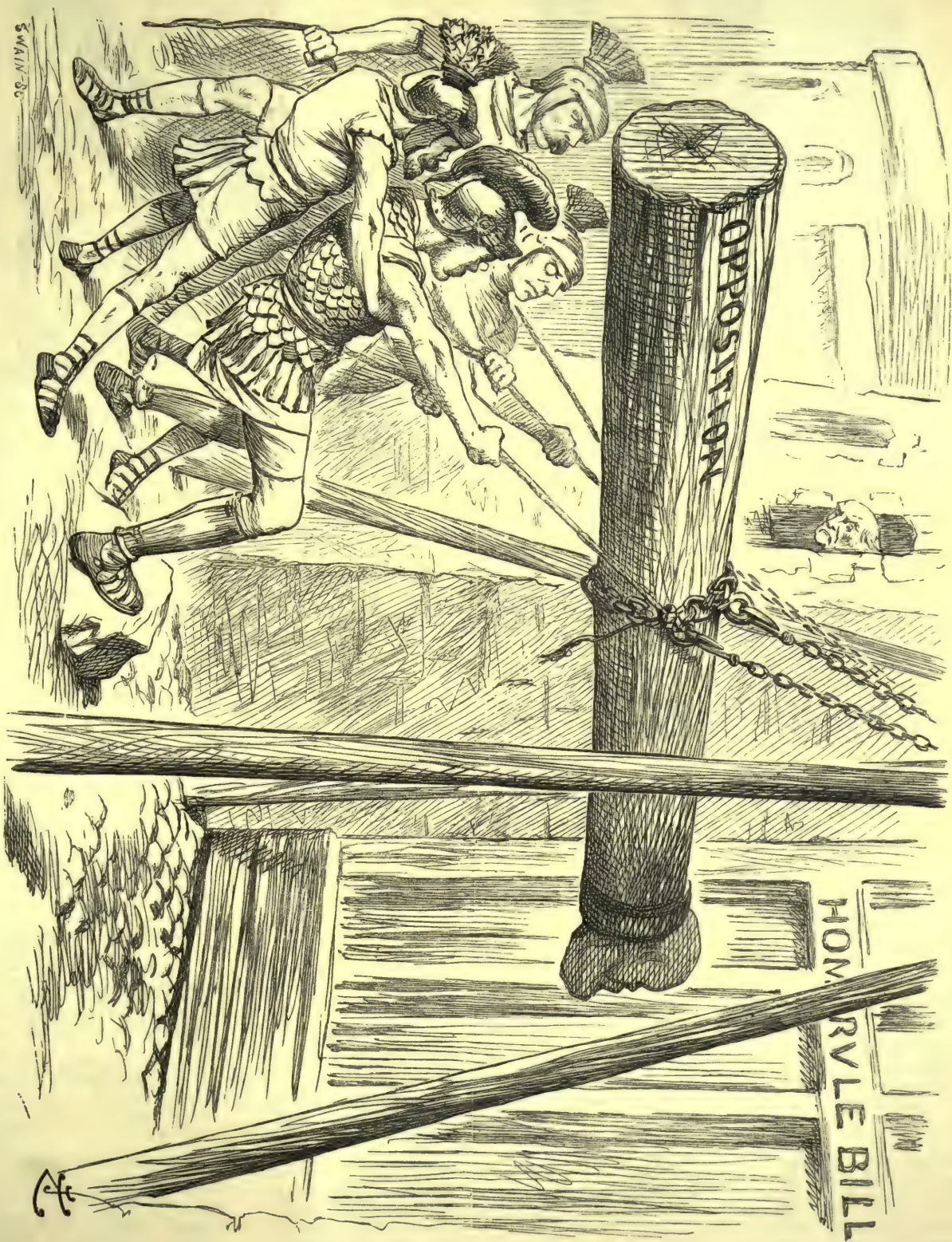
Balfourius. Ah, as the Chief says, there'll be plenty of opportunity for personal sacrifice and pulling together before we're through with this siege. To work this Battering-Ram with effect, unanimity and simultaneity of effort are especially essential.

Saundersonius. Quite so! So bear a hand—at the rope, GRANDOLPHUS, if you please. Now then, boys—all together!!!
BANG!!!!!!

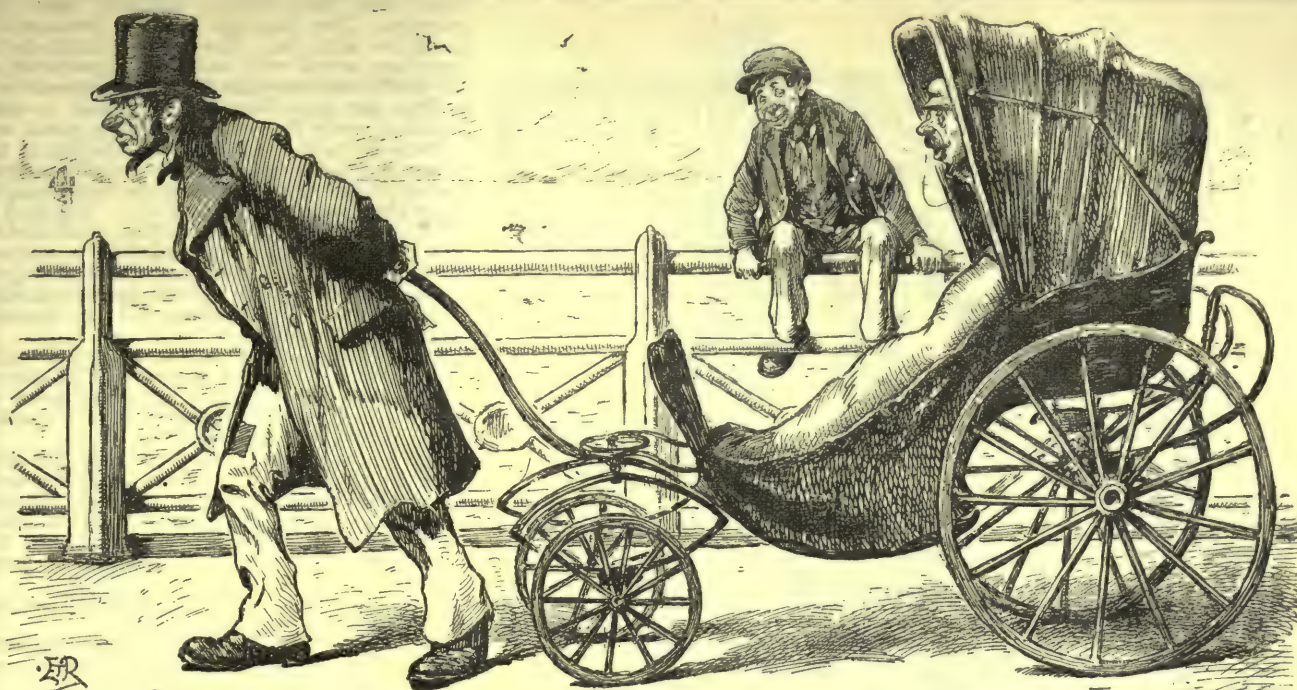
Grand Old Voice (from within). "When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful." Wonder if that gate will stand the shock! Must disable that Rampant Ram of theirs—somehow.

[*Left keeping his eye on 'em.*]

SUFFICIENTLY ANTIQUE.—Said TOMKINS, "I won't say my ancestors were in this Country before the Flood, but they came in with the High Tide."



THE ASSAULT!!



TRIALS OF A CONVALESCENT.

Tompkins (in a feeble voice, for the fourth or fifth time, with no result). "CHAIRMAN!!! CHAIRMAN!!!"
That Awful Boy. "LYDIES AND GENTLEMEN——"!!

A FYTTE OF THE BLUES.

BY AN OLD "CROCK."

After reading the rattling verses of "Tis," entitled "Good Luck!" in the "Granta."

Good old *Granta*! They set the blood glowing,

Your verse-grinder's galloping lines,
 There seems rare inspiration in Rowing!

The Muse, who politely declines
 To patronise pessimist twitters,
 Has smiled on these stanzas, which smack
 Of health, honest zeal, foaming "bitters,"
 And vigour of brain and of back.

Good luck to the Light Blues! That burden
 Befits rattling rhymes from the Cam,
 Their "movement" might rouse a Dame
 DURDEN,

Or fire a cold victim of cram.
 Why it stirs up "old Crocks" to peruse 'em—
 Slashing lines on "a slashing octette"—
 They feel, though 'tis hard to "enthuse" 'em,
 There must be some life in 'em yet.

Old Crocks! Oh, exuberant youngers!
 You "guy" "the old gang" as "played
 As fogies, and fussers, and funders, [out,"
 You've over-much reason, no doubt.
 But, great Scott! as your rowing-rhymes
 rattle
 And lilt lyric praise of the Crews,
 We too sniff the air of the battle!
 We too have a Fit of the Blues.

It's oh! just to "swing behind LEWIS,"
 A "youngster as strong as an ox"!
 Or be one who true Boss of the Crew is,—
 Your "pet Palinurus"—the Cox!
 To feel all the blood in one glowing,
 And—heedless of love, toil, and "tin"—
 Know naught in creation save—Rowing,
 Deems nothing worth much save—a WIN!

Five minutes, my boys, of such feeling,
 When rivals look beaten and blown,
 When the nose of your ship is just stealing
 Ahead, when your muscles have grown
 To thews, that—*pro tem*.—are Titanic,
 Are worth a whole year of our lives,
 Whose waistbands are—well, Aldermanic,
 Who've wrinkles, and worries, and wives!

Well, here's to the two tints of azure,
 The Dark Blue as well as the Light!
 At least there's one thing we can say sure,—
 There'll be no blue funk in their fight.
 And here's to the Bard of the *Granta*,
 Who sings without "side," "sniff," or
 "shop."

May he live (if he wish it), to plant a
 Big bay on Parnassus's top!

TIM O'HOWLIGAN'S LAMENT.

AIR—"Arrah! darlints, we can't do
 without ye!"

AH! shure boys, the world has gone crazy,
 And there's plinty of throuble in shtore,
 Ivery mornin' I wake up onaisy
 Bekase I can't shtleep any more.
 'Twas CROMWELL, bad seran to 'im, done it,
 Him that murdered King CHARLES, ochone!
 And since the black villin begun it
 Ould Erin's done nothing but groan,

And moan,

It would soften the heart of a shtone.

By the poker, I'm boilin' with passion
 Whin I think of the laws that they make;
 At a fair the bhoys heads ye can't smash in,
 Nor get decently dhruunk at a wake.
 There's only twelve pince in a shillin',
 And not more than two pints in a quart,
 Unless you are cliver at fillin',
 And can make it hould more than it ought.
 Don't be caught,
 Or, be jabers, they'll make you pay for't.

Where's the kings and the princes of Erin
 That lived on purtaties and point,
 And niver saw year out and year in
 The devil a taste of a joint?
 Thim toirants now buy all our bacon,
 And the linen, and butther, and that,
 All that grows in the counthry is taken
 From Antrim to Mullinavat.

Poor Pat

Has to sell at a profut, that's flat.

Well, honies, I'll give ye a hint,
 And let ivery one do it who can;
 When the bag of thirteens is all spint,
 Set up for a Parliament man.
 Thim's the boys that gets lashins of drinkin',
 And they dine wanst a week wid the Queen,
 Where the glasses are niver done clinkin',
 Wid the Royalties jokin' and spreein',

Jubilecin',

And such doins as niver was seen.

A COMPLAINT AND SIMPLE REMEDY.—
 Among the Requests in our ecclesiastical
 contemporary, *The Guardian*, recently ap-
 peared one asking for an effectual way of
 "exterminating dry rot, and preventing its
 re-appearance in a church." Why doesn't
 the reverend inquirer try somebody else's
 Sermons? Or have no Sermons at all?

NOTHING more delights our old friend than
 to get hold of a real good word, and use it
 with effect. "I wish I knew what is going
 to win the Derby this year," observed her
 Niece. "Ah, my dear," replied her Aunt,
 "I might be able to tell you if I were a
 Vaccinator."

BEST DAY IN THE WEEK FOR MAKING A
 PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.—In London, Mon-
 day is the most appropriate, as being dedi-
 cated to the "Monday Pops."



Mr. Moriarty. "LOOK HERE, ADA, HOW MUCH LONGER, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, ARE YE GOIN' TO BE DRESSIN' YOURSELF?"

Voice from the Heights. "ONLY TEN MINUTES, DEAR!"

Mr. Moriarty. "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, IF I'VE GOT TO WAIT HERE TEN MINUTES, I'LL—I'LL BE OFF THIS BLESSED MOMENT!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 6.—"The SPEAKER took the Chair at three o'clock." That is an extract from the *Journals of the House*, a fascinating literary work, ably edited by Mr. PALGRAVE with the assistance of Mr. MILMAN, much in favour at MUDIE'S. Last time I saw SPEAKER rise from Chair was Banquet at Mansion House given by way of farewell to M. WADDINGTON. Very remarkable scene it was. In ordinary times SPEAKER of House of Commons is personally unknown to outside public. He takes no part in debate; never goes on Midlothian Campaigns; belongs to no faction; has no political following; and should have no enemy. British public, regarding with close attention the fascinating arena at Westminster, have evidently formed clear opinion of its present President. When list of guests whom LORD MAYOR delighted to honour read out by Toastmaster, name of SPEAKER received with enthusiastic and prolonged applause. House of Commons men present, of whom

there was large muster, evidently taken by surprise. They know the SPEAKER, because they daily live with him. How outside public should have been seized with such keen appreciation of his worth was more than they were prepared for.

This may have been, probably was, to some extent a *succès d'estime*. Mr. PEEL's speech was genuine triumph; very brief, the shortest of the series, but incomparably the best; lofty in tone, perfect in delivery, saying just the right thing at the right moment in the right way. Its effect at Mansion House something like that which electrified House when Mr. PEEL, standing on steps of Chair, faced it for first time as its SPEAKER, revealing, even to those who had known him long, the full depths of his nature and the towering height of his capacity.

"*Mon Dieu, TOBEE*," said an eminent Frenchman, "the world in both hemispheres has always envied you the possession of your House of Commons. Now we know you have a Speaker worthy of its best traditions."

Banquet a great success; certainly the most brilliant galaxy of guests drawn together in same place since Mr. PHELPS, the American Minister, said farewell in memorable speech. Much struck with completeness of arrangements. Even the waiters imbued with consciousness of great occasion.

"Hope you enjoy your dinner, Sir?" said one to me, when dessert placed on table.

"Excellent," I said; "perhaps the whitebait done a little too much; showed tendency to present itself in fragments; but 'twas nothing."

"Yessir," said the Waiter, diligently brushing off imaginary crumbs. "I'm going now, Sir."

"Ah," I said; "then I suppose you don't wait to hear the speeches; flow of reason, you know, quite a treat."

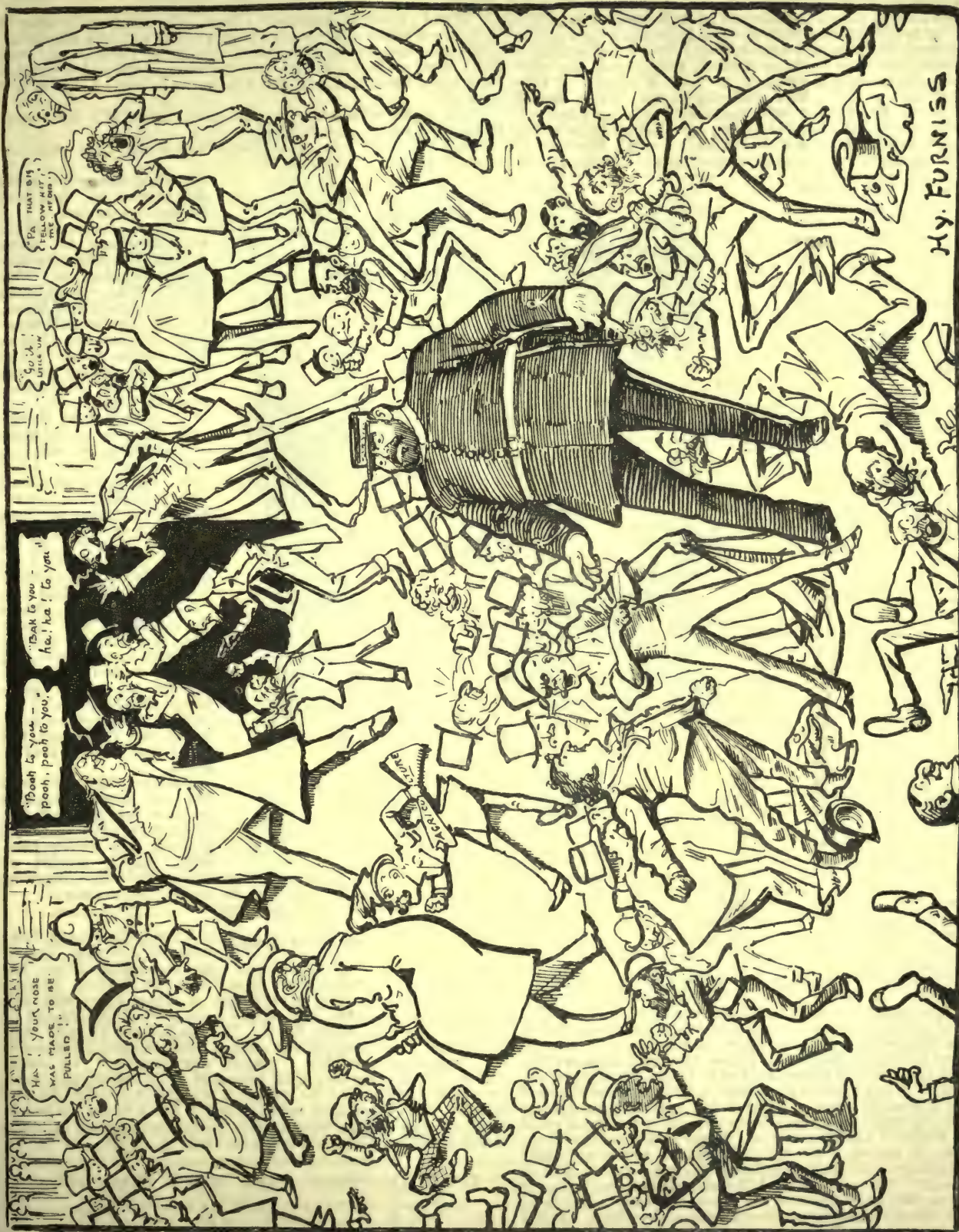
"Yessir," said he, still pegging away at the spotless table-cloth. "Can I get you anything more, Sir?"

"No, thank you," I said, quite touched at the man's considerate attention, the more marked since, as far as I recognised him, I had not seen him before. "I've done excellently."

"Yessir. I'm going now." Hardly seemed able to part. Not sure whether, in circumstances of international amity, I shouldn't have shaken hands with him. Made half advance in that direction. He quickly advanced his hand, but after glance at my extended palm, as rapidly withdrew it. Perhaps he was right. Not usual to shake hands with Waiter, though really, on occasion like this, one might disregard conventionalities. Waiter lingeringly withdrew, still keeping his eye on me, as if expecting me to call him back. Nodded a friendly farewell, and pensively peeled an orange, thinking how one touch of nature makes us kin. This good Waiter and I quite subdued by the graceful, generous thought of Lord Mayor KNILL, who has added one more link to the chain that binds in amity two nations that have fought all the way from Cressy to Waterloo.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Navy Estimates. In the Lobby sort of rehearsal of new Battle of Boyne. The other night SAUNDERSON said something disrespectful of Irish Members. WILLIE REDMOND, from his proud position among nobility and gentry above Gangway, called out, "You wouldn't say that in the Lobby." "Say it anywhere," responded the Colonel, ever ready to oblige.

Next day wrote letter to REDMOND, incidentally mentioning that if he wanted to hear the words over again, should meet him in Lobby to-night after questions. Nothing nearer REDMOND's heart's desire. At five o'clock Colonel, accompanied by another military gentleman, carrying his cloak, a pair of pistols, a stiletto, a bottle of *eau de Cologne*, a sponge, and a clothes-brush, sternly strode into Lobby. Carefully counted paces till he was standing as nearly as possible on centre tile; folded arms, and wished that Night or REDMOND would come. Colonel WARING,



My. FURNISS

"SCENES IN THE LOBBY."
DESIGN FOR OUR OWN HISTORICAL PAINTER.

with military accoutrements and cloak; stood a pace and a half to the left rear. Presently entered REDMOND, accompanied by J. J. O'KELLY, also carrying cloak. Secreted in folds were shillelagh, bottle of whiskey, pair of spurs, a toothpick, and a freshly-minted crown-piece. This last, at suitable moment, to be flung across Lobby; (friend secretly told off to be on alert to pick it up.) Action to be explained as typical of throwing King's Crown into the Boyne. The principals approaching, REDMOND, after manner of schoolboys, who edge up to each other, each hoping the other doesn't want to fight, asked Colonel to "say it again." "Certainly; but say what?" Here difficulty began, which spoiled whole business. REDMOND insisted upon being called a murderer. SAUNDERSON punctilious on minor points, wouldn't go quite so far in his desire to oblige. Angry altercation followed; Members, to number of something like hundred, formed ring. REDMOND, with right shoulder aggressively hoisted, spoke over it at the Colonel. Colonel stood erect, with hands loosely hanging by his side, ready for emergencies. Crowd grew thicker and more excited. "Expected every moment would be our next," as CLANCY breathlessly put it. But in the end storm blew itself out. Nothing happened, and crowd disappointedly dispersed.

Ulster will fight,
But—not to-night.

Thursday.—Opposition mustered to-day in high spirits; meeting at Carlton yesterday addressed by MARKISS and Prince ARTHUR; GRANDOLPH, looking in, took back seat in his customary retiring fashion. Meeting insisted on his coming to the front; made spirited speech; scarcely a dry eye in the Club when, looking shyly across at Prince ARTHUR, he alluded to him as his "old political friend," his "brilliant and esteemed Parliamentary Leader."

"I think," said the MARKISS, as meeting dispersed, "this will drive nail in coffin of Home-Rule Bill, and make things pretty hot for Mr. G. As HART DYKE epigrammatically puts it, 'We Unionists, above all others, should be united.'"

This, as I mentioned, happened yesterday. This afternoon Opposition mustered in anticipation of aggressive action by Mr. G. Had given notice to move suspension of Twelve o'Clock Rule, in order to make progress with Estimates.

"Not if we know it," said Right Hon. JAMES LOWTHER, commonly called "JEMMIE."

Mr. G., previous to moving Resolution, explained there was no intention of sitting late; Suspension Standing Order was matter of precaution designed to prevent arbitrary carrying over of Amendments when adequately discussed. Prince ARTHUR's keen eye discerned that this might be so construed as to convey no advantage to Government. When twelve o'clock came Debate might be diverged on to lines of wrangle round Question of Adjournment, and so House up and nothing done. On this understanding he declared he would not resist Motion of Leader of House. Then JEMMIE, rushing to the front, made the running. Did Mr. G. intend, in any case, to take Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill on Thursday next? Mr. G. nodded assent. "Very well, then I'll divide against you," JEMMIE roared across the pained figure of his esteemed Leader. Not to be moved by blandishment or argument from this position. Prince ARTHUR, seeing matters hopeless, haughtily strode forth, GRANDOLPH loyally accompanying him. But more than half his old colleagues stayed behind with JEMMIE LOWTHER who got Opposition soundly beaten by majority of 85.



"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

"[As persistent attempts are being made to show that Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN are at variance respecting the tactics which should be adopted by the Unionist Party in Opposition, we may state that more thorough accord never existed than at the present moment.]—*The Times*, March 8, 1893.]

Gargery Chamberlain. "You know, PIP, as you and me were ever the best of friends!"
Balfour Pip. "Dear Jo!"

"There's only one thing we want to run our majority over 100," said SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, smiling beneficently from Treasury Bench. "Another meeting of the Party at the Carlton Club will do it."

"What did you mean by to-night's performance?" I asked JEMMIE, later.

"Mean? I meant business. I'm a little tired of lurking in background seeing men come to front who haven't half my ability, political acumen, or Parliamentary knowledge. I intend to have a Party of my own. There has been a Fourth Party, and before that there was a Tea-room Party, and a Cave of Adullam. I shall eclipse them all."

"And under what name do you think history will know your faction?" I asked, much interested.

The Right Hon. took up a piece of paper, and on it wrote the words, "LOWTHER'S ARCADE."

Business done.—WOLMER'S Amendment on the Navy Estimates negatived.

Friday.—Prince ARTHUR, and Statesman to whom AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN distantly alludes as "My Right Hon. friend," sit separated by width of House. But, in assaults on Government, they are not divided. Idle stories about differences of opinion arising between them quite unnecessarily denied.

"I never look at them," said TREVELYAN, "without recalling to mind a passage in what is, I think, my favourite among DICKENS'S novels. You remember the scene in *Great Expectations*, where Joe Gargery visits Pip, in his day of prosperity, in London? 'Ever best of friends,' says JOE (CHAMBERLAIN). 'Dear JOE,' says Prince ARTHUR. 'You know, PIP,' says JOE, 'as you and me were ever friends, and it were looked forrerd to betwixt us as bein' calculated to lead to larks.'"

The expectation not lacking of past fulfillment; full of promise in days near at hand.

Business done.—Sat from two to seven discussing whether we shall sit to-morrow in order to make progress with public business. Finally decided we shall. Meanwhile, morning sitting slipped away.

VINO ITALIANO CON TEMPERANZA.—Signor VITALI, of the Italian-Wine-in-

England Mission, writes to us to say that Sir WILFRID LAWSON might temper his favourite beverage of *Aqua Pura* with half a gallon flask of *Vinum Purum Italianum*, such as Chianti, and he would be none the worse for it. We are inclined to agree with the Signor VITALI, as, in our opinion, there is small likelihood of any Italian wine-drinker "getting any forrader." Of course Signor VITALI, being somewhat interested in the matter, and therefore, most hopeful that his enterprise will result in orders for any number of flasks, and not end in an empty *fiasco*, would not fail to point out that Italian wine is likely to have a prolonged existence in this country, as it is not lacking in Vitali-ty.

tone and tint.—(By a Wearer of the Green.)

YOUR Orangeman swears—he's a terrible fellow!—They shan't set the Green o'er his favourite Yellow. His shout's "No surrender!" And is he so Green As to think we'll turn Yellow because of his spleen? No, no! He may vow in his last ditch he'll die, But—we're not to be scared by a Hue and a Cry!



THE PANGS OF MATRIMONY!!!

Casual Acquaintance. "HEAR YOU'RE TO BE MARRIED, MR. RIBBES. CONGRATULATE YOU!"

Mr. Ribbes. "MUCH OBLIGED, BUT I DUNNO SO MUCH ABOUT CONGRATULATIONS. IT'S CORSTIN' ME A PRETTY PENNY, I TELL YER. MRS. RIBBES AS IS TO BE, SHE WANTS 'ER TROUSSEAU, YER KNOW; AN' THEN THERE'S THE FURNISHIN', AN' THE LICENCE, AN' THE PARSON'S FEES; AN' THEN I 'AVE TO GIVE 'ER AN' 'ER SISTER A BIT O' JOOL'RY A-PIECE; AN' WOT WITH ONE THING AN' ANOTHER—SHE'S A 'EAVY WOMAN, YER KNOW, THIRTEEN STUN ODD—WELL, I RECKON SHE 'LL 'A CORST ME PRETTY NEAR TWO-AN'-ELEVEN A POUND AFORE I GIT 'ER 'OME!"

SMALL BY DEGREES.

A Story of Defiance not Defence.

THERE was once a Battalion of Volunteers with its full complement of field, company, and non-commissioned officers, and rank and file. And according to experts the Regiment was a most valuable addition to the national defence. One day a General, covered over with gold lace and wearing a cocked hat, rode up to the Colonel and called him out.

"Colonel," said the General, "we are thinking of giving over your command to a C.O. of a Dépôt Centre. It won't interfere with you much and

give you less to do. You may still call yourself Colonel—not that I call you so myself. I mean off parade."

But the Colonel did not seem to see it, and so he sent in his papers and rode away.

Then the General from the War Office called up the two remaining Field Officers.

"Majors" said he, "it seems to us we can help you a good deal by appointing a Major from a service battalion as Adjutant. Then you can rank beneath him, and he can look after you and the two half battalions you each of you are supposed to command. You may still call yourselves Majors—not that I call you so myself. I mean off parade."

But the Majors did not seem to see it, so they sent in *their* papers too.

Then the General from the War Office called up the Company Officers.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we shall continue the snubbing, of which you have had so much experience. You will do all sorts of new work, and go to all sorts of fresh expense in the near future. Not that it will increase your dignity—not a bit of it. However, you may still call yourselves Captains and Lieutenants—not that I call you so myself. I mean off parade."

But the Company Officers did not seem to see it, so they sent in their papers and marched away. Then the General from the War Office called up the rest of the Regiment.

"Now, Non-commissioned Officers and Men," said he, "you have no one to command you, and no one to pay for your marches out, prizes, and the rest of it. But don't let that bother you. You may still call yourselves Soldiers—not that I call you so myself. I mean off parade."

But the remainder of the Regiment did not seem to see it, so they sent in *their* resignations, and vanished.

Then the Officer from the War Office rode towards Pall Mall.

"It won't interfere with me much," said he, "and give the Department less to do. And I can still call myself General—though I scarcely deserve the title, either on or off parade!"

HOW IT STRIKES 'THE CONTEMPORARY.'

"Why should not women take the B.A. degree? . . . Unfortunately the older Universities have resented every attempt at breaking down their cherished exclusiveness."—*From an Article in "The Contemporary Review" for March.*

DESPOTIC Dons' dominion

Still subjugates us all,

They scoff at our opinion,

Our purposes miscall;

Will no deliverer appear,

And is it vainly, as we fear,

We hold our meetings every year

Within St. James's Hall?

Our wrongs, if brought to knowledge,

Would surely move your hearts,

Degreeless from her College

The Wrangler-ess departs;

And shall not too the maids, who can

Give all the usages of *à*,

As well as any living man

Be Bachelors of Arts?

Persuasive or abusive

We fail our point to gain,

Disgracefully exclusive

These ancient seats remain:

But yet a future we foresee

When Women will the rulers be,

And Men will beg a Pass-degree,

Will beg, and beg in vain!

P.S.—The pith of our petition

Is seldom understood,

It is not all ambition,

Though this, no doubt, is good;

But, speaking frankly, we declare

The point for which we really care

Is just to gain the right to wear

That *most* becoming hood!

THE WITLER'S WISION OF WENGEANCE.

(IN A SLIGHTLY PICKWICKIAN SENSE.)

Being the Dream of an angry "Brother Bung" after attending the Meeting at St. James's Hall, and trying to soothe himself with a dip into Dickens.

["He" Lord BURTON, "asked why this drastic, this dishonest, this catchpenny, this gerrymandering Bill should have been brought in? They had heard much of late about the Nonconformist Conscience, which was said to be the backbone of the Liberal Party. He firmly believed that the Bill had been brought forward to suit the Nonconformist Conscience, to pander to the hypocritical self-righteousness, and the sham respectability of a certain class."—Lord Burton, at the St. James's Hall Meeting, on the Direct Veto Bill.]

MR. WITLER, the elder, gave vent to an extraordinary sound, which, being neither a groan, nor a grunt, nor a gasp, nor a howl, nor a hoot, nor a hiss, nor a shout, nor a shriek, yet seemed to partake in some degree of the character of all these inarticulate laryngeal exercises. It was a big vocal blend, and a stentorian; it made him pant and turn apoplectically purple in the face, it shook the house, and very nearly "brought it down."



RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

Mistress (to Housekeeper, after "the Young Person" has left the room). "REALLY, WILKINS, I COULD NOT ENGAGE THAT YOUNG PERSON. SHE IS TOO UGLY BY FAR!"

Housekeeper. "VERY SORRY, MUM. BUT YOU SAID SO PARTICULARLY THAT I WAS TO LOOK OUT FOR A GOOD PLAIN COOK,— 'QUITE A PLAIN COOK,' YOU SAID, MUM,—THAT I THOUGHT YOU HAD SOME PARTICULAR REASON—"

Mr. WITLER's "vocal wagaries" (as his son called them) when he was roused, were something tremendous, earthquaky, appalling!

Mr. SWIGSLOP STIGGINS, a leading Shepherd of the Noneonformist Rechabite Flock, unwarned by this nondescript sound, which he understood to betoken remorse or repentance, in fact, an awakening of the "Noneonformist Conscience," in a somewhat unlikely quarter, looked about him, rubbed his hands, wept, smiled, wept again, and then mechanically uttering a guttural "Hear! Hear!" (as though he were listening, in the House of Commons, to the joecund HARCOURT, or the jocular LAWSON, or the robustious T. W. RUSSELL, or the astute CAINE) and then, walking across the room to a well-remembered pigeon-hole, took thence an official-looking scroll, sat down, formally unfolded it, cleared his throat, and began with pompous complacency to read aloud its title, preamble, clauses, and provisions, compulsory regulations, and peremptory prohibitions to the apparently semi-asphyxiated Mr. WITLER.

The elder Mr. WITLER, who still continued to make various strange and uncouth attempts to appear indifferent, offered not a single word during these proceedings; but when STIGGINS stopped for breath, previous to a second reading, he darted upon him, and, snatching the scroll from his hand, first buffeted him briskly about the head therewith, and then threw it into the fire. Then, seizing the astonished gentleman firmly by the collar, he suddenly fell to kicking him most furiously, accompanying every application of his boots to Mr. STIGGINS's person with sundry violent and incoherent anathemas, such as—"Blatant Barabbas!"—"Bumptious busy-body!"—"Unblushing bandit!"—"Barefaced spoliator!"—"Hypocritical humbug!"—"Iniquitous inquisitor!"—"Fanatical faddist!"—"Self-righteous sneak!"—"Sham saint!"—"Jerrymandering JEREMY DIDDLE!"—"Pragmatical pump!"—"Little Bethelite Boanerges!" and "Noneonformist Tartuffe!"

"SAMMY," said Mr. WITLER, "put my cap on tight for me!" SAM dutifully adjusted the cap more firmly on his father's head,

and the old gentleman, resuming his kicking with greater agility than before, tumbled Mr. STIGGINS through the bar, and through the passage, out at the front door, and so into the street, the kicking continuing the whole way, and increasing in vehemence rather than diminishing every time the boot was lifted.

It was a beautiful and exhilarating sight (to "the Trade") to see the water-drinker writhing in Mr. WITLER's grasp, and his whole frame quivering with anguish as kick followed kick in rapid succession; it was a still more exciting spectacle (to *Bungdom all round*, from boisterous Lord BURTON to the humblest rural Boniface) to behold Mr. WITLER, after a powerful struggle, immersing Mr. STIGGINS's head in a horse-trough full of water, and holding it there until he was half suffocated.

"There!" said Mr. WITLER, throwing all his energy into one most complicated kick, as he at length permitted Mr. STIGGINS to withdraw his head from the trough, "send any vun o' them villainous Vetoists, from burly Sir WILLIAM BARABBAS hisself down to the pettifoggingest Local Hoptioniser in Little Peddling-ton, here, or to St. James's 'All, or the Alhambra, or elseveres in public meeting or privit pub, and I'll pound him to a argymentative jelly fast, and drown him in public-speritted opinion arterwards!"

"SAMMY" (added Mr. WITLER, puffing and perspiring freely), "help me in, and fill me a stiff glass o' Speshal Scotch; for I'm out of breath, my boy!"

VERY NATURAL.—Mrs. R. pays great attention to the Parliamentary debates, and listens attentively while her Nephew reads the speeches as reported in *The Times*. Last Thursday he was in the midst of the discussion on the Welsh Liquor-Traffic Bill, and came to this: "Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, whose opening remarks were interrupted by a Count—" Whereupon his Aunt exclaimed, "How very rude! What was the Count's name? And how does a Count come to be in the House of Commons?"

PILL-DOCTOR HERDAL.

(Translated from the Original Norwegian by Mr. Punch.)

THIRD ACT.

On the right, a smart verandah, attached to Dr. HERDAL's dwelling-house, and communicating with the Drawing-room and Dispensary by glass-doors. On the left a tumble-down rockery, with a headless plaster Mercury. In front, a lawn, with a large silvered glass globe on a stand. Chairs and tables. All this furniture is of galvanised iron. A sunset is seen going on among the trees.

Dr. Herdal (comes out of Dispensary-door cautiously, and whispers). HILDA, are you in there?

[Taps with fingers on Drawing-room door. Hilda (comes out with a half-teasing smile). Well—and how is the Rainbow-powder getting on, Dr. HERDAL?

Dr. Herd. (with enthusiasm). It is getting on simply splendidly. I sent the new Assistant out to take a little walk, so that he should not be in the way. There is Arsenic in the powder, HILDA, and Digitalis too, and Strychnine, and the best Beetle-killer!

Hilda (with happy, wondering eyes). Lots of Beetle-killer? And you will give some of it to her, to make her free and buoyant. I think one really has the right—when people happen to stand in the way—!

Dr. Herd. Yes, you may well say so, HILDA. Still—(dubiously)—it does occur to me that such doings may perhaps be misunderstood—by the narrow-minded and conventional.

[They go on the lawn, and sit down. Hilda (with an outburst). Oh, that all seems to me so foolish—so irrelevant! As if the whole thing wasn't intended as an Allegory!

Dr. Herd. (relieved). Ah, so long as it is merely allegorical, of course— But what is it an allegory of, HILDA?

Hilda (reflects in vain). How can you sit there and ask such questions? I suppose I am a symbol, of some sort.

Dr. Herd. (as a thought flashes upon him). A cymbal? That would certainly account for your bra— Then am I a cymbal too, HILDA?

Hilda. Why yes—what else? You represent the Artist-worker, or the Elder Generation, or the Pursuit of the Ideal, or a Bilious Conscience—or something or other. You're all right!

Dr. Herd. (shakes his head). Am I? But I don't quite see— Well, well, cymbals are meant to clash a little. And I see plainly now that I ought to prescribe this powder for as many as possible. Isn't it terrible, HILDA, that so many poor souls never really die their own deaths—pass out of the world without even the formality of an inquest? As the district Coroner, I feel strongly on the subject.

Hilda. And, when the Coroner has finished sitting on all the bodies, perhaps—but I shan't tell you now. (Speaks as if to a child.) There, run away and finish making the Rainbow-powder, do!

Dr. Herd. (skips up into the Dispensary). I will—I will! Oh, I do feel such a troll—such a light-haired, light-headed old devil!

Rübub (enters garden-gate). I have had my dismissal—but I'm not going without saying good-bye to Mrs. HERDAL.

Hilda. Dr. HERDAL would disapprove—you really must not, Mr. KALOMEL. And, besides, Mrs. HERDAL is not at home. She is in the town buying me a reel of cotton. Dr. HERDAL is in. He is making real Rainbow powders for regenerating everybody all round. Won't that be fun?

Rübub. Making powders? Ha! ha! But you will see he won't take one himself. It is quite notorious to us younger men that he simply daren't do it.

Hilda (with a little snort of contempt). Oh, I daresay—that's so

likely! (Defiantly.) I know he can, though. I've seen him!

Rübub. There is a tradition that he once—but not now—he knows better. I think you said Mrs. HERDAL was in the town? I will go and look for her. I understand her so well. [Goes out by gate.]

Hilda (calls). Dr. HERDAL! Come out this minute. I want you—awfully!

Dr. Herd. (puts his head out). Just when I am making such wonderful progress with the powder! (Comes down and leans on a table.) Have you hit upon some way of giving it to ALINE? I thought if you were to put it in her arrowroot—?

Hilda. No, thanks. I won't have that now. I have just recollected that it is a rule of mine never to injure anybody I have once been formally introduced to. Strangers don't count. No, poor Mrs. HERDAL mustn't take that powder!

Dr. Herd. (disappointed). Then is nothing to come of making Rainbow powders, after all, HILDA?

Hilda (looks hard at him). People say you are afraid to take your own physic. Is that true?

Dr. Herd. Yes, I am. (After a pause—with candour.) I find it invariably disagrees with me.

Hilda (with a half-dubious smile). I think I can understand that. But you did once. You swallowed your own pills that day at the table d'hôte, ten years ago. And I heard a harp in the air, too!

Dr. Herd. (open-mouthed). I don't think that could have been Me. I don't play any instrument. And that was quite a special thing, too. It's not every day I can do it. Those were only bread pills, HILDA.

Hilda (with flashing eyes). But you rolled them; you took them. And I want to see you stand once more free and high and great, swallowing your own preparations. (Passionately.) I will have you do it! (Imploringly.) Just once more, Dr. HERDAL!

Dr. Herd. If I did, HILDA, my medical knowledge, slight as it is, leads me to the conclusion that I should in all probability burst.

Hilda (looks deeply into his eyes). So long as you burst beautifully! But no doubt that Miss BLAKDRAF—

Dr. Herd. You must believe in me utterly and entirely. I will do anything—anything, HILDA, to provide you with agreeable entertainment. I will swallow my own powder! (To himself, as he goes gravely up to Dispensary.) If only the drugs are sufficiently adulterated!

[Goes in; as he does so, the New Assistant enters the garden in blue spectacles, unseen by HILDA, and follows him, leaving open the glass-door.]

Senna Blakdraf (comes wildly out of Drawing-room). Where is dear Dr. HERDAL? Oh, Miss WANGEL, he has discharged me—but I can't—I simply can't live away from that lovely ledger!

Hilda (jubilantly). At this moment Dr. HERDAL is in the Dispensary, taking one of his own powders.

Senna (despairingly). But—but it is utterly impossible! Miss WANGEL, you have such a firm hold of him—don't let him do that!

Hilda. I have already done all I can.

[RÜBUB appears, talking confidentially with Mrs. HERDAL, at gate.]

Senna. Oh, Mrs. HERDAL, RÜBUB! The Pill-Doctor is going to take one of his own preparations. Save him—quick!

Rübub (with cold politeness). I am sorry to hear it—for his sake. But it would be quite contrary to professional etiquette to prevent him.

Mrs. Herd. And I never interfere with my husband's proceedings. I know my duty, Miss BLAKDRAF, if others don't!



"My—my Pill-Doctor!"

Hilda (exulting with great intensity). At last! Now I see him in there, great and free again, mixing the powder in a spoon—with jam!... Now he raises the spoon. Higher—higher still! (*A gulp is audible from within.*) There, didn't you hear a harp in the air? (*Quietly.*) I can't see the spoon any more. But there is one he is striving with, in blue spectacles!

The New Assistant's Voice (within). The Pill-Doctor HERDAL has taken his own powder!

Hilda (as if petrified). That voice! Where have I heard it before? No matter—he has got the powder down! (*Waves a shawl in the air, and shrieks with wild jubilation.*) It's too awfully thrilling! My—my Pill-Doctor!

The N. A. (comes out on verandah). I am happy to inform you that—as, to avoid accidents, I took the simple precaution of filling all the Dispensary-jars with Camphorated Chalk—no serious results may be anticipated from Dr. HERDAL's rashness. (*Removes spectacles.*) NORA, don't you know me?

Hilda (reflects). I really don't remember having the pleasure—And I'm sure I heard a harp in the air!

Mrs. Herd. I fancy, Miss WANGEL, it must have been merely a bee in your bonnet!

The N. A. (tenderly). Still the same little singing-bird! Oh, NORA, my long-lost lark!

Hilda (sulkily). I'm not a lark—I'm a Bird of Prey—and, when I get my claws into anything—!

The N. A. Macaroons, for instance? I remember your tastes of old. See, NORA! (*Produces a paper-bag from his coat-tail pocket.*) They were fresh this morning!

Hilda (wavering). If you insist on calling me NORA, I think you must be just a little mad yourself.

The N. A. We are all a little mad—in Norway. But TORVALD HELMER is sane enough still to recognise his own little squirrel again! Surely, NORA, your education is complete at last—you have gained the experience you needed?

Hilda (nods slowly). Yes, TORVALD, you're right enough there. I have thought things out for myself, and have got clear about them. And I have quite made up my mind that Society and the Law are all wrong, and that I am right.

Helmer (overjoyed). Then you have learnt the Great Lesson, and are fit to undertake the charge of your children's education at last! You've no notion how they've grown! Yes, NORA, our marriage will be a true marriage now. You will come back to the Doll's-House, won't you?

Hilda-Nora-Helmer-Wangel (hesitates). Will you let me forge cheques if I do, TORVALD?

Helmer (ardently). All day. And at night, NORA, we will falsify the accounts—together!

H. N. H. W. (throws herself into his arms, and helps herself to macaroons). That will be fearfully thrilling! My—my Manager!

Dr. Herd. (comes out, very pale, from Dispensary). HILDA, I did take the—I'm afraid I interrupt you?

Helmer. Not in the least. But this lady is my little lark, and she is going back to her cage by the next steamer.

Dr. Herd. (bitterly). Am I never to have a gleam of happiness? But stay—do I see my little SENNA once more?

Rüub. Pardon me—my little SENNA. She always believed so firmly in my pill!

Dr. Herd. Well—well. If it must be. RÜBUB, I will take you into partnership, and we will take out a patent for that pill, jointly. ALINE, my poor dear ALINE, let us try once more if we cannot bring a ray of brightness into our cheerless home!

Mrs. Herd. Oh, HAUSTUS, if only we could—but why do you propose that to me—now?

Dr. Herd. (softly—to himself). Because I have tried being a troll—and found that nothing came of it, and it wasn't worth sixpence!

[HILDA-NORA goes off to the right with HELMER; SENNA to the left with RÜBUB; Dr. HERDAL and Mrs. HERDAL sit on two of the galvanised iron-chairs, and shake their heads disconsolately as the Curtain falls.

THE END.

OMNIS CELLULA A CELLULÂ.

(Professor Virchow—vide Daily Paper.)

LIFE's a cell, and all things show it.

I thought so once, and now I know it.

Gay (up to date).

A RADICAL RIDDLE.

WHY are the Tories so eager to discuss Black-edged Envelopes, and Black-lead Pencils?—Because they belong to a Stationary Party.

POLITICS AND TRADE.

(A Poser for "Patriots.")

"Our Trade is our Politics." Motto of the Licensed Victualler, as publicly avowed at a recent "great Meeting."



DEAR Bung, that frank but huckster-like avowal Is made continually, behind the bar. It means—though rather "laid on with a trowel"—A Trade with Public Spirit quite at jar. The "mercenary politician," making A pocket-business of a patriot's task, Recently put your Press in a great taking; But sordid selfishness here doffs all mask! Which with a patriot's conscience plays most tricks?

Which most the venal virus has betrayed,— The man who makes his Trade his Politics, Or he who makes his Politics his Trade?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

BURDETT'S *Official Intelligence* for 1893 is just out, a promising young thing in its twelfth year. It is a little early to talk of the holidays, but my Baronite, regarding this thin Vol. of 1783 pages, says he cannot help thinking with what pleasure the City merchant, or his clerk, hastening to the seaside, will pack it up with his collar-box. Every year the monumental work increases in value, by reason of accumulated information. To the tired City man, sealing some Alp, gliding in well-found yacht over silver seas, or prone in bosky dell, there can be nothing more soothing or delightful than to take his "BURDETT" out of his waistcoat-pocket, and read it through from first page to last.

For *The Tragedy of Ida Noble* the Baron tenders his grateful thanks to W. CLARK RUSSELL. It starts well, and the excitement is artistically sustained. At the close of every chapter *Oliver*, the reader, is perpetually "asking for more." A capital story of adventure, where all, including the reader, are "quite at sea" until the very last chapter. On nearing the middle of the book, the question will occur to everyone experienced in such matters, "Does the hero marry the heroine?" Now this, being a lady's secret, will not be revealed by THE BARON DE B.-W.

The Plea of the Party Man.

(On either side.)

"THERE's no Obstruction!"—Why, then, all this ruction?

"When we obstruct, who dares to call't Obstruction?"

To dam a deluge, stop a bolting horse,— That is obstruction, of a sort, of course;

Our sort, in fact! But theirs on t'other side?

That's quite another matter. They can't hide

The cloven foot of malice, the false faitours! Not obstruct them? As well say not hang traitors!



Obstruction.

FAR TOO PREVIOUS.

In the Agony-Column of the *Times* we now see daily the following Advertisement:—

TO IRISH LOYALISTS AND PROTESTANTS.—DEATH BEFORE SLAVERY!

Surely a most blameless sentiment. But the bearings of it lie in the application. And what is that? It seems as applicable to any existing situation as, say, "Lunch before Dinner," or "Business before Pleasure," or "Age before Honesty," or "Fingers before forks." Mr. *Punch* ventures to suggest a modification, less striking, perhaps, in an "Agony-Column," but more in accord with patriotism and common-sense:—

To Irish Loyalists and Protestants!

Be Loyal, and Protest—Constitutionally!

The flamboyant, melodramatic, "Death before Slavery!" may be applicable—when "Slavery" becomes a conceivable, proximate probability, or "Death" a possible alternative. Then let us have "Death before Slavery," by all means. At present, *Punch* would say, "Common-sense before either!"

Poor Political Economy!

(By an elated Parliamentary Want-to-Knower.)

OH! to waste half the time asking Questions is grand!

"Supply" is not in it, just now, with "Demand"!



INSTINCTIVE CRITICAL ACUMEN.

"THAT LOOKS LIKE AN OLD PICTURE, JOHN! WHAT IS IT?"

"It's 'MOSES STRIKING THE ROCK'!"

"Ah! I TOLD YOU IT WAS OLD—DIDN'T I, NOW!"

"PUTTING OFF."

Old Aquatic Hand, loquiter:—

Look here, bonny boys! As we're launching our ship,

And stringing our energies up for the tussle,

Allow your old Stroke to suggest the straight tip!

This is not a mere matter of Milo-like muscle.

You are all looking fit, we've the pull in the weights—

Not much, to be sure, forty pounds, say, or thereabout.

Still, that much should tell 'gainst the smartest of eights;

It should give us the race, which is all that we care about.

'Twill be a close fight, bet your boots about that,

If we get a clear course without serious obstruction,

"ALL A-BLOWING!"

AIR—The celebrated Duet in "The Mikado."

Much-sold Pater and Mater sing:—

Pater. The flowers that bloom in the Spring,
Tra la,

To purchase henceforth I decline.

The hawkers those blossoms who bring—

Ah! bah!

Will "swop 'em for most anything,"

Ha! ha!

But as soon as you've bought 'em they pine.

Both. And that's what they mean when
they say, or they sing,

"He's as green as a man who buys flowers in
the Spring," Tra la la la la la, &c.

Mater. The flowers that bloom in the Spring,
Tra la!

Are a sell, my dear hub, in our case.
I bought this with a "suit"—there's the
sting, Pa—pa!

Which he said was "a worn-hout hold
thing," (O—la!)

Just fancy his having the face!

Now 'tis shrunken, and shrivelled, and
that's why I sing,

Oh, bother the flowers that bloom in the
Spring! Tra la la la la la, &c.

Both (to Servant). So tell the next rascal
who ventures to ring, [Spring!]

We'll buy no more flowers that bloom in the

[Dance, and exeunt, determined never again
to be diddled by the howling "A-a-blowing
and a-growing!" impostors, who, at this
season, hawk heat-forced or illrooted pot-
plants about the streets of the suburbs.]

HOW IT WOULD LOOK IN ENGLISH.

(An adaptation from the French.)

Anyone. Let us accuse the Ministry of
misappropriating twopence-halfpenny.

The Entire Press. Certainly, why not?

The Opposition. The Ministry are thieves.

The Government. After this insult we re-
sign en masse.

One of the Public. It is said that Mr.
BRIEFLESS JUNIOR has accused the First Lord
of having stolen the Horse-Guards clock.

First Lord. Please, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,
request Mr. BRIEFLESS JUNIOR to keep a
civil tongue in his head.

L. C. J. The Attorney-General is the
proper person to offer a remonstrance.

Sir Charles. Can't undertake rows since I
have restricted my private practice.

Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. I accuse
the LORD CHANCELLOR.

Lord Chancellor. Why, and of what?

Those Concerned. Never mind that. What
does it matter who's accused, so long as
everybody forgets us.

Someone. And now everything's com-
pletely mixed, does anyone know what the
row's about?

Everybody Else (after a short silence).
Don't know, and don't care!

Of which I'm not sanguine; the practice of PAT

Has proved to possess universal seduction.

Our last spin was muffed; never mind whose the fault;

Let bygones be bygones! But now comes the crisis!

It's now win or lose. Every man worth his salt

Will pull like a Titan from Cam or from Isis.

But—pull clean together, and put on the pace

When I call for a spurt, or we're in for a licking.

And, Cox, don't you steer us all over the place.

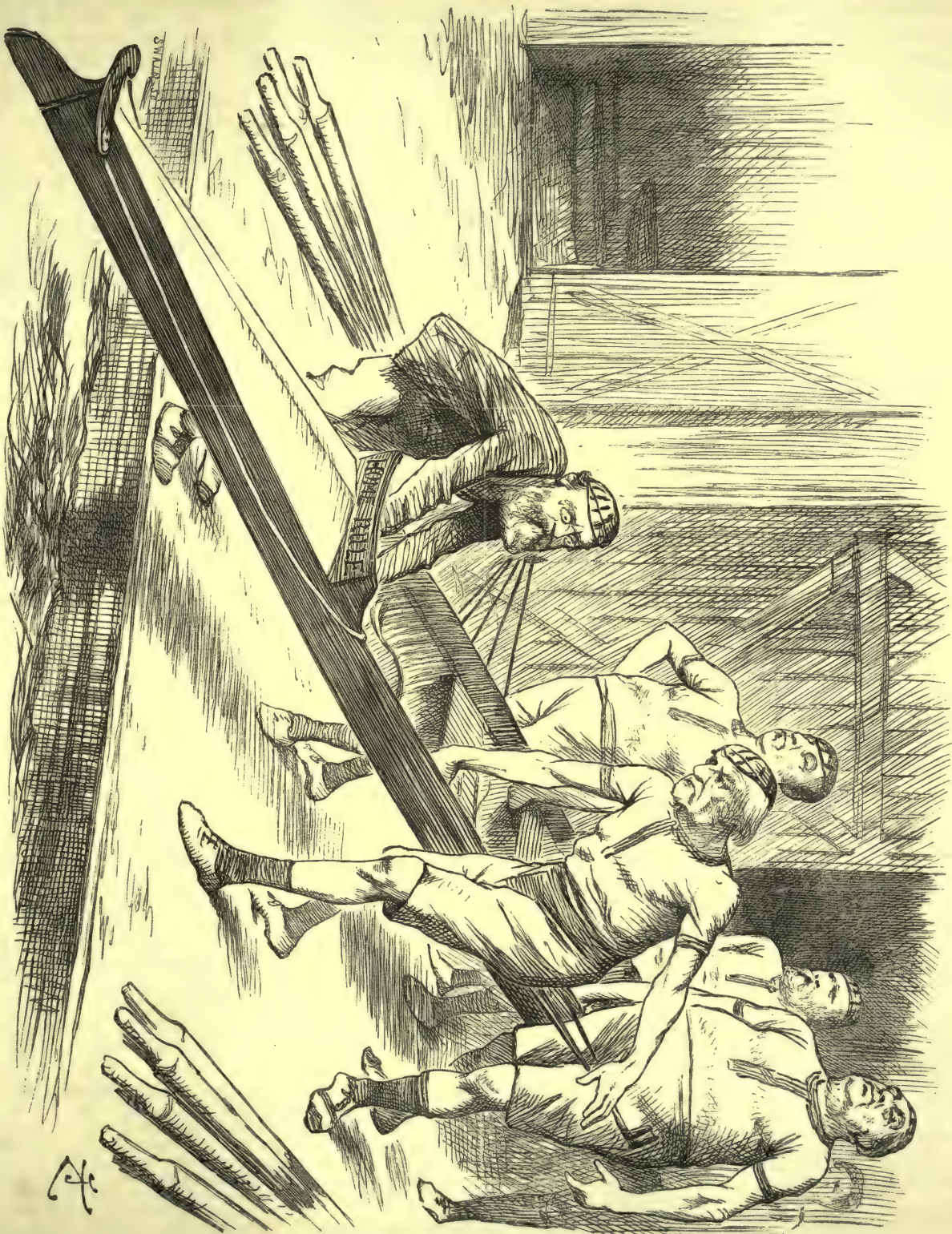
In the fight that's before us, the course requires picking!

So keep at attention, MAC, sharp all the way;

A split-second's slackness may set our foes grinning.

Verb. sap! Our last "spin" proved a "mull," I must say;

We must quicken the pace, if this bout we mean winning!



“PUTTING OFF.”

GLADSTONE (*the Old Blue*). “NOW, MY BOYS,—WE MUST ROW A QUICKER STROKE IF WE'RE TO WIN!”



MIXED NOTIONS.

No. VIII.—THE BOAT-RACE.

Inquirer. Are any of you chaps going to the Boat-Race?

First Well-Informed Man. No, I shan't. Everybody knows which is going to win, so there's deuced little interest in the race; and then you can always read it on the tape at your Club. Besides, I don't care much about rowing. It's a silly sort of exercise; anybody can do it.

Second W. I. M. Have you ever tried?

First W. I. M. (indignantly). Have I ever tried? Of course I have. Why, you were with me last Summer when we had that water-party from Taplow to Cookham.

Second W. I. M. Ah! but you didn't do much rowing then. You let me get all the blisters, and you just sat in the stern and steered us like a blessed corkscrew.

First W. I. M. Did I? I didn't remember that; but I do remember you catching about half-a-dozen crabs one after another.

Second W. I. M. True enough I caught one, but that was because you would keep standing up in the boat, and moving your body backwards and forwards. I suppose you thought the coxswains do that in their racing-boats?

First W. I. M. (boldly). They do. I've seen 'em doing it often.

Second W. I. M. Why, I thought you'd never seen the crews at all.

First W. I. M. Bosh! I never said anything of the kind. I'm not going to see the race this year, but I've often seen 'em practising down at Putney. Everybody knows the coxswains have to stand up. How do you suppose they could see to steer if they didn't? So where are you now, with all your accurate information, eh?

Second W. I. M. I'm where I was before, and I know I'm right, because my brother-in-law had a cousin who was at school with one of the Coxes about ten years ago.

Inquirer (looking up from his sporting paper). I say, I thought the crews rowed in racing-boats.

First W. I. M. So they do.

Inquirer. Well, then, what does this mean? (*Reads.*) "Both yesterday and to-day Cambridge rowed with a bucket. They must improve this if they want to win."

First W. I. M. (smiling). My dear fellow, they call their big practising-boat a bucket.

Second W. I. M. No, they don't—they call it a tub.

First W. I. M. Well, tub or bucket, it's the same thing. (*To Inquirer.*) What you read just now means that their practising-boat has gone rotten, and they'll have to mend her up a bit.

Inquirer (dubiously). But they don't row the race in a tub or a bucket, do they?

Second W. I. M. No, they row in a Clinker-Clasper.

Inquirer. What the deuce is that?

Second W. I. M. (plunging). Oh, it's a specially fast kind of racing-boat, built by CLINKER AND CLASPER. They're a firm of boat-builders—I thought everybody knew that.

Inquirer. But then, what does this paper mean by saying that Oxford are rowing in a Rough?

Second W. I. M. Why it means that their boat isn't so smooth as that of Cambridge.

Inquirer (puzzled). But then it goes on to say that "She is as fine a specimen of a racing-craft as this eminent boat-builder has ever turned out." How can she be that, if she isn't as smooth as the Cambridge boat? Besides, who's "this eminent boat-builder?"

Average Man. ROUGH.

Second W. I. M. Rot!

Average Man. ROUGH, not Rot. ROUGH's his name.

Second W. I. M. Let me see the paper. (*He reads, and addresses the Inquirer.*) Why didn't you say the word was printed with a capital R? (*To Average Man.*) Perhaps you're right, after all; but I know some boats are rougher than others. [*A pause.*]

Inquirer. What's the difference between First Trinity and Third Trinity? Three of the Cambridge men are from First Trinity, and two from Third Trinity, besides the Cox.

First W. I. M. What's your difficulty? First is first, and Third's third, all the world over. Don't you see, the First Trinity men come first in the crew, and then the Third Trinity men.

Inquirer. But why don't some of 'em call themselves Second Trinity men?

First W. I. M. Oh, that's one of their silly bits of College etiquette. These chaps at the Universities are never happy unless they do things quite differently from all the rest of the world.

Inquirer. This beastly paper says, "the Cambridge stroke rowed much longer to-day."

First W. I. M. Well, what then?

Inquirer. Oh! nothing; only I thought they all rowed exactly the same distance when they're practising; so I don't quite see how one of 'em could have rowed longer than the rest.

First W. I. M. I daresay they made him row a good bit by himself; they often do that to give the stroke some extra practice. He wants it more than any of the rest.

Second W. I. M. Why?

First W. I. M. Oh, ah—well, because he's got to set the stroke to the others, or something of that sort.

Inquirer. How far do they row in the race?

Second W. I. M. About six miles or so.

Inquirer. By Jove, then, how on earth do they manage to get over all that distance with so few strokes. (*Refers to paper.*) It says, "Oxford rowed 37 all the way, while Cambridge contented themselves with a well-pulled 35." (*With a happy inspiration.*) If Cambridge can do it in 35 strokes, while Oxford take 37, it looks jolly like Cambridge winning by two strokes, don't it?

First W. I. M. All right; I'll lay you the odds on Oxford.

Second W. I. M. Good, I'll take 'em to five pounds. Oxford can't win.

First W. I. M. (confidently). Cambridge can't win. Anyway, I'll lay you ten pounds to five.

Inquirer. I should like to have a bet with somebody.

Average Man. You'd better write to one of the Presidents of the University-Boat Clubs. They're always ready to oblige a keen fellow like you with a bet.

Inquirer. Of course. That's my best plan. I'll write to-day.

[*Terminus.*]

UPON TERMS.

(*A Forensic Drama of the Future.*)

[In a recent trial, Mr. Justice HAWKINS corrected a learned Counsel who talked about Witnesses "coming up to the scratch."]

The Judge (taking his seat). I think, Mr. SMALLFEE, that you were examining a Witness when we adjourned yesterday. Are you ready to go on with the examination?

Mr. Smallfee (pleasantly). I am sorry to say that Witness has not turned up yet, m' Lud!

The Judge (pained). Not what?

Mr. Smallfee. I beg your Lordship's pardon. Of course what I meant was that the Witness has not, as yet, condescended to irradiate the precincts of this tribunal with the sunshine of his presence.

The Judge. That's better! Then we must go on to the next Witness.

Mr. Smallfee (with an evident attempt to keep up his spirits, in spite of misfortune). The next Witness, also, I regret to say, has not turned — I mean, has failed to appear. The Solicitor informs me that he solemnly promised to attend; but I suppose the promise was all my eye.

The Judge. Dear, dear! What extraordinary expressions you do use, Mr. SMALLFEE! All my eye! Perhaps you will kindly interpret the phrase, for the benefit of the Court.

Mr. Smallfee (desperately). As your Lordship pleases! But, as I feel rather down in the mouth now, and as the twelve sufferers in the Jury-box evidently think that this trial has lasted long enough already, and that we ought to stir our stumps, I would suggest—

The Judge. Usher! Step across to Booksellers' Row, and buy me a Slang Dictionary! I cannot—I really cannot follow the learned Counsel.

The Foreman (interposing). We do not object to colloquial expressions, my Lord. Y' see, we're a Common Jury, and we rather like them. All we want to do is to get on with the case. And perhaps it may assist the Court if at this stage I remark that the Jury has quite made up its mind, and is ready to give its verdict.

The Judge (astounded). But—but—there has been no evidence for the defence!

The Foreman (calmly). No, my Lord. But no doubt the learned Counsel's two Witnesses, had they been present, would have supplied some; and, anyhow, we are so pleased with his talking down to our level, and not—as usual—over our heads, that we are all agreed to find a verdict for his client, the Defendant.

Mr. Smallfee (bowing). Thanks for your good opinion, Gentlemen. I thought, by the cut of your jibs, you were the right sort.

[*Winks, in passing out.*]

The Judge. And this is what the Law has come to! Call on the next case!

NEW PROVERB (*for the use of the Panama Cheque-takers*).—"The game is not worth the Scandal."



DISCRETION.

"AND HERE'S AN EXTRA SIXPENCE FOR YOU, CABMAN—TO GET YOURSELF SOME TEA, YOU KNOW!"

"YES, MA'AM! THANK YER, MA'AM! I S'POSE I MAY CHOOSE MY OWN GROCER, MA'AM?"

WILL WATERPROOF'S MONOLOGUE.

Adapted to a Direct-Vetoed Parish.

O PALE Head-Waiter at "The Cock,"
How changed for you and me
Is this sad time! 'Tis five o'clock,
Go, fetch a cup of tea;
My pint of port is changed to that—
Weak COWPER's washy liquor!
Did tea make Cellarer SIMON fat,
Or cheer Bray's jolly Viar?

No more libations to the Muse!
Will cocoa make her kind?
Will water whisper words to use?
Will milk make up my mind,
When writing melancholy rhymes,
Of days not half forgotten,
Before these daft teetotal times
When common-sense seems rotten?

Head-Waiter, those good pints of port
Are stopped for you and me,
By legislation of the sort
They call grandmotherly;
Two-thirds majority has said
That alcohol would hurt you,

And so you meekly bow your head,
And practise painful virtue.

We fret, we fume, we scoff, we sneer,
And evil fate upbraid;
Your care is for the ginger-beer,
The milk, the lemonade.
To come and go, and come again
With coffee that you keep hot,
And watched by silent gentlemen,
That trifle with the tea-pot.

Live long, for water to the head
Was never known to fly,
Your flabby face will not grow red,
Nor will your washy eye.
Live long as you can bear these woes,
Whilst bigots thus defy sense,
Till watery Death's last Veto shows
Life's quite suspended licence.

"Aquarius," when you shall cease
Teetotal drinks to quaff,
And end life's not repairing lease,
Might be your epitaph. [wreath,
No carved cross-pipes, no pint-pot's
Shall show you past to Heaven;
But water-pipes, and, underneath,
A milk-pot neatly graven.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 13.—No use disguising fact that when House discovered FREDERICK MILNER standing behind Front Opposition Bench, brandishing heavy boot in his hand as he addressed ASQUITH, it held its breath. Political passion runs pretty high of late; Opposition stirred to deepest depths by persistence of Government in attempting to read Home-Rule Bill Second Time before Easter. There have been sittings after midnight; sittings through Saturday; hot words bandied about; preparation for deadly duel in lobby. No one can say whither men may be led when once they permit angry passions to rise. CHARLES RUSSELL, whose acquaintance with criminal classes is extensive, tells me it is by no means uncommon thing for prisoner in dock to take off boot and hurl it at head of presiding Magistrate or Judge.

"Usually an old woman who does it," he added.

"But this is Sir FREDERICK MILNER, Bart.," I said.

"Um!" said RUSSELL, with odd significance in the observation.

Turns out the apprehension groundless. MILNER only wants to know why Police at Leeds and Bradford should enjoy ultimate resources of civilisation in respect of "SCAITH's silent boots," whilst London Policemen not so privileged? MILNER tells me his earliest idea was to get a pair of the boots, put 'em on, and surprise SPEAKER by approaching with noiseless tread from behind Chair, lean over his shoulder, and suddenly say, "Boo!" That, MILNER thought, would be conclusive proof of the efficacy of the boots as making the tread inaudible. On other hand, SPEAKER mightn't like it. So, by way of compromise, brought down odd boot in tail-pocket of his coat, and shook it at HOME SECRETARY when he put question.

ASQUITH behaved very well under trying circumstances. Did not visibly blench; answered, in off-hand manner, that London Police had had opportunity of substituting the silent boot for those in ordinary use, and had not availed themselves of it. Some had objected on domestic grounds. Female friends engaged in responsible posts in certain households on their beat were accustomed to the sound of their footfall on the pavement, and would not have things ready if they approached like rose-leaves flitting over shaven lawns. Others, assuming higher ground, resented silent boot as taking unfair advantage of the burglar or footpad. "Give a 'ard-working cove a fair chanst, that's my motter," one honest fellow in blue said to HOME SECRETARY when Right Hon. Gentleman brought silent boot under his notice. No use attempting to run counter to feeling of this kind. Conclusion in which DICKY TEMPLE heartily concurred.

"Silent boot," he said, "forced upon Metropolitan Police might play in history a part analogous to that of the greased cartridges on which we slipped into the Indian Mutiny."

MILNER saw it was evidently no use, so returning boot to coat-tail pocket, moodily regarded Treasury Bench.

But there were consolations. SQUIRE of MALWOOD, asked by Prince ARTHUR what he now thought of prospects of reading Home-Rule Bill Second Time before Easter, admitted impossibility; triumphant shout from Opposition. Not in vain had they sat through morning sitting on Friday discussing the hour at which they should adjourn on Saturday. Not without recompense had they taken care that when Saturday came it should



"WANTING TO KNOW;" OR, THE BEWILDERED USHER.

see accomplished the minimum of business. Tussling with Mr. G. ever since Session opened; in first rounds he came off best; drew first blood; seemed likely to carry everything with him; Opposition pulled themselves together; went at it hammer and tongs; and now it is Mr. G. who has retired to corner; the sponge is in requisition on the Treasury Bench; the air around it redolent of the perfume of the indispensable vinegar.

"Guinness will go up a point or two on this," said ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, Knight, who has taken Irish securities under his wing. "Go down a pint or two, you mean," said WILFRID LAWSON, who is irreclaimable.

Business done.—Attack on Justice MATHEW and Evicted Tenants' Commission repulsed by 287 Votes against 250.

Tuesday.—SQUIRE of MALWOOD a changed man. No longer the light-hearted, sometimes almost frivolous youth who through six years sat on Front Opposition Bench, and girded at the Unionist Government. A Minister himself now; Mr. G.'s right-hand man; First Lieutenant of the Ship of State; acting Captain when, as happens just now, Mr. G. temporarily turned in. Once this afternoon something of old spirit stirred within him when HOWARD VINCENT (as he said) used the Stationary Vote as a peg on which to hang Protection heresies. But, for most part, he sits silent and self-communing, saying nothing, but, probably, like the parrot of old, thinking the more. In Conservative ranks feeling of profound respect growing in his favour. Curious to hear them say, "Ah! if everyone on Treasury Bench bore himself like HARCOURT, things would be different." Even the blameless BRYCE is held up to contumely in contrast with mild-mannered MASTER of MALWOOD. As for CHARLES RUSSELL, after his speech last night, good Conservatives, following an Eastern custom, well enough in its place, spit when they mention his name. For them the model of all Parliamentary virtue is the SQUIRE of MALWOOD.

Don't know how long this passion of appreciation will last; interesting to observe while yet with us. A lull all round in sympathy with soothing moments of CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER. Even J. W. LOWTHER's perturbed mind at rest. Knows now, to a fraction, how many lead-pencils are annually in use in directing destinies of British Empire. Rumour current that origin of this inquiry was a little undertaking promoted by Hon. Member in substitution of proscribed word-guessing competitions. Sweep got up; £5 entry; every man to guess at precise figure of lead-pencil census; the one coming nearest to clear the pool. LOWTHER tells me not word of truth in report. In putting his question as to number of lead-pencils in use, and in sticking to it in spite of jeers of bystanders and guilty reticence of Minister, he was actuated simply by motives of public policy; desired, in short, to live up to standard of late lamented Leader and do his duty to his QUEEN and Country.

Business done.—Great lead-pencil question settled. Excited House Counted Out at 9.20.

Thursday Night.—House dying to know what Major FREDERICK CARNE RASCH had to say on Navy Estimates. Not being Major of Marines, initial difficulty is to imagine what he did in



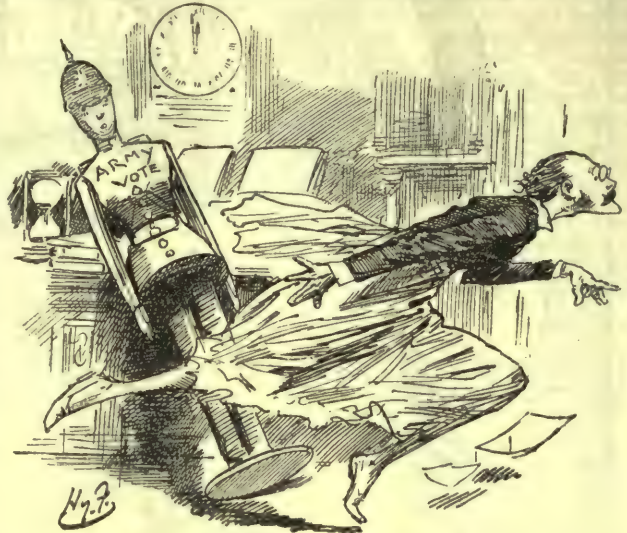
"Back! Rasch intruder!"

this galley. If it had been the Army, or even the Militia, the Major would have seemed all right. But what had he to do with the Navy? That, however, is for the Major a minor point. "You CARNE be too RASCH when attacking this Government," said KENYON, with his pretty elliptical speech.

It was half-past ten, and a dull night. Navy Estimates been talked round for nearly five hours. SQUIRE of MALWOOD meekly hoped that a Vote would now be taken; DICKY TEMPLE presented himself at footlights with bewitching smile on his lips and elegantly

bound gilt-edged volume under his arm; bowed to audience; opened volume; proceeding to offer few remarks when SQUIRE swooped down on him with Closure.

This was cue for RASCH. Chairman rose to put question. So did RASCH. Closure must not be debated; attempt to speak is unpardonable breach of order. The Major stood in the imminent deadly breach; House howled; Chairman cried, "Order! Order!" RASCH glared round, and, after moment's hesitation, sat down; up



On the Stroke of Twelve; or, Cinderella Balfour!

again as soon as Question was put; howls more anguished than ever. Committee having agreed that Question be put, nothing to do but put it, and here was RASCH bubbling over with speech. Chairman on his feet peremptorily signalling Major to sit down; Members near him tugged at his coat-tails; those further off frantically wave deprecatory hands. Major stood to his guns; shouts of "Name! Name!" Chairman, desperately pegging away, succeeded in putting Question, being money-vote for Navy. Major by this time hauled down in his seat. Up again, like Jack out of box. Chairman also on his feet, putting next vote; hubbub tremendous; Major's lips observed in motion; not an articulate syllable rose above uproar.

Meanwhile Chairman had dexterously put and run through supplementary vote for Excess of Expenditure; friends near him had got the catapultic Major down again, in time to hear Chairman declare "the Ayes have it!" Major up again. "Order! order!" shouted the Chairman. "Question is—" Not quite clear amid uproar what question was; something to do with Army. Anyhow, there was STANHOPE standing at table discussing Army Votes. Major again on his feet, his moustache twitching with astonishment. STANHOPE a peculiarly painful circumstance; all very well for good Conservative to gird against Government, and jostle Mr. G.'s Chairman of Committees; different (especially for a Major in the Militia) to struggle with Statesman who had been Secretary of State for War on his own side. So Major, defiantly glaring round House slowly dropped into his seat—"dying with all his music in him," as JUSTIN MCCARTHY, who knows the poets, said. But what was the tune he meditated? What is the secret of this unspoken speech?

Business done.—Money voted for Naval men. Halt cried on Army Vote.

Friday.—RASCH broken out again; turns up as usual at critical moment. Committee of Supply adjourned at ten minutes to seven; sharp at seven morning sitting must be suspended. Report of Supply under consideration; only tremulous ten minutes to get through it. RASCH resolved, now or never, to finish the speech he commenced yesterday. House, after protest, settles down to listen. Seems KAY SHUTTLEWORTH been "saying things" about the warrior. "He behaved towards me," said the Major, "in a manner that would be brusque on the part of Providence addressing a black beetle." House undecided as to which simile more happily bestowed. On the whole, agreed more polite to contemplate U. KAY SHUTTLEWORTH as Providence, than Major RASCH as the other thing.

Business done.—Some Votes in Supply.

THE BUBBLE SHOP; OR, "ONLY HIS PLAY."

How many deserving persons besides dramatic authors are looking about for good situations, and are unable to find them! Mr. 'ENRY HAUTHOR JONES was sufficiently fortunate to obtain a good dramatic situation of tried strength, which, placed in the centre of novel and most improbable (not to say impossible) surroundings, has, in the hands of Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM and his highly trained company of illusionists, achieved a remarkable success.

Within the last few years there have been notorious cases associated with the names of Members of Parliament, but as the House is a Legislative Assembly and not an inquisitorial tribunal instituted for the public investigation of private morality, no charge

Supposing, for an instant, the impossible, *Stoach* would be called to order, and be severely reprimanded by the SPEAKER.

Had the much-heckled and long-suffering *Clivebrooke* been gifted by the Author with lively ready-wit, he would have replied to his father and supporters, who invade his room, in the pleasantest and Charliest-Wyndhamest manner, "Yes (*lightly and airily*). What could I be doing in a toy-shop with a young lady? Why (*still more lightly and airily*) of course I was '*toying with her*!'" Whereupon his old father would have been immensely tickled, and the deputation, in fits of laughter, would have rushed back to the lobby to report "the last good thing said by that clever chap *Clivebrooke*! So like him!"

This Act would have ended with the triumph of ready-wit over



MODEL FIGURES IN THE CRITERION TOY-SHOP.

could be brought in the House itself against any one of its Members until after a Court of Law had pronounced its verdict, and, even then, a Member of Parliament, convicted of a criminal offence, would not cease *ipso facto* to belong to the House until after a motion for his expulsion had been carried. As Fritz in *La Grande Duchesse* expressed his wish to become a schoolmaster, in order that he might obtain some smattering of education, so an immoral M.P. (if any such there be) would be the very one to stand sponsor for a Bill for the Better Preservation of Public Morals, with a view to gaining that elementary knowledge of morality in which his education had been defective. But no one could have brought up some awkward case against him in the course of a debate in the House. In the parliamentary proceedings of Little Peddington this might be done, but not in the House of Commons, which, by a very polite but necessary fiction, is supposed to be a House of Uncommons, far above the weaknesses of the ordinary human nature of mere Constituents.

Mr. *Stoach* (capitally played by Mr. J. VALENTINE—but everybody plays capitally in this piece) finds *Lord Clivebrooke* (Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM—admirable also) between midnight and one in the morning alone with charming *Jessie Keber* (Miss MARY MOORE,—delightful!) in old *Matthew Keber's* toy-shop, *Keber* himself (another very clever impersonation by Mr. W. H. DAY) having gone out on the sly to get drunk on money supplied him by the aforesaid unscrupulous *Stoach*, M.P. So what would have to be said in the House should amount to this:—

Stoach. What! the Leader of the House bring in this Purity Bill! Why I saw him myself with my own eyes in a toy-shop, all among the toys, alone at one in the morning with an attractive young person of the female persuasion.

"Look at that now!" says an Irish M.P., following the example of *Shaun the Post* in *The Colleen Bawn*, when the scoundrelly lawyer brings a charge against the hero of the drama, "An' what might you be doin' about there at that same time?"

invention in hitting upon the Parliamentary accessories to my picture; and 'cash,' which will be paid as long as the public take an interest in the play, and just so long shall I take my interest out of the public money."

To sum up in the words of the old-fashioned tag, "If our friends in front are pleased, then Manager and Author are satisfied." But, if objection be still taken to the unreality of the Parliamentary setting of the picture, then "please remember," apologises 'ENRY HAUTHOR, "that '*it's only my play*.'"

A Liberator Lay.

THREE little roguey-boys said to Conscience—"Pooh!" Croydon made one its Mayor, and then there were two.

Two little roguey-boys thought that Fraud was fun; A Judge thought otherwise, and then there was one.

One little roguey-boy took the Chiltern Hundreds upon his road to Spain, and then there was none!

WALKING ROUND HIS SUBJECT.—In TAY PAY's interesting review of *The Life of Lord Aberdeen*, a Book of the Week in the *Sun*, there is a delightful chord, which shows that "the harp that once thro' Tara's halls" still upon occasion twangs. "It is pleasant," says TAY PAY, writing of Mr. GLADSTONE, "to be able to project ourselves backward to the time, when the statesman we know as full of years and the idol of millions, was the bashful, self-distrustful youth." Now, if next week our young friend, whose sympathy with bashful, self-distrustful youth is instinctive, will manage to withdraw himself forward, he may be said to have thoroughly reconnoitered his subject, an excellent thing in a reviewer.



THE VILLAGE BEAUTY AND THE RIVAL SWAINS, F-WL-R AND G-SCH-N.

Every one knows the story.



ASSISTED EDUCATION.

Christabel. "I SAY, JACK, HOW EVER DO YOU DEFINE THE EQUATOR?"

Jack (who has been to the Circus). "ISN'T IT A MENAGERIE LION THAT GOES ROUND THE WORLD?"

[*Jack has learnt about "the Imaginary Line," and got the answer a little mixed.*]

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY AND THE RIVAL SWAINS.

An Easter Eclogue.

Chloe. . . . Miss HODGE.
Corydon . . . H. H. F-WL-R.
Strephon . . . J. G. G-SCH-N.

Corydon (smirking). I have found out a gift for my fair,

Such as sugary SHENSTONE ne'er found!

Strephon (aside, sniffing). His bowpot's made up, I declare,
Half of flowers he's filched from my ground!

Chloe (piqueing). Oh la! What a lovely bokay!

That for me! Oh, you're awfully kyind!

Corydon (ogling). Ah! I've loved you this many a day!

Strephon (sighing). And for years you've been first in my mind!

Chloe (aside). My! Isn't it nice to be courted like this?

I believe I could buy 'em both up with a kiss!

Corydon (gloating). Love, you dance just as PERDITA danced!

You must be a Princess in disguise.

Strephon (aside). And not long since he swore that she pranced

Like a clown who contends for a prize.

Chloe (bridling). Me a Princess? Oh la! that's your fun.

You know that my feyther was HODGE!

Strephon (aside). Of course; but, provid- ing she's won,

He'll descend to the paltriest dodge.

Corydon (effusively). You're the Pride of the Village, and fashioned to rule In the Cottage, the Council, the Church, and the School!

Chloe (coily). You're a flattering of me, young man!

Corydon (ardently). If I am, maay I forfeit your—Vote!

Chloe. Well, of course, I will do what I can, As the Parish—princess, to promote

The—what is it you want me to do? [Drains, Yes, the Poor—and the Ditches—and

The Rates—I do hope they'll be few!

The Allotments—I trust they'll be gains!

But the Squire and the Parson? Oh!

CORYDON mine,

When they hear what you've done, won't they kick up a shine?

Corydon (brusquely). Oh! the Squire and the Parson be—blowed!

All too long they've been cocks o' the walk.

Strephon (eagerly). Quite right! How this buzzum has glowed

Your twin tyrants to baffle and baulk!

Corydon (contemptuously). You've dissembled your—hate for them well,

Master STREPHON! It never leaked out

Till we made PATIENT GRIZZEL a belle!

Now you'd like to cut in, I've no doubt.

Chloe (coquettishly). La sakes! do not quarrel! You're both very kyind, [mind.

But—I fancy dear CORYDON's most to my [Beams on him, and accepts the Bouquet.

Strephon (suppressing himself). Well, well, 'tis the fortune of war! As it's holiday season, let's sing, Should Shepherds at Eastertide jar? Suave SHENSTONE would scout such a thing.

I wish you and CORYDON luck—

The posy he's plucked you looks fine; [struck,

Though I must say my fancy it

It was not wholly new—in design.

However, dear CHLOE, you're

sweet; 'tis fair weather;

So, CORYDON, let's sing her

praises—together—

They sing:—

Her charms—since she possessed the Vote— [dote,

Are things on which the swains all

Fearing to flout or slight.

She dances, having now her way,

No bygone Easter holiday

E'er saw so fine a sight!

Our village Belle with anyone

Dares now to make comparison.

Fair nymph, this Easter fun done,

With proudest County Toast, though fair,

You may compete or charms compare

With the haughtiest "Pride of

London!"

ASTOUNDING REPORT.—There is no foundation whatever for the report of the resignation of Lord HERSCHELL. It probably arose from some incautious and slangy person speaking of him in his office of LORD CHANCELLOR as having "got the sack." Obviously the Wool-sack was intended.

A Genuine Philanthropist.

O PASSMORE EDWARDS, you, beyond contention.

Are worthy *Punch's* "Honourable Mention."

Whenever there be any boons a-brewing You're very sure, Sir, to be up and doing! There's scarce a project schemed with kindly sense,

But profits by your large munificence.

Punch won't forget to pray when passing bedwards,

For you—and for more bricks like PASSMORE EDWARDS!

On the Second Reading of the Home- Rule Bill.

(By a Rebellious Rad.)

BUTCHERED—to make an Easter Holiday, For Orangemen who yearn to have their say!

They've got political *delirium tremens*.

Orange? Nay, they're sour as unripe lemons!

THE REAL "SPIRITUAL" (OR SHALL WE SAY SPIRITUOUS?) NEEDS OF LONDON.—Strict Supervision of Gin Palaces, and a rigid enforcement of the Adulteration Acts. *(Licensing Authorities, Excise Officers, and Policemen, please take Notice!)*

A Tip in Time.

COUNTRY Vestrydom's called, by its new-fangled rival,

(The smart "Parish Council") "decrepit survival."

P. C., be not hard on the old form thou twittest!

Thou yet hast to prove thy "Survival" the "fittest."

AT THE CONFECTIONER'S.

(A Sketch on Saturday Afternoon.)

SCENE.—A Confectioner's Shop in a fashionable West-End thoroughfare. Close to the window is a counter, with the usual urns and appurtenances, laden with an assortment of richly decorated pastry, and presided over by an alert and short-tempered Manageress. The little tables are close together, and crowded with Customers, the majority of whom are ladies. A couple of over-worked Waitresses are endeavouring, with but indifferent success, to satisfy everybody at once.

Cries from Customers. Yes, two teas and one roll and butter—no, I mean, one roll and butter and two teas! "Have I ordered?" Why, the last time you said it was coming directly! Isn't that chocolate ready yet? We shall never catch our train! I say, Waitress, I ordered coffee and cakes a quarter of an hour ago, and all we've got yet is two empty cups and a bowl of sugar! Do make haste with that tea! I didn't say a cup of tea—I said a pot of tea, as plain as—! (&c., &c.)

Duet of Waitresses. Yes, Sir, attend to you in one moment. Are you the cup of tea, Madam? Oh, I'll bring you a fork for your pastry directly. There'll be some milk coming in a minute, Sir. Bread and butter? No, Sir, you can have a roll and butter, or cakes, if you prefer them. Excuse me, Madam, when I've done attending to this lady. No, Sir; it was the other young lady who took your order—not me. Would you mind letting me have the milk-jug, if you've finished with it, Madam? We're rather short of them. I'll see if I can get you a teaspoon, Sir. (&c., &c.)

The Manageress (all in one breath, without any stops). Now then Miss SIMPSON don't you see these cups standing here ready to be taken and there's that Gentleman in the corner waiting to be attended to and tell Mrs. BINKS we shall want more milk and there put out those fancy cakes do two chocolates Miss JONES well you can't have them yet because I've used all the hot water what does the girl want next butter it's no use coming to me for butter here take those cups to be washed up will you leave me to look after everything myself and customers leaving because they can't get served I declare I never saw such girls as you are in all my born days!

A Man from the Lyceum. I'm not sure, after all, that IRVING'S finest moment wasn't in that last scene. I mean, when Fitzurse and those fellows came in, and he—

First Lady (at adjoining table—from the Aquarium Theatre). Sat up on his dear tail, and struck out with those long hind legs of his, sweet thing; he took such an interest in it all, didn't he?

Second Lady (on opposite side of table—who has been to "Hypatia"). Oh, and didn't she look distractingly lovely just after she had finished lecturing; you know, when she—

Third L. (close by, fresh from "Charley's Aunt"). Stepped out of the gown, and walked about in the old Lady's cap and false front! I quite cried with laughing!

Second L. I liked the Proconsul—dear me, what was his name? So stupid of me—but it doesn't matter! I thought he looked so perfectly Byzantine when he came in with his lictors in the litter—

Third L. And played the piano so beautifully!

Second Hypatian L. And didn't you think TREE was very good?—that part where he found out about his daughter, and stood towering over her with a knife in his hand, and—

Third L. That enormous cigar stuck in his mouth—he was simply too killing!

Miss Camille Leon (by voiceless motion of her lips, and expressive pantomime, for the guidance of her fiancé, Mr. FRED FORRIDGE, who has gone to the counter to select dainties for her refectory). No, not those—in the next dish—with chocolate outside... no the long ones—oh, how stupid you are! Yes, if those are preserved cherries on the iced sugar. Very well, the pink one, then—that will do.

Mr. Forridge (returning with a loaded plate). I hope I've got what you wanted?

Miss C. L. Just what I like—how clever of you! (She helps herself, after dainty deliberation.) Quite delicious! Aren't you going to have any yourself?

Mr. Forr. (engaged in exploring his left-hand pocket surreptitiously, with a

troubled expression). Oh, thanks—presently, perhaps. (To himself.) I must have more than that somewhere!

Miss C. L. (gaily). I advise you to make haste—or there'll be none left. They're too seductive for words. [She chooses another.]

Mr. Forr. (to himself). It is one-and-sixpence. Fool I was to go and forget my sovereign-purse! However—(hopefully), two cups of tea at fourpence—eightpence; say three cakes at twopence—one-and-twopence—oh, I shall manage it easily, and leave a margin! (Aloud.) I think I won't have anything to eat—not hungry, don't you know.

Miss C. L. No more am I! (She takes a third cake.) This has got cream inside—are you tempted?

Mr. Forr. (to himself). Only fourpence to the good now—mustn't risk it! (Aloud.) Couldn't indeed—spoil my appetite for dinner.

Miss C. L. (with superiority). Oh, I never have any appetite for dinner. I loathe the very sight of food, somehow! But I do wish you'd eat something—it's so piggish of you not to—really it is! You must take just this weeny little one—to please Me! (She places it on his plate.) Now you can't say no!

Mr. Forr. (to himself). She is the dearest darling! (Aloud.) I'd do anything in the world to please you, CAMILLE! (To himself.) After all, there's still twopence!

Miss C. L. Good boy! (As he eats.) Well, is it a success? Mr. Forr. (munching). It isn't bad—got Marchpane, or something of the kind on it.

Miss C. L. How nice! I adore Marchpane! You may go and get me one just like it, if you're very good.

Mr. Forr. (to himself, as he obeys her behest). That cleans me out! Thank goodness, no gratuities are allowed here, or else—and this must be the last—she's had three already! If I'd only had another sixpence, I shouldn't care, but this is running it devilish close! (Aloud, as he returns.) This is the nearest I could get.

Miss C. L. Thanks, ever so much. Awfully nice tea this is. (Suggestively.) They might give one bigger cups, though!

Mr. Forr. (to himself, with pathos). I'd give my life for her, cheerfully—and I've got to deny her a second cup of tea! But hang it, I must. I can't ask her to lend me fourpence to pay the



I must have more than that somewhere!"

bill! (*Aloud.*) It's—er—just as well they don't. My sisters have sworn off afternoon tea altogether; some medical Johnny told them it—er—had a tendency to make the nose red!

Miss C. L. (to herself). FRED's sisters! Very likely! (*Aloud, coldly.*) If you think there is any danger of that in my case, of course I won't risk another cup.

Mr. Forr. Oh—er—well, you never know, don't you know. I—er—wouldn't. (*To himself.*) Narrow shave that, by Jove!

Miss C. L. I think we'd better take a cab back, don't you?

Mr. Forr. (horriified). M—much jollier walking. Streets as dry as a bone!

Miss C. L. But I want to get home and arrange the table for dinner to-night. Mother always likes me to do the flowers.

Mr. Forr. Lots of time for that. You c—can't judge of the effect till it's dark, can you? And it will be light for hours to come.

Miss C. L. Yes, that's true. Then suppose we go and see the BURNE-JONESES, now we're so near? They don't close till six.

Mr. Forr. (to himself). It would have been jolly; but, half-a-crown, when I can't even run to a catalogue! No! (*Aloud.*) It—it's getting so dark—can't do 'em justice by artificial light, do you think? And—well, to tell you the honest truth, CAMILLE, after the Old Masters, you know—I—I don't feel—and I have seen them, you know!

Miss C. L. (pouting). I thought you might have cared to see them again—with Me—but it doesn't in the least matter . . . FRED, I don't care about this cake you got me—it's dull. I think I shall leave it, and try one of these white - and - green ones instead. [*She does.*]

Mr. Forr. (to himself—with a beaded brow). Broke!! And for an extra twopence! As likely as not, she hasn't even got her purse with her. And she'll think I'm so beastly mean! Why on earth didn't I let her go to the Aerated Bread-shop, as she wanted? It would have been all right then!

Miss C. L. I'm afraid you're rather bored, FRED—you don't seem to be enjoying yourself quite; do you?

Mr. Forr. (in agony). Oh, I am—I'm all right, CAMILLE, only I—I'm always like this after the Old Masters, you know.

Miss C. L. So sorry I made you bring me—don't you think we had better pay, and go home?

Mr. Forr. (to himself). Now for it! (*He pulls himself together.*) W—waitress, w—what have I to pay, please?

Waitress. Two teas, eightpence; one, two—six cakes you've had, I think, Sir? One-and-eightpence altogether.

Mr. Forr. (with a gasp). Oh! (*He fetches up two coins abjectly from his pocket.*) I—I'm sorry to say that I—I've o—only one shilling and (*with a start of intense relief*) half-a-sovereign, so (*with recovered dignity*) I'm afraid I must ask you to give me change. (*To Miss C. L.*) I—I was only joking about the BURNE-JONESES, darling. I'd like to see them awfully—with you. And we can walk home through the Park, or take a cab afterwards, just as you feel about it. Do say you'll come!

[*Miss LEON graciously consents, and Mr. FORRIDGE follows her out of the shop with restored equanimity, as Scene closes in.*]

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The Dowager Lady CRUMBIE dined out one night last week, when the dinner was so cold that her Ladyship caught a severe chill, and next day the Cook caught it uncommonly hot.

ADVICE GRATIS.—M. WORTH, of Paris, says of the costumes of The No-Connection "BRADLEY & Co.," "You must take them for what they are—WORTH."

ROBERT AT THE BOAT-RACE.

WELL, as I've often said afore, and shall most proberly live to say it again, there ain't no accounting for taste, speeshally among the hupper classes. Take last Wensday as a xampel. Here's a lot of about twenty of the most eminent Swells in our most eminent Huniwersitys, where they goes, as we all on us knows, to learn how to tork Greek, which they finds so wonderful useful when they growes up. Well, they has the hole year to choose from, save and xcept Sundays, and I'm jiggered, as I herd a real Gent say, if they don't go and select a day as goes and begins with a hawful heasterly wind, and a contemptible shower of rain, just enuff to make thowsands of our most loveliest Ladys at wunce risolve not to wenter out ewen to see such a site as two boats full of hansum young gennelmen, all drest in flannel, a pulling of them

two boats a matter of four miles! And yet I'm told as there's a learned Gent as publishes a little book as tells you what the whether will be ewery day in the year, and he's werry often rite.

However, it all turned out rite at larst, and we had a nice sunny day, tho' why they kep us all a waiting till arf-past fore o'clock I'm sure I don't kno, when there was thowsends of us waiting afore two. Another little mistery is, why they want no less than hayteen strong-looking gents to pull too little Botes along, sixteen on 'em a pulling with their skulls, and two on 'em a pulling with too little ropes apeace, I have never bin able to make out.

I was told as it was a lovely race, tho it seemed werry much as usual to me. One of the botes got a little in front of the other, and so got in fust, and that was all. But, sumhow, I don't quite think as that is all as so many thowsands goes out for. For instance, now, in the butiful ship as I was perfeshally engaged in, we laid out a lovely lunshun with evry luckshury of the season, and all kinds of wine, at about 2 o'clock, and then, as we picked up our swell passengers at the wariuous peers, our Managing Gent says to them, says he, "If you please, Gents, lunch is laid out in the cabin, and will be continually laid out all day, so you can act accordin." And so they did! and that cabin was jest about comfertably ocepied all day long, except for about ten minutes jest as the Botes was a cummin by. Ah! that's my highdeal of spending an appy day, and a pitty it is as it only comes wunce a year!

BROWN, who was along with me, tried werry hard to gammon me to bleeve as none of the pullers in the fust boat got nothink for winning, and that none of the pullers in the larst boat paid nothink for loosing! But I wasn't quite such a born fool as to bleeve that rubbish. I had jest the same good larf as usual in seeing how hard the three big steam-boats, as started jest after the racing-boats, tried their werry hardest to catch 'em up, but couldn't do it till they was past the winning post! And the best of the fun was, as they painted two of 'em Oxford and Cambridge, to make all poor greenhoras beleeve as they was the reel racing-boats, and the other was a going fust jest to show 'em the way. Lor, how heasy it is to gammon sum poor fellers! Like all trew waiters, hating' anythink at all like waste, me and BROWN, and the other two of us, seed all our Company hoff, and then we quietly took our seats, and I bleeves as I can truly say, that, neether in the estable line, or the drinkable line, was there any waste in that there bootiful Steamer that there appy day.

FROM MR. J. L. T**LE.—It is not true that *Die Walküre*, about to be produced at the Grand Opera, in Paris, is either an adaptation, or a translation, of *Walker—London*. It's WAGNER, not WALKER.



A BROTHERLY LECTURE.

"WHAT! ANOTHER SCRAPE! WHAT AN ASS YOU MUST BE, ALWAYS GETTING INTO SCRAPES WITH WOMEN! WHY DO YOU? I NEVER GET INTO SCRAPES WITH WOMEN! NEVER GOT INTO A SCRAPE WITH A WOMAN IN MY LIFE!"



THE WAY TO GET ON.

Fair Amateur Palmist (who has kissed the Blarney Stone). "I'M SORRY TO SAY, DEAR LADY CRESUS, THAT YOU WILL HAVE A SERIOUS ILLNESS AT FORTY!"

A DELICATE QUESTION.

[In the pages of the *Author* Mr. BESANT suggests, that "the Society of Authors should undertake the examination of journalists."]

O ZEALOUS Mr. BESANT, we have heard with consternation
Of this, the latest project of your ever-busy band;
Each journalist, apparently, must pass examination,
Lest any deal with matters which he does not understand.

You're horrified to notice at performances dramatic
A row of so-called critics, knowing nothing of the play;
You mean to make essential an acquaintance with the Attic,
In all allowed to comment on the drama of to-day.

With ample stock of history and other knowledge, clearly,
The man who writes on politics must show himself supplied,
The taste of all reviewers will be criticised severely,
The Sporting Sage must qualify in papers on *Ruff's Guide*.

No doubt your plan is laudable, but then we find it printed
That novelists to manage all the scheme will be allowed,
And since they love reviewers not, it may, perhaps, be hinted,
That every man alive of us is certain to be ploughed!

Moreover, on reflection, quite excusably one fancies
That, if so great advantage in the system you discern,
Its use should be extended to the weavers of romances,
And you and other novelists should suffer in your turn!

And so, if we may venture on a practical suggestion,
Assuming that your postulate's indubitably true,
And all should be examined—there must yet remain the question,
Custodes quis custodiet?—For who'll examine you?

WINES OR MINES?—Mrs. R. has on several occasions heard gentlemen talking of "passing the Rubicon," and she wants to know whether this is a Bill in Parliament about the Ruby Mines, or whether it is a modern expression for what was many years ago, as she was informed by her grandfather, a slang after-dinner phrase—"Pass the Ruby," i.e., the wine?

HOLIDAY TASKS FOR THE RECESS.

The Pr-m-r. To rest and sample (under the personal supervision of Mrs. G.) Home Rule.

The Marquis of S-l-sb-ry. To forget the speeches he had prepared for Loyal Ulster.

Sir W-l-l-m H-rc-rt. To practise Local Option in the New Forest.

Lord R-s-b-ry. To make up his mind about Uganda.

Lord R-nd-lph Ch-rch-ll. To follow where he once led.

Mr. Arth-r B-lf-r. To lead where he once followed.

The Duke of D-v-nsh-re. To acquire a taste for "another place."

Sir A-g-st-s Dr-l-n-s. To grapple with the Opera difficulty.

Mr. H-nry Irv-ng. To run along with *Becket*.

Miss Ell-n T-rry. To continue the same movement.

Mr. J. L. T-le. To prepare to take *Walker—London* to "Castle, Windsor."

LEGAL QUERY ANSWERED SATISFACTORILY.—In an Article on the Lecture on Cross-examination by Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., a *D. T.* Leader reminded its readers of the scene in *The Village Lawyer*, where Defendant is instructed by his Counsel to answer every question by simply saying, in an imbecile manner, "Ba-a-a!" Subsequently, on aforesaid Counsel asking for his fee, his client replied, "Ba-a-a!" "What," asks the *D. T.*, "would Mr. FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., do with such a witness in cross-examination?" Why, 'tis evident that such a case would not arise, as professional etiquette would prevent one Barrister from taking a fee from a brother Barrister, that is as long as the latter stuck to the *Ba-a-a!*

VERY APPROPRIATE.—At Drury Lane, on Easter Monday, will appear *The Bohemian Girl*, followed by the rivals in *Rustic Chivalry*. Very flattering to the dear old *Bohemian Girl*.

TREACHEROUS WEATHER.—Lord SALISBURY has had a bad cold. He has been recommended, however, not to put on, but to put off, his Ulster.

END OF THE COTTON STRIKE.—General rejoicings! All join in a reel!



BEHIND THE SCENES.

ACTING MANAGER H-RC-RT. "WELL, SIR, I THINK WE MAY SAY THAT,—IN SPITE OF THE ORGANISED OPPOSITION IN THE HOUSE,—THE FIRST ACT HAS REALLY GONE VERY WELL!"

MR. G. (*Author and Manager*). "H'M!—BUT THE *RISKY SITUATION* COMES IN THE NEXT ACT!"



TO MOLLY—AN APRIL FOOL.

By a Bachelor-in-Love (with Himself.)

You never, MOLLY, plucked the chances
Last Leap Year brought of wedded rapture,
(Since Flattery wins, where Beauty's glances
Have failed to perpetrate a capture)?

You never wrote to crave my fortune
That February! Bashful, may be,
Or over-fearful to importune
A *parti* so renowned, you gaby!

Imprudent damsel, to let slip
So much *insouciance* and money!
I bear no malice now, and dip
This goosequill not in gall, but honey.

I supplicate thee to be mine,
Bewitching Fair, thy lode-star
mocking:
To sweetest vengeance I incline.
(Great Scott! the sacrifice is
shocking!)

With you to share a gem unique,
My best possession, foolish MOLLY,
This is the penalty I seek, [Folly!
Dear fool of Spring, dear spring of
Yet, ere I give myself away,
And abdicate on foolscap flimsy,
Let me implore you, mark the day—
Time-honoured feast of prank and
whimsy.

Of my pet self, I offer half—
To gain it myriads have endea-
voured.

So take it, take my photograph
Inclosed, and most adroitly severed.

AN ELIGIBLE *PARTI*.

I KNOW a man who manhood's name pro-
fanes,—
Most Mayfair mothers own him rather
wild;
But, since he has more sovereigns than brains,
Each tries to catch and tame him for her
child.

He knows enough Arithmetic to keep
A Betting-book, and lose his little bets,
And though his sense of honour is not deep,
He always pays his "honourable" debts.

Some scores of trowsers own him as their
Lord,
And endless ties and one unchanging sneer;
He owes his tailor what would lodge and
board
And wash a brace of curates for a year.

His wit is not so pointed as his boots,
Bright with the polish which his manners
lack,
Nor yet so chaste as those astounding suits
Which deck his shrunken limbs and padded
back.

His stays are always, *he* is often, "tight,"
His collar, like his birth, is *sans reproche*;
He seldom does a thing because it's right,
But, on the other hand, is never *gauche*.

The Music Hall hath charms to soothe his
breast,
But tries in vain to tinge his pallid cheek;
And yet the print he knows and loves the
best,
Is that which duly blushes once a week.

He never dances since the law shut up
His native haunt, where he could really
go it,
And romp the *pas-de-quatre*, and shout
and sup—
(Of course the Mayfair mothers did not
know it).

He never dances—but he goes about,
And you will always meet him "every-
where,"
And sometimes after supper he'll sit out
A dance or two, provided she is fair.

Some day he'll stoop to raise her to his
throne,
Look tame and tired of wild oats—for a
time;
And, when They reap the whirlwind he has
We'll talk of his misfortune and her
crime.

THOSE SILENT BOOTS.

Burglar's Ballad. AIR—"Those Evening Bells."

Those Silent Boots! Those Silent Boots!
When out upon our gay galoos,
'Twill give us covers the bloomin' jumps,
If we can't 'ear the Copper's clumps!

'Ave Bobby's Bluchers passed away?
That there will bust the Burglar's lay!
Wot, silent "Slops"—like evening swells?
It's was than them electric bells!

No, no! I 'opes, till I am gone,
The Bobby's Boots will still clump on.
Their warnin' sound our bizness soots,
But bust the thought o' *Silent Boots*!

SOME EVILL-MINDED PERSONS. — At the
Royal Academy of Music the competition for
the Evil Prize took place last Friday, which,
to unsuccessful competitors was a day of Evil
omen. This is one of the rare instances
where "Out of Evil cometh good."

THE TELEPHONIC LOVE-SONG.

"Lovemaking by telephone has now become
quite common."—*Daily Paper.*

LOVE, are you there? Most patiently I've
waited

To hear the answering tinkle on my bell;
Have then the central offices belated
Not switched me on as yet to thy hotel?
Or is—oh, bitter thought!—a rival hated
Addressing thee by telephone as well?
Love, are you there? Distracted I repine;
Oh, hear thy humble four-nought-seven-
nine!

Never three-five-nine-six have I addressed,
The number registered for Mrs. JONES,
Nor for six-eight-two-one the button pressed
To woo Miss BROWN in telephonic tones;
So grant, I pray, my moderate request,
Nor keep me waiting thus with aching
bones,

My anxious ear pressed to the tube with care,
While vainly I re-echo, "Are you there?"

The suitor in the happier days of old,
When he would woo his lady-love divine,
Beneath her window his affection told
In skilful verse and neatly-balanced line;
And even if he sometimes caught a cold,
His was a less prosaic way than mine;
Then they'd embrace—no doubt it was not
proper,
But I can only kiss a plate of copper!

Oh come, my love, and speak to me again,
Say that you live for my unworthy sake,
And kindly make each syllable quite plain,
To guard against all subsequent mistake;
And soon may fortune re-unite us twain,
Communication never more to break!
Take up your tube in answer to my prayer;
Once more I speak my greeting—*Are you
there?*

GEE HO, GOSCHEN!

Jokim (singing his Agricultural-looralist lry).

"O FLAXEN-HEADED Ploughman,
A whistling o'er the lee,
Oh, do not you know *how*, man,
I've ever loved thee!

EASTER REGULATIONS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

1. Volunteers shall be expected to be up
by the dawn in the morning, be the weather
rain or shine, fog, or otherwise. They will
be marched for scores of miles all day long,
and, on their arrival at their destination,
shall consider themselves lucky if they find
the most primitive accommodation.

2. Although they may be accompanied by
their officers, the Volunteer rank and file
will clearly understand that they are man-
œuvring purely for the pleasure, if not
improvement, of a few warriors connected
with the Household troops.

3. They shall undertake the necessary
duties at their own expense, and every detail
supplied by the War Office shall form the
matter of an angry altercation.

4. The convenience of Volunteers shall be
ignored, so that the comforts of the Regular
officers attached to the Citizen Force, may be
secured at their expense.

5. Volunteer officers will be prepared to
accept snubs and condescension with their
customary humility, and will not presume to
raise their voices in the presence of their super-
ior (in quality if not in rank) commanders.

6. Volunteers of all ranks will work like
niggers for nothing, save the barren honour of
being told (subsequently in the public prints)
that they have merely done their duty.

7. And, to conclude, Volunteers will be
expected to say that they have thoroughly
enjoyed their holiday, however difficult it
may be to feel it.

"ART, HOW SHE IS LEARNED."

SCENE—London. Time—any day of the Week between Show Sunday and Academy Sunday. Present—two Art Critics à la Mode.

First A. C. (after a pause). Yes, met a crowd of people last Sunday. Bad memory myself, but hanged if I can remember why I went out on Sunday.

Second A. C. (after consideration). And I too. I hate going out on a Sunday as a rule, but I went last week. However, might have been worse fun. Met PEACOCK girls. Rather good form.

First A. C. Yes, Jolly. Going to meet 'em next Sunday.—Mulberry Road.

Second A. C. (lighting a cigarette). I'm going to the Mulberry Road too.

First A. C. (also lighting a cigarette). But why?

Second A. C. (after smoking for two minutes in silence). Haven't the faintest idea! Stay! Ah! (Producing tiny memorandum book.) Here it is, April 2nd—Mulberry Road—Academy Pictures.

First A. C. (with returning intelligence). Of course! Why, that's what we went about. To see the pictures!

Second A. C. (with further intelligence). Yes. Going next Sunday to Mulberry Road to see the pictures again. Rather fun, seeing pictures!

First C. (after a long pause). Yes, rather.

[Scene closes in upon their commencing to discuss some other subject.]



FORTUNE'S FOOL.

"WELL, IF THAT DON'T BEAT HEVERYTHINK. 'AVEN'T SET UP 'ERE IN BUSINESS A MONTH, AND THEY'RE GOIN' TO REDRAIN THE 'OLE PLACE!"

QUITE A CHIC CARGO!

A GROUP of "World's Women" belonging to all races, has set out from Southampton in the steamship *Paris*, en route to the World's Fair. There are English damsels, Scotch lassies, Tyrolese, Hungarian, Parisian, Chinese, and Japanese ladies. Instead of being called "World's Women," they ought, of course, to go as "World's Fair-ies." "Arrangements have been made for bringing them back;" but suppose they prefer to stay? America is a free country; Chicago is one of the freest parts of it. So, after their relative powers of fascinating the American male have been tested, their power of becoming his relatives may have to be counted with. Let us hope they will be accommodated with separate buildings at the Exposition; or a "Lady's Battle" may ensue, under Queensberry Rules. European versus Asiatic, or—say—Fräulein versus Mademoiselle. This would be a great hit.

TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

THE most cursory eye it must surely strike,
That VOTE and VETO look much alike.
Yet rival ranters are straining throat,
To VOTE the VETO — or VETO the VOTE!
On a slight transposition thus hinges the quarrel
'Twixt the fierce fanatics of Pump and Barrel.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 20.—"That's the best speech HARCOURT has made this Session," said GEORGE CURZON, as we walked into Lobby to support Government against onslaught of SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, who disapproves its Uganda policy.

"Which speech?" I asked, eagerly, always anxious to learn. GEORGE CURZON just back from far East; has sat astride the Wall of China, and taken five-o'clock tea with the QUEEN of COREA. ULYSSES, with his twenty-years' tramp, not in it with him. "Which speech?" I repeated. "The speech he didn't make just now in reply to CHAMBERLAIN," said CURZON, in that sententious tone, and with that grave manner he has learned among the Apaches of the Ural Mountains.

Wants thinking over, this; but is quite true. A great temptation for the SQUIRE; would have been irresistible at one time. JOSEPH had made a brilliant speech, scintillating with diamond dagger-points. Yielding to the habit of heridity, he had been more than usually disagreeable towards his Brethren. "The original JOSEPH," as the SQUIRE remarked, in a little aside, whilst the speech went on amid uproarious delight of the Gentlemen of England, "had one soft place in his resentful heart. But our JOE finds no BENJAMIN among us—unless, indeed, it be TREVELYAN, and, I believe, if, after filling up his sack, he had put in any extraneous substance, it would not have been a cup of silver."

Time was when the SQUIRE would have jumped at this opportunity. Benches crowded with jubilant gentlemen in dinner dress; excitement of cheers and counter-cheers filled House. Few things delight it more than encounter between these two brilliant swordsmen. Only half-past eleven; Twelve-o'clock Rule suspended; plenty of time for business by-and-by; half an hour's sport hurt nobody.

When SQUIRE rose, a ringing cheer went up from Ministerialists.

Their turn now. JOE was "going to catch it." But SQUIRE knew better than that. Opportunity tempting; almost irresistible. But business first, pleasure after. With touching air of resignation, SQUIRE said they had listened to a very good speech, and now he hoped the Vote would be agreed to; at which point he meekly sat down. Shook so sudden and unexpected that no one but NOLAN moved, and he, finding himself on his legs, had no words ready. Whilst he was gasping in search of them, Closure moved; Chairman, who is getting well into the saddle, put question with lightning-like rapidity; before Committee quite knew where it was, it was dividing on the Uganda Vote.

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates concluded; Report of Supply agreed to; way cleared for Appropriation Bill.

Tuesday Night.—HENRY FOWLER explained Parish Council Bill in speech of equal force and lucidity. "Hands all round," as TENNYSON said, in applause of speech and approval of Bill. JESSE COLLINGS rather hinted that anything good in measure was conveyed from RITCHIE'S Bill, and everyone knows that RITCHIE was mere lay-figure behind which JESSE controlled policy of Local Government Board under last Administration. Even this criticism meant as compliment. No harsher note disturbed chorus of approval.

JOKIM, in effusion of moment, led into making interesting confession. As he says, only he put it stronger, general impression is that he is not particularly attached to Agricultural Labourer. BOBBY SPENCER, when he made his historic declaration—"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, I am not an Agricultural Labourer"—understood to have JOKIM in his mind; endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the statesman who, at the time, was CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER. JOKIM, certainly, through long and honourable career, never lost opportunity of hustling HODGE. Deductions drawn from this attitude entirely erroneous. Only been dissembling his love. Made clean breast of it to-day. Clapping his hands with genuine emotion, tear plainly tickling through his voice, he exclaimed, "It has been



"CATCHING VOTES."

(Suggested by the Picture "Catching Flies.")

the dream of my life to educate the Agricultural Labourer in Parish affairs!"

"Well, I must say, I never would have thought it," said GRANDOLPH, regarding with new interest his Right Hon. friend.

Business done.—Parish Councils Bill brought in.

Thursday.—Pretty to watch Mr. G. in conversation with Prince ARTHUR on question of Vote of Censure. When CAMERON, "doing a bit of bounce," as BRODRICK said, asked PREMIER whether, supposing Opposition resolved to move Vote of Censure, a day wouldn't be found for them, Ministerialists cheered and Opposition responded. House never more like public school than when a fight is being got up. Now spirit rose to bubbling point; cheering and counter-cheering incessant. Only Mr. G. sat silent, apparently so deeply interested in Orders that he had not noticed what was forward. But he saw it all, saw a foot or two further into futurity than the jubilant throng behind him. CAMERON had unwittingly dealt trump card to Opposition avowedly bent on obstructing Home-Rule Bill. Had a pretty good go to-day. Two hours for Questions; two hours more to be used up on Motion for Adjournment. That would serve to throw Registration Bill over sitting and spoil Mr. G.'s little programme. But this suggestion of Vote of Censure coming from other side, worth at least couple of days. Mr. G. saw it all, and once glanced quickly across table in search of sign that anyone on Front Bench opposite had made the discovery. Thought he saw a gleam of intelligence in GRANDOLPH's eye. Hoped things might blow over; but there was inconvenient questioner behind, with Scotch persistency waiting answer. Ministerialists cheering like mad; Opposition truculently responding; all waiting for him.



Mr. G. (sings sotto voce). "How happy could I be with either!
Were only Uganda away!"

done something in my time for justice; just now all my sympathies are with the Sweep. I receive deputations of them every day. No, they don't enter by the chimney, but come in by the front-door in ordinary fashion. When there are more than five of them, and they stay over twenty minutes, they leave a little smell lingering in the room. But that's nothing. I'm waiting now to move Second Reading of my Bill. Want Mr. G. to take it up. Have told him people really don't care for Home-Rule Bill, whereas, if he gave his

CAMERON obligingly opened. Drew up Motion of Vote of Censure, and Mr. G. must needs, out of his diminishing hoard of days, find one for debating it; Opposition mean to make it two, or even three.

"I wish," said Mr. G., in those chest-notes that indicate profound indignation, "my people would leave me to manage the business of House."

Business done.—Four hours wasted. Vote of Censure invited.

Friday Midnight.—Wonder to find SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE still at post of duty. Business rather heavy work; think it would be well that so precious a life should be cared for. Say this to him.

"You're very kind, Toby," he answered, just a little wearily, "but I never think of myself when the interests of my QUEEN and Country are at stake. Fact is, I have charge of a Bill drafted in the interests of our fellow-citizen the Sweep. He has thrown himself into my arms (of course I use the phrase in a Parliamentary sense) and I am resolved to do my best for him. I am told that the business which called the Judges into private consultation the other day was a proposal to place my bust, crowned with laurel, on a prominent pedestal in the Royal Courts of Justice. Well, I have



POPPING THE QUESTIONS;

Or, Scene from old Burlesque of "Obstruction," as revived at St. Stephen's Theatre Royal.

Must do or say something. Wouldn't commit himself by saying anything. Half rose from seat and bowed assent.

By this time Prince ARTHUR began to see light. Some smart fencing followed; Prince ARTHUR pressed home Vote of Censure question; Mr. G., whilst carefully avoiding any movement that might seem like retreat, evaded the point. Later, when GRANDOLPH remarked that PRIME MINISTER had challenged them to move Vote of Censure, Mr. G. angrily retorted, "I did nothing of the sort." Too late now; Right Hon. Gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench having put their heads together, determined to ride in at gate

mind to it, he might rouse the country on the question of the harmless necessary Sweep. But no use. He's too deeply rooted in his attachment to his Home-Rule scheme. Daresay I shall get my Bill through first."

Business done.—Patience of long-suffering SPEAKER breaks down at last. JEMMY LOWTHER did it. On Appropriation Bill moved incomprehensible Amendment, in unintelligible speech; SPEAKER came down on him "like cartload of bricks," as JOHN BURNS put it. JAMES only temporarily subdued; will probably come up smiling on Monday.

SPORTING ANSWERS.

ANGLING.

FLEACATCHER.—Yes, the trout in the river Itching (this is the only correct spelling) are red, and, before they are boiled, raw. The best method of catching them is to tickle them. When you have hooked an Itching trout, you first scratch him, and then cook him.

NOVICE.—We only knew one man who could make a decent rod, and he died twenty years ago. Remember the old adage so dear to IZAAK, *Qui parciit virgæ spoliat puerum*. For instructions as to use of implement, and translation of Latin, apply to any head-master. Failure in the latter will inevitably lead to application of the former. Then pause for reflection, but *don't sit down*.

SPOOK.—What on earth is the use of applying to us about a phantom? We never keep one on the premises. Try personal interview with W. T. STREAD, who has a fine selection, JULIA being specially effective. Why do you ask if we generally spin? Not having been born a top, we prefer walking.

CONTEMPLATIVE.—(1) It's absolutely useless offering us these paltry inducements to betray the secrets of our skill. We are—we hope we may say it without undue pride—an All-Round Angler, and we are not going to be squared by a bait of that kind. (2) We have never pretended we were a salmon. If ANDREW LANG says we have, we challenge him to repeat it to our face before witnesses. (3) Whitebait are no longer kept in the Round Pond at Kensington. We knew as many as four there ten years ago.

CALIPSEE.—You are quite right. When a ship turns turtle the fact is instantly communicated to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London. They proceed to the spot in the *Maria Wood*, and the one who secures the interesting saurian is allowed to eat all the green fat. With you we hope devoutly that the time is far distant when the desecrating hand of a Socialistic Government will be allowed to lay a finger on these ancient civic customs. No. The Fishmongers' Company do not sell fish. Their motto is, *Edo, non vendo*.

ACTON EST.—*The Cornhill Magazine* for this month has an interesting article on "Actors and Actresses in Westminster Abbey," not seen there much when alive, but there for good after their decease. It is stated of Mrs. BARRY that she was not interred in the Abbey, as has been, it appears, generally supposed, but found her resting-place at Acton. Odd, that when she had ceased to act, she should be sent to Act-on!

THE CRY OF THE CUE-IST.

(To the Champion, by a Discouraged Competitor.)

BREAK, break, break,
On the smooth green board, O JOHN!
And I would civil words could utter
My thoughts, as the game goes on!
O well for the three-figure runs
You have made since we opened play!
O ill for my nine thousand start,
Which you're lessening day by day!

AFTER THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

SCENE—An Office. BROWN and JONES discovered talking over the incidents of the recent holiday.

Brown. Yes; I was up at six on the Monday.

Jones. Well, you were in luck; for I had to be ready by four. The battalion had to be drawn up at the station by 4'45.

Brown. To be sure. You went down before, we did.

Jones. Yes. I wish we had got some coffee before starting.

Brown. But you had your breakfast on your arrival, didn't you?

Jones. Yes, to be sure; but as we were a bit late, it was rather a scramble.

Brown. Well, of course one has to get on to parade as soon as possible. We cut it rather fine too. But that's the case with all of us.

Jones. To be sure; and if you lose time at one end, you must make up for it at the other—that stands to reason. And how did you get on?

Brown. First rate. We were on the march from nine to five.

Jones. So were we; and didn't have time scarcely to get to our havresacks.

Brown. Just our fortune. Always on the move. I wore out my leathers in fine style.

Jones. So did I. And then we had to go back to the train before we could get any dinner.

Brown. My fate too. And, when I got home, the slavey had forgotten to lay supper!

Jones. So had mine. But still it was a glorious holiday—now, wasn't it?

Brown. I should say it was! A glorious holiday! [They return to their ledgers.]

QUEER QUERIES.

ABSCONDRILISM.—I belong to a Building Society. At present the concern is exceptionally prosperous, and I have no reason to suppose that the Directors and Manager are

not scrupulously honest. Still, it is as well to be prepared for all eventualities, and, as a couple of years seems to be about the time required by the authorities before they can make up their minds to prosecute anybody, I should like to know if I could apply for a warrant against the officials of my Society at once, so as to have everything ready in case any of them should develop fraudulent tendencies a few years hence? Would there be any objection to this? Perhaps some legal reader would reply. Also, is it a fact that Messrs. BALBERT and HURLFOUR have started a model Colony, on entirely new and philanthropic lines, in Mexico, and are inviting English settlers (unconnected with the "Liberator" Society) to join them there, the prospectus of the scheme being headed:—"By kind permission of the Public Prosecutor"?—PROPHYLACTIC.



"TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE, AND THE POUNDS," &c.

Muriel. "MAMMA, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THE CARRIAGE OUT FOR SO LATE? WHERE ARE YOU GOING?"

Mrs. Goldie. "NOW, MURIEL, YOU KNOW HOW YOUR FATHER KEEPS WORRYING ABOUT EXTRAVAGANCE, AND OF COURSE I MUST SET AN EXAMPLE. SO I'M GOING TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY TO SEE THE EVENING PAPER!"

And the marvellous shots go on
To your score, which is mounting still!
But O for a touch of that wondrous hand,
And a slice of that startling skill!

Break, break, break!
There's a shot! Great Scott! O see!
What tender grace! And if once ahead
You will never "come back" to me!

"EPSOM SPRING MEETING."—In former times this used to be a fashionable rendezvous for invalids who went there to drink the beneficial waters of the Epsom Spring. Now there is not much water taken at these Spring Meetings; and what water is taken is not "an unmingled good."

A LESSON IN "BOOK-KEEPING."—Never lend one.

HER "DAY OF REST."

(The Song of the Shop-Girl.)

["As one poor shop-girl said:—"After the fatigue and worry of the week, I am so thoroughly worn out, that my only thought is to rest on a Sunday; but it goes too quickly, and the other days drag on so slowly!""—Quoted by Sir John Lubbock in the recent *Debate on Early Closing for Shops*.]

EIGHT o'clock strikes!
The short day's sped,—
My Day of Rest! That beating in my head
Hammers on still, like coffin-taps. He likes,
Our lynx-eyed chief, to see us brisk and trim
On Monday mornings; and though brains
may swim,

And breasts sink sickeningly with nameless
pain,
He cannot feel the faintness and the strain,
And what are they to him?

This morning's sun peeped in
Invitingly, as though to win

My footsteps fieldwards, just one day in
seven!
The thought of hedgerows was like opening
heaven,
And the stray sunray's gleam,
Threading the dingy blind,
Seemed part of a sweet dream,

For in our sleep the Fates *are* sometimes kind.
 "Come out!" it said, "but not with weary tread,
 And feet of lead, [way,
 The long, mud-cumbered, cold, accustomed
 For the great Shop is shuttered close to-day,
 And you awhile are free!"
Free? With a chain of iron upon my heart,
 That drags me down, and makes the salt tears start!

Oh, that inexorable weariness
 That through the enfeebled flesh lays crushing stress

On the young spirit! Young? There is no youth

For such as I. It dies, in very truth,
 At the first touch of the taskmaster's hand.
 A doctrine hard for you to understand,
 Gay sisters of the primrose path,
 Whose only chain is as a flowery band.
 The toil that outstays nature hath
 A palsyng power, a chilling force
 Which freezes youth at its fresh source.

Only the Comus wand
 Of an unhallowed Pleasure offers such
 Freedom, and with pollution in its touch.

The languid lift
 Of head from pillow tells us the good gift
 Of Sabbath rest is more than half in vain.
 Tired! Tired! In flesh, bone, brain,
 Heart, fancy, pulse, and nerve!
 Such is our doom who stand and serve
 The unregarding public, thoughtless they
 Of slaves whose souls they slay!

Oh, that long standing—standing—standing yet!

With the flesh sick, the inmost soul a-fret,
 Pale, pulseless patiences, our very sex,
 That should be a protection, one more load
 To lade, and chafe, and vex.
 No tired ox urged to tramping by the goad
 Feels a more mutely-maddening weariness
 Than we white, black-garbed spectral girls
 who stand

Stonily smiling on while ladies grand,
 Easily seated, idly turn and toss
 The samples; and our Watcher, 'neath the gloss

Of courtly smugness glaring menace, stalks
 About us, creaking cruelty as he walks.

Stand! Stand! Still stand!
 Clenched teeth and clutching hand,
 Swift blanching cheek, and twitching muscle,
 tell [well,
 To those who know, what *we* know all too
 Ignored by Fashion, coldly mocked by
 Trade.

Are we not for the sacrifice arrayed
 In dainty vesture? Pretty, too, they say
 Male babblers, whom our sufferings and poor pay

Might shock, could they but guess
 Trim figure and smart dress
 Cover and hide, from all but doctor-ken,
 Disease and threatening death. Oh! men,
 men, men! [stand!]

You bow, smile, flatter—ought but under-
 Long hours lay lethal hand
 Upon our very vitals. Seats might save
 From an untimely grave,
 Hundreds of harried, inly anguished girls;
 You see—their snow-girt throats and neatly-
 ordered curls!

Out to the green fields? Nay,
 This all too fleeting day
 To rest is dedicate. But not the rest
 Of brightened spirit, and of lightened breast.
 The dull, dead, half-inanimate leaden crouch
 Of sheer exhaustion on this shabby couch
 Is all my week's repose.
 Read? But the tired eyes close,

EASTER MANŒUVRES.



BACCHUS ON A BICYCLE!

(A "SAFETY" TOO!!)

This incident repeated itself to infinity from the
 East End to Hammersmith and back!!

The book from nerveless fingers drops;
 Almost the slow heart stops.
 But the clock halts not on its restless round.
 Weariness shudders at the whirring sound,
 As the sharp strike declares
 Swift to its closing wears
 One more of those brief interludes from toil
 Which leave us still the labour-despot's spoil,
 Slaves of long hours and unrelaxing strain,
 Unstrengthened and unsolaced, soon again
 To tread the round, and lift the lengthening
 chain;
 Stand—till hysteria lays its hideous clutch
 On our girl-hearts, or epilepsy's touch
 Thrills through tired nerves and palsied
 brain.
 Again—again—again!
 How long? Till Death, upon its kindly
 quest,
 Gives a true Day of Rest!

ROYAL REWARDS TO GOOD PLAYERS.—"As
 a sequel to the performance of *Becket* at
 Windsor, Mr. IRVING"—as we were informed
 by the *Daily News*—"was presented by the
 QUEEN with a stud." What will he do with
 the stud? Will he take to the turf, go racing,
 and keep the stud at some Newmarket
 training-stables? Perhaps "the stud" con-
 sisted of fifty "ponies"—but this is a purse-
 an'-all matter, into which we are not at
 liberty to inquire. Miss ELLEN TERRY re-
 ceived a brooch from HER MAJESTY, on
 which are the letters "V.R.I." Our 'ARRY
 says these initials signify "*Ve Are* 'Ighly
 pleased." Or, taking the two presents to-
 gether, as speaking, V.R.I. might mean, says
 'ARRY, "*Ve R-Iced safely*."

LION AND LAMB.

"I think that when we consider an Opposition,
 in which Lord SALISBURY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN
 pacifically sit down—or lie down, together, we
 need not, ourselves, feel very sensitive on the
 subject of homogeneity."—Mr. Gladstone at the
F. O. Liberal Meeting.]

SOPLY had a little Lamb,
 From Brummagem you know!
 And wheresoever SOPLY went
 That Lamb was bound to go.
 The Lion and the Lamb in fact!
 And what could be more jolly?
 Yet some do whisper that—sometimes—
 The Lamb seems leading SOPLY.

"WHAT HO, APOTHECARY!"—Last week
 the Earl of BESSBOROUGH was announced as
 having arrived at Bessborough, Pilltown,
 Ireland. What an appropriate spot for
 erecting an Irish Apothecaries' Hall! What
 is Lord BESSBOROUGH's family name? Is
 it The O'COCKLE?

THE AUTHOR.

It lay on the book-stall for sale,
 But no one to purchase seemed willing,
 The ticket was "Humorous Tale,
 Two-and-sixpence—reduced to a shilling."
 But the humour was lost upon me,
 And the jest fell uncommonly flat.
 Could the jokes I had written then be
 So fallen in value as that?

THE FIRST DUTY OF AN OPPOSITION (*As
 it now seems to be understood*).—"To lie in
 cool Obstruction, and talk rot."—(*Shak-
 speare—slightly adapted.*)

MODERN TRANSLATION BY OUR YOUNGEST
 SPORTING ETONIAN.—"*In formā pauperis*"
 —i.e., "in rather poor form."

AT AN AFTERNOON ENTERTAINMENT.

SCENE—*Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. Among the Audience are—A London Aunt, and her Eldest Daughter, with a Cousin from the Country, who is just a little difficult to amuse; a Serious-minded Lady from Brixton, with a more frivolous Friend; a pair of Fiancés; and an Unsophisticated Father, with an Up-to-date little Daughter. An exhibition of "Pure Sleight-of-Hand" has just been given on the Stage.*

The Serious Lady. Clever? Yes, my dear, it is clever enough, if that's all; but I never can quite reconcile my conscience to encouraging a fellow-creature to make a living by deliberate deception!

Her Friend. Oh, I don't see any harm in conjuring, myself.

The S. L. I can't forget that Pharaoh had his Sorcerers and Magicians, and how they acted!

Her Friend. Ah, I never saw them.

The London Aunt (to her Niece). Enjoying it, SOPHY? Such a treat for you, to see really good conjuring!

Sophy. Yes, Aunt, thank you. But our new Curate did that trick with two rabbits at the last Penny Readings we had!

[*A calico screen is brought forward, on which the Entertainer throws various shadows with his hands.*]

The S. L. Is that a little house at the corner? Oh, he doesn't do that with his hands—then I see no merit in it. Who's that? (*A small male shadow, cast by the performer's right hand, crosses the screen, and knocks timidly at the door, which is opened by the left hand, in the character of a little Lady. The couple embrace effusively, and retire inside.*) Ah, that's the husband coming home!

[*Another male shadow enters, and knocks furiously, while the little Lady reconnoitres cautiously from the window above.*]

Her Friend. I expect that must be the husband.

The S. L. What?—and the wife behaving like that in his absence! If I thought that was the—(*The first male shadow comes out, and fights the second, who retreats, worsted.*) I never saw anything so scandalous. How you can call yourself consistent, and sit there and laugh at such things—!

Her Friend (apologetically). I can't help laughing—and, after all, perhaps they're only rival lovers, or he's her father, or something.

The S. L. And she inviting one to come into the house in that bold way—a nice example for young persons! Look there, he's come back with a flageolet, and she's actually poured a jug of water on his head out of the window! "Only a pair of hands," did you say? So it may be—but we all know who it is that "Finds some mischief still for idle hands to do"—and there we have an illustration of it, my dear!

[*She shakes herself down in her sealskins with virtuous disapproval.*]

The Unsophisticated Father (who has been roaring with laughter).



"He blinks and smiles in feeble confusion."

Capital! It's amazingly clever, 'pon my word! Can't imagine how they do these things—can you, VIVVIE? [*To Up-to-Date Child.*]

Miss Vivien. Oh, well, I've seen so much conjuring at parties, you know, Father, that I don't notice it particularly,—but it's nice to see you so amused!

The U. F. I'm young, you see, VIVVIE; but I hope you're not bored?

Miss V. No, I'm not bored—only I thought there'd be some Serpentine dancing, and more of the *Music Hall* about it.

The U. F. *Music Hall!* Why, what do you know about *Music Halls*, eh?

Miss V. (with calm superiority). Several of their songs—if you call that anything.

The U. F. I should be inclined to call it a good deal too much!

Miss V. (compassionately). Would you? Poor dear Father! But you never were very modern, were you?

[*A Blind-folded Lady on the Stage has been reading and adding up figures on a black board, and now offers to tell the day of the week of any person's birth in the audience.*]

Her Colleague. Will some gentleman kindly oblige me with the date of his birth?

The Fiancée, New, JACK, tell yours. I want you to.

Jack (in an unnaturally gruff voice). Fourteenth of February, eighteen—sixty-nine!

The Blindfolded Lady (with the air of the Delphic Pythia). Yes—that fell upon a Monday. [*Applause.*]

Her Coll. Is that correct, Sir?

Jack. Don't know. [*He reddens, and tries to look unconscious.*]

Her Coll. Now I will ask the Lady if she can mention some event of importance that took place on the same date.

The Bl. L. Let me think. Yes. (*Solemnly.*) On the same date, in the year seven-teen-hundred-and-thirty-seven, goloshes were first invented! [*Loud applause.*]

Miss V. (as the pair retire). Well, thank goodness, we've seen the last of that beastly black-board. I didn't come here to add up sums. What is it next? Oh, a "Farm-yard Imitator." I expect that will be rather rot, Father, don't you?

[*Enter a Gentleman in evening dress, who gives realistic imitations of various live-stock.*]

The Country Cousin. That's exactly the way our little Berkshire pig grunts, and "Sweetlips" calls her calf just like that—and, oh, KATIE, I wonder if he could have heard our Dorkings clucking at home—I think he must have—he does it so exactly the same!

Katie. Then you do think that's clever, SOPHY?

Sophy. Oh, well—for an imitation, you know!

[*A "Sensational Cage Mystery" is introduced; a pretty child is shut up in a cage, which is opened a moment after, and found to contain a Negro, who capers out, grinning.*]

The London Aunt. SOPHY, do you see that?—there's a black man there now, instead!

Sophy (without enthusiasm). Yes, Aunt, I see, thank you.

Katie. Don't you like it, SOPHY?

Sophy. I don't see why it need have been a Nigger!

The S. L. (after a "Humorous Musical Sketch," by a clever and charming young Lady). Like that, my dear?—a Young Woman giving a description of how she actually went on the Stage, and

imitating men in that way! It was as much as *I* could do to sit still in my seat!

Her Friend. I must say I thought it was very amusing.

The S. L. Amusing? I daresay. But, to my mind, young girls have no business to be amusing, and take off other people. I've no opinion of such ways myself. I don't know what my dear Mother would have done if I'd ever been amusing—she would have broken her heart, I do believe!

The Friend (to herself). She wouldn't have split her sides, that's very certain!

[A Lady Physiognomist appears in cap and gown, and invites a subject to step upon the stage, and have his or her character revealed.

Jack (to his Fiancée). No, I say—but look here, FLOSSIE, really I'd rather not—with all these people looking!

Flossie. Then I shall think you've something to conceal, JACK—you wouldn't like me to feel that already, would you?

[JACK, resignedly, mounts the platform, and occupies a chair, in which he blinks and smiles in feeble confusion, while the Professor studies his features dispassionately.

The Lady Phys. The first thing to notice is the disposition of the ears. Now here we have a Gentleman whose ears stick out in a very remarkable manner. [Delight of Audience.

Flossie (to herself). They do—awfully! I never noticed it before. But it really rather suits him; at least— [She meditates.

The L. Ph. This denotes an original and inquiring mind; this gentleman takes nothing on trust—likes to see everything for himself; he observes a good deal more than he ever says anything about. His nose is wide at the tip, showing a trustful and confiding disposition; it has a bump in the centre, denoting a moderate amount of combativeness. The nostrils indicate a keen sense of humour. (Here JACK giggles bashfully.) There is a twist in the upper lip, which indicates—well, I won't say that he would actually tell an untruth—but if he had the opportunity for doing so, he has the capacity for taking advantage of it. I think that is all I have to say about this Gentleman.

Flossie (to JACK, after he has returned to her side). JACK, if you can't leave off having an original and inquiring mind, you must at least promise me one thing—it's very little to ask!

Jack. You know I'd do any blessed thing in the world for you FLOSSIE,—what is it?

Flossie. Only to wear an elastic round your ears at night, JACK!

The Unsophisticated Father (at the conclusion of the exhibition, as the Missing Lady disappears with a bang, in full view of the Audience). There, VIVVIE; she's vanished clean away. What do you say to that, eh?

Vivien (composedly). Well, I think we may as well vanish too. Father. It's all over!

The S. L. (going out). I don't wish to judge others—far from it—but, speaking for myself, ELIZA, I cannot feel this has been a profitable method of employing precious moments which can never be recalled.

Her Friend. Oh, it's quite early. You'll have plenty of time to get a cup of tea, and do some shopping before it's dark.

The S. L. (severely). That was not precisely what I meant, ELIZA! [But it is precisely what she does.

ADVERTISEMENT'S ADVERSARIES.

["A Society has been formed to deliver us from hideous advertisements." *The Saturday Review.*]

O NEWLY-FORMED Society, we note with admiration
The truly novel purpose which you seem to have at heart,
And with no little eagerness await its consummation,
When popular advertisements will shine as works of art.

Then picturesque localities no longer will be crowded
With puffs of panaceas for our universal ills,
No longer will the atmosphere be permanently clouded
By sky-signs built to promulgate a patent soap or pills.

No more in train or omnibus will every inch of boarding
Be covered with advertisements of variegated hue;
No more in every thoroughfare will each obtrusive hoarding
Blaze, hideously chromatic, with its yellow, red, and blue.

One thing, perhaps, you'll tell us,—you will pardon the suggestion—
We doubt not your ability your purposes to win,
But yet our curiosity would fain propound the question,—
How, excellent Society, and when, will you begin?

"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING" may now be seen in all their glory at the Crystal Palace Show. The excellent arrangements there made for their exhibition prove that they have been designed and carried out by a clever "Head"-Gardener.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

SEEING that *A Wild Wooing* (published by F. V. WHITE & Co.) is by FLORENCE WARDEN, authoress of *The House on the Marsh*, the Baron anticipated a real treat. But he was somewhat disappointed. The novel is in one volume, which is an attraction, and that volume is of a portable size, which is another note in its favour; also it is not illustrated, which is an undisguised blessing.



At Easter Time the Baron de B.-W. visits his friend
The Peer of Brighton.

The story is interesting up to a certain point, which, however, does not take you very far into the book, and, after this point, the murmurings behind walls, the moving and dragging of heavy bodies under the floors, the insecure ladders, the trap-doors, cellars, underground passages, smugglers, murderers, victims, and all sorts of mixed mysteries, become tiresome. There is yet another fault, which is, that the story is not told in so convincing a style as to make the reader feel quite sure that the authoress is not "getting at him" all the time, and just trying to see what quantity of old melodramatic stuff he will patiently stand.

Henceforth FLORENCE WARDEN will do well to get away from the rusty bars, bolts, chains, trap-doors, and cellars, from ruined castles, as grim as that of *Udolpho*, "of which," as Sir WALTER said in his preface to *Waverley*, "the Eastern wing had long been uninhabited, and the keys either lost, or consigned to the care of some aged butler or housekeeper, whose trembling steps, &c., &c." Accidentally, turning from "White" to "Black," the Baron took up the first volume of the excellent re-issue of the *Waverley Novels*, by Messrs. ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK, called *The Dryburgh Edition*, and commenced reading the introductory chapter of *Waverley*, which, at that time, gave the death-thrust to the melodramatic horrors of romantic tales, whether evolved from the inner consciousness of English writers, or openly acknowledged as "taken from the German."

In view of the sensational romance of the present day, towards which, when really good, the Baron owns to having a decided leaning—it is interesting to note how brave Sir WALTER defied the existing fashion in novels of his own time, spurned the sentimental "Mordaunts," the "Belvilles," and such like played-out names of ancient chivalry, laughed at the heroine "with a profusion of auburn hair and a harp," and, like the Magician of the North that he was, boldly gave to the world his historic novels, in which, where History doesn't suit the requirements of fiction, it is so much the worse for History. Are there very many of the present generation who have not read Sir WALTER SCOTT's novels? If there be any—and there must be, or where would be the demand to occasion this new and admirably devised supply—let them at once put aside modern sensationalism, and commence WALTER SCOTT as a study. The Baron knows personally one man of mature years, who has read neither *Waverley* nor several others of the series, and him he envies, for, as the student in question has already set himself to the task, he has the greatest literary pleasure of his life yet to come. Type, size of book, excellent as a library edition; and the illustrations, so far as they have gone, are good, and not too distracting. And so, after this unequivocal expression of his sentiments, he signs himself,
THE BOLD BARON DE B.-W.



A LESSON IN ALTRUISM.

ALWAYS BE KIND TO DUMB ANIMALS—THEIR LIVES ARE SHORT, AND SHOULD BE MADE HAPPY AND AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE—EVEN AT THE COST OF A LITTLE TEMPORARY DISCOMFORT TO YOURSELF.

BACK TO SCHOOL;

OR, DOCTOR BLIMBER-GLADSTONE AND HIS "LIT-TLE FRIENDS."

(*Dombeish Fragments, with a smack of "The Mikado."*)

WHENEVER a young gentleman was taken in hand by Dr. BLIMBER-GLADSTONE, he might consider himself sure of a pretty tight squeeze. The Doctor only undertook the charge of a limited number of young gentlemen at a time, but he had always ready a supply of "oram" for a hundred, on the lowest estimate; and it was at once the business and delight of his life to gorge "his young friends," few or many, to their utmost capacity, and sometimes beyond it.

In fact, Dr. GLADSTONE'S establishment was a great Hot-house, in which there was a forcing apparatus incessantly at work. All the boys blew before their time—or so said the Doctor's rivals and foes. Mental Green Peas were produced in February, and intellectual Scarlet-Runners in March. Mathematical Great Gooseberries were common at untimely seasons, other than the appropriate Silly one.

This was all very pleasant and ingenious, but the system of forcing was attended with its usual disadvantage. There was sometimes not the right taste about the premature productions, and they didn't always keep well.

The Doctor's was a mighty fine House, fronting the river. Not always a joyful style of House within; sometimes quite the contrary. The seats were in rows, like figures in a sum. The sitters also were often in rows—with a slight (phonetic) difference. The House was well provided with Hot Water, on the "constant-supply" system. But somehow this seemed rather to conduce to discomfort than to real cleanliness,—like the too frequent and tumultuous "turning-outs" of an over-zealous housewife. A "Spring Clean," at St. Stephen's School, was a thing to remember, and shudder at. It was not a quiet House at the best of times. It seemed ever haunted by the Banshee of Noise, and disturbed by the cacophonous ghosts of dead Echoes. At the peaceablest periods it was pervaded by a baneful Spook called the "Party Spirit," and always by the dull boogings of unwilling young gentlemen at their lessons, like the raucous murmurings of an assemblage of melancholy rooks, or of

kites and crows cawing and screaming in the intervals of their clamorous snufflings.

Holidays? Oh dear yes! If there was one thing Doctor GLADSTONE'S "young friends" *did* care for, it was Holidays! The Doctor himself seemed as though he could—and were it possible—would do without them. But the Doctor's "lit-tle friends," however docile, could never be brought to see *that*. They did not usually commence their Spring "term" until February. And they were ripe, even rampant, for a long "Recess" at Easter. When the Doctor, using his well-beloved formula, said, "Gentlemen, we will resume our studies upon —" they hung upon his words, and, if the conclusion of his formula showed any disposition to cut the Holidays short, they howled loudly in chorus, like hungry wolves disappointed of their quarry.

It was a sight to see Doctor GLADSTONE'S little friends returning to School *after* the Easter Vacation. The Doctor, looking complacently expansive, cheerily anticipative, welcomed them on the doorstep. *They* did not welcome *him*. Oh, dear no! Look at them; the five senior pupils in front, headed, of course, by that overgrown and somewhat ungainly Irish boy, Master PATRICK GREEN, cook of the School, and prime favourite of Doctor GLADSTONE! Can you not fancy them singing—after a famous original—the following quintett?

The Five. Five little boys for school are we,
Back from a very short ho-li-dee;
All as reluctant as well can be,—

Five little boys for School!

Master Green. Holiday's over, there's no more fun!

Master Hodge. Only just started! Wish I was done!

Master Bung. As for me, wish I'd never begun!

The Five. Five little boys for School!

All (shrinking). Five little boys who, all unwary,
Entered old GLADSTONE'S big seminary,
Slaves to his Genius tutelary—

The Five (suddenly demure, on catching sight of the Doctor).—
Five little boys "back to School!"

[Groans.
Sneels.
Howls.]



BACK TO SCHOOL; OR, DR. GLADSTONE AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.



SONGS OF SOCIETY. II.—A LETTER OF ADVICE.

From Miss Belinda Bullion at Monte Carlo, to Miss Angelina Veaudor, in Mayfair. (Being a Pendant to a celebrated Poem by Praed.)

THEY tell me you've "landed" a lover
(Don't pout at the slang, dear, 'tis *chic*),
Before your first Season is over,
Before I have left you a week.
I learned the good news through my mother.
Who is he? I wish I could guess.
If it's dear Lord FITZ-FRUMPINGTON's brother,
My own ANGELINA, say "Yes."

Très chère, we know Fortune and Fashion
Are sensible girlhood's sole guides,
Smart maidenhood ridicules passion,
And sentiment calmly derides.
I gave you "Bel Ami" as token
That we were not victims of "glow;"
You gave me your vow—is it broken?
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

We vowed, dear, no matter at what age,
By Sentiment not to be hooked,
Or cheated by Love in a Cottage,
Or Shepherds enchantingly crook'd.
Too well, dear, we know modern men's
tone,
Of "briar" the pipes which *they* blow.
Say, have you gone soft *à la* SHENSTONE?
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

Remember the cynic romances
We read in that Devonshire glen!
We are not the slaves of girl-fancies,
We've learned far too much about
Men!

'Tis nice, with your head on his shoulder,
To whirl through the waltz with
FRANK LOWE,

But should poor Adonis grow bolder,
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

You know without wealth and a carriage
Life's just a prolonged fit of spleen,
So don't let me mourn o'er your marriage
With any poor BROWN, JONES, or GREEN.
You swore mere romance should not thrill
you,

Nor gold-less good looks make you glow;
And you will not go back on it—will you?
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

We're parted, but sympathy's fetter
Unites us, I'm sure of it, still.



I read your last laughable letter,
And see you are steering with skill.
True Love is all fiddlededee, love,
Full coffers count only, below.
If he's not what your husband should be,
Love,
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he's over polite in his wooing,
If his heart is too plainly a-throb,
If he scarce seems aware what he's doing,
If he speaks with a blush or a sob;
If he is not "dead nuts" on his dinner,
If his voice or his spirits run low;

If he seems getting paler or thinner,
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he gives too much time to his Tennis,
Neglectful of dear L. S. D.,
If he chatters of WHISTLER and Venice,
If he cares about Five o'clock Tea;
If he's not sometimes rude or capricious
(All swells who have money are so),
Such signs are extremely suspicious;
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he shows a contempt for "the City,"
And drops little jeers about Jews,
If he talks of "the People" with pity,
Or rails at the Sweaters as "screws,"
These things prove a "popular leaning,"
And popular leanings are low;
Soft heart, and slack purse, are *their*
meaning—

My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

If he prates about Property's duties
In dictation at all Gladstoneses,
If he's down on Society Beauties,
If he has not a stare that can freeze;
If he does not abuse Foreign Powers,
And vote all philosophy slow,
If he's one of the time's "big Bow-wow-
ers,"

My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

He must walk like a Cit in his glory,
Of Money the true modern test,
He must be—yes, of course, dear—a
Tory,

(As *partis* that party are best)
If he knows not the old Carlton's portal,
Then—unless you've a Duke for a beau—
I beg you—for girls are but mortal—
My own ANGELINA, say "No!"

Don't bother about his extraction
Although there's a charm in good birth,
But Wealth yields life's sole satisfaction,
So find out, dear girl, *what he's worth!*
He may be but an oil-striking Yankee,
Eccentric in manners and dress,
But, if he has tin worth a "thanker,"
My own ANGELINA, say "Yes!"

MISTER JACKY'S VADE MECUM FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

Question. What is the chief object you wish to attain during the vacation?

Answer. To have the best time possible under the most favourable conditions.

Q. Is the comfort of your relations and friends to be taken into serious account in attaining this desirable end?

A. Certainly not; the details to which you refer are unworthy of a moment's consideration.

Q. Have you any objection to upsetting all the household arrangements on your arrival?

A. Unquestionably no. If a morning performance commences at an hour early enough to require luncheon to be discussed at 12:30, why the *déjeuner à la fourchette* (as the French would say) must be partaken within half-an-hour of noon. In like manner, if an evening representation begins at seven, the dinner-hour must be put back to half-past five.

Q. If these alterations cause any disturbance of your father's habits, how would you deal with the matter?

A. I would not deal with the matter at all. I would leave all purely necessary explanations to my mother.

Q. During the time of your vacation will you approve of any dinner-parties?

A. I have a rooted objection to such entertainments when the guests are of my parents' selection. However, I have no objection to a few fellows, say, like SMITH Major, or BROWN Minor, dropping in to supper on a Sunday.

Q. Assuming that the day you mention is your parents' favourite time for peace and quiet, does such an invasion suggest any reflection?

A. No. If my parents have become slow during my enforced absence from home in the search of knowledge, it is time they should

have the benefit accruing from contact with my revivifying characteristics.

Q. Supposing your father expostulates with you, and advances the fact that you have received greater advantages than he himself enjoyed—for instance, that you have been to Eton—what should you reply?

A. Practically nothing. However, in the cause of justice and truth, it might be advisable to answer his statement of fact that "he had never been to Eton" with the reply, "Anyone could see that."

Q. If he complains that you do not rise until eleven, smoke cigarettes in the dining-room before lunch, smash the grand piano in the drawing-room, lame his favourite cob in the Row, and upset all his documents in the study, what answer would you make?

A. That you were not responsible for the training which he had taken under his personal control. He must be satisfied with the broad result of your bringing-up.

Q. If he declares his intention of addressing the Superintendent of your scholastic career on the matter, what would you do?

A. Explain that your present position in the school, to which you supposed you would have to reluctantly return, was lacking in the element of popularity, and that any further move in the direction of increased reduction in that element might possibly lead to your expulsion. Deprecate personal objection to expulsion, but suggest that such a course might, by preventing your getting employment in the Church, Army, or Bar, lead to your being on your parents' hands for life.

Q. When the time has all but arrived for your return to school, what should you do?

A. Promptly catch the whooping-cough, the influenza, or measles. You will then afford a sufficient reason for extending the length of your vacation indefinitely.



A TERRIBLE TURK.

Little Spinks. "AH! ONCE I WAS AS INNOCENT AS A LITTLE CHILD! WHAT I AM NOW, YOUR SEX HAS MADE ME!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, March 27.—The Lowther Arcade not getting on so well as thought when projected. The Master Builder been diligently at work, but result disappointing. On Friday he got terribly snubbed by SPEAKER. Comes up to-day to make personal explanation. That a bait at which House usually jumps; always ready to be amused, or interested with scandal about Queen ELIZABETH and other persons. These things usually promised by personal explanation. To-day no flutter of excitement moved crowded House. JEMMY, approaching table with most judicial air, received with mocking laughter, and ironical cheers. Some difficulty in quite making out what he was at. Evidently something to do with SQUIRE of MALWOOD; but SQUIRE so inextricably mixed up with Supplementary Estimates, couldn't make out which was which. JAMES pounded along in most ponderous style; SQUIRE contemptuously replied; no one else inclined to join in conversation, and the Master Builder gloomily resumed his seat.

"Never mind," I said, not liking to see an old friend cast down; "Rome wasn't built in a day, nor the Cave of Adullam excavated in a week. These things grow. You must have patience, and the Lowther Arcade will still flourish. Let me see, whom you have got? There's BARTLEY, HANBURY, and TOMMY BOWLES. LOWE, forming his Cave, hadn't so many to start with."

"Yes," said the Master Builder, "that's all very well; but, fact is, you can't reckon upon these fellows as being, so to speak, colonnades in the Arcade. They are all on their own hook; fighting for their own hand; won't take the lead from me; must go foraging for themselves. HANBURY thinks he can boss a show better than most men. BARTLEY's obstreperous. TOMMY BOWLES would be all right if he were left to himself, free from the companionship of designing men. He is young, ingenuous, not wholly lost to a sense of regard for his pastors and masters, lack of which is the curse of modern Youth. I believe TOMMY respects me, and,

only for the evil communications to which he is subject on the back bench, would work loyally with me in establishing the Arcade."

There was unwonted moisture in the Master Builder's eye as he turned round, and regarded the Member for King's Lynn what time he softly whistled to himself the old Jacobite air, "*Tommy make Room for your Uncle.*"

Business done.—Vote of Censure moved by Prince ARTHUR; Government majority runs up on division to 47; Ministerialists, fresh from meeting at Foreign Office, agree that, on whole, have spent a happy day. Debate spasmodically dull. Prince ARTHUR could not lift it out of the rut, nor GRANDOLPH either. Only Mr. G. shone with effulgent light through gloom of evening. Principal result of manœuvre, beyond giving fillip to majority, is that a day will be filched from meagre holidays, and House must needs sit on Thursday.

Tuesday.—Mr. G. looked in in time to say a few words in reply to Prince ARTHUR's inquiries as to business arrangements. Later he came back, and delivered excellent speech; brief, and direct to point. House been talking all morning round Vote on Account. MACFARLANE done Rule-of-three sum, to show how twelve hundred days are lost every week by necessity imposed upon Members of coming down two hours in advance to take their seats. Some disposition shown by practical Members to argue question whether there could be twelve hundred days in any week, even in Leap-Year.

"I know I'm right," said MACFARLANE, and the sceptics, gazing respectfully at his flowing beard, withdrew from controversy.

House divided on Motion by LEIGH to reduce Foreign Office Vote. Ministerial majority run up at a jump to 225. Time by Westminster clock, 6:10 P.M.; in twenty minutes, sitting will be suspended; Vote must be through Committee to-day; TOMMY BOWLES (who hasn't made a speech for a quarter of an hour) on his feet; sheafs of manuscript in his hand; would certainly oblige to extent of twenty minutes; BARON DE WORMS also has a few remarks to offer; probable length of Channel Tunnel. Mr. G. interposes.

NOBLE SELF-SACRIFICE.

"THE Duke of DEVONSHIRE has arranged to return from Monte Carlo on Saturday," so said the *Morning Post*, "in order to address a political meeting at Glasgow on April 14th." His Grace having torn himself away from delightful Monte Carlo, will then attempt to turn the tables on the *Liberals Gladstoniensens*. But fancy renouncing sunny Mount Charles—"O Charley Mount is a pleasant place," as sang *Miles na Coppaleen*, who was, by the way, miles away from Monte Carlo—with its azure sky, its deep blue sea, its verdant green-cloth table land, its delightful promenades à pied, and its frisky gambols à la roulette, where the sunset and sunrise are rouge, and noir is only "on the cards." Fancy renouncing these gay southern delights to live a laborious day in dry, hard, northern Glasgow! "O swallow, swallow, flying flying South," how would you like to be checked in your holiday-making airy career in order to be brought back to the cold and cruel North? Such a self-sacrifice as this is indeed memorable.

LOVE BY THE SEA. WIND N.E. BY E.

"We do not speak as we pass by!"
But tears down trickle from our eye!
Alas! Our love remains untold—
For each has got a thundering cold!

BOOKS THAT OUGHT TO APPEAR.

I Banish the Street Organs! By the Author of *I Forbid the Banns!*
A Boy's Present. (Birthday Book.)
By the Author of *A Girl's Past.*
No. 1 of *The Domestic Lyre*, as a Companion to *The Family Storyteller.*

YET THEY LOOK SO INNOCENT!—In the Language of Flowers, what species should always express untruths?—Li-lies.



EASTER AT THE ZOO.

"Mr. MELLOR," he said, addressing Chairman, "I claim to have the question now put."

Ringier cheers went up from Ministerialists. TOMMY resumed his seat; gruefully glanced at notes. The Noble Baron saw in this manoeuvre fresh proof that Mr. G. had sold himself to Germany; having completed preparation for separation of the Empire on the side of the Irish Channel, would immediately after, by medium of WATKIN'S Tunnel, place what was left of the country at the mercy of a foreign foe. Meanwhile Closure moved; what's more, carried on division by swingeing majority of over a hundred. So Vote agreed to; Mr. G. gets off for short drive before dressing for dinner.

Earned a night's rest, and a longer Easter holiday than he has allotted to himself and us. Older he gets, the younger he seems. His work to-day should make the eight-hours' man blush. At bay in Downing Street since twelve o'clock with two hostile deputations. Came from Ulster and the City, resolved to beard Home-Rule Lion in his den. Alone he met them; one down, the other come on; no interval of rest; picked men from Ulster. Selected Captains from the City, surged around table at which he sat. Hardly left him time to reply. Having politely conducted Ulster to door, enter the City Fathers, fresh and eager for fray. Told him over again in varied phrase how he was bringing country to verge of ruin; listened with perfect courtesy, as if they'd been discussing someone else—say, his next-door neighbour, SQUIRE of MALWOOD and Junior Lord of Downing Street. Up again when last in list of City speakers had concluded. Almost persuaded JOHN LUBBOCK to be a Home-Ruler; then down to House, dealing with mass of correspondence littering his table in room behind SPEAKER'S chair; alert on sound of



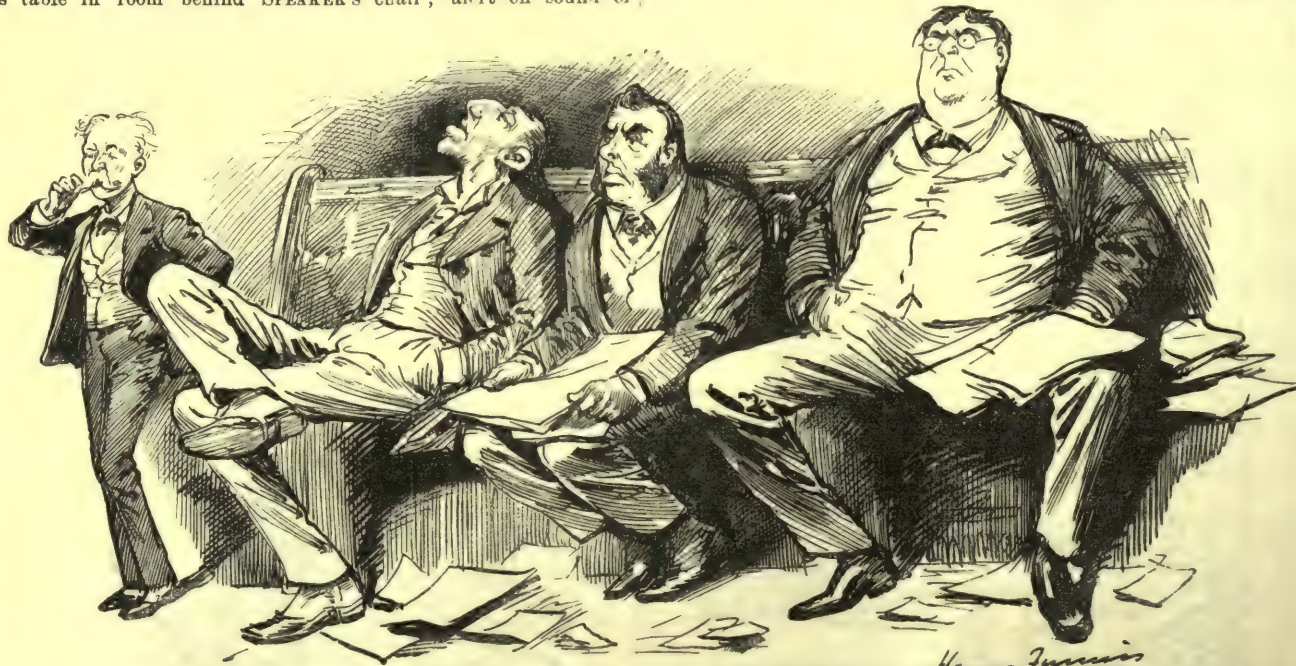
Portrait of a Member of Parliament examining the Signatures to a Petition against the Local-Veto Bill, to see if they are genuine or not. (*Vide* Report of the Proceedings in the Commons, March 28, which suggests that they are obtained in Public Houses.)

"A Grand Old Man, indeed!" said PRINCE ARTHUR, talking over these things to-night, when he should have been listening to TOMMY BOWLES, who having at the morning sitting had his speech on Vote on Account closed, delivered another at evening sitting on the question of the Depreciation of Silver as it affects domestic architecture in China and Peru.

Business done.—Vote on Account throughs Committee.

Thursday.—CAINE going about House this afternoon, his slim figure bulging out at the pockets in mysterious fashion. "Brought your supper with you?" I asked, lightly touching one of the excrescences that felt like an imperial pint of ginger-beer (WHITE 1880). "You seem bursting with broiled bones. All no use. No more all-night sittings *this* side of Easter."

"No, my boy, you're wrong," said CAINE. "Fact is, I'm going off to the country, and these protuberances you observe about my person are phonograms. All labelled, you see," he said, taking out cylinders from several pockets. "Here are a few remarks on Registration; that's my Local-Veto Speech; and here is an entirely new view of the Home-Rule question. If you like to come over to my house at Clapham—close by, you know, busses every ten minutes—you shall have a night's thorough enjoyment. Leave you in the room by yourself with the phonograph. Pop in one of these cylinders; set the phonograph whizzing; and you'll hear me on Local Veto. Take out cylinder, put in another, and you'll know more about Home Rule in five minutes than you ever dreamt. Can only let you have them for to-night. To-morrow they go down to Yorkshire, and thro' Easter Recess I shall be delivering, at various places, six speeches



THE NEW "FOURTH PARTY."

T. G. B-wl-s.

Right Hon. J-m-s L-wth-r.

G. C. B-rtl-y.

R. W. H-nb-ry.

division-bell; comes in to move Closure; remembers that in long list of speeches never made this particular one before; looks up PALGRAVE'S *Handbook*; cons his lesson and declaims brief formula in deep rich voice that lends touch of eloquence to its unadorned, remorseless demand. All this, too, following on a day like yesterday, when two other deputations stormed Downing Street; drew from him weighty reply; followed, after hasty dinner, by a speech in the House on the eternal Irish question, which GRANDOLPH rightly termed, "entrancing."

every night, I myself comfortably making holiday in Wales." "Thank you," I said; "but, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll go home and go to bed." In truth, a little depressed. Here's a nice prospect for the holidays! Bad enough to have Members working off at public meetings speeches that had been closed in Commons. But if every man is, during the recess, to multiply himself by phonography, the last state of this country will be worse than the first.

Business done.—Adjourned for Easter Holidays. Just escaped sitting over Good Friday. Back next Thursday.



PERILOUS POSITION OF A GALLANT OFFICER OF VOLUNTEERS,

On a recent March, who (ever thoughtful for the comfort of his hired Charger) chooses the cooling waters of the Ford in preference to the Bridge.

"HERE! HI! HELP, SOMEBODY! HOLD ON! I MEAN HALT! HE WON'T COME OUT, AND HE WANTS TO LIE DOWN, AND I BELIEVE HE'S GOING TO REAR!"

POLITICAL MEETINGS.

A CROWDED, gas-lit, stuffy hall,
A prosy speaker, such a duffer,
A mob that loves to stamp and bawl,
Noise, suffocation—how I suffer!

What is he saying? "Mr. G.
Attacks the British Constitution,
It therefore—er—er—falls to me
To move the first—er—resolution:

"That—er—the Shrimington-on-Sea
United Primrose Habitations
Pronounce ('Hear, hear!') these Bills
to be
Iniquitous (*cheers*) innovations."

I'll bear this heat and noise no more;
My constitution would be weaker.
I hurry out, and find, next door,
Another meeting and its speaker;

Another crowded, stuffy hall,
A frantic shouter, greater duffer,
A mob more prone to stamp and bawl,
Noise, suffocation still I suffer.

What is *he* saying? "Mr. G.,
Despite drink's cursed coalition.
Dooms publicans (*groans*), as should be,
On earth, as elsewhere, to perdition!

"I move, the Shrimington-on-Sea
United Bands of Hope, with pleasure,
Pronounce the Veto Bill to be
A great (*cheers*), good (*shouts*), just
(*roars*) measure."

Enough! O frantic fools who rave
And call it "Temperance"! This body
Would drive me to an early grave;
I'll hurry home and get some toddy.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG PARTY SCRIBE.

You may, an it please you, be dull,
(For Britons deem dulness "respectable");
Stale flowers of speech you may cull,
With meanings now scarcely detectable;
You may wallow in saturnine spite,
You may flounder in flatulent flummery;
Be sombre as poet Young's "*Night*,"
And dry as a Newspaper "Summary";
As rude as a yowling Yahoo,
As chill as a volume of CHITTY;
But oh, Sir, whatever you do,
You must *not* be witty!

Plod on through the sand-wastes of Fact,
Long level of gritty aridity;
With pompous conceit make a pact,
Be bondsman to bald insipidity;
Be slab as a black Irish bog,
Slow, somnolent, stupid, and stodgy;
Plunge into sophistical fog,
And the realms of the dumpishly dodgy.
With tramp elephantine and slow,
Tread on through word-swamps, dank and
But no, most decidedly *no*, [darkling];
You must *not* be sparkling!

Be just as unjust as you like,
A conscienceless, 'cute special-pleader;

As spiteful as *Squeers* was to *Smike*,
(You may often trace *Squeers* in a "leader.")
Impute all the villainy you can,
Poison truth with snake-venom of fable,
Be fair—as is woman to man,
And kindly—as CAIN was to ABEL.
Suggest what is false in a sneer,
Suppress what is true by confusing;
Be sour, stale, and flat as small-beer,
But *don't* be amusing!

Party zealots will pardon your spite,
If against their opponents it sputters,
The way a (word) foeman to fight,
Is to misrepresent all he utters.
That does not need wisdom or wit,
(Ye poor party-scribes, what a blessing!)
No clean knightly sword, but a spit
Is the weapon for mangling and messing;
Wield that, like a cudgel-armed rough
Blent with ruthless bravo,—such are nume-
Lie, slander, spout pitiful stuff, [rous!—
But—beware of the humorous!

For if you should fall into fun,
You might lapse into manly good-nature,
And then—well, *your* course would be run!
No,—study up spleen's nomenclature;
Learn all the mad logic of hate,
And then, though your style be like skilly,
Your sense frothy Styx in full spate.
And your maxims portentously silly;
You will find party scope for your pen,
Coin meanness and malice to money;
But sour dulness must keep to his den,
And *never* be funny.



THE FOX AND THE GUINEA-PIGS.

THE FOX AND THE GUINEA-PIGS.

(A Financial Fable.)

["There are dozens of Companies now existing with the Duke of PUFFBALL, Sir BONUS BARE-ACRES, Bart., Major GUINEA PIG, M.P., and the like, figuring upon the Board of Directors. A short, but drastic Act, making all such figure-heads directly responsible, would go far to prevent similar occurrences, and to abolish a delusive, if not a fraudulent system."—Herbert T. Reid's *Letter to the Times*.]

SMART Mr. FOX, whose brain no conscience troubles,

Floated a Company—for blowing bubbles!

"Bubbles?" the duller creatures cried in chorus,

"Are you not coming nursery nonsense o'er us?"

What is the use of bubbles—save to boys?"

"Hush!" cried 'cute Reynard. "Do not make a noise!"

Bubbles—if bright—are cunning's best decoys.

Bubbles are only wind *plus* soap and water;
But well-stirred suds, and well-blown flatulence,

In this fool world, have influence immense,
And draw unthinking dupes from every quarter.

Eloquence is but Wind, yet flowery trope

Is Humbug's favourite lure;

And what is Diplomatic Skill but soap?

Trust me! Success is sure!

Bubbles are bright, bewitch the mob,
float far,

And cost the blower little.

The watery sphere *looks* like a world, a star,
And when it bursts, being exceeding brittle,
Where it explodes (as at the rainbow's foot)
There's hidden treasure—for the clever brute
Who knows that gulls are the great wealth-bestowers,

Bubbles mean solid bullion—for the blowers!"

The shrewder animals applauded. Lupus
Cried, "We are with you, so you do not dupe us!"

Ursus and Taurus also, Bull and Bear,
Were eager in the game to take a share.
Said Vulpus to the assembled quadrupeds,
"Company Boards, like ships, need figure-heads,

Wooden but ornamental! Eh? You twig?

Sweet are the uses of—the Guinea Pig!

Dull, but respectable and decorative,

That tribe, to whom credulity is native.

They'll sit around our Board in solemn row,
And never, never 'want to know, you know',
Beyond convenient limits. Their proud presence

Will fill our flock with faith; their acquiescence,

So readily secured by liberal fees,

Will make the mob accept our schemes with ease.

Behold them! They will give us little trouble
By wanting—well, to analyse the Bubble;
So they get something for themselves more solid.

They'll sit serene and stolid
In titled sloth and coronetted slumber.

I can secure them, friends, in any number;

For Guinea Pigs are numerous and prolific

And as decoys their influence is mirific.

So whilst we work our Bubble-blowing rigs,

Hurrah, for Guinea Pigs!

They'll take our fees, assent to our suggestions,

And ask no awkward questions."

MORAL.

The rank's the guinea's stamp, says Scotland's Rob,

But if you want to bubble, juggle, job,
You'll find, with Vulpus, the Promoter big,
Rank is the stamp of the true Guinea Pig!



THE NEW CHIMNEY.

Mike. "FAITH, TIM, YE HAVEN'T GOT UT STHRAIGHT AT ALL! IT LANES OVER TO THE ROIGHT!"

Tim. "OH, YE'RE WRONG. IT'S PLUMB EX-HACT! IT'S MYSELF THAT PLUMBED UT MOSHT CAREFUL. INDADE, IF UT HAS A FAULT, IT LANES OVER AN INCH OR TEW TO THE LEFT, WHEN YE LOOK AT UT FROM BEHOIND!"

THE POOR MAN AND HIS BEER.

[Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Birmingham, said, "We know that the Government propose to deprive the working classes of their beer." ("Shame!" and a Voice, "They don't!")]

"ROB the poor Workman of his glass of beer!!!"

And can that clap-trap, then, still raise a cheer?

The British Workman has a thirsty throat,
The British Workman also has a Vote,
One will protect the other—if it cares to.

But if he'd close, by vote, the shops such snares to

His tittle-tempted and intemperate throttle
He robs *himself* of access to the bottle,—
If robbery it's called—'tis not another,
(Who is a swell, with cellars) his poor brother
Deprives of that long-hackneyed, much-mouthed "glass."

The British Workman is not quite an ass,
And where he wants to whet (with beer) his throat,

Where are you like to get your two-thirds Vote?

Whether there's wisdom in this vaunted
Is quite another question sense must see to.
And general justice judge. But those who cheer

The stale old fudge about the Poor Man's Beer,

Should learn it is a dodge of vested pelf,
And, rich or poor, a man can't rob himself.
It is the poor who suffer from temptation,
And drink's detestable adulteration,
That crying ill which no one dares to tackle!
Whilst Wiltiers howl, and Water-zealots cackle.

The poor are poisoned, not by honest drink,
But lethal stuff that might scour out a sink.
The Poor Man's Beer, quotha! Who'll keep it pure?

Not rich monopolists, nor prigs demure,
Those shriek for freedom, these for prohibition. [condition!]

"Vend the drugged stuff sans scrutiny or Cries Vested Interest. "Close, by law or Vote,

The Wiltier's tavern and the Workman's throat!"

Shouts the fanatic. Which, then, fad or pelf,

Cares really, solely, for the Poor Man's self?
Nay; the Monopolist fights for his money,
The Monomaniac for his craze. How funny
To hear one shout for freedom, t'other cheer
The poisoner's cant about the Poor Man's Beer!"

WHY is it evident that Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR didn't know much of Ireland until last Monday week, April 3? Because 'twas then he went to Larne.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

STATESMEN, Historians, and such, may think that, between the years 1871 and 1876, "the Egyptian Question" turned upon the extravagance of ISMAIL PASHA, and the financial complications that followed thereupon. Readers of the *Recollections of an Egyptian Princess* (BLACKWOOD) will know better. The real Egyptian Question of that epoch was, whether the English Governess of the Khedive's daughter should get her mistress's carriage at the very hour she wanted it; whether she should have the best rooms in any palace or hotel she might chance to be located in; and whether she should have her meals served at the time and in the fashion she had been accustomed to in the family mansion at Clapton or Camberwell. Many stirring passages in the book deal with these and cognate matters. None delights my Baronite more than one in which a driver named HASSAN figures. HASSAN, ordered for eight o'clock, sometimes came at nine. Occasionally at six. "He asked for 'backseesh,' which," Miss CHENNELLS writes, "I did not consider myself bound to give, as he never did anything for me." On two occasions, her heart warming, she coyly pressed a florin into his hand, with dire results. "He was," she records, "much worse after it" (the florin, which he seems to have taken neat), "and would, when driving, stoop down, and look through the front window of the brougham, shouting 'Back-seesh!'" However, Miss CHENNELLS got even with HASSAN. She followed her usual course when things went ill. She complained to her pupil, the Princess. Next morning, when the unsuspecting HASSAN drove into the court-yard, "he was told by the Eunuchs to descend from the box, was conducted to an inner receptacle, and," Miss CHENNELLS grimly adds, "then and there bastinadoed." Incidentally, in connection with the English Governess's struggle for supremacy in the City of the Pharaohs, we get pictures of life in the Harem, and glimpses of the lavish magnificence of the Khedivial Court, with its French embroidery on Eastern robes. It was with the object of describing these scenes, viewed from a rare vantage point, that the story was written. But not the least interesting character is that, unconsciously drawn, of the prim, practical, precise English Governess, pushing her way through the crowd of courtiers and Ethiopian slaves, peering through gold-rimmed eyeglasses into the recesses of the Harem, and glaring angrily at the hapless Eunuchs, who, going their morning rounds, visit her bedroom, regardless of the twine with which, before entering on her virgin slumbers, she had sedulously fastened the lockless door. Altogether a delightful book, says

PASSIM PASHA, the accredited representative of the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS.

Those who like "Just a tale by twilight, When the lights are low, And the glittering shadows Softly come and go," will do well to expend the comparatively small sum of one shilling, which, in certain ready-money quarters, is reduced to tenpence, or even ninepence, on *Grim Tales*, written by E. NESBIT, of which "The Ebony Frame" (which should have been called "The Speaking Likeness," "The Mystery of the Semi-Detached," "Life-size, in Marble," and "A

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR A CRIMINAL COLLEGE.

(Suitable for Use at the Prison University, Elmira.)

Question. What is a crime?

Answer. A discovered breach of the law.

Q. And a virtue?

A. Its antithesis—the same thing unsuspected.

Q. What should be the chief occupation of a criminal?

A. A serious study of the law, with a view to its successful evasion.

Q. Is there a law for the rich and a law for the poor?

A. Certainly not; but a well-feed Q.C. is more than a match for a briefless Counsel whose professional sustenance is "soup."

Q. What is now generally considered to be the highest line of crime?

A. The malpractice that is frequently inseparable from holding of important positions on the Boards of bogus public Companies.

Q. What is necessary to secure a livelihood out of burglary?

A. A clear head, a knowledge of chemistry and kindred subjects, and a fair amount of capital.

Q. Why is ready money necessary?

A. Because the calling of a burglar nowadays is attended by various compulsory expenses. A successful burglar should be able to purchase skeleton-keys and "jimmies" of the most exquisite and delicate quality. Moreover, he should be able to entertain largely, and to keep a yacht.

Q. Is swindling ever known to be legal?

A. Scarcely; still it can often be practised with impunity on the Stock Exchange and the Turf.

Q. Is petty larceny lawful?

A. Only when practised on the belongings of your wife, and even in this case it is well to keep her in ignorance of the provisions of the Married Woman's Property Act.

Q. What are the advantages of a sojourn in the newly organised Elmira establishment?

A. An inmate is taught a trade, or even a profession.

Q. And now, in conclusion, considering that a breach of the law is necessary to secure admission to the University, what would you consider the most appropriate motto for the Institution?

A. "Honesty is not (at first) the best policy."

"BACK US UP!"—It is stated that, on the new School Board for the Henley-in-Arden district, a Mr. H. BACCHUS has been elected. May BACCHUS (and the classic "fat venison") never be absent from this Board! Probably, nowadays, BACCHUS is a strong supporter of the Temperance Movement, if not himself a Total Abstainer.



THE PENALTY OF FAME.

Small Boy (with shrill voice).

"'FIGHTIN'—WITH—THE SEV'NTH—ROYAL FU-SILIERS—
THE FAMOUS FU-SILIERS—
THE FIGHTIN' FU-SILIERS,'" &c., &c.

Irritable War-Office Clerk. "CON-FOUND THE SEVENTH ROYAL FUSILIERS!
I'M SICK OF 'EM! BLEST IF I DON'T PACK 'EM OFF TO THE CHANNEL ISLANDS!"

Mass for the Dead," are the best, the last-mentioned being the only one that ends, as all otherwise purposeless tales should end, happily. The Stories are grim enough, in a conscience, but they are told in a hearty sort of fashion, which, while relieving them of some of their weirdness, is calculated to impress the reader with an idea of the honesty and *bona fides* of the narrator. Thus far, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MEM. FOR THE NEXT EPSOM MEETING.—
WHY is the Winner of the Derby always like a *Table d'hôte*?—Because he's so much ahead.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

No. XVIII.—TO FAILURE.

SIR,—Hitherto, I seem to have been submitting to you examples that cannot properly be described as failures. This was not my purpose. I wished rather to describe one or two characters whose ruin, to a greater or smaller degree, you have compassed by your influence. But some sprite seemed to take possession of my pen; my efforts were unsuccessful, and I was led away from my original purpose. Perhaps that is one of the penalties of addressing you. We shall see! In any case let me proceed with my task as best I may.

It happened to me once—the date is immaterial—that after a considerable absence, I returned to London. You know, perhaps, how it fares with those who, for any length of time, become exiles from their native land. All the institutions, the small no less than the great, that go to make up our varied social life at home, become glorified as it were, and loom larger through the mist of absence. They become part and parcel of a traveller's patriotism, even if in his home-life he took no part in them. I was due to return at the end of May, in time for the Derby-day. I am not a racing-man. I had never seen the Derby run, chiefly, I fancy, because I had never had any desire to see it. But I remember that amongst my brother-exiles, I was being eternally congratulated on the good luck that took me home in time for this great national event. "What, you are going to be back by the end of May," one of them would say; "why you'll be able to go to the Derby?" So that in time, I came to accept this possibility as a specially enviable feature of my home-coming. From that, to making up my mind to go to the Derby was but a step. I took it, and on the great day I made one of the mighty crowd on Epsom Downs. I don't remember much about the race. I met many friends who asked me, as is common in such cases, if I was back already; a question to which it seems difficult to find a suitable reply, if one's bodily presence is not to be accepted as a sufficient evidence of the fact. Many others volunteered to put me on to various absolute certainties, and one man chilled my newly-born racing-patriotism by observing, that he would as soon have thought of seeing FRED ARCHER at a meeting of the British Association.

I don't mean to describe the scene on the Downs. One crowd is much like another; and, when you have said something of the proverbial good-nature of a British crowd, you have done all that can be justly required of you, after seeing a hunted wretch all but torn in pieces by a mob of blackguards worse than himself. However, I think I enjoyed myself well enough. Others enjoyed themselves more, and amongst these was a party of roystering, jovial fellows, who ate a hearty luncheon, and drank much champagne, on the top of a hired drag. One of them particularly attracted my attention. Somewhere, I knew, I had seen that curious, clean-shaved, bull-frog face before. It was perfectly familiar to me, but, for the life of me, I couldn't recall the circumstances in which I had previously set eyes on it. He appeared to be the leader of the revels, and kept his companions in fits of laughter at his sallies. I beat my brains to remember him, but all in vain. All that I could arrive at was a sense of incongruity, an impression of the unexpected in the spectacle I had witnessed.

In the evening I went to the "Frivolity," to see the latest rays of the lamp of burlesque. That scene, at any rate, was familiar. There, in all their spotless panoply of expressionless face, and irreproachable shirt-front, sat the golden lads of the Metropolis in their rows, images of bored stupidity, stiffly cased in black and white. There too, were to be seen the snowy shoulders and the sparkling jewels of the ladies both of the smart and of the higher half world, with here and there an extensive dowager to add weight and decorum to the throng. The curtain drew up on one of the usual scenes of rejoicing. Shapely ladies, in tights, chorused their delight at the approaching nuptials of a great lord's daughter. Then the contented peasantry of the surrounding district stepped forward to swell the joyful strains, and to be regaled with draughts of sparkling emptiness from the inexhaustible beaker wielded by the landlord of the neighbouring inn. And there, under the broad hat of one of these rejoicing peasants, I recognised the bull-frog face

that had puzzled me that day at Epsom. In a flash I remembered him and all the scenes in which he had played a humble part. Far back from the dimness of some of my earliest theatrical experiences, up to the present moment, I followed him on his career, simulating joint merriment, bearing one of many banners, carrying a pike or a halberd in an army similarly armed, conspiring in a mantle, draining a brimming goblet, but never—at least within my recollection—taking a part of any individuality, or one that gave him a chance of singing or speaking a single line by himself. He had been one of the ruck when I had first seen him, and now, after at least twenty years, the ruck still claimed him for its own. I remember I had woven a sort of romance about him. There, I had thought to myself, is a man who, no doubt, began his stage career with high aspirations, and noble ambitions. It cannot have been his aim to figure for ever merely as one of a crowd. And I had pictured him gradually losing hope, and wearing his heart out in the bitterness of deferred ambition as he walked gloomily through life, with the stamp of failure on his brow. The picture was a pathetic one, you must admit, worthy to take its place on the line with the well-known fancy sketch of the Clown who, after making the masses split their sides, goes home to a private life of penury and despair.

Well, that day I had seen a piece of my friend's private life at Epsom. Nothing could have been farther removed from misery. A light-hearted gaiety reigned in his face and ruled his every gesture. His companions seemed to bow to him, as to their leading humorist and mirth-maker. I was stimulated by the collapse of my elaborate illusion to make inquiries about him. I found that he had been born almost on the stage, and had taken part in stage-life from his earliest years. He never had any ambition; so long as he could be on the stage, and take part in its life, his desires were satisfied. He lived an absolutely contented life, smoked infamous tobacco out of clay-pipes, and was in high repute amongst his intimates as a singer of jovial songs, and a teller of brisk theatrical-anecdotes. There was not a spark of envy in his nature. He honoured the great actors, and was always ready to do all he could to smooth the path of any nervous youngster with excellent advice and cheerful help. He is still acting. Anybody who wishes can see him on any night, helping to troll forth the chorus of a song of Mexican warriors in the great spectacular drama of *Montezuma*. There is no more perfectly-satisfied being in existence. On that I am prepared to stake my life. Let this tale then be a warning to those who are over-hasty to construct romances of pathetic contrast on an insufficient foundation. One hugs such stories to one's heart, and it is something of a wrench to have to give them up in the light of a fuller knowledge.

And here I am, having all but reached the limits of my appointed space, without apparently having gone one step nearer to the fulfilment of the task on which I set out. I can only ask you to take the will for the deed in the meantime. And after all, if this unambitious actor had only been what I imagined him to be, I could not have produced an apter example. But he had the impertinence to live his life in his own way, and that did not happen to accord with the theories I had been led to form about it. Shall I never be able to come to the point? I have not yet given up all hope?

Yours as usual,

D. R.

THE UNIVERSAL VENT.

(For Vacuity, Vanity, Verbosity, Virulence, and Venom.)

If you've been burning the midnight taper,
And of new policies deem yourself shaper;
If at the world you're a green-gosling gaper,
Or of old "JUNIUS," juvenile aper;
Bumptious Scotch Duke, or irate Irish Draper,
Crammed with conceit, which must publicly eaper;
Angry old woman, or frivolous japer;
Thraso or termagant, Tadpole or Taper,
To blow off your steam, or your gas, or your vapour,
There's one fool-loved fashion—'tis write to the paper!

"I AM in a state of suspense," said a Clergyman. "I am sorry to hear it," replied his friend. "Why are you suspended?"





PROPER PRIDE.

He. 'WASN'T THAT THE COUNTESS OF MOHAIR THAT JUST WENT BY? I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME SHE WAS A FRIEND OF YOURS!'

She. 'OH, WE MEET OCCASIONALLY, AND ALL THAT,—BUT I'VE REALLY BEEN OBLIGED TO DROP LADY MOHAIR, I'M SORRY TO SAY!'

He. 'DEAR ME,—REALLY! WHAT FOR?'

She. 'OH, WELL,—SHE ALWAYS DELIBERATELY TURNS HER BACK ON ME WHEN I TRY TO SPEAK TO HER, AND LOOKS ANOTHER WAY WHEN I BOW, OR ELSE COOLLY STARES ME IN THE FACE AND TAKES NO NOTICE WHATEVER,—SO NOW I MAKE A POINT OF CUTTING HER DEAD!'

A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

(Fragments of a Discourse, delivered under the similitude of a Dream, but of symbolic and purely secular significance.)

Now, at the end of this Valley of Obstruction was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Disunion; and the Pilgrim must needs go through it, because the way to the Plain of Progress and the Pinnacle of Passage lay through the midst of it.

Now this Valley is a very perilous place,—a place where none care to dwell, and which few attain to pass through. And here the Pilgrim was worse put to it than in his previous encounter with the Apollyon of Obstruction.

I saw then in my dream that when the Pilgrim was got to the borders of the Shadow of Disunion, there met him certain men, aforetime his fellow-travellers, making haste to go back; to whom the Pilgrim spake as follows:—

Pilgrim. Whither are you going?

Men. Back again! And we would have you do so too, if either life, peace, or honour is prized by you.

Pilgrim. Why, what's the matter?

Men. Matter? We were going that way as you are going, and went as far as we durst; and indeed we were almost past coming back.

Pilgrim. But what have you met with?

Men. Why, we were almost in the Valley of the Shadow of Disunion, where abide Disruption, Dishonour, and Disaster, but that, by good hap, keeping a BRIGHT look-out, we looked before us, and saw the danger ere we came to it.

Pilgrim. But what have you seen?

Men. Seen? Why the Valley itself, which is as dark as pitch; we also saw there the hobgoblins, bogies, and dragons of the pit; we also heard in that Valley a continual howling and yelling, as of a people under unutterable misery, who there sat bound in affliction

and chains; and over that Valley hang the discouraging clouds of Confusion; Discord, also, doth always spread its wings over it. In a word, it is every whit dreadful, being utterly without Law and Order.

Pilgrim. Nevertheless I perceive not yet, by what you have said, but that this is my way to the desired haven.

Men. Be it thy way—we will not choose it for ours!

So they parted, and the Pilgrim went on his way, but still with his sword drawn in his hand, for fear lest he should be assaulted.

I saw then in my dream, as far as this Valley reached, there was on the right hand a very deep ditch, that, to wit, dismally known to some as the Last Ditch, whereinto the blind have oftentimes urged the blind, even threatening therein to plunge and perish, rather than acknowledge certain things which subsequently they nevertheless proceeded pretty peaceably to accept. Again, behold, on the left hand, there was a very dangerous quag or bog, into which if even a good, or grand, man falls, he finds no bottom for his foot to stand on.

The pathway was here also exceedingly narrow, and therefore the Pilgrim was the more put to it; for when he sought, in the dark, to shun the ditch on the one hand, he was ready to tip over into the bog on the other; also, when he sought to escape the bog, without great carelessness, he would be ready to fall into the ditch. Thus he went on, and I heard him sigh bitterly, for, besides the danger mentioned above, the pathway was here so dark that oftentimes, when he lifted up his foot to go forward, he knew not where or upon what he should set it next.

"Now," thought the Pilgrim, "what shall I do?" And ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance, with sparks and hideous noises (things that cared not for the Pilgrim's sword) that he was forced to put up his blade, and betake himself to another weapon called Tactics. Thus he went on a good while, yet still the flames would be reaching towards him; also, he heard doleful voices, and rushings to and fro, so that sometimes he thought he should be torn in pieces, or trodden down like mire in the



A PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.



streets. This frightful sight was seen, and these direful noises were heard by him for a long while together; and coming to a place where he thought he heard a great company of fierce opponents (as it were a numerous and influential Deputation, or a prodigious Procession) coming forward to meet him, he stopped, and began to muse what he had best to do. Sometimes he had half a thought to go back; then again he thought he might be half-way through the Valley. He remembered, also, how he had already vanquished many a danger, and that the peril of going back might be much more than to go forward. So he resolved to go on; yet the bogies, hobgoblins, and dragons of the pit seemed to come nearer and nearer, besetting him with boding warnings, angry expostulations, and menacing outcries from both sides of his strait and perilous pathway, as well from the bog that was on the one hand, as from the ditch that was on the other.

And here, as it seemed, my Dream did lapse and intermit, and I lost sight, for a while, of the Pilgrim and his perils, much musing whether he, though verily valiant and of manifest good will, were wise in making this dangerous adventure, or at all like to fare safely through and escape the ditch, the bog, the darkness, and the demoniac denizens of this dismal Valley of the Shadow of Disunion.

OPERA DRURIOLANA.

MAY success attend the preliminary Operatic canter which Sir DRURIOLANUS is taking with such preliminary cantors as he has got together at Drury Lane. *Faust* was effectively given, with ESTHER PALLISER as a gentle *Marguerite*, Signor GIANNINI as a very robust *Faust*—quite a *tenore robusto*—and Signor CASTELMARY as the very deuce of a *Mephistopheles*, with eyebrows and moustachios sufficient



to frighten even the gay and festive *Marta*, played with spirit by Mlle. BIANCOLI. "Mons." DUFRICHE represented the *Mons* who laboured hard to please, and who, as *Valentine*, did well and died well. Herr FELD conducted. "Well Felded!"

Then out came the ever fresh, the ever free *Bohemian Girl*. Never was such a girl! Quite a *NINON DE L'ENCLOS*! Beautiful for ever! Still dreaming of Marble Halls (Music Halls nowadays) "with vassals and serfs by her si-i-ide," and no better *Bohemian Girl* to be seen just now than Madame ALBU as *Arlene*. So "Arl in to begin!" and see and hear BALFE's pretty little *Girl of Bohemia* while she is still visible and audible at Drury Lane. Mr. EADIE a trifle gawky as *Thaddeus*, but then he finds himself in an awkward

situation, especially when he has to fumble for the documentary evidence of his birth, attested at a Bohemian Registry Office. CARL ARMBRUSTER conducted this, and then up got Herr FELD "with his little lot," represented by the unrivalled and unequalled *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Ah! *Cavalleria* is a treat, even when its performance is not absolutely perfect. The music is charming from first to last; ever fresh and delightful.

That wonderful *Intermezzo* was excellently given, and enthusiastically encored. As yet the *Intermezzo* has had no successful rival. It stands alone, and is, of all compositions, the most—well, words fail me—it is a whole dramatic story, within a few bars' compass—it is sweetness and sadness, and then it soothes you to rest, and so you drop off quietly to sleep, until you are awake by the cessation of sound, when you rouse yourself, with an effort, to applaud, and to beg that you may have just one more delicious dose of it—and doze from it. Saturday finishes with *Carmen*, and *Sic transit gloria Operatica* for the past week. All right up to now!

SPORTING ANSWERS.—CANINE.

SPECTATOR.—A very curious and interesting little story. We ourselves once had a dog who on returning home from a walk always chained himself up in the back-kitchen and bit the butler. He would then howl bitterly, slip his collar, and run to the nearest police station, where he gave himself into custody and insisted on cleaning out his own cell and appearing on the following morning before the Magistrate. This shows that dogs can reason. Our dog eventually died of being constantly quoted by Curates at Temperance Lectures. This was disappointing, as we had never grudged him either attention or butlers. One of our butlers had a cork leg,—but that is another story.

SUB SILENTIO.—(1) A dog's chief value is conversational. At afternoon teas such an animal is a wonderful resource after you have exhausted the picture-shows, the theatres, and all the scandals. You can lead off about his pedigree. "He's champion bred on both

sides," always sounds well. A funny man is sure to say, "Champion bread-and-butter you mean. Ha! ha!" at the same time offering the animal some from the tea-table, to mark his point. This may be previously arranged, if you prefer it. Throw in a few stories about his wonderful intelligence in distinguishing the baker's boy from the mistress of the house, to the detriment of the former, and wind up by narrating how he once found his way home to Piccadilly from Pekin. All dogs do this in one way or another, so you will be quite safe. Then everybody else contributes his own special Spectatorial dog-story, and your tea will pass off without a dull or an accurate moment.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

(Act from a Farce ready for Performance pending the settlement of the Labour Question.)

SCENE—Interior of a Provided Work Office. Benevolent Organiser discovered looking over a list.

Ben. Org. Yes, I think this will do very well indeed. New pump, fresh road. Ought to keep them going comfortably through the rest of the winter. (Enter Unemployed.) Well, my good man, and what do you want?

Unemployed (in a whining tone). Me and my mates, Sir, are out of work. It's no fault of ours, and—

Ben. Org. Well, we will see what we can do.

Unem. Thankee kindly, Sir. I'm sure 'arf a sufferin', or even 'arf a dollar—

Ben. Org. (ignoring this suggestion). Now, let me see—what's your trade?

Unem. A watch-maker. So you see, as the Press says, you can't send me to mend roads, or build pumps.

Ben. Org. No, no. I have overlooked your class. But stay—I think I can forward you to a friend. Let me see, what time is it? (Produces watch, and lets it fall.) Dear me! It has stopped, as I live! (With vivacity.) My dear fellow, here is a chance for you. You shall mend it.

Unem. (freshening up). Only too pleased to take your watch. [Possesses himself of the time-piece, and exits hurriedly.]

Enter Constable with Unemployed in custody.

Constable. This your watch, Sir?

Unem. (rapidly). Which was given to me by the kind gentleman to mend. But I gladly return it, as me and my mates have determined not to do any more work for fear that we should injure our brothers who are doing nothing. [Exit.]

Constable. Lucky I kept my eye upon him, Sir. If I hadn't, you would never have seen him again—nor your watch either.

Ben. Org. Is there so much guile in the world?

Con. Yes, Sir, a pretty fine lot. But I can't stand palavering or those rowdies loafing around will pull the house about our ears. When the Unemployed are idle, the police have enough to do! Ponder over it, Sir; ponder over it! [Curtain, and Ben. Organiser left pondering.]



A VELL VORN MOTTO.—In his sound and sensible reply to a congratulatory address, H.E. Cardinal VAUGHAN suggested "*Amare et servire*" as the motto for the Christian capitalist. To the first verb the capitalist would, it is probable, make no objection; but as to the second, he would be inclined to move as an amendment, that, "for 'i' in *servire* should be substituted 'a'." At all events, *Amare et servare* is the narrower view taken on the broader of the two roads in life.

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!—Mr. J. L. TOOLE advertises that in consequence of "the Phenomenal Success" of *Walker—London*, it is to be kept going throughout the season. Excellent. But, for the sake of Mr. J. M. BARRIE, its talented author, it is to be hoped that the conditions of the performance of his popular play are not "fee nominal." But for this J. L. T.—which initials stand for Jenerous Lavish TOOLE—will have already made ample provision.



WAYS AND MEANS.

Kitty. "WELL, VIOLA, I THINK IT'S A PERFECTLY LOVELY PHOTOGRAPH! THE WORST OF VANBRANDT IS THAT HE'S SO AWFULLY EXPENSIVE. WHAT DID YOU PAY FOR THESE?"

Viola. "OH, I DIDN'T PAY ANYTHING. THEY TOOK ME AS A TYPE OF ENGLISH BEAUTY, AND GAVE ME HALF-A-DOZEN FOR MYSELF."

Kitty. "WHAT A SPLENDID IDEA! I THINK I'LL BE DONE ON THOSE TERMS!"

DOUBLE BALLADE OF PROPER NAMES.

I've met (in wax) VOLTAIRE,
The atheist, TOM PAINE,
The "blatant beast," HÉBERT,
Called also "Père DUCHÈNE";
The bluff Sir HARRY VANE,
The boys' delight, DEFOE,
Brave ABRAHAM DUQUESNE,
And "BAYARD" OUDINOT.

Fell "JEAN qui rit" BARRÈRE,
The Tartar, TAMERLANE,
The "sea-green" ROBESPIERRE,
The sportive "Pea-Green" HAYNE.

The boxer, "Big Ben" BRAIN,
The convert, BENDIGO,
The social WALTER CRANE,
And gay BOCCACCIO.

The gloomy BAUDELAIRE,
The wise Professor BAIN,
Truth-loving LABOUCHERE,
The anatomic QUAIN,
The dramatist, SEDAINE;
The polished MARIVAUX,
The able critic, TAINE,
And keen LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

The learned brothers HARE,
The "mummer," JOHN MAC-LEAN,

The dismal poet, BLAIR,
The funny CORNEY GRAIN;
That "innocent," MARK TWAIN,
The Spaniard, CANDAMO,
The gentle JULIAN FANE,
And EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The perjured knight, MACAIRE,
The recreant BAZAINE,
The pious LACORDAIRE,
The Anglophobe, BLAINE;
The rebel Gen'l WAYNE,
The gen'rous WATERLOW,
The "good time coming" SWAIN,
And wise old CICERO.

The Dutch sea-dog, LE MAIRE,
The warlike Prince EUGÈNE,
The gallant Earl of STAIR;
Grim PHILIP, King of Spain,
Our Saxon ATHELSTANE,
The false queen, ISABEAU,
The nine days' queen, QUEEN JANE,
And Madame d'HOUDETOT.

My Lady CASTLEMAINE,
The ghostly Mrs. CROWE,
The fleshy EVELEEN RAYNE,
And Mrs. BEECHER STOWE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, April 6.—Met again after so-called Easter Holidays. Mr. G. early in his place, looking as blooming as the Spring flower in his buttonhole. "The BRIGHT 'UN from Brighton," was MAJORIBANKS's way of announcing the Chief, as he entered from behind SPEAKER'S Chair. Spoke for hour-and-half on moving Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill. General impression is everything possible been already said on subject. This conviction so deeply impressed that Members will not come back to resume Debate. Benches only half full whilst Mr. G. delivering what will rank as historic speech. Situation accepted to extent that ten days or fortnight must be given up to Second-Reading Debate. Wouldn't be respectful, or even decent, to dispose of stage of such a measure in less time. Well known that this Sahara of observation will not influence single vote. If arrangements had been made with due notice to take division to-night, after Mr. G. had urged Second Reading of Bill, and HICKS-BEACH had moved rejection, the majority would have been exactly the same as it will be a fortnight hence, when end is reached after multitudinous talk. Not by a vote more, nor a vote less, will Government majority be varied. Still, usual thing to talk for week or fortnight upon Bill of this kind. House will not fail in its duty to QUEEN and Country. A dolorous prospect, judging from to-night's experience. Mr. G. kept audience well together. Members increased as he spoke; but when ST. MICHAEL rose, audience dispersed like leaves in wintry weather.

"An excellent fellow BEACH," said CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, "But in his House of Commons speech always gives one the idea that, through a blameless existence, he has been rolled upon by the melancholy ocean."

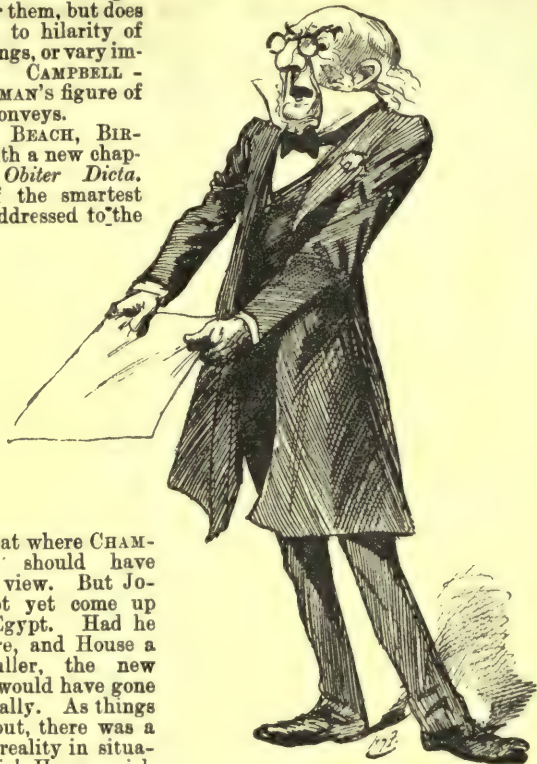


"THE POLITICAL SANDOW."

HOW MUCH MORE WILL HE BEAR?

Certainly his speech has depressing effect. Members, with one consent, go out to think over what he is probably going to say. Convenient arrangement for them, but does not add to hilarity of proceedings, or vary impression CAMPBELL - BANNERMAN's figure of speech conveys.

After BEACH, BIRRELL, with a new chapter of *Obiter Dicta*. Some of the smartest things addressed to the



"THE UPPER G."

"When the fair land of Poland
Was ploughed by the hoof
Of the ruthless invader until
The down-trodden serfs
With small hope and no 'oof'
Demanded a great Home-Rule Bill!"

empty seat where CHAMBERLAIN should have been on view. But JOSEPH not yet come up out of Egypt. Had he been here, and House a little fuller, the new chapter would have gone off capitally. As things turned out, there was a fatal unreality in situation, which House quick to realise. Pretty to see Members, as BIRRELL struggled with his notes, involuntarily sniffing, as if they recognised familiar whiff of midnight lamp.

"Worst of these impromptus prepared beforehand," said ST. JOHN BRODRICK, himself a master of spontaneous speech, "is, you never know in what circumstances they may have to be delivered."

Towards midnight, some refreshment in the incursion of SWIFT MACNEILL. Came up smiling; handing himself round, as it were, for inspection, as sample of kind of persecution of Protestants that would follow in Ulster on enactment of Home-Rule Bill. "I'm a Protestant, Mr. SPEAKER," he shouted, beaming on the Chair, "and I'm sent here by a majority of 2,500 Catholic peasants to represent an Ulster Constituency."

SWIFT MACNEILL's smile infectious. It illumined with something of saintly halo the depressed figure of DUM BARTON, who, again breaking his vow of silence, confessed that yesterday he had been enrolled as Member of an Organisation in Ulster sworn to resist Home-Rule. "I don't know, Mr. SPEAKER," he said, in hoarse whisper, "what that act may involve, and I don't care. It may lead to my spending the remainder of my days in penal servitude." Whereat the jaded House merrily laughed.

Business done.—
Second Reading
Home - Rule Bill
moved.

Friday.—A dull night, my masters. Still harping on Home Rule. Second night's debate on Second Reading. Naturally supposed to be in heyday of vigour. But Benches empty; level of oratory third-rate; STANSFELD a hoary Triton among the Minnows; ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT (Knight) gloomily views the scene. "Thought you were going to speak to-night?" I said. "Read the announcement in the papers." Never forget the haughty, withering glance of ELLIS ASHMEAD.

"Sir," he said, "I talk only with my peers."

So suppose we shall have him one day next week, when CHAMBERLAIN, GRANDOLPH, and BALFOUR take part in fray. Begins to look as if, for all practical purposes, might as well have deferred meeting of House till Monday.



The Hattitude of Dr. Tanner, Thursday morning, April 6.

"Mr. G. a great man," says DAVITT. "Insisted upon us coming back on Thursday, to debate Home-Rule Bill. He can do most things; he can bring a horse to the water, but he can't make him debate."

Business done.—Eight hours' talk round Home-Rule Bill.

QUEER QUERIES.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.—I recently noticed a paragraph in a Medical Journal advising persons suffering from Insomnia to try a musical box in their bed-rooms; and I therefore purchased a rather expensive one, which plays six tunes, with drum and trumpet accompaniment.



Something seems to have gone wrong with the mechanism, as, after being fully wound up, it remains obstinately silent for an hour or so, at the end of which period it suddenly starts off at break-neck speed, and repeats one of the tunes backwards over and over again. Nothing that I can do will stop it. Could some musical expert kindly advise in this case? After a most agitated night, due to the vagaries of the instrument, I took it into bed with me, hoping to drown the noise; but the vibration of the drums under the bed-clothes was terrific! I then placed the machine in my bath, and covered it with water; but it continued to play with undiminished vigour. It is still playing. Some Museum, or a Government engaged in sub-marine experiments, might like to have it; or it might be suited for a Deaf and Dumb Asylum. It will be sold cheap. ST. CECILIAN.

Sedantary!

["Several carriage-makers in London have, it is said, received orders of late for Sedan chairs."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHAT wonder if our hansom-hiring Fair
Should now adopt a coach distinctly rarer?
As Cabby often treats them like a bear,
Henceforth our ladies may prefer a bearer!

"THE SILVER SHELL."—Mr. H. J. W. DAM's new Play (the initial letters, save the name—and as to the name, *absit omen!*) treats of Russian life. There is a "toff" in it, played by Mr. KENDAL, whose name is *Prince Karatoff*, which reminds us of the *Duke of Turniptop*. Or, if he is an *insouciant* sort of person, he would more properly be titled, *Prince Don't-Kar-a-toff*. Unfortunate name, too, is *Boris Ivanitch*. Perhaps a Big Bore is *Ivanitch*; and as to the family title, *Ivanitch*—well, considered theatrically, it sounds unpleasantly like belonging to a scratch company. There's a bomb in it, which, we were informed, in a *D. T.* note, "appears as part of the furniture of a drawing-room." The entire furniture-covering is made, we are privately informed, of "bombazine," and the explosion may be expected to be terrific. For the sake of the clever Managers of the Court, not forgetting their H. J. W. DAM clever author, we trust *The Silver Shell* will be, for many months to come, an occasion for the public to silver shell out.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Two gentlemen of artistic and literary attainments, having studied the romances of VICTOR HUGO for the sake of being inspired by that Grand Old Master's style, determined to essay a "thriller" of most tragic type. These two single authors, Messrs. WYATT and ROSS, being rolled into one, wanted, like the Pickwickian Fat Boy, "to make our flesh creep." In their one-volume Hugoesque romance, *The Earth Girl*, bound in pale grass-green, with blood-red title, they have most unequivocally succeeded. The heroine, The Earth Girl, who, at the last, is sent back whence she came, and so ends by being the "Earth-to-Earth" Girl, is named *Terra*; she commences by being *Terra Incognita*, she is never *Terra Firma*, but her existence, in its consequences to all who come within her influence, is quite a reign of *Terra*. The authors are to be congratulated on not having yielded to a great temptation by styling their story *The Earth Girl*; or, *Terra-ra-ra-Boom!* The scene is laid chiefly in the Island of Breke—but to give too many details would spoil the intending-reader's pleasure. So, as *Hamlet* observes, "Breke, Breke my heart, for I must hold my tongue!" The Earth Girl first sees the light, such as it is, in a cavern, and is brought up on raw eggs fresh from the sea-bird's nest, uncooked herbs, and raw fish. No tea, coffee, milk, or liquors of any description, were within reach of this unhappy family of three, consisting of Pa, Ma, and the Infant Phenomenon. How they slaked their thirst is not clearly stated, unless a sort of aquarium, in which some amiable sharks reposed, was a fresh-water tank. This wild girl was elegantly brought up, as far as their somewhat straitened circumstances would permit, for she learnt songs and ballads,



"The strange sea-creatures which made their appearance."

French, English, and the Norman *patois* of the Channel Islands. In these peculiar troglodytic surroundings she had never learned the use of parasol or umbrella, and was entirely ignorant of harp, piano, and the "use of the globes." Coming up out of the caves and breathing once more the upper air, we naturally find ourselves in higher society, and are introduced to a handsome old Peer, *Lord Netherdale*, who has two sons, the half-brothers *Royallet*, one of whom gaily addresses his respected parent as "The Paladin of

Paters," and is not at once locked up in Colney Hatch. The old Peer is as eccentric as he is handsome, and he takes up his residence on the Island of Breke, where "the fruit, the vegetables, the strange sea-creatures" (odd fish?), "which made their appearance on his table." (this sounds as if the strange sea-creatures walked in unasked. Queer place this Breke for a Breke-fast party!) "pleased him." He was easily pleased. Then "he began to think the island cider preferable to Pommery. In short, the eccentric Peer fell in love with Breke." Well! he must have been an eccentric Peer to prefer Channel Island cider, even from the best orchards, to the '84, '80, and '74—the last still existing in some exceptionally favoured spots—from the vineyards of Pommery.

This eccentric nobleman on seeing the Island of Breke, observed the absence of a landing-stage, and jocosely remarked to himself, "They're in want of a pier: I will fix myself there." And so he did. But of all that happened to him there and elsewhere, and to the Earth-to-Earth Girl, and to the two sons, is it not to be read by the purchaser in the book itself, which, the Baron is pleased to add, will well repay perusal, and will hold the reader's attention to the very last line. At least, this was its effect on the not always easily pleased

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

A NEW "ARNOLD'S EXERCISE."

MY DEAR MR. DACRE,

I HAVE seen your Play, and, since then, I have not seen any other like it. "When will I come again?" To see it twice within a week would be too ecstatic a joy for a dweller—may I say a Liver—in London, who is more at home as one of the Lights of Asia. So, for the present—to paraphrase what I believe were the words of a popular poet whose name has passed from my memory—such, alas! is popularity—I will say to you, "Not to-day. DACRE"—(I fancy the last word was "Baker" in the original Syriac)—but, some other day, when, as one of the Lights aforementioned, I shall, at a *Matinée* be day-lighted to re-witness your admirable performance.

Yours ever most sincerely sincere,
EDSWIN TAILS-LOSE, C.B.

P.S.—"C.B." is not "Commander of the Bath," but stands for "*Cox and Box*," in which piece (have you ever played it? I forget—but how perfect you would be as *Sergeant or Corporal Bouncer*!) you will find the immortal quotation which precedes these descriptive initial letters.

MY DOCTOR.

WHEN Influenza pangs attack
My tortured head and limbs and back.
You soothe me, stretched upon the rack,
My Doctor.

When, convalescent, I'm too weak
To stand, or sit, or see, or speak,
Your tonics make me tough as teak,
My Doctor.

No symptoms seem to cause surprise;
Though I turn green or blue, your eyes
Are still impenetrably wise,
My Doctor.

If grave or slight the case, you still
Awe folks with look of learned skill;
You cure them, whether well or ill,
My Doctor.

One needs trepanning of the head,
Another just one pill—of bread,
And neither, thanks to you, is dead,
My Doctor.

Long may you live to see the tongue,
To listen to the wheezy lung,
To feel the pulse of old and young,
My Doctor!

A BUTTON-HOLE FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN.
—At the sale of the Quorn House Orchids, Mr. G. HARDY purchased a *Cattleya Mendelli* for 220 guas. Perhaps Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wouldn't bid, having mistaken "Mendelli" for "Mundella." But to have entered the house in a careless fashion, with a "glass (with care)" in his eye, and a two-hundred-and-twenty-guinea Orchid in his button-hole, would have been a great sight for "JOEY B"—IRMINGHAM.

EARLY AND LATE.—A telegram in the *Times*, Wednesday 12, was headed—"Japan: Yokohama, March 30 (*via* Victoria, B.C., April 11)." This met the eye of our old friend, Mrs. R., who forthwith exclaimed, "'April 11, B.C.!' and only arrived here now—April 12, A.D.!!"

CHANGE OF NAME.—All congratulations to the Duke and Duchess of Fife. Great alterations and improvements are, it is said, being made at Mar Lodge. The name also is to be altered, and henceforth it is to be known as "*Mar and Pa' Lodge*."

THE MOAN OF THE TWO (EXCHEQUER) MISERS.

(After Quintin Matsys.)



First Exchequer Miser. Oh dear me! I desired to shape a Democratic Budget!

But I fear 'twill be a fizzle, howsoever I fake and fudge it!

Second E. M. Don't talk like that, my H-RC-T, for such cynic slang is shocking!

But—the Revenue Returns, no doubt, our dearest hopes are mocking.

First E. M. Oh, I know you ape the casuist, and love the pleonastic,

But how tackle our taxation in a manner really drastic

With a Revenue declining! From the task my courage blanches,

But—what will be the consequence on those clamorous Rad Benehes?

They want Free Breakfast Tables, and are hot on Members' Payment,

And if they cannot get 'em, will they curse and rend our raiment?

The Death Duties, too! The failure to touch them might be the death of us!

Second E. M. Yet we've been economical; it is the very breath of us.

First E. M. Humph! How about your Home-Rule Bill's Finance Proposals—drat 'em!

Which e'en the Irish threaten to tear up—when they get at 'em!

Second E. M. The Rads, of course, will want to eat their cake and have it, also.

No, a Democratic Budget,—at least one the Rads would call so,—

I fear's not on the cards, H., but—humph! listen! (*Whispers in his ear.*) For the rest of it

I'll trust your ingenuity, and—we must make the best of it! [*Left working it out.*]



"A PRIVATE VIEW."

Pat. "WHAT D'YE THINK OF THE HOME-RULE BILL, MURPHY?"

Murphy (puzzled). "BEGORRA, IF IT MEANS STAYING AT HOME WITH THE OULD WOMAN EVERY BLESSED DAY, HOME RULE WON'T DO FOR ME AT ALL, AT ALL!"

"PER DAMNA, PER CÆDES," PERAMBULATOR.

[See Mr. ASQUITH'S Speech on the "Temperance" demonstration.]

WHEN Trafalgar Square is with human geese full,
And fiercely fights the daft declamator,
Undisturbed the nursemaid can push the peaceful Perambulator.

The wild teetotaller hurts not her,
Nor does the publican's justifier.
Unharm'd she can push the peaceful Perambulator.

The Working Man, whether true or sham,
Whether honest worker, or rough spectator,
Leaves her to push the peaceful Perambulator.

Though in hostile faces and chests he ram beau—
Tifful bright banners, the demonstrator
Still lets her push the peaceful Perambulator.

Thus always, whoever may block the way,
Though bones be broken and skulls be sore,
May she push the peaceful Perambulator.

"STILL A NON EST MAN!"—J-B-Z SP-NC-R
B-LF-R.

To Mr. John Davitt.

(On his Maiden Speech in the House.)

"O si sic omnes!"

SURELY sincerer speaker never talked!
Surely a purer patriot never walked!

Surely a fairer fighter never took field!
The man who heard your speech on Ireland's cause
Without warm sympathy, and frank
Must be a—BROOKFIELD!

CHEAP AT ANY PRICE.

Mrs. Britannia (effusively). And now, my dear children, do you know the meaning of Imperial Federation?

Australia (promptly). Yes, dear Mamma. We are all to live as a happy family.

Mrs. Brit. (fondly). Quite right, sweetest. And can you tell me how this is to be managed?

Canada (with decision). By mutual defence, dear Mamma.

Mrs. Brit. (smilingly). My love, your answer is quite correct. And how shall we manage this mutual defence?

Cape Colony (in a business-like manner). By providing all sorts of things, dear Mamma.

Mrs. Brit. (proudly). Very good, little Hope; you are always ready with an answer. And now, can any of you tell me what those things will be?

India (without hesitation). Money, and coal and gunpowder, dear Mamma.

Mrs. Brit. (affectionately). Certainly, darling; you have given exactly the proper reply. And now, will not all this cost a large sum of money?

Tasmania (with much decision). A very large sum of money, dear Mamma—an immense sum, dear Mamma.

Mrs. Brit. (kindly). Yes, my child, you are perfectly right. And now, my cherished daughters, one more question. Who will have to pay for all this expense? (*A pause.*) Why, surely you know? (*Continued silence.*) Who will have to find the money to secure this Imperial Federation?

All Britannia's Daughters (together). Why you, dear Mamma!

Mrs. Brit. (fondling them). Darlings! [*Scene closes in upon a picture very dear to Tax-payers.*]

The Heathen Chinese in the House.

(New Nursery Rhyme for Unionists.)

[Mr. LABOUCHÈRE recently presented a petition in the Chinese characters.]

LAB-BI, the cynic and cold,
Was blackest sheep in the Liberal fold.
He mocked the Old Man's eloquent tags,
And let the cats out of all his bags;
And when the cats ran loose, said he—
"I wonder how *that* suits dear G.!"

ELEVATING THE MASSES.

A Purely Imaginary Sketch.)

ARGUMENT—Mrs. FLITTERMOUSE, having got up a party to assist her in giving an Entertainment at the East End, has called a meeting for the purpose of settling the items in the programme.

SCENE—Mrs. FLITTERMOUSE's Drawing-room in Park Lane. Everybody discovered drinking tea, and chatting on matters totally unconnected with Philanthropy.

Mrs. Flittermouse (imploringly). Now, please, everybody, do attend! It's quite impossible to settle anything while you're all talking about something else. (*Apologies, protests, constrained silence.*) SELINA, dear, what do you think it would be best to begin with?

The Dowager Lady Dampier. My dear FRITILLA, I have no suggestion to offer. You know my opinion about the whole thing. The people don't want to be elevated, and—if they did—entertaining them is not the proper means to set about it. But I don't wish to discourage you.

Mrs. Flitt. Oh, but I think we could do so much to give them a taste for more rational and refined amusements, poor things, to wean them from the coarse pleasures which are all they have at present. Only we must really decide what each of us is going to do.

Mrs. Perse-Weaver. A violin solo is always popular. And my daughter CECILIA will be delighted to play for you. She has been taught by the best—

Cecilia. Oh, Mother, I couldn't, really! I've never played in public. I know I should break down!

Lady Damp. In that case, my dear, it would be certainly unwise on your part to attempt it.

Mrs. P.-W. Nonsense, CECILIA, nonsense. You won't break down, and it wouldn't matter in the least if you did. They wouldn't notice anything. And it will be such excellent practice for you to get accustomed to a platform, too. Of course she will play for you, dear Mrs. FLITTERMOUSE!

Mrs. Flitt. It will be so good of you, Miss WEAVER. And it won't be like playing to a real audience, you know—poor people are so easily pleased, poor dears. Then I will put that down to begin with. (*She makes a note.*) Now we must have something quite different for the next—a reading or something.

Lady Honor Hyndleggs. A—nothin' humorous, I hope. I do think we ought to avoid anythin' like descendin' to their level, don't you know.

Mr. Lovegroove. Might try something out of *Pickwick*. "*Bob Sawyer's Party*," you know. Can't go far wrong with anything out of DICKENS.

Miss Diana Rose. Can't endure him myself. All his characters are so fearfully common; still—(*tolerantly*) I daresay it might amuse—a—that class of persons.

Mrs. Flitt. I must say I agree with Lady HONOR. We should try and aim as high as possible—and well, I think not DICKENS, dear Mr. LOVEGROOVE. TENNYSON might do perhaps; he's written some charmin' pieces.

Mr. Lovegr. Well, fact is, I don't go in for poetry much myself. But I'll read anythin' of his you think I'm equal to.

Mrs. Flitt. Why—a—really, it's so long since I—and I'm afraid I haven't one of his poems in the house. I suppose they are down at Barn-end. But I could send to CUTT AND HAWTHORN'S. I daresay they would have a copy somewhere.

Miss Sibson-Gabler. Surely TENNYSON is rather—a—retrograde? Why not read them something to set them *thinking*? It would be an interesting experiment to try the effect of that marvellous Last Scene in the *Doll's House*. I'd love to read it. It would be like a breath of fresh air to them!

Mrs. P.-W. Oh! I've seen that at the Langham Hall. You remember, CECILIA, my taking you there? And CORNEY GRAIN played *Noah*. To be sure—we were quite amused by it all.

Miss S.-G. (*coldly*). This is not amusing—it's a play of IBSEN'S.

Mrs. Flitt. Is that the man who wrote the piece at the Criterion—what is it, *The Toy Shop*? WYNDHAM acted in it.

Lady Damp. No, no; IBSEN is the person there's been all this fuss about in the papers—he goes in for unconventionality and all that. I may be wrong, but I think it is *such* a mistake to have anything unconventional in an Entertainment for the People.

Mrs. Flitt. But if he's being talked about, dear Lady DAMPIER, people might like to know something about him. But perhaps we'd better leave IBSEN open, then. Now, what shall we have next?

Miss Skipworth. I tell you what would fetch them—a skirt-dance. I'll dance for you—like a shot. It would be no end of fun doin' it on a regular platform, and I've been studyin' FLOSSIE FRILLINGTON, at the *Inanity*, till I've caught her style exactly.

Mr. Kempton. Oh, I say, you can give her a stone and a beatin' any day, give you my word you can. She doesn't put anythin' like the go into it you do.

[Miss S. accepts this tribute with complacency.]

Mrs. Flitt. A skirt-dance will be the very thing. It's sure to please the people we shall bring over for it—and of course they'll be in the front rows. Yes, I must put that down. We ought to have a song next. Mrs. TUBEROSE, you promised to come and sing for us—you will, won't you?

Mrs. Tuberoose. Delighted! I rather thought of doing a dear little song *STEPHAN OTIS* has just brought out. It's called "*Forbidden Fruit*," and he wrote it expressly for me. It goes like this.

[*She sits down at the piano, and sings, with infinite expression and tenderness.*]

"Only the moon spies our bliss,
Through the conscious clusters
of clematis,
Shedding star-sweet showers.
To-morrow the world will have
gone amiss—

Now we are face by face, love, I
thrill to your kiss—

So let us remember naught but this:

That To-night is ours!

Yes, this passionate, perilous, exquisite night—is Ours!"

Several Voices. Charmin' . . . OTIS puts so much real feeling into all his songs . . . quite a little gem! &c., &c.

Lady Damp. I should have thought myself that it was rather advanced—for an East-End audience—

Mrs. Tuberoose (*nettled*). Really, dear Lady DAMPIER, if people see nothing to object in it *here*, I don't see why they should be more particular at the East-End!

Mrs. Flitt. Oh no,—and as if it matters what the *words* are in a song. I daresay if one heard *their* songs— Now we want another song—something as different as possible.

Mr. Gardinier. Heard a capital song at the "*Pav.*" the other night—something about a Cock-eyed Kipper. Just suit my voice. I could easily get the words and music, and do that for you—if you like.

Several Voices. A Cock-eyed Kipper! It sounds too killing! Oh, we must have that!



"To-night is ours!"

Lady Damp. Might I ask what kind of creature a—a "Cock-eyed Kipper" may be?

Mr. Gard. Oh, well, I suppose it's a sort of a dried herring—with a squint, don't you know.

Lady Damp. I see no humour in making light of a personal deformity, I must say.

Mr. Gard. Oh, don't you? They will—it'll go with a scream there!

Miss Diwa Rose. Yes, poor dears—and we mustn't mind being just a little vulgar for once—to cheer them up.

Lady Honor. I have been to the Pavilion and the Tivoli myself, and I heard nothing to object to. I know I was much more amused than I ever am at theatres—they bore me to death.

Mr. Bagotrix. We might finish up with *Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks*, you know. Some of you can be the figures, and I'll come on in a bonnet and shawl as *Mrs. Jarley*, and wind you up and describe you. I've done it at lots of places in the country; brought in personal allusions and all that sort of thing, and made everybody roar.

Lady Damp. But will the East-Enders understand your personal allusions?

Mr. Bag. Well, you see, the people in the front rows will, which is all I want.

Lady Honor (suspiciously). Isn't *Mrs. Jarley* out of *Pickwick*, though? That's DICKENS surely!

Mr. Bag. (reassuringly). Nothing but the name, *Lady Honor*. I make up all the patter myself, so that'll be all right—just good-natured chaff, you know; if anybody's offended—as I've known them to be—it's no fault of mine.

Mrs. Flitt. Oh! I'm sure you will make it funny, —and about getting someone to preside—I suppose we ought to ask the Vicar of the nearest church?

Lady Honor. Wouldn't it be better to get somebody—a—more in Society, don't you know?

Mrs. Flitt. Yes; and he might offer to pay for hiring the Hall, and the other expenses. I never thought of that. I'll see whom I can get. Really I think it ought to be great fun, and we shall have the satisfaction of feeling we are doing real good, which is such a comfort!

A Tip to Teetotallers.

TEMPERANCE is good—but not alone in Drink!

Good causes are not won, whate'er you think,

By bullying indulgence in bad manners.

A total abstinence from aught unfair

Will serve you best. Your Standard raise in air,

But Banners of Intemperance should not tear

Passions to rags—nor Banners!

THE *Times* of April 12 says:—"The Kachin (or Katchin) rising is stated to be serious, and likely to spread." Not to be wondered at, as it's "Katchin."

A TELEGRAM from Fez ought to be considered as coming from Head-quarters.

CLERICAL OUTCOMES.

To the Editor of "The Standard."

SIR,—Allow me to mention, under all reserve, that I frequently preach a sermon of JEREMY TAYLOR's, or the Judicious HOOKER's, to my congregation, with excellent effect, and hitherto without any discovery on their part of the origin of the discourse. I, of course, alter the old-fashioned phrases, and bring the sermons up to date, so to speak. This plan saves the inconvenience of having to pay for sermons, which I could not do in cash in these days of clerical

destitution, only in sermon paper, which I fear would not be accepted. If I am accused of "cribbing sermons," I deny the charge with indignation. I don't crib JEREMY, I adapt him. Does every dramatist, who adapts from the French, acknowledge the fact? Not at all! Neither does—

Yours unblushingly,
BORROWED PLUME-AGE.

SIR,—My congregation is a rustic one. I have tried them with my own sermons, but my pew-rents suffered so severely in consequence, that I have been obliged to give them up. Last Sunday (following the advice of a lay friend of mine in Town, in whom I have much confidence) I preached one of Prebendary SHEEP-SHANKS' "Crampton Lectures" to them, and the farmers and labourers seemed much impressed. There was, in fact, hardly an open eye in Church during the hour and a half that the delivery lasted. The Charity-School children, too, who sat through the whole of it, only had to be physically admonished by their teacher about once in every half-minute. When an old village dame afterwards assured me that "she didn't know I was that larned," I felt—momentarily—rather like a wolf in SHEEP-SHANKS' clothes. But I intend going through the course.

Yours, &c.,
PASTOR IGNOTUS.

SPORTING ANSWERS.

COUNTRY HOUSE.

TYRO.—You are quite right—a four-in-hand is worth two in the bush, which, as you justly observe, no good wine needs. To handle the reins correctly, proceed as follows. Divide the sum-total of all the reins measured to a *millimetre* by half a forefinger, no allowance being made for chalk-stones, or stiff knuckles. Multiply the quotient by the off-wheel-rein, and add the near leader's blinkers to the result. Then pass your left thumb under your right middle finger, taking care at the same time to tie the off-leading-rein round your neck in a sailor's knot. Add six yards of whipcord to the near leader's shoulders, subtract yourself from the box, and send us your doctor's bill, for purposes of comparison.

Who's Who?—(1) *Roundabout Sammy* is a very promising horse, by *Engineer*, out of *Little Joker*. He was not bred in France, for, though there is a Parisian accent about some of his neighs, there is a distinctly British look about his nose. He is a trifle cobby, no doubt, but he is a capital feeder, and should go well in a double harness, with 84 *Pommery*, his constant stable companion. (2) *Peat Moss Litter* is not generally used for soup, or table decorations. (3) The appearance you refer to is probably *rubinosis brandiginata*. It is due to the absorption of *liquor per haustum*. The snakes you sent us are indigenous to the hill-country of Del Trementi.



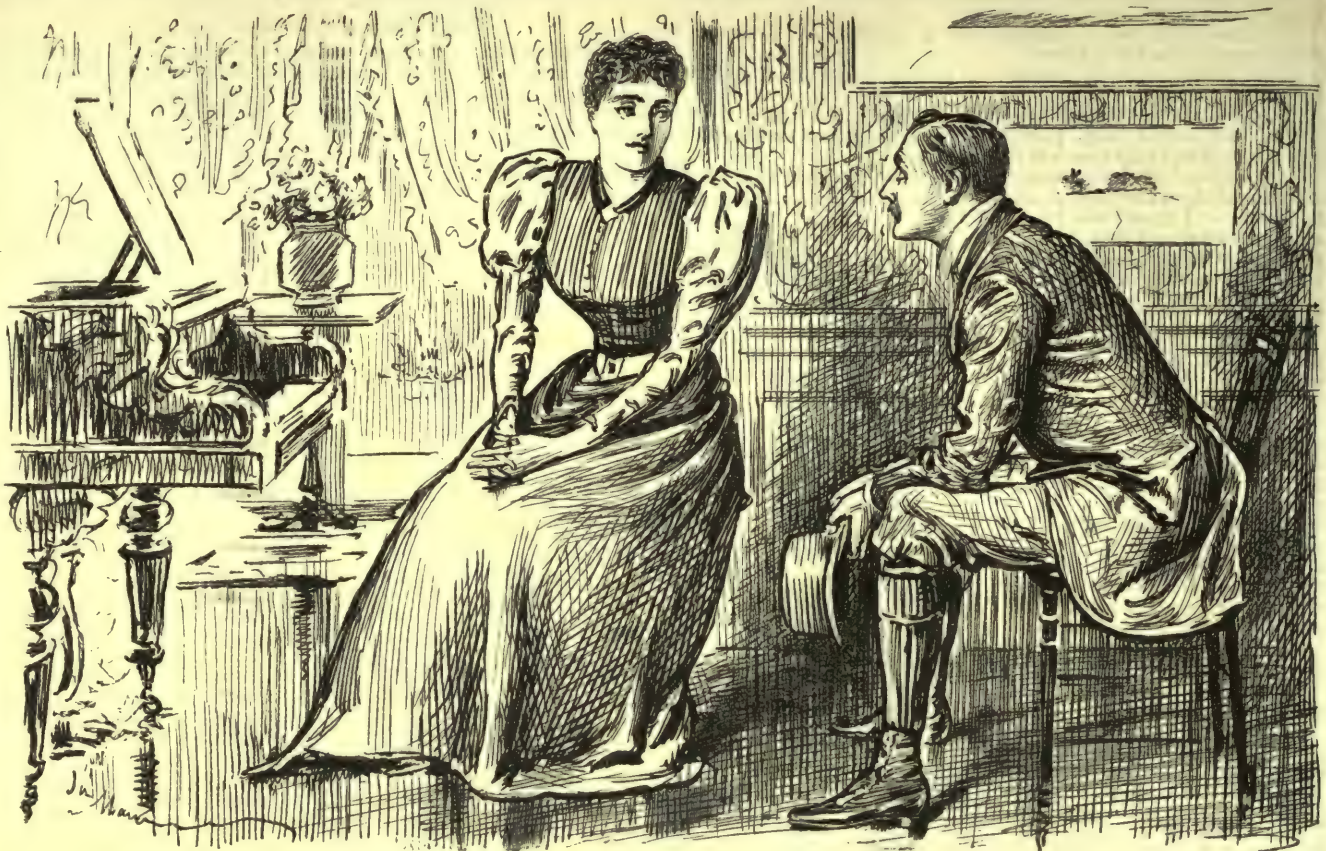
A GENTLE SNUB.

"HERE, WAITER—QUICK! SOMETHING TO EAT—AND LOOK SHARP!"

"YESSIR. WHAT 'LL YOU 'AVE, SIR?"

"OH—ANYTHING—I DON'T CARE. CHOP OR STEAK—WHATEVER YOU LIKE."

"YOU MUST EXCUSE ME, SIR; BUT I DON'T FEEL CALLED UPON TO DECIDE!"



HOW RAPID CONVERSIONS ARE MADE.

Lady Circe. "WHAT, YOU DON'T APPRECIATE WAGNER, MR. JONES? YOU MUST LET ME PLAY YOU A LITTLE OF *PARSIFAL*."

(Dies so, and Jones, who has no ear for Music whatever, becomes an ardent and aggressive Wagnerite on the spot, and remains so for the rest of his life!)

UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.

(MODERN ULSTER VERSION.)

A Fragment after the Fashion of Sterne.

Uncle Toby Mr. J-HN B-LL.
Widow Wadman Mrs. ULST-R.

"I AM half distracted, Captain SHANDY," said Mrs. WADMAN, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my Uncle TOBY's Sentry-Box—"a mote, or sand, or small fly, or something. I know not what, has got into this eye of mine. The Gardener declares it is one of those Green Flies which are the pest of this Distressful Country. I refuse to believe that. There never was, never will, never can, never *shall* be any Green in my eye. But whatever it is, mote or beam, it is awfully irritating. Do look into it; it is not in the white, or perhaps I should say—for I am a brunette of olive complexion, you know—in the Yellow —"

In saying which, Mrs. WADMAN edged herself close in beside my Uncle TOBY, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up "Do look into it!" said she.

Honest soul! Thou wast ever being adjured to "look into" things, all sorts of things, from Widow's eyes to matters of far wider scope, and infinitely less simplicity and clarity. And thou didst look into it with as much innocence and simple good-will as ever child looked into a raree show-box.

If a man will be prying, of his own accord, into things of such ticklish and troublesome, not to say perilous nature—I've nothing to say to it.

My Uncle TOBY never did, being naturally of an unobservant and easy-going nature; and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly in his seat in that Sentry Box or the House from February to September (which you know were his favourite months for serious Session) with an eye as fine and soft as the Thracian Rhodope's, or as threatening and commanding as that of Mars—even

a hectoring fiery thrasonic Hibernian Mars—himself, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one, or even a Green or a Yellow.

The difficulty was to get my Uncle TOBY to look into things at all. 'Tis surmounted. And —

I see him yonder, with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking, and looking, then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever GALILEO looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! For by all the powers which animate the organ, Widow WADMAN's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right. 'Tis true the unfortunate, and something irate lady—and what lady would *not* be irate at the charge of having aught of Green in her eye?—hath with her cambric handkerchief rubbed the sinister orb into a state of roseate irritation—externally—but there is neither mote, nor sand, nor dust, nor chaff, nor speck, nor fly,—Green or otherwise—nor particle of solid opaque matter floating in it. 'Tis, indeed, pure optic illusion on the Widow's part, illusion born, perchance, partly of fear, partly of pique. There is nothing, my dear paternal Uncle, but one lambent, feverish fire, deliciously attractive, even in its angry heat, fascinating even whilst phlogistic, shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine —

—If thou lookest, Uncle TOBY, in search of this imaginary mote one moment longer—thou art undone.

An eye is, for all the world, exactly like a cannon in this respect; that it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. The Widow's eye, owing mainly to the militant and menacing carriage thereof, looked as formidable as a whole park of artillery, ranged up to defend a final fortification, or, as it might be, Last Ditch of defence. Whether it were exactly as fierce or formidable as it seemed—well, that was a question which my Uncle TOBY had not yet fully "looked into"—as he was now doing into Widow WADMAN's left eye.

"I protest, Madam," said my Uncle TOBY, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye!"



UNCLE TOBY AND WIDOW WADMAN.

(Modern Ulster Version. After C. R. Leslie, R.A.'s celebrated picture.)

MRS. ULSTER. "NOW, MR. BULL, DO YOU SEE ANY 'GREEN' IN MY EYE?"



But this was not what the Widow wanted.

"It is not in the white, or yellow," said Mrs. WADMAN. My Uncle TOBY looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now there never, surely, was an eye so fitted to rob my Uncle TOBY of his repose as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, Madam, a rolling eye, a dissatisfied or a revolutionary one—nor was it an eye wicked, wanton, or wandering—but it was an eye sparkling, petulant, and imperious, of high claims, and large exactions—an eye full of brisk challenges and sharp responses, an eye of satisfied strength and confident ascendancy—speaking, not like the dulcet appeal of a mellow flute, but like the trumpet stop of some powerful party organ. The cornea was perhaps a shade fallow or so, even verging on the Widow's favourite Yellow—for the Widow, like some modern decorative artists, was sweet upon all tawny tints, from the most delicate buff to the most flamboyant Orange—but as to any touch, tint, or tone of her chromatic antipathy, Green—!!!

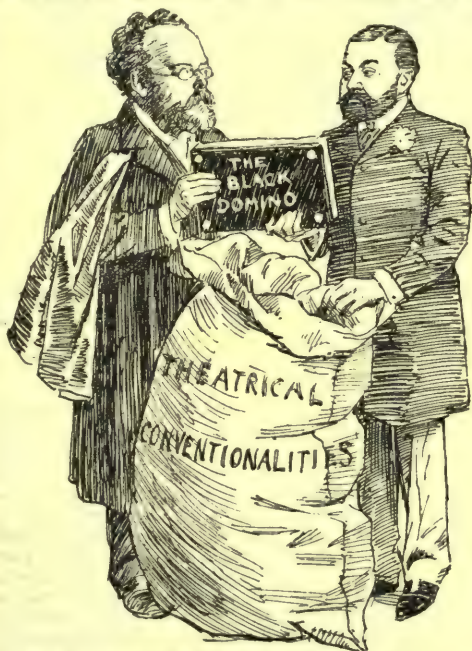
"Now, dear Mr. SHANDY," cried the Widow, edging nearer, and opening the optic to its widest, "tell me—tell me truly, do you, can you detect the slightest suspicion of Green in my eye—?"

"I protest, Madam," said my Uncle TOBY, "I can see nothing whatever of the sort!"

THE B. AND S. DRAMA AT THE ADELPHI.

"SOME one has blundered!" Who? The Messrs. GATTI, in sending to Messrs. BUCHANAN and SIMS ("B. & S.") for an Adelphi melodrama? Surely not! These two might have been trusted to turn out the right article. So the GATTIS leave the Court without a

stain on their managerial character. Therefore, 'tis the brother-authors, "hoi Adelphi," who have blundered. Undoubtedly. An Adelphi audience is not to be satisfied with a one-scene piece, when that scene is without any incident in it worth a melodramatic father's cuss. A fancy-dress ball at Covent Garden, however well put on the stage,—and, after all, it has not beaten the record of the Masked Ball at the Opera House in Paris, as given in Mr. IRVING's revival of *The Corsican Brothers*,—will not carry a piece of far stronger ca-



B-ch-n-n. "The prize from the lucky-bag"—
S-ms. "A blank?"

libre than *The Black Domino*, and it won't carry this. Neither will a charming "set," representing the terrace of the "Star and Garter," at Richmond, carry a piece to a successful finale, if the audience has lost all interest in the characters, and does not very much care what becomes of any one of them, male or female. To the play-goer it is not attractive; he has seen it all before. "He knows that man and that woman,—they come from Sheffield;" i.e., the persons and the incidents are taken out of a lot of dramas which dwell in his memory, from BOUCICAULT's *Formosa* at Drury Lane, up to OSCAR's *Lady Windermere's Fan* at the St. James's. Of course, my imaginary play-goer is the Bill of the play, who has "matured," and is not a junior member of the Play-goer's Club. Then, in the old blind German, there is a touch of TOM TAYLOR's *Helping Hands*, and, as for all the rest of the characters, well, they can be found in the common stock-pot of the melodramatic authors of the last half-century, for, like SHAKESPEARE himself, these wicked lawyers and gamblers—the aiders and a-betters—are "not for an age" (would they were, and that age passed!) "but for all time!"

Nothing saves the piece from being absolutely dull, except the admirable acting, and, I may add, the scenery. It is impossible to count upon renewing such effects as those in *Formosa*, *The Flying*

Scud, and in the *Prodigal Daughter* at Drury Lane, wherein the wrong horse was poisoned (in a really dramatic scene), and LEONARD BOYNE, riding the winner, cleared the brook, thus causing part-author DRURICIANUS to clear—any amount of money. There are no two exciting scenes like these in this Adelphi drama. Its comic relief is "poor relief," and would go for nothing at all, were it not in the hands of Mr. DALE, who played and sang so well in *Miss Decima* at the Criterion, and of the vivacious Miss CLARA JECKS.

Mr. W. DENNIS, as the *Earl of Arlington*, is own brother to the old Peer in *The Bauble Shop*. Perhaps this is a tribute to the representative of the aristocracy at the Criterion, or it indicates with great subtlety that, like Members of Parliament, "Peers are, after all, human—very human," and that one old Peer is uncommonly like another old Peer. Miss EVELYN MILLARD, as the soprano heroine, and Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL as the base heroine, look handsome, and act excellently. They take the audience with them as far as the audience will go. As good as they possibly can be in such conventional puppet-parts are Messrs. GLENNY and ABINGDON, the first as the well-intentioned but weak-willed *Lord Dashwood*, and the second as that old-fashioned scoundrel, *Captain Greville*. Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS rather suggests Mr. BLAKELEY as the oily, scoundrelly lawyer, *Joshua Honeybun*; and Mr. LE HAY gives variety to the entertainment (which is his special line) in the entirely new and original character part of an Irish Major, with nothing particularly humorous to say, and nothing at all, humorous, or otherwise, to do.



GOOD OLD MELODRAMA MODERNISED.
Lord Glenny Dashwood (to Captain Abingdon Greville). "Liar and slave!"
[Strikes him. They fight with fists.]

Something new in Melodrama is wanted, and Melodrama "all of the modern time" is played out, unless a genius can hit on a new sensation. The Adelphi piece, however, has its advantages, and among these its chiefest is, that it necessitates the taking of light refreshment immediately afterwards. Fortunately, the Adelphi is close to our old friend RULE's in Maiden Lane, and for this hospitable shelter our party made in haste; and, before the arrival of the crowd of supper-numeraries, gained a table, on which were soon placed appetising and drinkatising oysters, followed by the grateful stout. "Pretty to see," as PERRYS hath it, at the very next table to us, the good hero of the drama welcoming the double-dyed villain, chiding him for being a few minutes late, and then drowning all past dramatic animosities in the flowing bowl. "See how these players love one another!" So have I seen politicians, mortal enemies in the House, hob-nobbing together at the dinner-table of some hospitable Impartial. "And thus it is," said I to myself, said I, "that 'all the world's a stage, and men and women' like to have supper after the play and enjoy themselves generally." So philosophising, we, my companion and I, lighted the pipe of peace—I should say a cigar a-piece—and returned home satisfied with our excellent supper. *Vive BAYLISS!* BRITANNIA rules the waves, and this is the last month for oysters till the arrival of another month with an "r" in it; but, *en attendant*, there will appear some very small, very sweet, and very digestible lobsters! "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle?" But an indifferent play is well worth a first-rate supper, which may be a shell-fish view, but at all events, if (like the jest) it be "a poor thing," yet 'tis mine own (for the time being), and thereto I sign my hand,

PRIVATE BOX.

SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., has given his pictures to Liverpool to be arranged in "The Walker Gallery." This is rather like saying "Walker" to any Gallery, London. Great opportunity for advertisement to J. L. T. of T*LE's Theatre.



"ULSTERIA"—THE PREVAILING EPIDEMIC.

Chorus of the Colonel's Daughters (Irish) to English Visitor. "OH YES, WE 'RE GOING TO HAVE TERRIBLE TIMES! AND IT'S SUCH FUN, YOU KNOW—WE 'RE ALL LEARNING SHOOTING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 10.—"Quite refreshing," murmured GRANDOLPH, looking round at the Party, to which, as he said at Liverpool the other day, he is thoroughly attached, "to see how good Conservatives enjoy CHAMBERLAIN'S Speech. They are as jubilant now as they were a few years ago, when I attacked JOSEPH in connection with Aston-Park Riots. A topsy-turvy world; most of us where we never thought to find ourselves, or be found; oddest of all, surely, is to hear CHAMBERLAIN of Birmingham enthusiastically cheered in House of Commons by great Conservative Party. They mean it, too," GRANDOLPH added, still scanning the beaming faces on the Benches behind. "It is almost an intellectual delight to them."

"Yes," said PLUNKET, "they are acutely pleased to hear so smartly said what they think they thought."

Truly a stirring of the sluggish pool during hour and half that CHAMBERLAIN stepped in. Speech full of bitterness; effect immeasurably increased by perfect equability of manner, and the utterance of a voice ever soft and low—a beautiful thing in a man who says nasty things of parted friends. If one stone deaf had sat in Gallery and watched JOSEPH, as he gracefully bent over towards Treasury Bench, whereon sat his one-time revered Leader and the still faithful band of followers, he would naturally have imagined JOSEPH was complimenting him and them upon the perfectness of their measure, and the prospect of the Irish wilderness, under its beneficent influence, blossoming like the rose. Deaf man would have been mistaken; JOSEPH saying nothing of the kind; indeed, quite the reverse, as deaf man, turning his eyes on Mr. G., would begin to suspect.

Wide differences between Mr. G. and J. C.; none so marked as their demeanour throughout debate. The wilder the storm of interruption rages round JOSEPH, the more urbane he becomes, and the more dangerous. Mr. G., standing on the commanding eminence he has built for himself in the House of Commons, is the sport of most inconsiderable Member. Anyone, with whatever bungling hand, can "draw" him. To-night, whilst JOSEPH smiled his way through all the spiteful things he had stored up for gratification of old friends, Mr. G. sat restless, with clouded brow, face pale with anger,

every now and then springing up with hot correction. Which was just what JOSEPH wanted to achieve.

Business done.—Third Day Debate on Second Reading Home-Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight) back again. "He's Knight and Morning," said leal TOM SUTHERLAND, of the P. & O., looking on admiringly from the starboard poop. In a sense this is true, for ASHMEAD gave us a full hour's discourse last night, and here in broad day, on threshold of another sitting, proposes to add another forty minutes. PRINCE ARTHUR had quite a time with him last night. He was, so to speak, the Boy left on the Burning Deck whence all but he Had Fled. Right Hon. Gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench, following example set in other parts of House, cleared out when ASHMEAD appeared at table with prodigious roll of manuscript in red right hand. PRINCE ARTHUR looked wistfully towards door, but, remembering leading precept of OLD MORALITY, determined to stay, and do duty to QUEEN and Country. So sat it out till midnight struck; Debate automatically closed, and SPEAKER called on next Order of the Day.

ASHMEAD, pleased with his success, and pondering on fresh delights in store for House when it met again, remained standing at table, reflectively arranging his papers. Horrible thought suddenly struck him; froze his veins, and pale his brow. With generous desire that country should fully share advantages of House, he had his speech printed in advance. Copies sent to newspapers. Suppose they printed it all, whereas he had not found opportunity to deliver more than half of it! Awakened from reverie by violent tugging at coat-tails. This was PRINCE ARTHUR, signalling him to sit down, with perhaps unnecessary vigour. But PRINCE ARTHUR had a long score (fully an hour long) to pay off.

Great speech finished at to-day's sitting; another hour saw it through. "I think I had my hour last night," said PRINCE ARTHUR, as, on rising of his esteemed colleague, he hastily passed out. Example again contagious; Benches emptied; but ELLIS ASHMEAD pounded along. There was the speech reproachfully facing him in its portentous-printed length; must be reeled off, though the glass roof fell. Did it at last; sat down, flushed, and triumphant. Members, warily assuring themselves speech really finished, began to stream back again, till all the Benches filled to hear DAVITT. Excellent speech; full of human nature; illumined by gleams of



grim humour; better if it had been shorter by a third; but quality so good, that House, now crowded, sat it all out.

"Curious to think," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who just now has unusually full opportunities for reflection, "that a few years



A Nasty One for Joseph; or, a Gentle Reminder from Just-in Time McC-rthy.

ago DAVITT was working out the Irish Question with a rope over his shoulder, dragging a cart of stones through the court-yard of one of Her Majesty's prisons. No one, casually coming across him at Portland, would have ventured to forecast the hour when, standing up, the centre of interest in an applauding House of Commons, he should have had an opportunity of reasoning with the only occasionally DUM BARTON, warning him against the practice of treason-felony, and reminding him that the pathway to the Bench does not lie by way of the dock. No parallel in politics to the Irish Question. Some of us have our earlier studies interrupted by a sentence of imprisonment; others, I daresay, will, later on, find in similar chaste repose opportunity of reviewing our connection with it."

Involun'arily the eye of the Great Philosopher rested on the



Mr. D-v-tt says no British Bill can pass while the Irish Bill blocks the way. graceful figure of PRINCE ARTHUR, whose speech at Belfast, on the Philosophy of Rebellion, DAVITT just now cited in justification of the overt acts that led him to Portland.

Business done.—Fourth Night Home-Rule Debate.

Thursday.—"In spite of all temptation, I have hitherto remained a Member of House of Commons," CHAPLIN said to me just now. "I might by this time, had I pleased, been a Duke, and my most unscrupulous detractor will not deny that is a position I could fill with pictorial effect; but I've stuck to the Commons, and this is my reward."

Truly a striking episode. CHAPLIN delivered oration on Home-Rule Bill hour and half long. Had sat up night and day with it, polishing its rotund periods, till, as PRINCE ARTHUR whispers, "CHAPLIN, gazing upon their surface, saw not himself, but DEMOSTHENES." Fortune favoured him in opportunity. Member for Sunderland had secured privilege of resuming Debate after Questions. Resolved to make long STOREY short, he sacrificed his position. CHAPLIN nimbly stepped in, and reasonably looked forward to crowning epoch in shining Parliamentary career. To open or resume Debate between four and five in afternoon is a prized opportunity; accident had placed it within CHAPLIN's grasp; the hour had struck, and here, at the table, was the Man.

Alack, for the instability of human prospects! When the House, fairly full, beheld the sunny presence at the table, watched it produce the vaporous folds of manuscript, noted the shrug of satisfaction with which it set about its self-appointed task, it folded its tent like the Arab, and, though not as silently, stole away. Trundled and bundled out, with ostentatious indifference to great orator, the fund of information he had garnered, the counsel with which he was charged. CHAPLIN had brought statesmanship and literature of Europe into review, picking out from encyclopaedic stores testimony to destruction of Mr. G.'s pet scheme. The very names quoted were a liberal education—MR. LECKY, Count BEUST, CAYOURE, Dr. GEFCKEN, M. DE MOLINARIS. And then interposes the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE with bland deferential inquiry—

"I beg the Right Hon. Gentleman's pardon, I did not catch the name. Was it M. APOLLINARIS?"



II. L-b-ch-re (thinking of Welsh Disestablishment, asks Mr. Ch-pl-n).
"Did you say 'Mr. Ap Ollinaris?'"

CHAPLIN stared haughtily over SAGE's head, and went on. So did fragments of audience, the latter towards the door, till, almost in solitude, there rolled forth the treasured peroration. This bad, but worse followed, when immediately succeeded an obscure Irishman, whom CHAPLIN vaguely remembers a few years back as a Committee Clerk, or something of that kind. Benches swiftly filled up, and an assembly that vaunts itself most critical audience in the world followed, with rapt attention, the simple sentences of obscure JOHN REDMOND, Ex-Committee Clerk—this same audience that had scornfully treated the portentous periods of the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN, sometime Cabinet Minister.

Business done.—Fifth Night's Debate.

Friday.—Prince ARTHUR, enumerating Statesmen anxious to speak in Debate, doling them out at the rate of one a day, omitted Cousin CRANBORNE. Doubtless accidental; Noble Lord has his revenge; worked off his speech to-night whilst ASQUITH addressing House. Consisted of only single word; effect instantaneous, startling. Into ASQUITH's fervent eulogium on DAVITT, CRANBORNE dropped the additional description, "Murderer." Was only thinking aloud as he explained to House; just talking genially to himself; regretted he was overheard, and begged to apologise.

"It's the principle of heredity," said TIM HEALY; "the father calls us all Hottentots; the son accuses one of us of murder."
Business done.—Sixth Night's Debate on Home-Rule Bill.



WHAT OUR ARTIST (THE VERY SHY ONE) HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

Affable Stranger. "ULLO, MISTER, THERE YOU ARE! I SAY, THAT WAS A RACY BIT YOU GAVE US LAST WEEK, ABOUT THE 'CAT AND THE FIDDLE'! QUITE IN YOUR OLD FORM, EH!"

[Digs him in the ribs with his Umbrella.

Our Artist. "YOU'RE VERY KIND, BUT—A—I—A—I FEAR I HAVEN'T THE PLEASURE OF YOUR ACQUAINTANCE—A—"

Affable Stranger. "HOITY-TOITY ME! HOW PROUD WE ARE THIS MORNING!"

[Gives him another dig, and exits.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON PLAY-WRITING.

From the *Common-place Book of The O' Wilde*.—The play? Oh, the play be zephyr'd! The play is not the thing. In other words, the play is nothing. Point is to prepare immense assortment of entirely irrelevant epigrams. "Epigram, my dear Duke, is the refuge of the dullard, who imagines that he obtains truth by inverting a truism." That sounds well; must lay it by for use. Take "Virtue," for instance. "Virtue" offers a fine field for paradox, brought strictly up to date. Must jot down stray thoughts. (Good idea in the expression "Stray Thoughts." Will think over it, and work it up either for impromptu or future play.) Here are a few examples:—

- (1) Be virtuous, and you will be a County Councillor.
- (2) Nothing is so dull as a life of virtue—except a career of vice.
- (3) "Virtue, my dear Lady CHILLINGHAM, is the weakness of the masses, acting under the force of their circumstances."
- (4) Virtue, no doubt, is a necessity; but, to be necessary, is the first step to abolition.
- (5) If you wish to become virtuous, you have only to be found out.
- (6) There is nothing a man resents so much as the imputation of virtue.
- (7) Virtue, my dear HORACE, is a quality we inculcate upon our wives mainly by a lack of example.
- (8) I want to be rich merely in order to have the chance of overcoming the difficulties in the way of being virtuous. Virtue on a pound a week is so easy as to repel all but the indolent and worthless.

So much for Virtue. Repentance may be treated according to the same formula.

- (1) My dear boy, never repent. Repentance leads inevitably to repetition.
- (2) Repentance is like a secret. If you keep it to yourself it loses all interest. Nobody can repent on a desert island.
- (3) To repent is to have been unsuccessful.
- (4) Not to be repentant is never to have enjoyed.
- (5) Repentance in a man means nothing more than an intention to change his methods; in a woman it is a last tribute to an expiring reputation.

Having finished these examples, I will put down a few notions for general use.

- (1) Necessity knows no law, and therefore has to learn.
- (2) Everything comes to the man who is waited upon.
- (3) The later the bird the better for the worm.
- (4) It is never too late to—dine.

There you have the whole secret. Be fearfully cynical, dreadfully bold, delightfully wicked, and carefully unconventional; let paradox and epigram flow in copious streams from your pen. Throw in a few aristocrats with a plentiful flavouring of vices novelistically associated with wicked Baronets. Add an occasional smoking-room—(Mem. "Everything ends in smoke, my dear boy, except the cigars of our host.") Use this when host is a *parvenu* unacquainted with the mysteries of brands)—shred into the mixture a wronged woman, a dull wife, and, if possible, one well tried and tested "situation," then set the whole to simmer for three hours at the Haymarket. The result will be— But to predict a result is to prophesy, and to prophesy is to know. (N.B.—Work up this rough material. It will come right, and sound well when polished up.)

BY GEORGE!

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Telegraph* suggests that, as the Scotch keep up St. Andrew's Day, and the Irish St. Patrick's, the English should also have a national *fête* on St. George's Day, the 23rd of April. Why not have the 23rd as St. George's Day, and the 24th as the Dragon's Day? We ought to "Remember the Dragon"—say, by depositing wreaths before the Temple Bar specimen. A Dragon's Day would be a most useful National Institution. The object would not be to exalt the beast, but to celebrate our own (and GEORGE'S) triumph over it. Everybody has his own private Dragon, and some people have public ones as well. For example, Sir WILFRID LAWSON, in laying down his wreath, would be commemorating the introduction of the Veto Bill; Mr. GLADSTONE would be slaying (in spirit) the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Lords, who is evidently the "Dragon of the Prime (Minister)" referred to by TENNYSON; Lord CHANBORNE would be Mr. DAVITT's Dragon, and so on. The fun would be that nobody would be expected to say *what* Dragon he meant. If a law were passed establishing such a festivity, perhaps it would be denounced as "too Dragonic"!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

POET WILLIAM WATSON'S *Excursions in Criticism* are cheap Excursions. He himself describes them as "Prose Recreations of a Rhymers." "Prosy" would have been the truer epithet. The



Going to the Booking-Office.

meeting of an Interviewer with Dr. JOHNSON is the best, and it is also the last. Poet WATSON'S criticism of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, his Essay on IBSEN'S Plays, and another on GEORGE MEREDITH, may have been recreations to the writer, but, like most of the other papers in this volume, they will never be so considered by the lightheaded and unbiassed reader. What is recreation to WILLIAM WATSON is boredom to the Baron, and, as the latter is inclined to think, to the majority of such of the public as may attempt the perusal of W. W.'s recreations. Let W. W. make no more cheap excursions in criticism,—excepting, of course, for his own private amusement, with which no one has a right to interfere,—but let him "thank the gods he is poetical," and so let him remain. His second best Essay, is on *The Punishment of Genius*, in which he advocates the post-mortem destruction of every scrap of composition, which its author had never intended for the public eye.

"WE'VE had no rain to speak of for some weeks," observed Mrs. R.; "and, if this goes on, I heard some scientific gentlemen say, the other day, we ought to have the land irritated by hydras."

MELANCHOLIA.

(Modern French Version. After the celebrated Picture 'Melencolia' by Albert Dürer)

An enigmatic picture! Yet, indeed,
In current Gallic light not hard to read.

Woman, with angel-wings, and mournful face,
What are the plans those listless fingers trace?

What are the visions those fixed eyes survey?
The War-dog fierce lies couchant in your way,

The instruments of Art are scattered round.
Mistress of charm in form, in tint, in sound,
Of engineering might, mechanic skill,
What checks your genius, and what thwarts
your will?

Winged Wit is at your side, your cherished
guest,

Who quits you never on an alien quest.
But what that mystic prism shadows forth
Hath menace which auxilium from the North
May scarce avert. The

scales of Justice tilt
Something askew. The
curse of high-placed
guilt

Is on you, if the warning
toesin's knell.

Clanging forth fiercely,
hath not force to tell

The hearer that Fate's hour-
glass fast runs out.

That spectral Comet flames,
beset about

With miasmatic mist, and
lurid fume,

Conquering Corruption
threatens hideous doom.

Yet, yet the Bow of Promise
gleams above,

Herald of Hope to her
whom all men mark and
love!

CREDIT WITHOUT CASH.

THE HON. CRÆSUS CASH was greatly annoyed that so many people should have been admitted to his library. He bitterly reproached his valet for this dereliction of duty.

"Beg your pardon, Sir," said his servant, "but they would come in. They said they must see you—that their lives depended on it."

"What have I to do with their lives?" growled the Hon. CRÆSUS. And then he added, as he entered his sanctum, "Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, what do you want? My time's precious, and I can't waste it upon strangers."

"My dear Sir, my very dear Sir," cried in trembling accents an old parson in a thread-bare coat, "I have a wife and family, and we are really starving."

"Ditto, Sir, ditto!" observed an elderly soldier who had evidently been an officer.

"And I am a widow, and must bring my poor children home from school, as I can no longer afford the expense of their education," so said an elderly dame in shabby mourning.

"But how can I help you?" asked the Hon. CRÆSUS. "What has brought you to this pass?"

"Why, you, Sir," returned the ex-officer.

"You, Sir!"

"Come," said the Hon. CRÆSUS, waxing angry, "I advise you to be careful of the provisions of the Libel and Slander Act. You accuse me of bringing you to poverty! Why, I have never seen any of you in my life—never even heard of you!"

"But we have heard of you," they cried.

"Yes, we have."

"We are all shareholders in the Bubble Babble Syndicate, Limited," explained the parson, tearfully, "and we have consequently lost everything we had in the world."

"But what have I to do with it?" again asked the Hon. CRÆSUS. "Very sorry to hear of your misfortunes, but I don't see how I come in."



THE SOLE INHABITANT.

Fishing Club Keeper (to New Member). "'XOUSE ME, SIR, BUT, BEIN' A STRANGER, SO TO SPEAK, MAYHAP YER MAYN'T HA' NOTICED AS HOW THIS HERE LITTLE BIT BE PRIVATE WATER."

Mr. O'Bulligan (who has had bad sport). "SHURE PRIVATE IS IT YE SAY, RODGERS? FAITH AN' I'M THINKIN' THE WHOLE STRAME'S PRETTY PRIVATE, FOR DEVIL A FISH IS THERE IN IT AT ALL AT ALL, 'CEPT WAN, AN' HE'S IN MY BASKET!"

"Why you, Sir," exclaimed the ex-officer; "you, Sir, were one of the officials!"

"Pardon me, Sir, I was nothing of the sort. I have nothing whatever to do with the Syndicate. I was merely a Director."

And when the defrauded shareholders found out that he was only *that*, they went away complaining, but convinced they would be afforded by him no relief. And they were right, for the Hon. CRÆSUS (who was old-fashioned in his ways) acted strictly according to precedent.

THE PRIVATE VIEW.

(By a Visitor, Small but not Early.)

IRONY about this View

Is, I fear, more true than new,

Still the crowd's a great 'un;

Heads and bodies hide from me

Pictures that I wish to see;

Smooth, fair maids by LEIGHTON;

If I seek a work by WELLS,
Can I see through *beaux*
and *belles*?

I can but survey 'em.
Hid the masterpiece of
BROCK

By some girl's wide-
shouldered frock,
So the bulls of GRAHAM.

If my eyes seek breezy
Hooks, [my looks;

Hooks and eyes obstruct
Pity me, dear reader!

Cobalt Cornish seas by
BRETT

Hid by *chignons* in a net,
Likewise views by
LEADER!

See, instead of groups by
CROWE, [row;

Coats, black like him, in a
Also, quite as thick, see

Backs, not sculptured ones
by BATES, [pates

Hide the pretty pinkish
Done to death by
DICKSEE!

If I strive to see a SANT,
My large neighbours make

me pant,
For they push so coarsely;

Or the evergreens of STONE,
Then they nip my funny-

bone;
And I lose what HORSLEY

Drapes so decently—the
MARKS [sparks

Are on me; these tall young
Squeeze enough to kill a

Little man, who sees no
WATTS [pots,

Past their lofty chimney-
Nor a single MILLAIS.

GOOD START FOR THE ACADEMICAL YEAR.—Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, A.R.A., is a clever Painter, as everyone knows, but he is cleverer than was thought, as he has sold his Academy Picture to the Manchester Corporation for 1,200 guineas. STANHOPE FORBES will change his name to STAN'UP-FOR-YOUR-PRICE FORBES, A.R.A.

FROM ONE OF THE WISE MEN IN THE EAST.—A

traveller, doing a walking tour in Egypt, from Cairo and back again, describes himself as a "Cairopedist," and adds that it's just the place for Members of that profession to prosper, as "Corn in Egypt" is proverbial.

THE PREMIER AT THE HAYMARKET LAST WEDNESDAY.—This does not mean that Mr. GLADSTONE visited this theatre, but simply that Mr. TREE produced a new piece, written by the O'WILDE. "Whatever be its merit or want of merit," says JOSEPH MILLER, Q.C., "WILDE can't be tame."

A LIEN ON THE LEA.

AIR—"The Bells of Shandon."

["MR. PEMBER, Q.C., before the Committee of the County Council General Powers Bill, put in a claim, on behalf of the New River and other Companies, that the water of the River Lea is the absolute property of the Companies!"]

Daily Chronicle.

Is it, by thunder?
With solemn wonder
I'll often think of
That sounding
claim;
And oft remember
How Mister PEMBER
(He's a "hot mem-
ber"!)

Put in the same.

On this I ponder:
Where'er I wander,
"From here to
yonder,"
I'm sure to see,
Whate'er I stand on,
Wealth lays its hand
on,
As on the water
Of the River Lea.

I've had one mouthful,
But, though of drouth
full,
I trust I'll never
Another swallow.
I've tried the tide
Of Thames, Medway,
Clyde, [water,
But unstrained Lea-
It licks 'em hollow.

I know that river
Set me a-shiver,
Upset my liver,
And made me ill,
When, on it punting,
Some cads, sport-
hunting,
Driving into me,
Gave me a spill.

My memory, dwelling
On that ill-smelling
And muddy throatful
Revolts. Ah me!
That awful vision!
That dread collision
With the rowdy boat-
ful

On the River Lea!

But, goodness gra-
cious!

If river spacious
By Co.'s owdacious,

Can thus be claimed,

I have a notion

The wide blue ocean

As "absolute property"

May soon be named.

Who need be caring
For the Sea of Behring?
We shall have them sharing
The broad Atlantic.

Whilst the Bay of Biscay
(Like a keg of whiskey)
Will be shared and lotted
By financiers frantic!



James. "YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I WISHED TO ASK YOU IF YOU COULD SPARE ME FOR A HOUR OR TWO TO-MORROW MORNIN'?"

Employer. "WHAT'S IT FOR, JAMES?"

James. "WELL, SIR, I WISH TO CONSULT A DENTIST. I'VE A 'OLLOW TOOTH 'ERE, WHICH GIVES ME HAWFUL PAIN; AN' IT'S ONLY WITH GREAT EFFORT THAT I CAN MANAGE TO DOMESTICATE MY FOOD!"

O sublime monopolist,
You're truly top o' list!
Where will you stop? Oh,

list,

One word from me!
Too big claims abandon
You may lay your hand on
The unpleasant waters
Of the muddy Lea,

But in every quarter
Of Earth, Air, Water,
If too strong you "come it"
(As you seem inclined),

of Ducks and Drakes was played originally by NOAH, after the sub-
sidence of the Flood. We hear of it again in the Chronicles of
CORNELIUS LONGIBOVUS MENDAX, who relates that it solaced the last
hours of ARTAXERXES when he lay on his death-bed in the desert of
Sahara, and called in vain for his third wife, PSAMMETICA, who was
at that moment gathering mushrooms in the garden of the Royal
Palace at Persepolis.

CHAFF-CUTTER.—To make Dodo's eggs, take a solution of *ext. turp. rutifolia*, and boil for two hours. Then simmer on a slow fire, add two pinches of salt, and the hard part of a bullock's hide. Pass through a common sieve, and hatch out under a tame *Pterodactyl*.

GARDEN.—VENDITUS ITERUM.—The bark of the dog-rose is naturally worse than the Bight of Benin. The one you sent us had no dew-claws. Quite right; it has had its day. So has Martin.

There will be a shindy;
And you'll find it—
windy [summit,
Upon "Propetty's"
If you do not mind.

On that peak you'd
plant 'em, [tam,
Your claws, bold Ban-
But I spy a phantom
Which you may not
see, [slightly,
Which may scare you
Should you grip too
tightly
The unpleasant waters
Of the River Lea!

TOO BAD TO BE TRUE.

At a meeting of the London Diocesan Conference, a Reverend gentleman is reported to have declared his belief that, "for one man drawn from the Public-house by the opening of the Museums on Sunday, there were ten persons drawn from their attendance at Church!" Mr. Punch fancies these are rather supposititious statistics. Does the Reverend gentleman quite see what his hasty statement involves? How slight must be the attractions of Church—his Church at least—to a large proportion even of those who do now attend? Rivalry between Museum and Gin-palace one can contemplate hope-fully. But if the real rivalry is to be between Museum and Church, with such results as this rather pessimistic parson predicts, the look-out seems rather dismal—for the Church! Surely this is the highest compliment to secular attractions ever paid by a cleric! Mr. Punch hopes—and believes—it is as ill-deserved as high.

SPORTING ANSWERS.

POULTRY.

QUACK.—The game

"ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE."

UNDER this heading the *Times*, some days ago, informed us that a certain set of Oxford Dons had met together in order to make arrangements for the establishment in the University of a couple of first-class Evangelical Clergymen, possessing "special gifts," to whom such Undergraduates as might be piously inclined could



go for instruction and good counsel. It was stated, in their sketch of a prospectus of this scheme, that these two grave and reverend Gentlemen are to be "accessible at all times." This is excellent. Also, "they will be given to hospitality," which is still more excellent, and let us hope that, in return, hospitality will be given to them. But it is difficult to combine "accessibility at all times" with perpetual festivities. For how would it suit either of these well-intentioned Clergymen, after the hospitalities of an

ordinary day, commencing with University Breakfast, going on to University Lunch, thence to University Tea, then dinner, wine, and, finally, supper, to be accessible to anyone who chose to ring them up during the small hours to ask for "counsel and advice so judicious and so sound"? Very "special" indeed would have to be the "gifts" of the two always-hospitable and ever-accessible Clergymen, who would undertake the mission; and, among their most essential special qualifications, would have to be, first, the capacity for taking any amount of everything without being in the least the worse for it, and, secondly, the capacity of perpetual wakefulness and clear-headedness, without the extraneous and artificial application of wet towels round the head. Men with such special gifts are, indeed, rare; nay, they are demi-gods. But, if such men are to be found, no matter at what cost, we sincerely wish they (the originators of this scheme) may get them.

MIXED NOTIONS.

No. IX.—PARISH COUNCILS.

(Scene and Persons as usual.)

Inquirer (to himself, as he reads his paper). Well, I'm dashed! What the blue blazes does all this stuff mean?

First Well-Informed Man (to Second W. I. M., in a tone of pitying good-humour, mixed with conscious superiority). He's got started on his usual morning puzzle.

Inquirer (with asperity). Oh, it's all very well for you two chaps to sneer. You're both older than I am, and, as you've been about more, you ought to know more. Anyhow, I like to find out about things, and, when I don't know, I ask those who do.

First W. I. M. (not unkindly). Well, well, never mind all that. You know I don't mind telling you anything. I really didn't mean to sneer. What's your difficulty?

Inquirer. It's all about this Parish Councils Bill.

First W. I. M. What about it?

Inquirer (hopelessly). What does it mean? What is a Parish Councils Bill?

First W. I. M. Oh, well, you know, a Parish Councils Bill is—well, it's a Bill for giving Parish Councils.

Inquirer. Yes—but whom are they going to give them to?

First W. I. M. Why, to the Parishes, of course.

Inquirer. Ah! (Continues reading. A puzzled frown settles on his face.) But why can't the Parishes make their own Councils, without all this fuss in Parliament? Couldn't every Parish simply say, "I'm going to have a Council," and just start it straight away?

First W. I. M. My dear fellow, you know nothing can be done without an Act of Parliament.

Inquirer. But they call this a Bill, not an Act.

First W. I. M. It's only another way of saying the same thing. A Bill or an Act—it's all one.

Second W. I. M. No, it isn't.

First W. I. M. I'll lay you a counter it is.

Second W. I. M. Done!

First W. I. M. Well, what do you (withering emphasis) say is the difference?

Second W. I. M. When the House of Commons brings anything in, it's a Bill, and when the House of Lords does it, it's an Act. Pay up!

First W. I. M. Not I. That's precisely what I meant, only you wouldn't give me time to say it. Why, that's the A B C of politics.

Second W. I. M. Seems to take a lot of learning, anyway.

Inquirer (returning to his point). But look here. What have they brought the Parish Councils Bill in for? I thought we'd all got County Councils all over the place.

First W. I. M. (slapping him warmly on the back). My dear chap, you've just hit the nail plumb on the right head. That's what I've said all along. The whole country's being simply ruined with all these blessed Councils. Every man will have to be his own Council before long, if they go on making Councils at this rate.

Second W. I. M. Well, anyhow, your beautiful Conservative Government, that you were so dashed proud of, started the business.

First W. I. M. (indignantly). I deny it.

Second W. I. M. Deny away. Perhaps you'll tell me that Lord BEACONSFIELD didn't set the County Councils going?

First W. I. M. Ah, but those were quite different County Councils. Why, they weren't even called Councils; they were called Boards.

Second W. I. M. They may have been called Boards, but they're called Councils now, and that's enough for me. Anyhow, don't you see (furtively consults newspaper and quotes) that "Parish Councils are the logical and necessary development of the scheme of County Government left imperfect by the Conservatives"?

First W. I. M. No, I don't see it at all.

Second W. I. M. Well, then, how do you propose to root the agricultural population in the soil? You must admit—

First W. I. M. I don't admit anything—at least, I won't until you tell me how a Parish Council is going to root anybody, let alone an agricultural labourer, in anything. There's too much molly-coddling of these agricultural labourers, that's what I say.

Second W. I. M. (doggedly). You're always talking about agricultural depression and hard times for those that live on the land, and you won't lift a finger to help them when you get the chance. If we give these chaps Parish Councils, they can all get allotments, and then of course (quotes again) "we shall multiply the productive power of the land tenfold."

First W. I. M. What have allotments got to do with Parish Councils?

Second W. I. M. Everything.

First W. I. M. (triumphant). Then how do you account for my Uncle's coachman having an allotment at this very moment? He's had it for years, long before anybody even heard of Parish Councils.

Second W. I. M. That exactly proves my point. It's just because he isn't an agricultural labourer that he's been able to get it. What we want to do is to level up.

Inquirer. But there aren't any agricultural labourers in my parish; at least, I never heard of any. How are they going to manage about that?

Second W. I. M. They'll send you some from somewhere else. That's what they call migration.

Inquirer. I thought birds did that.

[Terminus.]

BEFORE THE PRIVATE VIEW.

(A Modern Dialogue.)

SCENE—Lady HAY's Boudoir. Lady HAY and Miss BEE discovered sipping five o'clock tea.

Miss Bee (sympathetically). I am so sorry, dearest, that you have sprained your ankle. And is it quite out of the question to come on Friday to Burlington House?

Lady Hay. Quite, dearest. Dr. KEELEY DODGE says I shall be laid up the whole Season if I move a step before Monday. So you will tell me all about the Royal Academy Private View, now won't you?

Miss Bee. Of course I will do my best; but you know my forte is not description. What do you want to know?

Lady Hay. Why, of course, who were there, and what they said, and (most important of all) what they wore. I hope, dear, you will notice if they are wearing any of the new-fashioned bonnets, and if hats are going out.

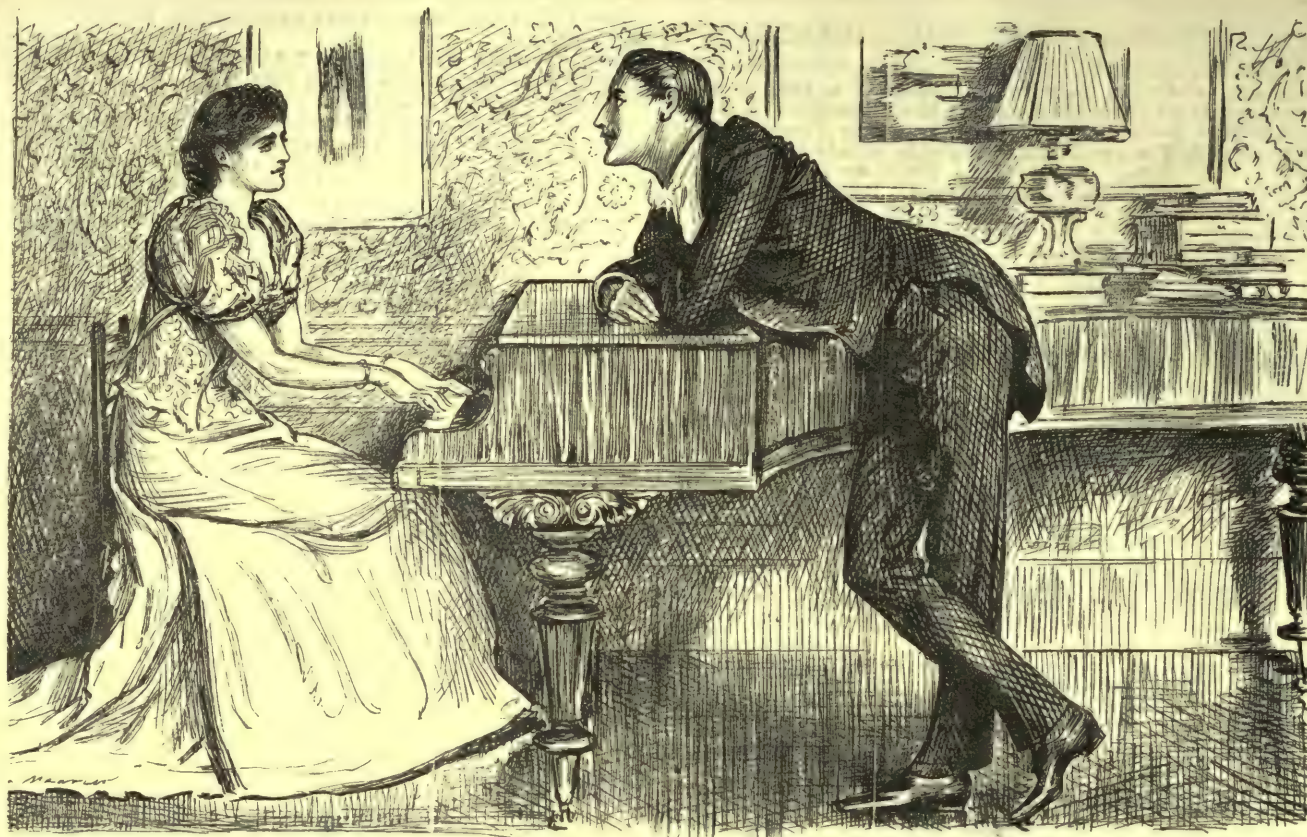
Miss Bee. You may rely upon me, darling. *Lady Hay.* And mind you get at the last bit of scandal. There ought to be plenty about, now that people have come back from the Riviera. But, my dear, you know exactly what I should like, so it is useless to prompt you. I leave everything to your discretion.

Miss Bee. Quite so, darling. (After a pause.) I thought I had forgotten something—how about the paintings?

Lady Hay. Oh, never mind them! They will keep until another occasion! [And as they will, Scene closes in on the Pictures.]



Private View.



GROVES OF BLARNEY.

"AND IT'S A PERFECT MIRACLE THE SOUNDS YE MANAGE TO EXTRACT FROM THAT OLD TIN KETTLE. MISS CECILIA; SURE WE DON'T HEAR THE DUMB NOTES AT ALL!"

LIBERTY LOQUITUR.

["I am persuaded that the true interests of the entire working-classes of this country are bound up with respect for individual freedom, and that to overlook it, or to bring the smallest interference in restriction of it, unless under absolute necessity, would be a sad mistake upon the part of the working-classes."—*Mr. Gladstone to the Deputation of Miners from Durham and Northumberland.*]

I STAND between you—Capital and Labour,—
And each of you invokes my "sacred name."

Sacred! Were love of freedom and one's neighbour

Coöperant, claim would not conflict with claim. [kindly;

But heed my words, outspoken yet meant I suffer whilst ye stone each other blindly.

Solicitous—in speech—of my intactness,
Ye damage and deface me in your strife.
Your aims, expressed with full and fair exactness.

Mean fratricidal strife, war to the knife.
Encounter hot, and fierce retaliation
Must vainly prate about conciliation.

Union is strength; but banded for oppression
Toilers are tyrants, and employers—knaves.
Plain speech! Monopolist wealth in high possession [slaves.

Treated its scattered thralls as serfs and
And now the lesson of the scourge and fetter
Emanipated toil would learn—and better.

Divide and govern! That, beneath all glo-
sing [still;
About Free Labour, is Wealth's motto

Ingenious fudge on shallow wits imposing,
On banded Labour to impose its will,
Capital needs (and lauds) Labour unbanded.
The Many-headed dreads the Many-handed!

But set one half his hands against the other,
And e'en Briareus may be safely tackled.
Whilst "Unionist" is foiled by "Blackleg"
brother,

Labour fights Capital with limbs half shackled.

Hence Federations chant, in sweet commun-
nion,

Hymns to the blessed Liberty of non-Union!

And Labour, which loves Liberty—of
striking,

Hates "Blackleg" freedom with a furious
hate.

"Make all men do according to my liking!"
Seems now the cry all round us in the
State.

Monopolist, Miner, Temperance fanatic,
All crave compulsion with a force emphatic.

But Legal Eight Hours Day, or Local Veto,
"Blackleg" suppression, Anti-Union law,
Mean "make the others to myself say
ditto!"

"Restriction" is the newest ass's-jaw
For slaying all our foes, from Wealth to
Drink, [think.

Hailed with applause, save by the few who

If from proved ill to legal prohibition
Were step as plain and proper as some
deem,

To diagnose (and cure) the State's condition
Were easy as some Socialistic dream.

But Looking Backward—or e'en forward—'s
found

Poor substitute for wisdom's look all round.

Labour, you would be free to fix your wages;
Capital, you'd be free to pick your men:
Love of free Union the one's tongue engages,
Love of free "Knobsticks" fires the
other's pen;

But love of Freedom for her own fair self,—
How much of it moves Poverty or Pelf?

Eight hours in the dark coal-seam, good
friend Labour,

Humanity admits more than enough.
But fix it so, whilst neighbour wars with
neighbour, [tough

And mine with mine about it? Task too
Too desperate dilemma, for a Statesman,
Why you can't settle it with your own mates,
man!

Capital, does your passion for Toil's Freedom
Mean much more than desire to smash
Toil's Union?

He sells his birthright for the mess of Edom,
The "Blackleg" ESAY selling Work's
communion [strong,

Into the bonds of Wealth, well knit and
His comrades say. Are they entirely wrong?

Thus Individual Freedom suffers scath
On all sides. Can you plead Necessity's
fiat? [faith,

For me you boast your love, proclaim your
But, battered by the missiles you let fly at
Each other, I with ROLAND, cry in shame,
What tyrannous things are done in Freedom's
name!



TAKING A "BREATH."

GRAND OLD MINER. "DON'T KNOW HOW I SHOULD GET THROUGH WITH MY WORK, IF I WERE TIED DOWN TO EIGHT HOURS A DAY!"



FALBULOUS!

DR. FALB, of Vienna, knows when earthquakes and eruptions are going to occur. Mr. MORLEY said, the other day, in the House of Commons, that the best way of treating a prophet was not to believe him; but this is rather difficult when the prophet happens to be right, as Dr. FALB generally is. For example, he predicted the last terrible earthquake at Zante, which only came one day before it was due. Dr. FALB has been interviewed about how he does it,—or perhaps it would be more appropriate to say, that he has been subjected to some mild “Heckling”—and he appears to hold that it is the action of the Moon on the tides which is responsible. In support of his theory it has been noticed that it is quite a custom of the people at Zante, after their houses have fallen in on their heads, to observe—“That was a tidy shock!” These predictions should help them to tide over the periods of danger.

COURT OUT!

WHAT is an “Original Farcical Romance”? The immediate reply is that *The Amazons*, by Mr. PINERO, is a specimen of the genus. To see *The Amazons* ought to supply the terms of the required definition. I have seen it, and yet the definition does not satisfy me. “Original”? Well—more or less; but to use old materials in a novel manner is quite enough for originality. The girl brought up as a boy is not absolutely new or original, *vide Tom Noddy's Secret*, and multiply the heroine of that farce by three. The three men hunting



One of the Points of the Piece. The Queen of the Amazons gets the Needle.

after the three girls and obtaining access to them at school—substituting, in this case, home for school, and a mother for a school-mistress—is not absolutely new or original; but, again, what matters this to anyone, so long as the new shape given to the old material is genuinely amusing? So “farcical” goes with “original.” But now, as to its being a “Romance? Would not the term “burlesque” be a better term than “Farcical Romance?” The characters of the three adventurous lovers are not less burlesque than were those of the three Knights in ALBERT SMITH’S romantic Extravaganza, *The Alhambra*, played then by ALFRED WIGAN, and Mr. and Mrs. KEeley. So if I may take it that “Farcical Romance” is only a way out of describing the piece as “burlesque,” then I know how to class it, and what to expect. Now I must own

that my puzzlement is due to my own fault, for it so chanced that I did not look at the author’s description of his play until after leaving the theatre. I thought I was seeing something that was intended to be as broad a farce as *Bébé*, *alias Betsy*, but I soon found that, whatever it might be, it wasn’t this. It is capitably acted by all, but especially, on “the Spear Side,” by Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH and F. KERR, the former as an effeminate Earl, and the latter as a manly Viscount. But, even from a burlesque point of view, Mr. ELLIOT overdoes the Frenchman, a part which belongs to a stage-family of Frenchmen, of which, in former times, ALFRED WIGAN was the best representative; and, later, Mons. MARIUS, who, as the French sporting nobleman, in *Family Ties*, in love with an English “Mees,” and so proud of his English slang, was simply the character to the life, without any more exaggeration than was artistically necessary. On “the Spindle Side,” Miss LILY HANBURY looks handsome, and is generally fairly well-suited; Miss PATTIE BROWNE has the most difficult part of the three, and it is not to be wondered at if she a bit out-tommies *Tommy*. Miss ELLALINE TERRIS looks, acts, and sings charmingly as *Lady Wilhelmina*, and Miss CALDWELL gives a good touch of low comedy to “the Sergeant.”

The places where the fun comes in, as it does occasionally, and is therefore the more precious, are chiefly with WEEDON GROSSMITH, and in the scenes between Mr. F. KERR and Miss HANBURY. The piece is not up to the former “screamers,” such as *Dandy Dick*, *The Magistrate*, and *My Aunt*, or whatever was the title of the farce in which Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH played the part of Mrs. JOHN WOOD’S solicitor. The scenery by Mr. HALL is Hall good, specially the woodland scene in Overcote Park.



“We loathe Music.”

“MUCH ADO ABOUT NIL.”—Were the Temporal Power in existence, the LORD MAYOR, in proposing the toast of the POPE before that of the QUEEN, would have been guilty of a blunder, and we all know, on TALLEYRAND’S authority, how far worse is a blunder than a crime. But the POPE, being no longer “two single gentlemen rolled into one,” but simply, as it might be set down in a Play-bill of *Dramatis Personæ*, “First Bishop,” and also, by his own style and title, “*Servus Servorum*,” the health of His Holiness (which is uncommonly good) might, in British Dominions, be introduced after that of the QUEEN and Royal Family, and could be fitted into Church and State as neatly as possible, that is, where such a toast is a necessity of the entertainment. But the stupidity of the incident has been surpassed by the idiocy of the notice taken of it, and, for the sake of the common sense of the Common Council, it is to be hoped that a large majority will be on the side of Alderman and Sheriff RENALS, and refuse to toast the LORD MAYOR on the Gridiron of LAWRENCE.

DRURY LANE OPERA RECORD.—*Bohemian Girl* going strong, *Cavalleria Rusticana* still the attraction. “Happy Thought” (*vide DRURIOLANUS’S Diary*)—“Revive *La Juive*.” Done it’ and done it well. GIANNINI, as *Eleazaro*, excellent. *Rachele* not up to RACHEL in acting (for those who may remember that *tragédienne*), but Mlle. GHERLSEN, representing the Jew’s daughter, does what the great RACHEL could not do, that is, sing. *La Juive* will be given during the Covent Garden season; so these performances may be considered as very superior rehearsals. *Carmen* on Thursday, instead of *Il Trovatore*,—the *Trovatore* being *Il*, couldn’t appear. With all due sympathy and respect for *Trovatore*, *Carmen* was gratefully received. Signor PIGNALOSA, as the *Toréador*, very good, and obtained his *encore*; so this *Toréador* was “contento.” Mlle. GUERCIA was a fascinating *Carmen*, and what is any *Carmen* if not fascinating?



TAKEN IN, BUT NOT DONE FOR.

(Overflow Letters, probably originally intended for a Contemporary.)

SIR,—No doubt you have seen in the papers recently a number of letters, giving accounts of the stoppage of cabs by well-dressed young men, who, after heartily greeting the occupants, have asked for the loan of a sovereign. The other day something of the same sort occurred to me. I got into an omnibus, when a man, purporting to be a Conductor, asked me for my fare. I replied that I would pay him later on. He then proceeded to mount to the roof, apparently to collect other money, when I quickly descended. I firmly believe that, had I not acted promptly, I should have been defrauded of three-pence. Believe me, yours, &c.,
VIGILANT.

SIR,—I think you should know the last dodge. I was walking home from a rather heavy dinner the other evening, when I came across a man exactly like myself. He might have been my twin brother. He didn't say anything, but put out his hand towards me as if asking for alms. Of course I refused, as I could see that the man was drunk. A little later I was escorted home by a policeman. The next morning, when I got to the spot where I had been accosted by this silently-begging stranger, I found



(H)ART-TEACHING IN A NUTSHELL.

Cockney Art-Teacher (to ambitious Amateur, who rather fancies himself, but has come for a few "Finishing" Lessons). "Now, YER KNOW, WHAT I SAY IS, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE A ARTIST, YER SHOULD TRY TO MIKE IT SOMETHING LIKE!"

a looking-glass. The police say they have the matter in hand, but they do not see much prospect of finding the original.—T. O'BACCUS.

SIR,—As a warning to the less wary, I beg to send you the following particulars:—A short time ago I met at a Charity Banquet an Alderman who was apparently a most excellent gentleman; and I lay a stress upon this fact to show how deceptive are appearances. After the speeches, my City friend said he would like to subscribe to the benefaction. He asked me if I had change for a five-pound note. I replied I had only four pounds. He said that that would do, and that I could forward him the additional sovereign at my leisure. I then handed over the quartette of golden coins in exchange for his bank-note. Immediately afterwards I quitted the apartment to ascertain if the note was genuine. I have not seen the Alderman since. I may add that although I believe the draft a forgery, I have received its full alleged value from the Bank of England.
CAUTION.

THE TWO HENRIES.—Congratulations to Sir HENRY ISAACS. The other Sir HENRY, which his name is HAWKINS, the Judge, observed that he had "a conviction that the case against Sir H. ISAACS ought not to go to a jury." So one HENRY had a conviction, and the other hadn't.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 17.—LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN dropped in to pass time of day with SPEAKER. Accompanied by a score of his merry Councilmen, arrayed in scarlet cloaks trimmed with costly furs. Made ordinary Members in black coats feel very small. T. D. SULLIVAN, the Bard of Erin, long known at Westminster, is also Member of Dublin Corporation. Brought over his scarlet robes; took his seat within the Bar; other Members of Corporation, of course, kept outside sacred precincts. Some little disturbance at door when LORD MAYOR arrived in procession, preceded by Mace, and accompanied by Sword-Bearer. These wanted to enter House, and support his Lordship as he stood at Bar in alien assembly. "You enter only across my body," said the Serjeant-at-Arms, lightly, but firmly, touching the hilt of his terrible brand.

A moment's awful pause. The sword brought over from Ireland would, in weight and cubic capacity, have made ten of the rapier to which ESKINE of Cardross had significantly called attention. When, later, it peacefully rested behind doorkeeper's chair, its mighty hilt rose above topmost height like the cross on a cathedral spire. Sword-Bearer looked at LORD MAYOR; Mace-Bearer grasped with both hands shaft of his ponderous weapon. Both warriors accustomed to public meetings in Dublin; knew what was expected of them by way of argument. LORD MAYOR happily in placable mood. Readjusting around his neck the collar of gold (the very one "MALACHI won from the proud Invader"), he bowed his head; Mace and Sword were deposited behind doorkeeper's chair, and his Lordship strode in, escorted by the crimson-gowned, fur-betrimmed City Fathers.

LORD MAYOR, supported on either side by a stately Alderman, stood at Bar holding what at first sight looked like a shillelagh.

"What have you there, my LORD MAYOR of DUBLIN?" asked the SPEAKER, in tones so stern they made the sword rattle in the scabbard on the other side of the closed door.

Nothing escapes SPEAKER'S Eye when he pleases to bring it to bear on a particular focus. Had seen the implement in LORD MAYOR'S hand; insisted upon knowing all about it before proceedings went further. Turned out to be nothing more dangerous than petition from Corporation of Dublin in favour of Home-Rule Bill. SPEAKER, instantly mollified, allowed it to be read; after which LORD MAYOR, bowing, retired; Mace and Sword found all right, and possession resumed. As the thin red streak filed out of doorway, T. D. S. still lingering in seat by Cross Benches, said, as he looked admiringly upon the befurred crimson robes, "Reminds me, TOBY, of a line from GOLDSMITH. You remember it in *The Deserted Village*?

'With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay.'

Business done.—Eighth Night Debate on Home-Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—Found VICARY GIBBS (well-known firm, SONS AND ANTHONY GIBBS, of the City and the Universe) rather in dumps to-night. Been a burglar at family mansion in Regent's Park; the Firm at dinner; Sons standing a little meal for ANTHONY; burglar took opportunity of entering by bedroom window, first observing precaution of screwing up doors, and other entrances and exits, so that he might pursue his vocation with that certainty of non-disturbance upon which all well-bred burglars insist. Loot considerable, Providence blessing the burglar with tea-pots and spoons to extent that would have excited envy in heart of HANS BREITMANN.

"Well, cheer up," I said to young VICARY; "awkward, of course, to lose this property; some of it, probably, heirlooms; at least, there was no bloodshed. You should be thankful for that."

"Not at all," said VICARY, the light of Ulster battle ditches flaming



THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP.

in his eyes. "I should like to have shed some myself. But it isn't that, nor is it the material jewels whose disappearance I lament. They are things that are bought and sold; they may be replaced. Fact is, old friend" (hate to see a strong young man sobbing), "there was more than that."

"I didn't see anything else mentioned in the papers," I remarked.

"No; we resolved to bear our burden among ourselves. I don't mind telling you, that beside the brooches, bracelets, chains, rings, and other things of that sort, the fellows stole the notes I had made for speech on Home-Rule Bill. Been here night after night since

beat record; did it, talking for two hours and half by Westminster clock! Had an hour and a half served, speech would have been worthy to rank with those of ASQUITH, JOHN REDMOND, and DAVITT. As it is, case one of oratorical suicide. CARSON followed; quite moderate by comparison. Spoke for little over an hour. When he sat down, it was after eight o'clock; more than one-half of possible length of sitting exhausted: only two Members taken part in Debate.

"Debate d'ye call it," said LORD MORRIS, looking on from the Peers' Gallery. "It's preaching rather—pragmatical prosing, the death of useful Parliamentary discussion."



THE PARLIAMENTARY POLKA. "PAIRS, PLEASE!"

debate opened, sitting patiently waiting to catch SPEAKER's eye. Have given up my dinner and other evening delights; night after night SPEAKER has passed me over. I waited on; everything has its compensations; the enforced delay proved invaluable, as supplying opportunity for improving original draft of speech. As I sat and listened, great thoughts surged through my mind; happy illustrations flashed upon me; irresistible arguments were slowly moulded. Jotted 'em all down. Notes getting, perhaps, a little long; couldn't have managed to work them off in less than two hours: but House would, I know, have suffered gladly for that time, or even longer. An audience that has survived two hours of ASHMEAD BARTLETT (Knight) is not disposed to mince matters. Last night resolved to get it over: told PRINCE ARTHUR to tell AKERS-DOUGLAS to arrange with SPEAKER to call me as near ten o'clock as possible. Went home for slight repast; placed notes of speech on dressing-table; thought with passing pleasure of the policeman we have kept these thirty years perambulating St. Dunstan's in view of possible burglar, and went to dinner. When I tripped upstairs, meaning to go down to House, found notes gone, and, incidentally, £2000 worth of jewellery. I won't disguise from you, TOBY old man, my private conviction that the whole thing was a plant. Mr. GLADSTONE's at the bottom of it!"

Business done.—Ninth Night Debate on Home-Rule Bill.

Thursday.—SEXTON made five speeches to-night, each sufficient of itself to lay foundation of parliamentary reputation. Had he spread them over the Session, or even distributed them throughout a month, would have scored great success. Unhappily worked them all off at single sitting, without other interval than succession of long pauses, arbitrarily introduced. Fancy he felt he must do something to maintain ancient reputation. GRANDOLPH and JOHN MORLEY spoke for two hours each, whilst few, having caught SPEAKER's eye, let go under ninety minutes. SEXTON must needs

House left in almost comatose state. Someone faintly moved Count; MARJORIBANKS, who had not suffered the four hours' talk, and who, by comparison with rest, seemed supernaturally active, managed to bring in what was left of forty Members, and conversation drowsily proceeded to appointed hour of closing. *Business done.*—Eleventh Night.

Scheherazade. "And so, my Lord, he drew his scimitar, and was about to— But excuse me, Sultan, I observe, through the oriel window, something that looks remarkably like the streak of dawn, and, if you don't mind, I'll continue the story to-morrow night."

Schahriah, Sultan of Persia. "Thank you, no, my dear. I have some dim recollection that, in a former state, this sort of thing went on for a Thousand and One Nights, ending in the most agreeable manner to the principal personages concerned. But that, you will admit, was in other circumstances. The world, and we, were younger then. Eleven nights of this is enough for me, and, if you would be so good as to step into the next room, I will give instructions for your being—excuse this yawn—bowstrung."

(Extracted from "The Newest Arabian Nights.")

Saturday, 1 15 A.M.—Members streaming back from Division Lobby; Mr. G. down on stroke of One o'clock; splendid speech—a mental and physical



Demon-Trap for Reporters.

miracle; for little over an hour he entranced an audience still suffering from two hours of HENRY JAMES, throughout which the eminent jurist sank below lowest level hitherto known of his Parliamentary capacity. PRINCE ARTHUR at his best; in brisk fighting mood; hitting out right and left; stirring TIM HEALY's soul with surging desire to get up and reply. No opportunity, so TIM snapped at him across Gangway. PRINCE ARTHUR cutting back with ever-smiling face. When, just now, Mr. G. walked in from Division Lobby, Liberals and Irish Members leaped to their feet, welcoming him with waving hats, and strident cheers. A moving scene, introducing announcement that, in House of 651 Members, every absentee accounted for, Ministerial majority ran up to 43. *Business done.*—Home-Rule Bill read Second Time.

A PATHETIC LAMENT.

(Respectfully addressed to one of the Promoters of the Anti-Advertisement League by a Repentant Subscriber.)

I.
BEING gifted with decent taste and a sensitive eye,
I have never been much beguiled

By advertisements,
crude in colour,
and ten feet high
(Which, in fact, I
rather reviled);
And, as for gigantic
signs swinging up
in the sky—
They drove me perfectly wild!

II.
Then the lurid posters
on piling and
chimney-stack
Were the terror of
every town—
Till a League was
started by Mr.
WILLIAM BLACK
For the purpose of
putting them
down;
And the sympathetic
invited its efforts
to back
With an annual half-
a-crown.

III.
So I cheerfully paid the
fee, and my name
was enrolled,
And a solemn oath I
swore;
(As is usual on such
occasions, — or so
I'm told)
That, in future, no
shop or store
Which aggressively
advertised any
article sold
I would patronise any
more!

IV.
But that mad rash oath
I recall with a vain
regret,
As I brood in bitter
complaint,
On the number of useful
things that I'm
dying to get—
And my conscience
tells me I mayn't!
As their various virtues
are vaunted in
letters of jet,
Or gaudier gilding
and paint!

V.
I should like to be clean
if I could—but I
cannot cope,

Without saponaceous aid,
With a shower of London smuts—and I'm losing hope,
Getting daily a dingier shade,
In a futile search for a genuine Toilet-soap
That has shunned meretricious parade!

VI.
My villa would be—when it's furnished—the cosiest nest,
But I fear it is doomed to be bare;

For upholsterers' puffs
are now a persistent
pest,
And so shamelessly
each will declare
His "Elegant Dining
and Drawing-room
suites" are the
"cheapest and
best"—
That I daren't choose
so much as a chair!

VII.
I would fly to the Ocean
shore, or the Conti-
nent, [accurst;
To escape from a lot
But here, by my own
parole, I'm a pris-
oner pent!
I must find a Com-
pany first
That doesn't resort to
obtrusive advertise-
ment—
And the Railway ones
are the worst!

VIII.
And now I'm develop-
ing symptoms of
bodily ills,
But, however san-
guine I've felt,
Of a cure from So-and-
So's Syrup, Elixir,
or Pills,
Or his Neuro-magne-
tic Belt—
Can I buy, when their
fame is based on a
stratum of bills
Down every area
dealt?

IX.
And even my path to a
tranquil tomb is
barred
While that oath con-
tinues to bind;
For a coffin and funeral
car will be some-
what hard
For a faithful
adherent to find—
When already each
undertaker has left
a card
With his terms and
"inquiries kind"!

X.
Soyousee, Mr. WILLIAM
BLACK, what a mess
I've made!

And you'll own my dilemmas are due
To the oath which I took when I followed your precious crusade.
If its terms were drafted by you,
You may know some ingenious means their effect to evade—
Kindly drop me a line if you do!



TO BLACKHAMS BOYS.

(The Australian Cricketers have arrived in England.)

WELCOME, JOHN MCCATTHY BLACKHAM,
And his boys! 'Tis safe to back 'em,
GIBBEN, BANNELMAN, and TURNER,
To teach BULL a cheerful learner!

Austral Cricket "up to date."
BRUCE and TRUMBLE—rather late—
Owing to Lutetia's charms!
Soon will join their chums in arms.
LYONS and M'LEOB are ready;
Dashing GEORGE and ALEC steady,
And the others, prompt to pitch 'em
(Stumps) on the old sward at Mitcham.

Punch will wish you all fair weather,
And fair luck! Now, all together!!!
May we meet 'em oft—and whack 'em
Fairly—these brave boys of BLACKHAM!

HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED.—What is
wanted just now is a "J bez Corpus" Act.



"SCOT-FREE."

Sir Henry Hawkins (to Justice). "I CAN'T TOUCH THEM. IT'S TIME YOU DID!"

[See next page.]

AN AIRY NOTHING.—According to a Radical paper "the poor man's tobacco pays 10½d. in the shilling to taxation, while the rich man's cigar pays only ½d. in the shilling to taxation." This may be very true, but is the question worth discussing? It is sure to end in smoke!

HOW THEY ARE SERVED IN SERBIA.—Among some interesting items, a telegram informed us how "the Young King presided

at a Council of Ministers. The ceremonial is the same as during his father's time, only two guards stand at the door, and *refreshments are handed round at short intervals.*" The italics are ours. Rather! What a pleasant Cabinet Council. Why isn't the convivial plan adopted here? Mr. G., in the chair, would knock the table with the hammer every ten minutes and call out, "Give your orders, Gents! the Waiter's in the room!" A real Harmonious Meeting.



"WITHOUT PREJUDICE."

Miss Jeannie (to Elderly Spinster). "I'M GLAD MAUD IS GOING TO BE MARRIED TO SIR GUY. I'M SURE THEY'LL BE HAPPY, THEY'RE SO WELL MATCHED!"

Elderly Spinster aforesaid (who has had her eye on Sir Guy for the last two years). "I DON'T AT ALL AGREE WITH YOU. SIR GUY WOULD HAVE DONE FAR BETTER TO HAVE CHOSEN ONE OF HIS OWN HEIGHT!"

THE FUTURE HOPED BY HAWKINS.

(A Cockney Carol by a cruelly-used Coster-Investor. With apologies to clever Albert Chevalier.)

"[I desire to express, and I cannot do it too strongly, that there is no credit to be attached to the conduct of the directors in this particular case. It would be more satisfactory to me if directors had a proper sense of their responsibility. It is a cruel thing that people should be deluded out of their savings by high-sounding names. At the same time, there is no criminal law which will punish a director who scandalously neglects his duty, though he takes his money. I think the law might well be altered."—Mr. Justice Hawkins.]

AIR.—"The Future Mrs. 'Awkins."

I'M done, my little doner! I'm jest about a goner!

My savings all U. P.!

You always said I shouldn't; but resist big names I couldn't,

No, they fairly nobbled me.

Now Mister Justice 'AWKINS, 'onest 'ENERY HAWKINS,

Some Directors' wool does comb.

So 'elp me bob, I'm crazy. I must ha' bin a daisy!

Won't it bust our 'umble ome!

(Spoken or sung.) Won't it!

O LIZER! Sweet LIZER!

If I die in the Big 'Ouse, I'll only 'ave myself to blame.

D'y'ear, LIZER? Dear LIZER!

Fancy me bein' nicked by a 'igh-soundin' name!

At their sly board-meetin's wot must be their greetin's!

Oh, they knows wot they're about!

The public tin they close up, at us turns their nose up—

Fox and Guinea-pigs—no doubt.

I likes their style, dear LIZER. Ain't it a surpiser?

Cop me on the 'op like this!!

Sure, I must be dreamin'! In my sleep start screamin'.

There, don't cry, old gal! Let's kiss!

(Spoken or sung.) Come now!

O LIZER! Dear LIZER!

If I lose yer luv by this I'll only 'ave myself to blame!

D'y'ear, LIZER? Dear LIZER!

'Onest 'ENERY 'AWKINS sez it's a dashed shame!

Hartful as a "bonnet," you depend upon it,

Mister Fox, with tail sly-curled!

Jest about the sweetest, neatest, and completest

Diddle in the wide, wide world.

Wot sez 'ENERY 'AWKINS, 'onest 'ENERY 'AWKINS?

Law wants alterin' right away.

P'raps it may be one day, but were it next Monday,

Me and you 'twould not repay!

(Spoken or sighed.) Would it?

O LIZER! Sweet LIZER!

Strikes me wot is called the Law is often fuss, and fraud, and fudge!

But dear LIZER! D'y'ear, LIZER?

Mister Justice 'AWKINS is a fust-class Judge!

QUERY AT SOME FASHIONABLE SEA-SIDE RESORT.—Do the unpleasant odours noticeable at certain times arise from the fact of the tide being high? If so, is the tide sometimes higher than usual, as the—ahem!—odours certainly are?

SHAKESPEARIAN QUESTION TO A COMPANY.—(To be replied to in the negative.)—"What, are you HANSARD yet?" (Mer. of Venice, iv., 1.)

SONG FOR AN EMPEROR AFTER A (FRIENDLY) VISIT TO CANOSSA.—"Be it ever so humbling, there's no place like Rome!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons. Monday, April 24.—House nearly Counted Out just now, although it's Budget Night and usual Resolutions not yet passed. Catastrophe averted and sitting continued. CHILDERS come back to old scene. Looking on from below Gallery, says it's the quietest Budget Night he remembers. Usually scene one of seething excitement. One or more Trades expect taxes affecting them will either go up or go down. Lobby besieged by anxious representatives. Nothing of the sort to-night. When SQUIRE of MALWOOD rose to expound his mystery, Benches not fuller than on ordinary night. Of those present there was no speculation in the eyes they turned upon the CHANCELLOR standing at table. The SQUIRE, a great Parliamentary artist, attuned voice and manner to prevailing tone; avoided anything approaching oratorical style; plain business statement to make; accomplished it in fine head-clerly manner.

An unflinching tradition about Budget Speech is that it shall contain at least one quotation from the Classics. Mr. G. from year to year observed this custom with splendid effect. LOWE'S *Ex luce lucellum* is famous in history; nearly became the epitaph of a Ministry; certainly was the funeral wail over a carefully-constructed Budget. The SQUIRE to-night felt bound to observe tradition; but in accordance with his nature did it modestly, adventuring nothing more recondite than citation of the familiar line that serves to mark WREN'S resting-place in Westminster Abbey. TOMMY BOWLES took opportunity of remarking that he was "disappointed with the Budget." This mental attitude, though not quite unexpected, threw fresh gloom over proceedings, and talk, reduced to whisper, finally died out.

Business done.—Budget brought in.

Tuesday.—The young men behind PRINCE ARTHUR out on the war path. "Tell you what," says LEIGH of Lyme; "let's have BRYCE'S scalp."

"By the Holy Roman Empire, yes!" cried GEORGE CURZON, to whom genial observation was addressed. "Let's get at him about his snubbing SEFFON, in matter of appointment of Lancashire County Magistrates. 'Twill serve a double debt to pay. We'll have a lark—*Quelles alouettes!*" as it is written in the French translation of *Great Expectations*, in the passage reporting conversation between Pip and Joe Gargery. Moreover than which, we'll put a spoke in business arrangements of Mr. G., and stave off Home Rule by so long."

"Be careful," said PRINCE ARTHUR; "ticklish subject, you know. They're sure to have HALSBURY up, and there unquestionably was a degree of monotony about his appointments to Commission of Peace."

"Oh, bother HALSBURY," said CURZON, to whom nothing is sacred. "He's used to it by this time. You know what happened to the viper who bit the Cappadocian's hide?—HALSBURY'S all right."

"Boys will be boys," said PRINCE ARTHUR, looking at them regretfully, and thinking of his own forty-five years. "But perhaps it will be just as well if I clear out;" which he did, and so missed a lively debate.

That Elderly Young Man, HANBURY, not in best form for such

operations. Lacks lightness of touch. HENRY JAMES also better out of it. Gave performance serious turn, when he declared that in borough of Bury BRYCE, as soon as he came into office, appointed eight Magistrates, all Liberals. That sounded very bad; Mr. G. looked serious; some disposition shown on Treasury Bench to draw apart from BRYCE. All very well to talk about HALSBURY'S goings on; but if this sort of thing done by Liberal purists, things seem rotten all round. When BRYCE came to reply, he quietly added to JAMES'S statement of case that, when he went to the Duchy, he found of eighteen Magistrates sixteen were Unionists, only two Liberals. He had, it is true, appointed six Liberals and two working-men, whose politics he did not know. Bury Bench, accordingly, now consisted of sixteen Unionists, eight Liberals, and two working-men. Members wondered if JAMES knew that when he made his statement? Hoped he didn't. All very well with wig and gown on,

and brief in hand; but House doesn't like this kind of thing in debate.

CURZON'S statement about sad condition of Magisterial Bench at Southport, owing to machinations of an iniquitous Chancellor of the Duchy, turned out to be not more completely based on fact than was JAMES'S. But difference of manner in dealing with case, everything. No one took CURZON seriously, and so no harm done. His explanation of preponderance of Conservative Magistrates on Lancashire Bench delightful. As good as some touches of DIZZY, of whose younger, lighter manner, he much reminded old-stagers. It was true, he admitted that, on Lancashire Bench, preponderance of Magistrates was with Conservatives. (Chancellor of Duchy gave figures as he found them arranged when he came into office. On the Borough Benches, 507 Unionists, against 159 Liberals; on the County Bench, 522 Unionists, against 142 Liberals, a proportion of nearly four to one.) But how had it been brought about? asked the Strayed Reveller from the Corea. "Why, it is because the disturbing, mischievous policy of the Right Hon. Gentleman opposite" (this with indignant sweep of the arm towards Mr. G., feigning sleep on the Treasury Bench) "has driven into the opposite ranks most of the intelligent, respectable men, from whom Justices are chosen."

On Division, Vote of Censure on BRYCE negated by 260 votes; against 186. "I'm not sure," said JOKIM, whose

views of humour are limited, "that, what I may call the gain of three hours lost, is worth the price paid; to wit, the opportunity given to BRYCE of disclosing the actual state of things in Lancashire in the matter of Magisterial Bench, and the consequent doubling of the Ministerial Majority."

"Well, as I remarked before," said PRINCE ARTHUR, who had come back for the Division, "Boys will be boys."

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill, with aid of Closure, read Second Time.

Thursday.—Pretty to watch Mr. G. struggling with feeling of expediency against temptation to make a speech. House in Committee on Budget Bill: JOKIM been discoursing at large on its proposals. Quite lively. SQUIRE of MALWOOD looked on listening with generous approval, albeit he was target for JOKIM'S jocularities. This time last year position reversed. It was he criticising JOKIM'S Budget. Now it was JOKIM'S turn, and the SQUIRE magnanimously stood the racket. Mr. G. sat by his side, an attentive listener,



"At the Sign of the 'Budget Shop.'"

evidently strongly drawn to join in the fray. But it was plainly the SQUIRE's show, and its direction must be left to him. When there followed long succession of eminent men discussing Budget, Mr. G. felt that if he remained any longer he must yield to temptation. Accordingly, withdrew from scene. Returned again an hour later; still harping on the Budget; the SQUIRE had spoken twice, and there seemed nothing to be done but to work off whatever remaining speeches had been prepared in Opposition camp.

DORINGTON dragged in case of farmer, and small landowner; conversation turned on Depression of Agriculture; the WOOLWICH INFANT presented himself to view of sympathetic House as specimen of what a man of ordinarily healthy habits might be brought to by necessity of paying Income-tax on the gross rental of house property. A procession of friends of the Agriculturist was closed by portly figure of CHAPLIN, another effective object-lesson suitable for illustration of lectures on Agricultural Depression. Mr. G., feeling there was no necessity for speech, had resolutely withstood the others. CHAPLIN at the table, proved irresistible. To him, CHAPLIN is embodiment of the heresy of Protection. Bi-metallism, and other emanations of the Evil One. When CHAPLIN sat down, PREMIER romped in, and, having delivered the inevitable speech, went off home, soothed, and satisfied.

Business done.—Budget Scheme passed through Committee.

Friday.—Almost forgot we still have House of Lords. Shall be reminded of their existence by-and-by. For the nonce, they are courteously quiescent, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. Just a little flare-up to-night. Ireland, of course; CAMPERDOWN wanting to know what about the Evicted Tenants Commission? Are the Government going to legislate upon it, or will they forbear? SELBORNE supernaturally solemn; dragged in JAMES THE SECOND as the nearest approach to any head of a Government quite so wicked as Mr. G. Lords much interested in this. Don't hear so much now of JAMES THE SECOND as we did when at school. The establishment of points of resemblance between Governments of his day and that presided over by Mr. G., a novelty in debate. Imparted to political controversy a freshness long lacking.

Just after seven, debate adjourned. For all practical purposes, it might as well have been concluded. But House doesn't get many opportunities of debate; not disposed riotously to quander this chance one.

Business done.—Commons had Morning Sitting; scrupulously devoted the last five minutes of it to public business.

OPERATIC NOTE.—There's not much magic about *The Magic Ring* at the Prince of Wales's under the Second Act, in which the extravagantly comic "business" of Messrs. MONKHOUSE and KAYE, the burlesque acting of Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN, and the comic trio dance between the two low comedians and the sprightly soprano, Miss MARIE HALTON, are worth the whole of Act I. When is burlesque not burlesque? When it is Comic Opera. Burlesque was reported dead. Not a bit of it, only smothered; and it may come up fresh for a long run, or at all events, "fit" for a good spurt.

Even the old-fashioned Toriest of Tory Farmers are longing, hoping, and even praying, for the downfall of the Rain. If we don't have it soon, and it may have arrived ere this appears, Marrowfats, as *articles de luxe*, will be "Peas at any price!"



MISPLACED MERRIMENT.

Irish Doctor (who was a great believer in a little "playful badinage"). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! AN' WHAT A TARRIBLE DEPRESSIN' SOIGHT YE 'VE GONE AN' MADE OV YERSILF! WHAT IS UT NOW, IS UT A 'TABLEAU VEEVANT' YE 'RE PLAYIN' AT, OR WHAT?"

[Further attendance dispensed with.]

PANEFUL!

It was the Palace of the Board,
The Board of London's Schooling,
Where Members lately have enjoyed
Some high artistic fooling.

"Oh, why"—hear Mr. COXHEAD plead,
In tones of sheer amazement—
"Do hideous faces wrought in glass
Stare down from every casement?"

Then up spake General MOBERLY,
The Board's supreme apologist,
And told them all the time of day
Like any good horologist.

"The Architect," quoth he, "had planned
To grave upon the panes
Portraits of bygone Classic wights,
Of British youth the banes.

"But as the Chairman of the Works'
Committee he had said,
That CICERO should be deposed,
And DIGGLE reign instead.

"To oust HERODOTUS would be
An inexpensive job,
And SOCRATES should be bowled out
By a seductive LOBB."

Further, he argued that it would
Only be right and manly
If ARCHIMEDES did resign
His pane to LYULPH STANLEY.

And out he brought his final word

Both modestly and soberly—
"I think that JULIUS CÆSAR might
Give place to General MOBERLY!"

O Boardmen, shall the little plan
Be thus allowed to pass?
It will, unless your Veto stop
This filling of the glass!

TO ZANTE.

(An Appeal. After E. A. Poe.)

"FAIR Isle, that from the fairest of all
flowers
Thy gentlest of all gentle names doth
take!"

How many memories of fierce seismic powers
At sight of thee, as now thou art, awake!

How many scenes of what departed bliss!
How many thoughts of what entombéd
hopes!

Did FALB foresee such ruinous wreck as
this?

No more sits Peace upon thy verdant
slopes!

Subscriptions! Ah, that magical sweet
sound

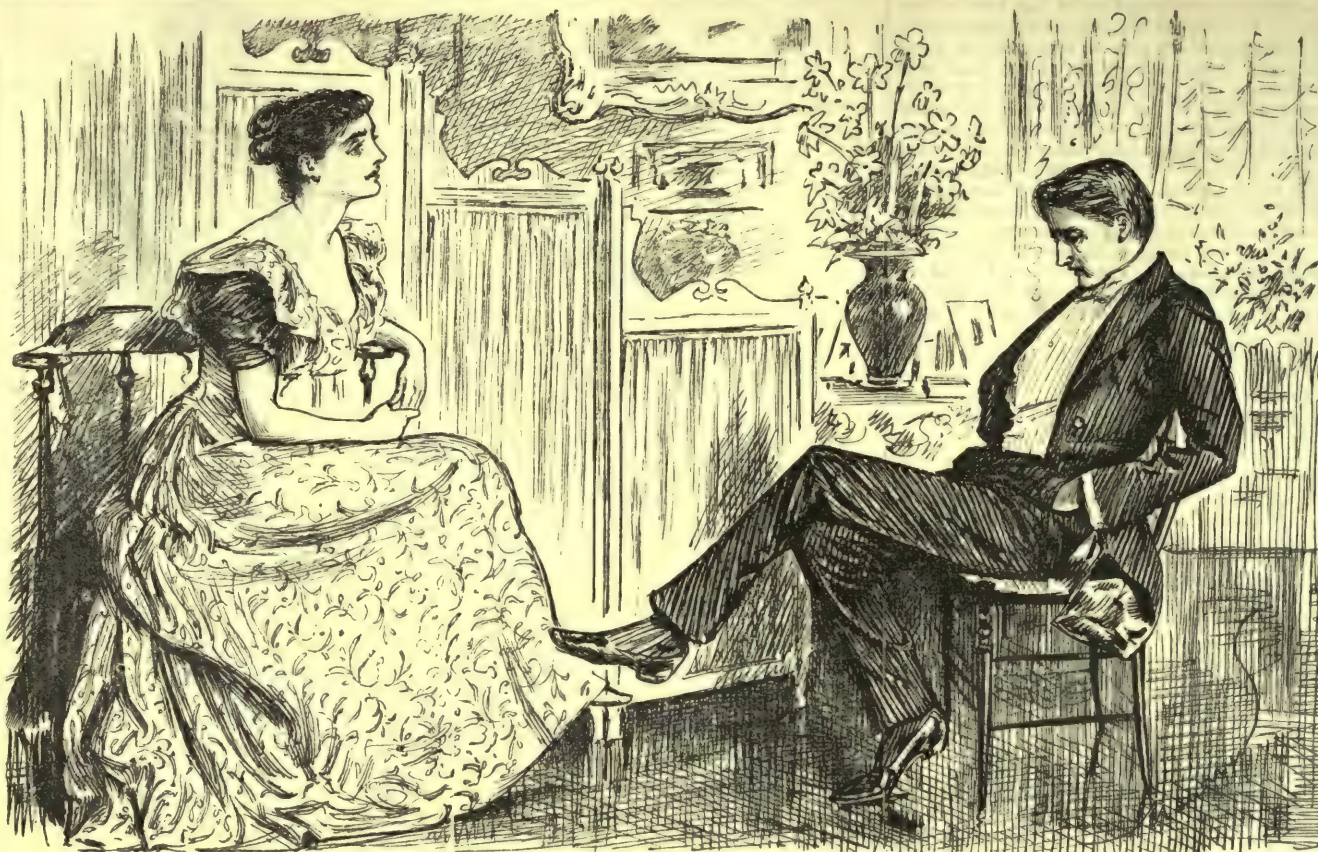
Appeals to all, or should appeal. More!
More!

Suffering demands still more! Charity's
ground

Punch now must hold thy flower-enamelled
shore,

O Hyacinthine Isle! O purple Zante!
"Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

NEW NAME FOR IT. (By a non-believer
in the much-talked-of — and talking-
"League.")—Imperial Fud-oration!



A LAMENT.

Little Simpkins. "NEARLY ALL OUR BEST MEN ARE DEAD! CARLYLE, TENNYSON, BROWNING, GEORGE ELIOT!—I'M NOT FEELING VERY WELL MYSELF!"

"IN THE KEY OF RUTHENE."

[The most gorgeous red yet discovered has lately been produced from the rare metal ruthenium.]

Who'll sell me a second-hand lyre and a plectrum,
Or (since it's the fashion) a mandoline?
Con amore I'd sing the new shade of the spectrum—
No spook, though it haunts me—its name is Ruthene.

Nay, don't be alarmed, for I'm no supersubtle
Decadent bard with an eye full of green;
I merely (to copy the late *Captain Cuttle*)
Am "making a note" in the key of Ruthene.

Well, *R*'s a red letter, you see its ray glow forth—
Look in your "die" if you doubt what I mean;
Red, rufous, rouge, ruddy, rose, russet, and so forth,
Have all rolling *r*'s like resplendent Ruthene.

More "clamant" than carmine, vermilion, orimson,
Costlier than diamond or ultramarine—
A deuce of a theme to chant lyrics or hymns on,
Or rummage for orotund "rot," is Ruthene.

Orange-hued are the Odalisque's henna-dyed fingers,
English girls' lips are encarnadine;
A rubicund flame round the toper's nose lingers—
But I'm blest if they rival the blush of Ruthene.

Pink huntsman, gules ensign, deep flush of the sunset,
Cardinal's scarlet, "red" gold have I seen,
With red ruin, red rhubarb, red herring—but none set
My iris afire as does red-hot Ruthene.

The quest, though, is simpler of Roc's egg or Sangreal,
Easier to fashion a flying machine,
Than for *my* Muse to fake up (forgive Cockney slang) real
Readable rhymes in praise of Ruthene.

THE SCOTTISH TREVELYANDERER.

(*Mr. Hozier's Version.*)

[Mr. HOZIER (on the Second Reading of the "Registration of Votes (Scotland) Amendment Bill") said, "the fame of Mr. GERRY, the Governor of Massachusetts, would sink into insignificance if this Bill were to pass. In future they would not talk of Gerrymandering, but of Trevelyandering. . . . Trevelyandering, however, was a game at which two could play; in fact, in the words of the poet, they might fairly say:—

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander,
And possibly two can Trevelyander!"]

AIR—"The British Grenadiers."

SOME talk of Gerrymander, and some of HERCHELLES,
Of HALSBURY and Mr. BRYCE, and such great names as these.
But of all the world's great jobbers (swears HOZIER) none compare
With the job, job, job, job, job, job, of the "Tre-vel-yan-der-er!"

GERRY, of Massachusetts, was smartish, for his time,
But HOZIER "goes one better." it moves his soul to rhyme.
Our Scottish Wegg (*sans* timber leg) drops into verse—though queer,
About the game—which two can play—of the "Tre-vel-yan-de-er!"

There's Jove, the god of thunder, and Mars, the god of war,
Brave Neptune, with his trident, but here's a greater, far!
HOZIER-Apollo now is seen descending from his sphere
To string betimes impromptu rhymes on the "Tre-vel-yan-de-er!"

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who, "dropping into poetry," leave lesser wits to prose,
And especially to HOZIER, who raised a ringing cheer,
By his doggerel delightful on the "Tre-vel-yan-de-er!"

MR. G. "SHADOWED."—Of course even Mr. G. cannot be "The Shadowless Man," except under the terms of that weird story, "which is impossible." The Police have arrived at one important point about the recently arrested TOWNSEND. They now say, "We know that man, he comes from Sheffield."



THE "POINT TO POINT RACE."

(OVER THE COMMITTEE COURSE.)

MR. JORROCKS-GLADSTONE (*log.*), "COME HUP! I SAY,—YOU HUGGLY BEAST!!"



A WORK OF-SOME IMPORTANCE.

"LET who will give me a plot, I will write their dialogue." (Extract from Uncommon-place Book of Mr. O. WILDE.) Now when the author of *A Woman of No Importance* and of *Lady Windermere's Fan* has to find his own materials for a plot ("Playwrights' materials for plots made up." *Idea for Literary and Dramatic Advertisement.* Note-book, O. W.)—well, he does find them, and makes them his own. ("Adoption not adaptation. A clear distinction.—N.B. I confer the 'distinction.'" O. W.) Certainly "Our O-CAR" possesses the happy knack of turning out some well-polished epigrams up to Drawing-room date. And so it happens that, during the first two Acts, when Mr. WILDE's *dramatis personæ* are all gathered together, with nothing to do and plenty to say, their conversation is light and airy, with an occasional sparkler coming out ("A summer night, with, at intervals, a brilliant meteor flashing through the sky." *Uncom. P. B., O. W.*), that crackles, goes pop like the weasel of the old song, and "then is heard no more," as was the case with *Macbeth's* poor player, and, as he was a poor player, his fate was not undeserved.—(Mem. "A Lady Nickleby or Duchesse de Malapropos, to misquote.—For example, she might say, as quoting Shakespeare, 'Life's but a walking candle.'" O. W.)

We all remember how poor Mr. Dick couldn't keep King Charles's Head out of his manuscript. The Author of *No Importance* is simi-

Miss ROSE LECLERCQ, the success is mainly due; and "for this relief much thanks." It is here and in the comedy characters of the Archdeacon (Mr. KEMBLE excellent in this) and of *Lady Caroline Pontefract* (who couldn't have a better representation than Miss LE THIÈRE) that Mr. O. WILDE shows what he can do as a writer of comedy, both in the quality of the material and its introduction at the right moment. ("The right speech at the wrong moment, or the wrong speech at the right moment, both are fatal. Thus is it that comedies become tragedies, and tragedies comedies." U. P. N. B., O. W.) At the Haymarket the "play's" not "the thing," it is the playing. ("Likewise the writing," O. W.)

However, it is not for the plot, or for the Bulwery-Lytton orations, or for the familiar melodramatic situations that audiences will seek the Haymarket. No, it will be to hear the Christy-Minstrel epigrammatic dialogue in the first two Acts, to laugh heartily at Miss LECLERCQ as *Lady Nickleby Hunstanton*, to smile on the Archdeacon and *Lady Caroline*, and to enjoy the first-rate acting all round.

MEMS. FROM THE O. W. UNCOMMONPLACE BOOK.

"Essentials for success of modern play are 'Latitude and Platitude.' First being risky is saved by second."

Receipt for Play-making.—First catch your epigrams: preserve



Massa Beerbones Lord Shillingworth.

Massa Johnson O'Wilde.

Dr. Proudie Komble of Barchester. Lady Nickleby Leclercq.

CHRISTY MINSTRELS OF NO IMPORTANCE.

larly affected. Left to himself for a plot, he cannot keep melodrama out of his play, and what ought to have been a comedy pure and simple (or the reverse) drops suddenly into old-fashioned theatrical melodrama. During the first two Acts *Lady Hunstanton*, *Lady Caroline Pontefract*, *Mrs. Allonby*, *Lord Illingworth*, *The Venerable James Duubeny, D.D.*, talk on pleasantly enough until interrupted by the sudden apparition of the aforesaid King Charles the First's Head, represented by the wearisome tirades, tawdry, cheap, and conventional, belonging to the Lytton-Bulwerian-Money period of the Drama, of which a considerable proportion falls to the share of the blameless Miss JULIA NEILSON, who, as *la belle Américaine*, HESTER WORSLEY, in her attitude towards her audience, resembles the blessed *Glendoveer*, inasmuch as it is "hers to talk, and ours to hear." Deeply, too, does everyone sympathise with lively Mrs. BERNARD BEERE, who, as *Mrs. Arbuthnot*, a sort of up-to-date *Mrs. Haller*, is condemned to do penance in a kind of magpie costume of black velvet, relieved by a dash of white, rather calling to mind the lady whom CHARLES DICKENS described as "*Hamlet's Aunt*" her funeral attire being relieved by a whitened face with tear-reddened eyes. It is these two characters, with *Gerald Arbuthnot*, Mr. FRED TERRY, who, like the three gruesome personages in *Don Giovanni*, will intrude themselves into what might have been a pleasant, interesting comedy of modern manners, if only it had had a good comedy plot.

Taken as a whole, the acting is admirable. Mr. TREE, as the titled cad, *Lord Illingworth*, is perfect in make-up and manner. Certainly one of the many best things he has done. It is a companion portrait to the other wicked nobleman in *The Dancing Girl*. ("There is another and a worse wicked nobleman." N. B., O. W.) But this is no fault, and indeed, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find fault with Mr. TREE's *Lord Illingworth*. Mrs. TREE, as *Mrs. Allonby*, is a very charming battledore in the game of repartee-shuttlecock, who with eight other principal characters in the piece, has nothing whatever to do with the plot. To the character of *Lady Hunstanton* as written in the *Mrs. Nickleby* vein, and as played by

them for use: serve with *sauce piquante un peu risquée* distributed impartially among a variety of non-essential *dramatis personæ*, invented for the purpose. Provide fine old crusted copybook moral sentiments, to suit *bourgeois* palate: throw in the safe situation of some one concealed, behind door or window, listening to private conversation. Add one well-tried effective dramatic situation to bring down curtain on penultimate Act, and there's a stage-dish to set before the appreciative B. P., if only it can be presented to them effectively garnished by a clever and popular Manager at a first-class theatre.

FLOWERS OF FASHION.

THE Botanical Afternoon Fête of last Wednesday was a brilliant gathering in brilliant weather. Privileged is "the Inner Circle" to have in its midst these lovely gardens. "The Flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la!" were all out uncommonly early—long before the earliest worm, which hasn't a chance against these very early risers. "All a-growing!" on the part of the flowers, and "all a-blowing" on the part of the Band of the Second Life Guards. Among the distinguished company present we noticed the Crimson Queen, looking immensely well, the blushing Duchess of ALBANY, the Duchesse de VALLOMBROSA, Admiral COUBBET, in a striking costume of "deep yellow splashed with red" (where *had* he been?), the Ladies DAPHNE PINK and CALLAS WHITE, and Maréchal NIEL. For "*Uriah Heep*," who "loves to be 'umble," a Silver Medal was awarded to Mr. PIKE. "The prize, that's my point," observed the sharp PIKE. Funny Fish PIKE.

A PENNY WISE.—The new import of the latest Budget may be aptly called "A Penny for your Thoughts," as no one pays a tax upon his income as it really exists, but as (for Income-tax assessment purposes) he believes it to be.

THE PICK OF THE R.A. PICTURES.



No. 37. The Knight of the Graceful Curve. See remarkable figure in George E. Robertson's picture.



No. 17. The Hare Apparent trying to study a part under considerable difficulties, as shown in Nos 18 and 19. (Vide Notes, p. 215.)



No. 220. Queen of Golf Clubs. "I'm going a golfing, Sir, she said. You see I've Gotch 'em in my hand." T. C. Gotch.



No. 159. Mr. Henry Irving in his Dressing-room studying a New Part. Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.



No. 470. Worse Halves coming Home. A Half-vest Scene. It is called "The Army of Peace," but it seems to be "An Army in Pieces." F. W. Loring.



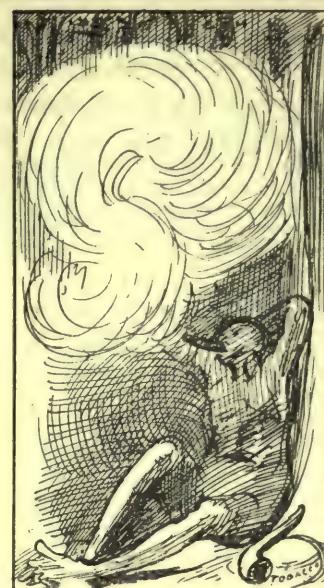
Nos. 586 (by Louis Falero), 590 (by St. George Hare), 591 (encore Falero). Awkward Position of an Unprofessional Sitter at a Studio when the Models have arrived, but the Artist hasn't yet turned up.



No. 217. The New Toy. Little Tottie's Mechanical Bird. Sir J. E. Millais, Bart., R.A.



No. 131. The Sea Serpent! Caught at last!! General rejoicings!!! Frank Dicksee, R.A.



No. 218. His First Cigar. G. F. Watts, R.A.

No. 18. *John Hare, Esq.*, as seen and painted by Sir JOHN E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A., "*The Hare Apparent*"—to every spectator. But what an unpleasant position! The eminent Actor is either studying a part, or has the Box-office account-book in his hand, and wants a quiet moment for serious thought or close calculation; and yet, in the next room to him (No. 19), one of Mr. ORCHARDSON'S young ladies is singing and playing a yellow chrome-atic scale, and in the room overhead (No. 17), Mr. NETTLESHIP'S tiger has broken loose, and is taking a bath. When rescued from these surroundings, this will remain at home a Hare-loominous picture for the family.

No. 28. "*Toe-Toe chez Ta-Ta.*" Miss TOETOE, in blue, at work and looking down, says to the other girl, TATA, who is maliciously smiling at her, "Oh dear! I do hope that no one will look at my right thumb or my toes! O Mr. WOODS, A., why was my right thumb left like this?"

No. 34. In this Mr. MORLEY FLETCHER shows us a Female Martyr in Tomartyr-coloured dress, preparatory to being taken off to the *Auto da fé*.

No. 45. "*An Undress Rehearsal.*" STUART G. DAVIS.

No. 49. "*On the Temple Steps.*" By JOHN GRIFFITHS. For years we've known that GRIFFITHS is "the safe man" to follow. But, unless this is a work of pure imagination, anyone well acquainted with the Temple Pier and the Temple Steps will naturally ask, "Where are the Steam-boats?"

Nos. 51, 52, and 53. The first is a Harmony in Sea by Mr. HENRY MOORE, A., and the second is Mr. MILLER'S—(WILLIAM not JOSEPH MILLER)—Colonel Hornsby-Drake. This Drake seems out of his element, as he ought to have been floating about with the wild fowl that belong naturally to the picture below.

Nos. 63—66.

"Four little whitey boys out for a run,
Ate early greeny food. Then there were none!"

Painted by AMY SAWYER. "Not a work of imagination, my dear little boys, because you were seen by AMY—that is, AMY saw yer!"

No. 70. *Study in Pâtisserie.* Design for a chocolate ornament covered with sugar. Recommended by Messrs. CLARK AND HAMILTON.

No. 71. *Lion in Desert.* Very tame. Mr. HERBERT DICKSEE.

No. 76. *The New Skirt Dance.* We strongly recommend the study of this picture to admirers of the "Skirt Dance." It shows how one of the male sex may attempt it—that is, according to the idea of the designer, HERBERT DICKSEE.



No. 375. Disturbed by Wopses. Arthur Hacker.

a Presbyterian "Elder" named "BUSH." But it isn't. Look at it. It is the sweetest, most natural, perfectest of charming "bits" of rural Nature in the whole show. There's no beating about this bush; in fact this Elder Bush is one that is very hard to beat.

No. 130. *His Grace the Duke of Devonshire.* Encore! Bravo, Mr. HUBERT HERKOMER. You're a-going it this year, you are, Sir! You've given the Duke all his Grace, and there's a kind of orange tint about him, which, just now, is not without its political signification.

No. 132. We must go to Kennington (T. B. KENNINGTON) to see "*The Queen of Love.*" She is sitting on a tiger's skin, and has her hand on the head of the savage beast, which shows its fangs. "A *fung-see* subject," says 'ARRY JOKER.

No. 158. *Honeymooners.* "Here we are again!" Same kind of Stone Fruit from MARCUS STONE, R.A. "Sparkles this Stone as it was wont!"—*Cymbeline*, ii., 4.

[To be continued in our next.

AMONG THE IMMORTALS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET LAST SATURDAY.—H.R.H. made one of his usually happy speeches; the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the Earl of ROSEBURY, and Lord HERSHELL represented the comedy element; while Lord KELVIN and Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN were perfect in what, theatrically speaking, is termed "the heavy lead;" and certainly their speeches were—ahem!—weighty. Pretty to note how His Scarlet-robed Eminence entered the room, not only with a grace all his own, but with His Grace of CANTERBURY as well. Never was the President, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, more effective in all his speeches, and especially when replying to the toast of "The Academy," where the perfection of his speech lay in the subtle concealment of its art, and in the genuine earnestness of his advice to students *urbis et orbi*.

SPORTING ANSWER (*Garden*).—TOTTIE: The flower you have forwarded to us is not a flower at all. It is an East African rhinoceros. We have returned it as requested, by parcel post.

ALL-A-BLOWING!

(A Cockney Pastoral in Spring time.)

WHO-O-O-F! It's hot amost as Summer-time; yet what a blessed breeze

Is a-whiffing round the corners, and a-whoostling through the trees! And the sunlight on the roof-slates, all aslant to the blue sky, Seems to twinkle like the latter in a pooty gurl's blue eye.

When you swing in the dance, and she feels you've got'er step:

And the trees—ah! bless their branches!—through the winter weeks they've slept,

When the worrying winds would let 'em, all as black and mum as mutes,

A-waiting for the blackbirds, with their calls like meller flutes. Just to whistle them awake like.

Oh! but now they stir and rouse Like a girl who has bin dreamin' of her lover in a drowse,

And wakes up to feel 'is kisses on 'er softly poutin' lips.

How they burst, all a-thirst for the April shower that drips

Tinkle-tink from leaf to leaf, washing every spraylet clean

From the sooty veil of London, which might dim the buddin' green

Of the pluckiest lime-tree, sproutin' o'er brown pales in a back-yard;

For these limes bud betimes, and they find it middlin' hard

To make way at windy corners, when the lamp as lights 'em through,

Like gold on green in pantomimes, is blown till it burns blue,

By the angry nor-east gusts.

But the nor-east wind to-day Is less like a rampin' lion than some new-born lamb at play.

Wy, the laylock's out aready, purplespires and creamy clumps.

Oh, that scent of shower-washed laylock! There's a somethin' in me jumps

As I ketch it round some corner, where the heart-shaped leaflets small

Cluster ap against the stucco, as they did about that wall.

Grey, and gritty, and glass-spiked, of our tumble-down old cot

Out Epping way, in boy-time long ago, and quite a lot

Of remembrances came crowding, like good ghostes, in that scent;

There's the mother's call to dinner, there's the landlord's call for rent!

And the call of the rooks,—and another call, fur off, Like a whisper from a grave-yard, green and silent.

At a Cockney's chat of laylocks. I could bury my old phiz In their crisp and nutty coolness, as I did when thirty Liz, My first sweetheart, sent me packing, one Spring mornin'—for a while—

And them blossoms cooled my anger—most as much as the arch Which won me back to wooin'.

Of yon tall, half bare acacia, pipes as if he'd never stop, Tryin' all his tunelets over, like a sort of talking flute:—
"Chip-chip! Tsee-tsee! Chu-chu! Chu-rook!" goes the bird of sable suit.

"We-know-it! We-know-it! We-know-it! Bring-the-whip!—the whip!—the whip!"

Chu-rook-chu-chu! Chu-rook-chu-chu! Tsee-tsee-chu-chu-chip-chip!!!"

So he pours his pantin' heart out in a song half tune, half patter, Like a meller music-haller of the tree tops!

That 'tis only London's outskirts, that I'm a poor Cockney cove, When this Wondrous Spring is on us? As my shallow on I shove, And blare out my "All-a-blowing, All-a-growing!" down the streets,

There's a something fresh and shining-like in every face I meets!

'Tis the Spring-love breaking through them! Wy, the very dirt looks clean

In the shimmer of the sunlight, and the shadow of the green.

All-a-blowing! All-a-growing!

When I shout, I seem to sing.

For my cry takes on a music.

It's the very Voice of Spring!



"MEAT FOR YOUR MASTER!"

"WE SHALL ONLY BE TWO TO-NIGHT, COOK—YOUR MASTER AND ME—SO ALL WE SHALL WANT WILL BE SOUP AND FISH AND LAMB AND ASPARAGUS, WITH A *SOUFFLÉ* TO FOLLOW, AND A LITTLE SWEET-BREAD AFTER THE FISH, YOU KNOW!"

"YES, MA'AM. AND FOR THE KITCHEN!"

"OH—WELL—THERE'S SOME OF THAT POTTED HAM STILL LEFT WE HAD FOR BREAKFAST YESTERDAY. IT'S JUST ON THE TURN, YOU KNOW, SO YOU MAY AS WELL FINISH IT DOWNSTAIRS. IT WILL DO VERY WELL FOR YOUR DINNER TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW YOU SHALL EACH HAVE AN EGG!"

But C. broke in; his hair was long, his eyes were very wild; He was in truth a strangely-garbed and most poetic child; Said he, "Your plays and novels may all be very well, But I've an epic poem here on *Happiness in Hell*."

And D., the pretty lyricist, he hummed and then he hawed, "I've half a hundred sonnets here to MABEL, MADGE, and MAUD. I'll read them first, and then I'll read"—the other three grew pale—"My last new book, *The Musings of a Town-bred Nightingale*."

And so they sat, and talked and talked, the argument waxed hot, For each one was a Genius born, and none would budge a jot. And till they settle who begins, and which of them shall yield, I fear the "dearth of Geniuses"—see speech—must hold the field.

"RATHER A LONG SHOT.—How to "attempt the life of the PREMIER." Discharge a revolver in the neighbourhood of Downing Street, and listen to the report in the evening papers.

THE DEARTH OF GENIUSES.

(Dedicated to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour.)

CRIED Genius A. to Genius B., "Let's summon Genius C.,

And, to make a *partie carrée*, we will call in Genius D."

And when they were assembled these solemn four sat down.

And they all read Mr. BALFOUR'S speech, and read it with a frown.

Said Genius A., "No Geniuses?

By Heaven, he's talking rot!"

And Genius B. replied thereto, "I can't say he is not."

And C. and D., the poets, who warble like the birds,

Agreed with Genius A. and B. in scorning BALFOUR'S words.

"A Genius *may* arise, he says; that's coming it too strong;

Why, dash it, I can count up three in prose and eke in song!"

Thus A. began; the three replied, "You're not an egoist;

You quite forgot to add yourself, and so complete the list."

"We'll prove it on the spot," declared dramatic Genius A.

"You three shall sit as judges, and I will read my play."

'Tis a drama of the passions, all strictly based on facts,

And they break the Decalogue to bits in five exhaustive Acts."

"That *might* be good," said B.; "but I've a little thing, I guess,

Which ought to take precedence, a novel in MS.;

With characters so deftly drawn in all their changing scenes,

That THACKERAY and DICKENS must be knocked to smithereens."

MIXED NOTIONS.

No. X.—THE BEHRING-SEA ARBITRATION.

(Scene and Persons as usual. The Conversation has already begun.)

First Well-Informed Man (concluding a tirade). — so what I want to know is this: are we or are we not to submit to the Yankees? It's all very well talking about Chicago Exhibitions and all that, but if they're going to capture our ships and prevent us killing seals, why, the sooner we tell 'em to go to blue blazes the better. And as for its being a *mare clausum*—



Inquirer (interrupting). Who was she? What's she got to do with it?

First W. I. M. (laughing vigorously). Ha! ha! that's a good 'un.

Inquirer (nettled). Oh, laugh away, laugh away. That's you all over.

First W. I. M. My dear chap, I'm very sorry, but I really couldn't help it. There's no woman in the business at all. *Mare clausum* merely means the place where they catch the seals, you know; *mare*, Latin for sea.

Inquirer. Oh! I should have known that directly, if you'd only pronounced it properly. But what does *clausum* mean?

First W. I. M. Well, of course, that means—well, a clause, don't you know. It's in the treaty.

Average Man (looking up from his paper). It used to be the Latin for "closed," but I suppose it's altered now.

First W. I. M. (incredulously). It can't mean that, anyhow. Who ever heard of a closed sea, I should like to know?

Second W. I. M. (hazarding a suggestion). It might mean a harbour, you know, or something of that sort.

Average Man. I daresay it might mean that, but it doesn't happen to be a harbour (relapses into paper).

Second W. I. M. Oh, well, I only made the suggestion. [A pause.]

Inquirer. But what are they arbitrating about in Paris? It says (reading from newspaper) "When Mr. CARTER, the United States Counsel, had concluded his speech, he was complimented by the President, the Baron DE COURCEL, who told him he had spoken on behalf of humanity." I thought old CARNOT was President of the French Republic.

First W. I. M. So he is.

Inquirer. But this paper says Baron DE COURCEL is President.

Second W. I. M. Oh, I suppose that's one of CARNOT's titles. All these blessed foreigners are Barons, or something of that sort.

Inquirer. Ah, I suppose that must be it. But what have the French got to do with the Behring Sea? I thought it was all between us and the Yankees.

First W. I. M. So it is—but the French are arbitrating. That's how they come into the business. I can't say, personally, I like these arbitrations. We're always arbitrating now, and giving everything away. If we think we're right, why can't we say so, and stick to it, and let the French, and the Yankees, and the Russians, and all the rest of 'em, take it from us, if they can?

Second W. I. M. Take what from us?

First W. I. M. Why, whatever it happens to be, the Behring Sea, or anything else. We're so deuced afraid of everybody now, we never show fight; it's perfectly sickening. But of course you can't expect anything else from old GLADSTONE.

Second W. I. M. That's right—shove it all on to old GLADSTONE. But you're wrong this time. It was JO CHAMBERLAIN, one of your own blessed Unionists, that you're so proud of, who arranged this arbitration.

First W. I. M. I know that, my dear boy; but CHAMBERLAIN was a Radical then; so where are you now? [A pause.]

Inquirer (who has continued his reading, suddenly, with a puzzled air). I say, you know, this is too much of a good thing, bringing the Russians into the business. It says—(reads)—"documents were submitted, on behalf of the United States, to prove that Russia had never abandoned her sovereign rights in the manner suggested by Great Britain." How, on earth, does Russia manage to crop up everywhere? And where is this confounded Behring Sea?

Second W. I. M. (vaguely). It's somewhere in America, or Newfoundland, or thereabouts.

Inquirer. But how about Russia?

Second W. I. M. Oh, Russia shoves her oar in whenever we get into a difficulty of any kind anywhere.

Inquirer (persisting). Yes—but how can she have any "sovereign rights" in America?

Second W. I. M. (haughtily, but evasively). My dear fellow, if you had followed the thing properly, you wouldn't ask the question. There's no time now to explain it all to you, as it's very complicated, and goes back a long way. But you may take it from me

that Russia has got certain rights, and that she means to make things as disagreeable for us as she can. [A pause.]

Inquirer. It's rather a rum start, isn't it? sending out Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Sir RICHARD WEBSTER. They're on opposite sides of politics.

First W. I. M. That's just why they send 'em. RUSSELL has got to put the Liberal view, and WEBSTER the Conservative.

Inquirer. Of course, of course; I never thought of that. By the way, have you ever seen a seal?

First W. I. M. Rather. They've got one at the Zoo. Catches fish, and kisses the keeper, and all that sort of game.

Inquirer. What, that big beast that looks as if it was made of india-rubber, with long whiskers and a sort of fish-tail?

First W. I. M. That's it.

Inquirer (with profound disgust). Well, I am blessed! Is that all they're jawing about? [Terminus.]

IN MEMORIAM—"THE DEVIL'S OWN."

[“Notwithstanding the efforts made by the Inns of Court Rifles, supported by the Authorities of the Inns, to increase the strength of the corps, the additional enrolments lately made have been judged by the War Office not sufficient to warrant the continued maintenance of the corps as an independent battalion; and orders have been given for its reduction from six to four companies, for the withdrawal of the Adjutant, and for the attachment of the corps to the 4th Middlesex Rifles.”—*Daily Paper*.]

Oh, how bright were the days when we all of us saw
In their martial equipment the limbs of the Law.
With their helmets and rifles, and pouches complete,
(May I quote from the ladies) they "really looked sweet."
The Colonel, the Major, and all their attendants,
Appeared not as counsel, since all were defendants;
And no soldierly spirit could equal the Bar's.
When Themis, its goddess, was mated with Mars.

No more shall they charm us; harsh Fate with her shears
Has severed the thread of the Law's Volunteers.
And, whatever the cause was, 'twas certainly true
That these fee-less defenders at last were too few.
So now they're absorbed, and, no longer the same,
They lose by attachment their being and name.
And the old Devil's Own, from their discipline loosed,
Have gone to their owner; i.e., they're re-duced.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

(In the House and out of it.)

THE Parliamentary Committee appointed to consider the best mode of reporting in the House, have decided that it will be advisable to allow Members to have an opportunity of revising their speeches after they have been "taken down" verbatim. The result of this suggestion will probably be as follows:—

MR. SYMPLE-STUTTER'S SPEECH.

(Verbatim Report.)

MR. SPEAKER, Sir, What I mean to say, I venture to think is that the British Empire—yes Sir—that is what I venture to think, and I am a young Member. For I do not believe—not now—or in fact, when otherwise. For envy and malice are together. I venture to think that sometimes the British Empire. Yes Sir, for the enemies are at our gates with the past and the future. When the sun sinks—not that it follows—at least so I venture to think. You may believe me, Sir, that it is farthest from my thoughts when the British Empire and the sinking sun which I venture to think is—in point of fact the setting sun, and I venture to think the British Empire, and that is I venture to think was my proposal in the past—which has the terrors of the present from generation to generation.

(Revised Report.)

MR. SPEAKER, Sir, at a time like the present—when the enemies of the Empire are clamouring at our gates, when envy walks hand-in-hand with malice, and our fate is in our own hands—we should be bold and resolute. It is not for a young Member like myself to point out the course that we should pursue, but I venture to think that, by ignoring the terrors of the past with the courage of the present, we shall avert the dangers of the future. It has been said—and truly said—that the sun never sets upon the British Empire. Let us believe in that sun, and find in its rays an earnest of that glory which was the birthright of our ancestors, and which, should be the birthright of our descendants from generation to generation.





ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Antony . . . JOHN BULL. Cleopatra . . . EGYPT. Mecænas . . . H. L-B-CH-RE. Enobarbus . . . GL-DST-NE.

Mecænas (aside to ENOBARBUS). "NOW ANTONY MUST LEAVE HER UTTERLY."

Enobarbus (aside to MECÆNAS). "NEVER; HE WILL NOT." (Apart.) "AT LEAST, NOT YET."

Ant. and Cleo., Act II. Scene 2, adapted.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CHANGE OF NAME.

HE was "The People's WILLIAM." He will
Be known in future as "Our Home-Rule BILL."

HIGH NOTES FOR A VIOLIN.—Last week a Stradivarius (*vide Daily News*), a real genuine "Strad," sold at PUTTICK AND SIMPSON'S for £860. Fiddle de L. S. Dee!

IN THE TIME OF THE RESTAURATION.—They're going it! Feeding, feeding everywhere, and not a bit to eat—without paying for it pretty heavily. We gather from a note in *Sala's Journal*, that LONG'S Hotel now possesses a "Restauration." Of course, those who live in "Short's Gardens," won't be able to patronise "LONG'S." The management is announced as under the direction of a "M. DIETTE," and, as he has obtained no inconsiderable renown (so we are informed) at the Berkeley and Bristol, patrons of LONG'S may expect something superior, by way of "DIETTE-ary."

MR. PUNCH TO THE BETROTHED PAIR.

(The Duke of York and the Princess May of Teck.)

MAY 3, 1893.

'MID the bird-chorus of the May,
From glade and garden madly
ringing,
There sounds one welcome note
to-day,
Round the glad world its way
'tis winging.
You hear—you hear the general
cheer
That greets it! 'Twill suffice
to show you
That all who love you joy to hear.
And all who love are all who
know you!

Soft music of the marriage-bell
Seems woven 'midst the world's
Spring Voices.
In truth, there's little need to
tell

How in the prospect *Punch*
rejoices.
His well-pleased eye has watched
your way;
His loyal heart has shared your
sadness;
Now on this bright Betrothal-
Day
Your gladness he acclaims—
with gladness!

How is MR. F. LUKE FILDES,
R.A.?—In excellent health we
sincerely hope, but from seeing
daily, in the front sheet of the
Times, an advertisement com-
mencing "The Doctor after LUKE
FILDES, R.A." Many friends
began to feel anxious. We are
glad to be able to add, that, in
answer to the numerous inquiries
made at 39, Old Bond Street, a
most satisfactory report has been
obtained.



"HONOURS EASY."

First Undergraduate. "I SAY, OLD MAN, DID YOU WIN YOUR MONEY?"

Second Un. "'COURSE NOT; WON SOMEBODY ELSE'S. YOU LOST YOUR COIN, DIDN'T YOU?"

First Un. "MY COIN! WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? I LOST THE GUV'NOR'S!"

MUSE v. MECHANIC.

["MR. NORMAN GALE—the Muse of orchards and pretty girls with polished knees; a charm often left unsung."—*Mr. Andrew Lang on the Poems of "A Country Muse."*]

"A COUNTRY Muse" sings, if you please,
Of pretty girls "with polished knees"!

One would not quite demolish
The graphic rhymester's stock-in-trade, [played,
But if bare knees must be dis-
He *might* forego the polish.

It smacks of fustian! Workmen's
"bags"
Are very "polished" where the
"sags"

From salient joints protuberant,
Grow shiny with continual friction;
But "polished knees" in poet's
Strike one as too exuberant.

Say varnished elbows, burnished
knuckles,
And you'll elicit scornful chuckles
From Muse and from Mechanic!
Selections from the terms of trade
Would put, I'm very much afraid,
Parnassus in a panic.

The bards are sometimes rather
free
With feminine anatomy;
Their catalogues erotic
Of pretty girls' peculiar "points,"
Their eyes and limbs, and curves
and joints,
Are often idiotic.

But if we must be told, sometimes,
Ladies have limbs, then that your
rhymes

May not offend or fog any,
Don't *mechanise* a maiden's
charms; [arms
Leave "polishing" to legs and
Of walnut or mahogany.

RYHMES ON THE DECAY OF ROMANCE.

(Suggested by Mr. Frederic Harrison's recent Article in "The Forum.")

OH, list to Mr. HARRISON lamenting from *The Forum*,
Imagination done to death by latter-day decorum!
"Good boys and girls" we've all become, and modern men and
maidens see

The world with such prosaic eyes, Romance is in decadency!

We're too absorbed in Politics, enamoured of Monotony,
To give an ear to Geniuses (supposing we had *got* any!)
But First-Class in our Fiction Mr. HARRISON abolishes,
Indeed most Authors travel Third, their talent so toll-lollish is.

It's all the *Fin-de-Siècle's* fault—and this, of course, a true bill is;
For Genius puts its shutters up when centuries pass their jubilees!
As Mr. HARRISON can prove by references historical,—
And any utterance of his is equal to an oracle.

We cannot stand a novel now, he says, if there's a shock in it;
Prefer our heroine angular, her eye must have a cock in it,
Unless she's dull and middle-aged, no sympathy have *we* with her,
Her sole excitement is to ask a plainer friend to tea with her!

He thinks, were *Pickwick* written now, we'd view it with a cooler
eye,

And term the Trial Scene a piece of "riotous tomfoolery;"
While *Jane Eyre's* thrilling narrative of *Rochester's* sad revelries
Of "shilling shockers" scarcely would to-day above the level rise!

An age that's given up its gas to read by Electricity
Would naturally be repelled by THACKERAY's causticity,
And scorn the characters of SCOTT, because they had Glengarries on,
An inference which is obvious—to Mr. FREDERIC HARRISON!

How scathingly does he denounce our Literature degenerate,
With not a real Romancer left—or only two at any rate!
By "desperate expedients," each the old tradition carries on—
"But it's no good"—as they're informed by Mr. FREDERIC
HARRISON.

For Mr. STEVENSON can write no stories worth hurrying at,
While he upon Pacific Isle persists in *Crusoe* playing at!
And Mr. KIPLING's ceased to count—no heart in what he does is
there—

He longs for death in far Soudan, a-fighting Fuzzy-Wuzzies there!

So we've only Mr. MEREDITH—(oh, what a sad disgrace it is!)
Though Mr. BLACKMORE writes romance—how poor and commonplace
it is!

While Messrs. THOMAS HARDY, BLACK, and BESANT, it would seem,
are all

Unworthy serious notice, mere nonentities ephemeral!

Some people like Miss BRADDON, Mrs. OLIPHANT, Miss BROUGHTON,
too.

They're only lady-novelists—so serious readers *oughtn't* to,
And those who've been convinced by his invidious comparisons,
In future will eschew romance—excepting Mr. HARRISON's.

THE DARWINIAN THEORY EXEMPLIFIED.—At the Zoo is now
being exhibited "Three White-tailed Gnus,"—"The Latest Gnu."
with the best possible intelligence,—and a Black-capped Gibbon."
This last is evidently a descendant of the great historian; though, if
this exemplifies "the survival of the fittest," where are the others
of the race? Then "Black-capped" sounds ominous, as if this
particular Gibbon stood self-condemned, and was soon to disappear.
Should this be the case, the Zoo Authorities ought to advertise the
fact, and give visitors a chance before it is too late.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 1.—Demonstrated in Debate on Second Reading Home-Rule Bill that House may talk and talk through twelve long nights, and not affect single vote—not even SAUNDERS'S. To-night shown how a single speech may cause to collapse what was expected and intended to be big Debate. It was Mr. G. performed the miracle. Looked in at House on his way from Downing Street, where he had received deputation on Eight Hours Question, and delivered important speech. That might have served as day's work for ordinary man. Mr. G., not to put too fine a point upon it, is not ordinary man. Being here, sat listening to DILKE with close attention. DILKE thinks time has come to evacuate Egypt. Stated his case in luminous speech; sustained his reputation of knowing more about Egyptian Question than most men, except perhaps TOMMY BOWLES.

Mr. G. made no outward and visible sign of intention to follow; took no notes, and sometimes, as he sat with drooping arms and closed eyes, seemed to sleep. DILKE done and down, he sat bolt upright, looked round with almost startled air. "Well, really," he seemed to be saying to himself, "since I am here, and no one else is disposed to follow, I might as well say a few words."

Spoke for half an hour, without reference to a note, and without faltering for a word. Preserved throughout that studious assumption of having accidentally looked in which marked his appearance at table. Evidently desired to minimise as much as possible importance of occasion. Subject broached, he was, possibly, expected to say something; certainly not going to make a speech, much less deliver oration. Carried out this subtle fancy to such extent that, pitching voice on low conversational tone, sometimes difficult to catch full length of sentences. This added to impressiveness of scene. Crowded House sitting breathless; Members opposite leaning forward lest they might miss a phrase. Everyone conscious that at the door also listening were jealous France, the wily Turk, the interested Egyptian, the not entirely disinterested Czar, and the other Great Powers concerned for peace of Europe.

Mr. G., for all his affectation of unpremeditation, evidently had in mind these listeners at the door. To their shadowy presence was, for him, added consciousness of keen eyes watching him from all quarters of the House; some of his friends waiting for sign of readiness to quit Egypt; the Opposition ready to catch at any token of tendency to scuttle. Occasional passages he delivered at rapid rate; but you could see him weighing every word with due consideration of these manifold and conflicting interests and influences.

When he sat down, there was consciousness that the massive figure of important Debate that had loomed over House whilst DILKE was speaking had melted away. JOKIM and GORST had intended to speak from Front Bench; great authorities on Foreign Policy in other parts of House had proposed to say something, more or less soothing. Mr. G. had left nothing for anyone to say, unless it were ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, and the TALENTED TOMMY, who, sitting immediately opposite the PREMIER, had, whilst he spoke, taken voluminous notes, only occasionally withdrawing eyes from manuscript to fix them with look of calm distrust upon the aged and unconscious statesman.

"I always like, when I look in," said MARJORIBANKS, smiling beneficently from the Bar, "to find TOMMY in his place, taking notes. Gives one a sense of security. I feel, when I'm in the Lobby, looking after things, it's all right in the House. BROWNING said something of that sort. Don't remember exactly how it ran; something in this way:

TOMMY BOWLES is in his place;
It's all right with the Empire."

Business done.—Mr. G. excelled himself.

Tuesday.—Seven-leagued Boots not needed by TALENTED TOMMY. He moves about Universe with ease and grace, unmindful of mountains, regardless of ravines, reckless of rivers, oblivious of oceans. Last night, Forty Centuries looked down upon him whilst he showed

how, in Egypt, Mr. G. is wrong, and DILKE, who criticised Ministerial policy, is not right. To-night he stands on the Roof of the World, a solitary, colossal figure upright on the lone Pamirs. His attitude is of manifold mien. Defiant of Russia, suspicious of ROSEBERRY, patronising towards Afghanistan, he takes young China familiarly by the elbow, and bids it be of good cheer, for TOMMY BOWLES is its friend. Since NAPOLEON crossed the Alps, and was caught in the act by the brush of the painter, the world has not seen so moving a picture as TOMMY throned on the grandly desolate Pamirs.

House almost empty whilst the Talented One discoursed on the subject. Mr. G., who misses nothing, happily in his place, listening with eager hand at ear whilst TOMMY spoke familiarly of Asiatic rivers and mountains, not one with name of less than five syllables. DICKY TEMPLE, who really knows something about this mysterious region, looked on in blank amazement at TOMMY's erudition. EDWARD GREY, who would presently have to answer this damaging attack, tried to seem indifferent. But his young cheek paled when TOMMY put his ruthless finger on that Foreign Office dispatch, out of which a line of print had been dropped. This a Machiavellian device that had hitherto escaped detection. TOMMY's falcon eye had noted it, his relentless foot had followed up the tracks, and he had discovered, on reference to the original, that the criminally-deleted line of print embodied a reference to the Oxus. That was all. "Only the Oxus!" he said, with

withering sarcasm. Then changing his tone and manner, he shook a minatory forefinger at the shrinking form of the PREMIER, and cried aloud, in voice strengthened with long warring with the winds on the Pamirs: "Sir, the stream of the Oxus has been entirely omitted from this paragraph."

"Poor Mr. G.!" said W. J. LOWTHER, present in his capacity as Ex-Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. "What with LABBY one night and TOMMY BOWLES the next, he has a sad time of it."

"Yes," said PLUNKET, sole companion on the Front Bench. "It's a hard fate for a Prime Minister to stand between L. and TOMMY."

Business done.—Miscellaneous talk on going into Committee of Supply.

Thursday.—Little difficulty arisen in connection with Budget. SQUIRE faced by deficit of million and half. This he met by expedient that will be historical, as affording JOKIM opportunity for a popular jape. The SQUIRE has dropped his penny in the slot, in accordance with directions, pulls out the drawer, and finds there is something more than the sum necessary to balance the year's account. That is all very well; but there are some amateur CHANCELLORS of the EXCHEQUER who would do great things with the odd £20,000 or £30,000 which remains as surplus. CLARK wants Graduated Income-tax; BARTLEY proposes Abatement on Incomes below £200; whilst GRANT LAWSON would let farmers off with half the proposed increase. Best of all is, ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, who would straightway abolish the tax on tea. The keen insight of ALPHEUS notes the little difficulty about the deficit.

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER," he observed, in his most judicial manner, "may ask me to suggest another source of revenue." The SQUIRE pricked up his ears; the Committee sat attentive. If ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS had given his great mind to consideration of the subject, it might be regarded as settled. All waited for his next utterances. "That," he continued, in steely tones, "is the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's business. Mine is to carry out the Newcastle Programme." ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS thereupon resumed his seat, leaving the SQUIRE gloomily facing the dead wall of his deficit.

Friday Night.—Some young bloods below Gangway, on Ministerial side, in distinctly low spirits. On Tuesday night, stage of Budget Bill being taken, with ten minutes to spare, ASQUITH nimbly moved reference of Employers' Liability Bill to Grand Committee. Opposition, who want it referred to Select Committee, were under impression Mr. G. had promised discussion should not be taken till Thursday or Friday. Last night CHAMBERLAIN protested that they had been betrayed, and deceived. Young bloods below Gangway disposed to chuckle over this spectacle. Mr. G., on contrary, takes it seriously to heart. Having got Bill referred to Grand Committee, positively agrees to rescind Order, and begin all over again.



A PATRON OF OLD CHINA.

(Vide "China Bowles Collection.")

"It's very seldom," says the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, in most melancholy mood, "that our side show themselves capable of doing a smart thing. When, by chance, it is accomplished, Mr. G. comes along, and coolly undoes it."

To-day, nearly two hours spent in discussing question; Bill, eventually, remitted to Grand Committee, as it had been left at midnight on Tuesday.

"Shan't play!" cries CHAMBERLAIN. "All very well for you, with your majority, to bowl us over, but you won't gain any time by it. You may take a horse to the Grand Committee, but you can't make him discuss your Bill."

Business done.—Budget Bill through.

Q. E. D.

(By a Grumpy Old Bachelor.)

"'Tis a mad world, my masters!" Grim LOMBROSO

Corroborates mild SHAKESPEARE in this matter. [and-so,

And, though his demonstration seems but so—No doubt the world's as mad as any hatter, The sweeter sex especially! 'Tis sad,

But that rule's absolute, depend upon it!

'Tis obvious all women *must* be mad,

Because—there is a "b" in every bonnet!

WILDER IDEAS;

Or, Conversation as she is spoken at the Haymarket.

The Disciple. Ah, that supper after the Theatre! It was the unspeakable following the unplayable. I feel so seedy!

The Master. Nay, but have I not told you that the two letters to follow "X. S." are "S. and B.?" And you have yourself said that "Soda and Brandy is the last refuge of the digestion."

The Disciple. Hang it! I can survive everything—except the cast-off clothes of my own epigrams,—or, by the bye, death.

[Exit from this life, to prove it.

Mem. on the Behring-Sea Business.

A FORTY-HOURS' speech by magniloquent CARTER!

That Behring Tribunal has caught a Tartar! Whatever the upshot one cannot but feel 'Tis a fine illustration of "Say and Seal!" Though *Bunsby* might say of this lengthy oration,

"The Behring will lie in the application."

APPROPRIATE SONG (for anybody connected with the Tourist-Managing Firm of Gaze, on hearing a Lady say that she was "going to try a Cook.")

"Ah me! she has gone from our Gaze,
That beautiful girl from our door!"

(The remainder can be added ad libitum, and sung whenever opportunity permits.)

"A MOVE ON THE BOARD" IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—Our Surprising School-Board has voted in favour of allowing its Industrial School youths to enjoy "reasonable recreation" on Sundays. Its version of Sir WILLIAM JONES's distich would be something as follows:—

The morn at Church, the afternoon at play,
Will serve to while the Day of Rest away.

Apparently it looks favourably on a modicum of Sunday Cricket or Football, and does not taboo even the enormity of Lawn-tennis. As against that eminently strict Sabbatarian, Mrs. GRUNDY, the tennis-player may defend himself by a reference to the "services" in which he is engaged.



OBVIOUS.

"WANT ANYTHING ON IT, SIR?"

"YES—CONFOUND YOU! MORE HAIR!"

A SWINBURNE!

(See "Nineteenth Century.")

I.

THREE times one are always three;
Waves are stormy on the sea;
Bonnets oft contain a bee;
Bear delights in bun.
The ALGERNON, that ever
Is linked to CHARLES, shall never
From poet SWINBURNE sever,
The three appear as one.

II.

Once he lashed and slashed the Priest,
Chopped him up to make a feast,
Called him brute and called him beast,
Black as crows are black.
But now he rhymes "together"
(See CALVERLY) with "weather":
He might have thrown in "heather"
A rhyme that men call "hack."

III.

Clash the cymbal, beat the gong;
Sense is weak, but sound is strong;
Such is SWINBURNE's latest song,
Made by him alone.
See WATTS and KNOWLES around us,—
JAMES KNOWLES with cheques hath
bound us
To write; the Muse hath found us
With Putney Hill as throne.

IV.

When the wind's Nor-West by West,
Man and beast are rarely blessed.
Sometimes I like mutton best,
Often I like veal.
A poet (not a puny 'un)
Who raves about the Union,
And hymns the States Communion,
Takes none the less his meal.

In the City. Thursday Last.

First Member of Stock Exchange (Unionist).
I say, JONES, you weren't in it! Why didn't you join us marching in procession, with CLARKE carrying the Union Jack, eh?
Second Member of the House. Why didn't I join you? Because I didn't want to make a Union-Jack-ass of myself!
[Exit, before the retort is possible.]

A Pair of Spectacles.

(After hearing a much interrupted Speech in the Commons.)

WHEN a batsman has to go
To the tent with a "round O,"
He knows he's not made a hit.
When a Statesman's hitting well,
The round "Oh's" around him swell
(Dullards' substitutes for wit).
In debate or cricket score,
The "round O" means nought—no more!



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Fair Hostess. "GOOD-NIGHT, MAJOR JONES. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BREAKFAST AT NINE; BUT WE'RE NOT VERY PUNCTUAL PEOPLE. INDEED, THE LATER YOU APPEAR TO-MORROW MORNING, THE BETTER PLEASED WE SHALL ALL BE!"

MAY 10, 1893.

MR. PUNCH'S VISION AT THE OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

*This Spring's soft beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass to forgetfulness; we still must keep
Fond memories of this Maytime, calm as
sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.
Therefore, on this May morning are we
wreathing
A flowery band, to bind us round the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of patriot natures, Mammon-ridden days,
And Toil's unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
Made for our mending: yes, in spite of all
This Mayday Vision moves away the pall
From our dark spirits!*

KEATS adapted to the occasion.

THY pardon, *Adonais*, pray,
That on this memorable morning
We twist those lovely lines astray,
As modish maid, her charms adorning
A trail may twine of eglantine
Into the formal "set" of Fashion.
Yet wouldst thou gladly lend thy line
To present need; for patriot passion,
Love of the little sea-girt land,
Has ever fired our English singers.
Of England's fame, from strand to strand,
Their songs have been the widest wingers.
So, *Adonais*, this great day
Were "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

The "flowery band" of KEATS'S song
Our Empire's sons to-day are wreathing;

Long may it bind, and blossom long.

The May-flower's fragrance round us
breathing

Is nothing sweeter than the thought
To patriot hearts of loyal union.

Together we have toiled and fought,
But gay to-day is our communion.

BRITANNIA'S helm is crowned with flowers,
BRITANNIA'S trident's wreathed with
posies,

And Fanny sees in Flora's showers

Thistles and Shamrocks blent with Roses.

The Indian Lotus let us twine

With gorgeous bloom from Afric's jungles.

Canadian Birch with Austral Pine.

Tape-bound Officialdom oft bungles;

Some blow too hot, some breathe too cold,

O'er-chill are some, and some o'er-

gushing;

But the same blood-stream, warm and bold,

Through all our veins is ever rushing;

And so to all true hearts to-day

Comes "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

A QUEEN is with us, to evince

Imperial sympathy unfailing;

And pleasant to our genial PRINCE

This proof that all seems now plain-

sailing;

With his great purpose. Some sneered,

"Whim!"

But general shouts now drown their

sneering.

A special salvo's due to him

Amidst to-day's exuberant cheering.

Hail the Imperial Institute!

And hail the patient Prince promoter!

The man who's neither cynic brute,
Nor phrase-led sycophantic doter,

May echo that. Our patriot tap

Is old, well-kept and genuine stingo;

Not the chill quidnunc's cold cat-lap,

Nor crude fire-water of the Jingo,

But sound as good old English ale,

Full-bodied, fragrant, mild, and mellow.

To try that tap *Punch* will not fail,

Nor any other right good fellow.

A bumper of that draught to-day

Is "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

Weave on! And may that "flowery band"

Be surer bond than forged steel fetters.

Ho! Hands all round! Whilst hand-in-hand

We need not fear the fierce sword-whetters

Who'd make the pleasant earth a camp.

And stain blood-red the white May-flowers.

May echoes of no mailed tramp

Disturb ye in your Spring-deck'd bowers,

Glad garland-weavers! Heaven bestow

"Sweet dreams, and health, and quiet

breathing,"

One thing above all others know, [ing,

Ye who the earth-round band are wreath-

To-day, to-morrow, any day,

You're "Welcome as the flowers in May!"

"PLAYING THE DUSE."—MR. HORACE SEDGER announces the engagement at the Lyric of Mlle. DUSE. The Manager must be prosperous; at all events, *he* is not going to the Duse, but the Duse is coming to him. And as to the Theatre—well, if it isn't a success, the Duse is in it!

"SHE ANSWERED 'YUSS!'"—The most recent and most important change of name is from "I MAY" to "I WILL."



MAY 10, 1893.

"THEREFORE ON THIS BRIGHT MAY DAY ARE WE WREATHING
A FLOWERY BAND TO BIND US ROUND THE EARTH."—KEATS, *slightly altered.*

THANK YOU!

(For a Photograph, inscribed "With Ethel Travers's kind regards.")

It was only a week in the brightest of summers,

We played tennis and golf, and, when ended the day,

We made furious love as two amateur mummerys,

Whilst Act IV. saw us One in the orthodox way.

So my holiday ended. I begged a reminder,

I asked you to send me a portrait that should

Be a sweet recollection, and you, who were kinder

Than I ever deserved or dared hope, said you would.

Then we parted. Life seemed to be painfully lonely,

Though I dreamt of a future with you by my side,

Till my common-sense seemed to say, "You, who are only;

Just a poor needy teacher, have Her for a bride!"

It was true, and I knew it. Yet why had I met you?

Why had Fate kept such bitter-sweet fortune in store?

So determined I set myself then to forget you,

And to let my thoughts dwell on yourself nevermore.



First your hair with its gold, next your eyes with their laughter, I forgot in a thoroughly workman-like style.

Persevering, I never desisted till after

Many months I but faintly remembered your smile.

I completely forgot you (I thought) and the warning

Was to save me, I chortled, a future of pain,

But you undid it all with your picture this morning,

And the same old, old trouble starts over again.

The Fates are a trifle hard, putting it mildly,

For they well might have spared me this finishing touch

Of your portrait, which speaking quite calmly yet Wildely,

I admire all the more since I hate it so much.

I shall treasure it, though. Thanks—a thousand—to you, dear.

When in sweet meditation your fancy runs free,

Is it asking too much that a stray thought or two, dear,

From your kindness of heart may come straying to me?

POLITICS AND POLITENESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that the Duke of ARGYLL, when he received the freedom of the Burgh of Paisley, the other day, told the following interesting story:—

"I was going once to call on a lady in London, and when the door was opened and the servant announced my name, I saw the lady advancing to the door with a look of absolute consternation on her face. I could not conceive what had happened, and thought I had entered her room at some inconvenient moment, but, on looking over her shoulder, I perceived Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE sitting at the tea-table, and she evidently thought that there would be some great explosion when we met. She was greatly gratified when nothing of the kind occurred, and we enjoyed a cup of tea as greatly as we had ever done in our lives."

Now, my dear Mr. Punch, I have great sympathy with "the Lady," and think (with her) the meeting, as described by his Grace of ARGYLL, was mild in the extreme. If something out of the common had taken place, it would have been far more satisfactory. To make my meaning plainer, I give roughly (in dramatic form) what should have happened to have made the action worthy of the occasion.

SCENE—A Drawing-room. Lady entertaining Mr. and Mrs. G. at tea. A loud knock heard without.

Mrs. G. (greatly agitated). Oh dear, I am sure it is he!

Mr. G. (with calm dignity). Do not fear—if he appears, I shall know how to deal with him.

Lady (pale but calm). Nay, my good, kind friends, believe me, you shall not suffer from the indiscretion of the servant.

Mrs. G. (pushing her husband into a cupboard). Nay, WILLIAM, for my sake! And now to conceal myself, so that he may not suspect his presence by my proximity. [Hides behind the curtains.]

The Duke of Argyll (breaking open the door, and entering hurriedly). And now, Madam, where is my hated foe? I have tracked him to this house. It is useless to attempt to conceal him.

The Lady (laughing uneasily). Nay, your Grace, you are too factious! Trace the PREMIER here! Next you will be saying that he and his good lady were taking tea with me.

The Duke (suspiciously). And, no doubt, so they were! This empty cup, that half-devoured muffin—to whom do they belong?

The Lady (with forced gaiety). Might I not have entertained Mr. and Mrs. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, my Lord Duke?

The Duke (aside). Can I believe her? (Aloud.) But if it is as you say, I will send away my clansmen who throng the street without. [Opens window and calls.] Gang a waddy Caller Herring! They will now depart. (A sneeze heard off.) What was that?

The Lady (terrified). I fancy it was the wind—the cold wind—and now, believe me, Mr. GLADSTONE will abandon Home Rule.

Mr. G. (suddenly appearing). Never! I tell you to your face that you are a traitor! [Sneezes, and hurriedly closes the window.]

The Duke (savagely). That sneeze shall be your last!

[Takes up a knife lying on the table.]

Mr. G. (repeating the action). I am ready, Sir!

Mrs. G. (rushing between them). Oh, WILLIAM! Do not fight!

The Lady (falling on her knees). I prithee stay!

Mr. G. Never! May the better man win!

The Duke. So be it!

[The Scene closes in upon a desperate duel. Curtain.]

There, Mr. Punch! What do you think of that? Still, perhaps, under the circumstances of the case, it is better as it is.

Yours most truly,

ONE WHO NEVER PAID TWOPENCE FOR MANNERS.

THE LITIGANT'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Can you tell me the best possible regulations in the universe?

Answer. Certainly English Common Law.

Q. Is English Common Law accessible to everyone?

A. Certainly, and if a litigant please, he or she (for sex makes no difference) can become his or her own advocate.

Q. When a litigant prefers to conduct a case in person, does the proceeding invariably save expense?

A. Not invariably, because a litigant may have odd views about the importance of evidence and the time of professional advisers.

Q. When a litigant is afflicted with this lack of knowledge what is the customary result?

A. That the defendants have to undergo the expense of a several-days' trial with counsel to match.

Q. Supposing that a journalist, sharply but justly, criticises the actions of a man of straw—what can the man of straw do?

A. With the aid of some speculative Solicitor, he can commence an action for libel.

Q. What benefit does the speculative Solicitor obtain?

A. The speculative Solicitor, if he can persuade a judge and jury to agree, will get his costs, and if the journalist wins he will find that the prosecutor or plaintiff is, indeed, a man of straw.

Q. Is there any redress?

A. None; but a wise journalist will never criticise sharply.

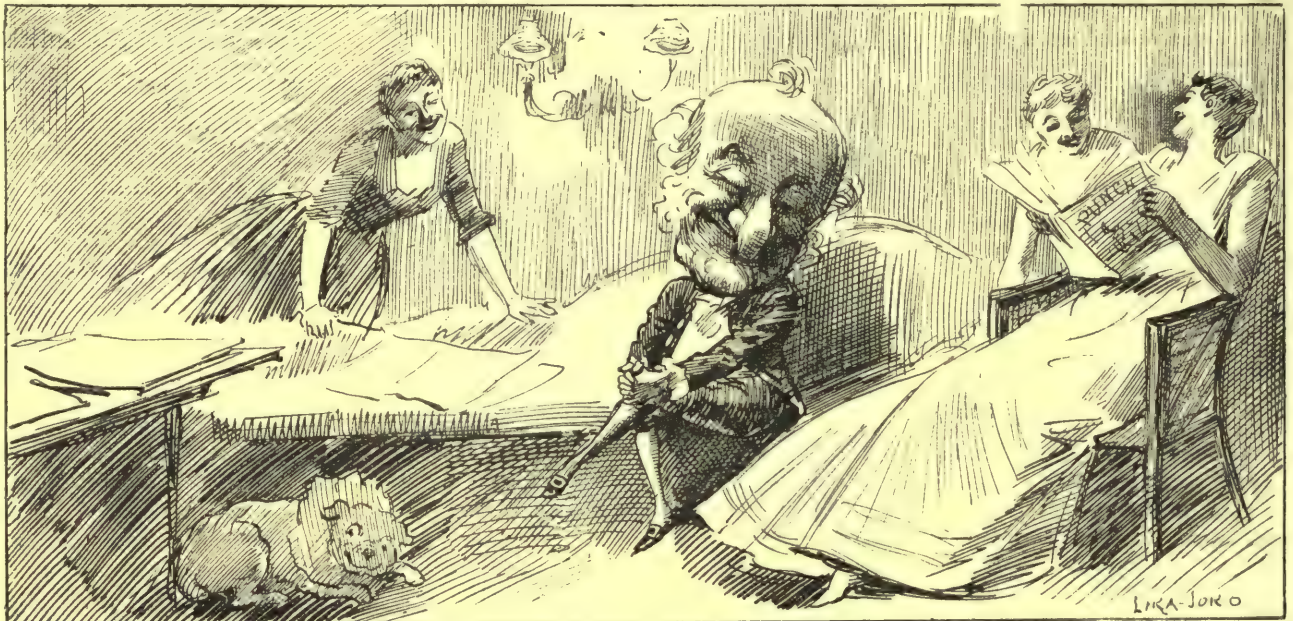
THE PICK OF THE R.A. PICTURES. No. 2.

No. 139. *Ça donne à penser.* Not a more suggestive pose does any portrait possess throughout the Galleries. It is described *tout court* as "ALBERT BRASSEY, Esq.," and 'tis the work (and the pleasure) of W. W. OULESS, R.A. "'Tis a fine work!" says BOB to 'ARRY. "'O course," returns 'ARRY JOKER. "Great! 'Ow less could be expected of 'im tho', I dun no." It represents an undecided moment in Mr. ALBERT BRASSEY's life. It is as if he were Mr. "All but" BRASSEY, and wasn't quite certain of what he should do next. There is the writing-desk,—shall he indite a letter? If he does so, shall he take off his thick-fur coat? Or shall he go hunting, since he has on, underneath the furrin' fur, the pink of hunting perfec-

HARE. Ha! Ha! Ha! By St. George you Ha're bound to laugh directly you look at it. You can't help it. "C. R. F. L." is chuckling to himself and saying, "Ha! Ha! I've just thought of such a funny thing! Ha! Ha! Ha!" And he is enjoying it so! As the song says, "O Mister (I forget the name), what a funny little man you are!"

No. 553. This, by Mr. MARKHAM SKIPWORTH, is a portrait of Dr. E. Ker Gray, LL.D. of St. George's Chapel, Mayfair. "KER GRAY!" it ought to be "Ker Scarlet."

No. 862. *Portrait of a Gentleman*, by PHIL R. MORRIS, A. The Portrait, annoyed at being next to SIDNEY COOPER'S, R.A., "*Be it*



No. 543. *The Picture of the Year. Lamp-light reading; or, Mr. Punch among the Pretty Pets.* "Dulce est dissipere in joco." H. H. La Thangue.

tion? Likewise he has his whip and his horn, also his boots! He's "got 'em on!" He's "got 'em all on!" Or shall he hail the 5,000-ton yacht that's lying in the roads just a few yards from his open window, and go out for a cruise? He looks happy, but puzzled.

No. 167. *The Right Hon. H. H. Fowler, M.P.* "Presentation Portrait," painted by ARTHUR S. COPE. "When the Right Hon. Gentleman rose to speak, the House, with the exception of a clerk at the table and two small boys (whose presence within the precincts has never been satisfactorily accounted for) was empty."—Extract from *The Imaginary Times Parliamentary Report of that date.*

No. 350. *Mrs. Keeley at the age of Eighty-six.* Looking so well and sprightly, that the Artist must have been at considerable pains to induce her to sit still just one moment for her portrait. Long may she remain with us! Our compliments to the Artist, JULIA B. FOLKARD.

No. 434. Mr. SOMERSCALES has given us the best sea-piece of the year. It shows a "*Corvette shortening sail to pick up a shipwrecked crew.*" "A sale in sight appeared!"—and as the picture, so it is said, was immediately sold, so also were those who came too late to make a bid.

No. 524. *Gentleman writing.* "A nice quiet corner for a little composition away from all those speaking likenesses." J. W. FORSTER.

No. 533. This is a sad-looking little girl, painted by WILLIAM CARTER. She has an unsettled expression. Is she suffering from what the Clown calls "teaxy-weezies-in-the-pandenoodles," and, as Sir JOHN MILLAIS'S "*Bubbles*" served P**rs for an advertisement, is it beyond the range of probability that this, being associated with the name of "CARTER," should be intended as a pictorial advertisement for the well-known "L-ttle L-v-r P-lls"?

No. 535. Portrait (presumably) of C. R. Fletcher Lutwidge, Esq. By ST. GEORGE

ever so humble, &c.," representing head of a jackass, and some sheepish sheep, is evidently saying to itself, "Hang the Hanging Committee! They show me as next door to a donkey."

No. 888. *The Wedding Gifts.* The pretty Bride is a bit frightened at seeing the Groom leading up two bare-back'd steeds. "Oh!" she cries, "I can't ride them! Why (to her husband) did you give me these?" "My dear," says he, "why not? Here are the bare-backed steeds, and you've already got the Ring." S. E. WALLER.

No. 892. "*Your Health!*" A Birthday Party at Mr. ERNEST HART'S. Painted by S. J. SOLOMON. As a subject, the wisdom of SOLOMON is questionable as a specimen of Hæademic Hart—ahem! However, to the toast of "*Your Health!*" as addressed to Mr. ERNEST HART, Master SOL might have added the words, "*Most Ernestly and Hartily.*"

No. 928. *Exhibition of Miss Biffin*, "who has no legs to speak of." "If you saw my ancles," said Miss Mowcher, "I should go home and kill myself." But ARTHUR HACKER, whose capital work it is, calls it "*Circe.*"

No. 937. "*It might have been,*" by F. STUART SINDICI, represents NAPOLEON and WELLINGTON out walking together, in 1847, near the Horse Guards. "It might have been" if . . . But it wasn't—though F. STUART SINDICI went nap on it, and dreamt it. Why shouldn't JULIUS CÆSAR and Lord BROUGHAM have hobnobbed together over Pommery '74 at FRASCATI'S in Regent Street, or why shouldn't the Great Duke of MARLBOROUGH and Admiral HAMILCAR of Carthage, after leaving *Hoi Adelphoi* at the theatre, have taken supper at RULE'S in Maiden Lane? Why not? "It might have been"—of course; why, when you come to think of it, there's hardly anything that mightn't have been, if it had only taken place. Such possible subjects would fill the most vast picture gallery in the *Château d'If*.



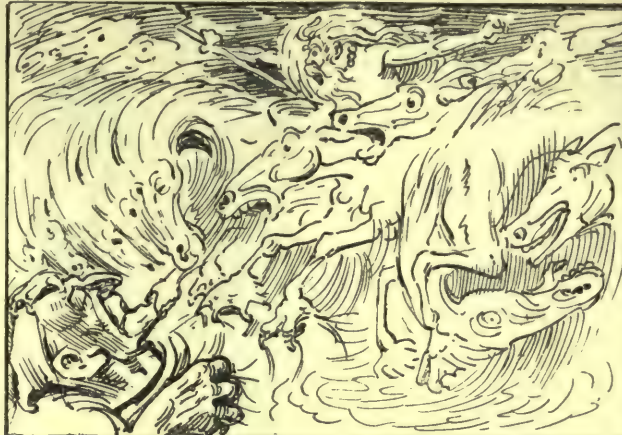
An Artist's work "on the Line."

PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(New Gallery, Regent Street. Summary of Sixth Summer Exhibition.)



No. 40. The Bather Bothered. Appropriately painted by Mr. Waterhouse, R.A. "Why," exclaims the horrified nymph, "he's lying on my clothes!"



No. 216. Night-Mares Neptune's Horses, but more suggestive of Night Mares. Walter Crane.



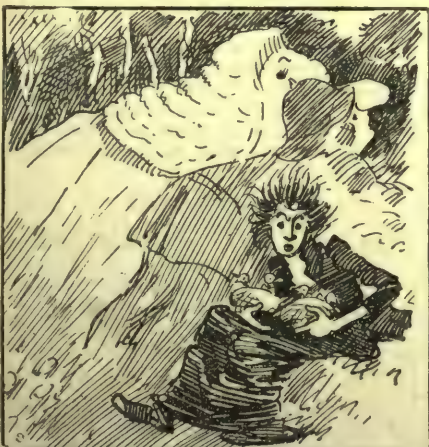
No. 22. "Mr. G." in Churchwarden Church. "Here endeth the Second Reading." Sydney P. Hall.



No. 195. Hurried Moments! An Elopement!! "Never mind your things!" he shouted, at the same time that, catching her up and holding her in his strong right arm, he started off at a fast run. "Petter to lose your clothes than miss your train!" C. W. Mitchell.



No. 27. Posed and Painful! Standing for her photograph, and feels that the head-rest is no rest for the head. J. J. Shannon.



No. 96. The Haunted Glen; or, The Bird-nesting Trespasser Conscience-struck. "Oh! I'll pretend I don't see them!" Hon. John Collier.



No. 92. "Fling" Defiance! Professor Herkomer's Heel-and-toe lads, "Jock and Charlie," back themselves against (No. 108) Mr. Alfred Hartley's "Harry and Neil," sons of Lord Rosebery, attired as they are for a reel or a fling, or any form of National Sc(h)ottische dance.

PICK OF THE PICTURES.

(New Gallery—continued.)

No. 11. "Her First Ball;" or, "Train 'em up in the way she should bowl." Portrait of little girl preparing to be a Lady-Cricketer. She has the ball in her hands, and is only waiting to cry out "Play!" G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

No. 15. *Charming Picture of Nobody Nowhere.* Miss ANNA ALMA-TADEMA.

No. 20. *Portrait of W. Matthew Hale, Esq.* By JOHN PARKER. "All Hale!"

No. 37. "Silver Mist." This ought to have been the picture of a gentleman in search of a threepenny piece; but it isn't. FRED HALL.

No. 66. *The Departing Guest.* E. BURNE-JONES.

The ending of the party see, "O let us get a cab for thee!" "Nay," quoth the guest, "I've wings! so I, Like to the trout, will take a fly."

No. 112. *Alderman J. Stone-Wigg.* First Mayor of Tunbridge Wells.

Indeed you look an Alderman, 'Tis true I've seen a balder man. "J. STONE-WIGG" is the name I see, Which "Lost or Stolen-Wig" should be.

No. 160. *Portrait of Lady Simpson.* Bravo, Mr. VAL PRINSEP, A.R.A. Uncommonly good. A parody of the old song should have been selected by the Artist as a motto for the picture:—

Lady SIMPSON has a dog—
I don't know its name—
Pretty tail has dog, incoq.
Ribbands round the same.



EVOLUTION EXTRAORDINARY.

British Tourist (who has been served with a Pig's foot). "WHAT'S THIS? ORDERED QUAIL!"
Negro Waiter. "WALL—Y'EV GOT QUAIL!"
British Tourist. "QUAIL! WHY A QUAIL'S A BIRD!"
Negro Waiter. "NOT HERE!"

No. 170. "The Spirit of Life." By ARCHIE MACGREGOR. "Eh, ARCHIE mon! aiblins, 'tis just the whusky-still the Leddie's at, takin' a wee drappit i' the 'ee. And why did ye nae ca' it, 'Still Life'?"

No. 177. *Portrait of Mrs. George Lewis.* Excellent, Mr. COLOUR-SARGENT! N.B.—Very few "Sergeants" left; but Mr. GEORGE LEWIS has secured the best of them to paint his portrait.

No. 194. Very charming is "The Closing of an October Day." By GEORGE H. BROUGHTON, A.R.A. He has caught the "Early Closing Movement" to the life.

No. 242. "In the Grip of the Sea-Wolf"; or, "Early Bathing at Boulogne." E. M. HALE.

No. 324. And a good Judge too! *Portrait of Sir Douglas Straight.* The DOUGLAS, "bearded in his den"! Quarter (Sessions) Length. Sad end to a distinguished career to be "quartered, drawn, and hung"! Congratulate Artist, Miss VERA CHRISTIE, on good likeness.

Anti-Epidemic Treatment.

(Being Summary of Robson Rocestem Pusha's Article in New Review.)

BOIL Bacillus,
Or he'll kill us.
From Filter filthy grown
Don't drink water,
Save rates per quarter,
And so "Leave well alone."

COMPANION WORKS.—Shortly to appear: *My Wife's Bodice.* By the Author of *His Wife's Soul.*

TO MY UMBRELLA.

Good, faithful friend, it seems an age
Since last we met and walked together!
Upon the *Daily Graphic's* page
For weeks I've watched the coming weather;

The meteorologic girl,
Despite cold arms, seemed almost jolly,
And made no effort to unfurl
That wonderful archaic broly.

So I, grown reckless, did as she,
And gave you quite a Long Vacation;
Such weather cannot always be,
Or you would lose your occupation.

Think how I've treated you! A pet
Might envy all the care I gave you;
When worn-out with work and wet,
Think how I did my best to save you!

You soon looked well, and eased my fears—
Recovered after over-pressure.
When you "took silk" in other years,
Think what I paid for each "refresher"!

When last it rained I had to roll
You up quite wet; you've been forgotten.
It rains once more. What's this? A hole?
By Jove, the silk's completely rotten!

THE STAGE-COACH FIASCO.—The Meet, which was ordered for 11:30 last Thursday, wasn't done, and so there was no Luncheon.

ON THE INCOME-TAX.

[By an already over-burdened tax-payer who derived neither enlightenment nor comfort from the wordy war about a "Graduated Income-Tax" between Mr. BARTLEY and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.]

"GRADUATION" seems vexation,
"Differentiation" looks as bad.
Their the-o-rie
It puzzles me,
But their practice drives me mad!

"THAT'S SWEAR IT IS!"—In bygone days, when the Princess's was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN, there was a fine imposed on any member of the company who should make use of bad language in the Green-Room. One evening a distinguished actor so far forgot himself as to let slip an expletive of three simple letters, whereat Mrs. KEAN held up her hands in horror and quitted the room, followed by the actresses who happened to be present. Subsequently some wag at the Garrick Club wrote a song whereof the burden was "The Man who said 'dam' in the Green-Room." *Tempora mutantur*, and now, at the Avenue Theatre, under the management of Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL in the Green-Room and behind the scenes, as well as on the stage, "DAM" will be in everyone's mouth, as this happens to be the name of the Author of their latest successful production.

THE NEWEST TALE OF A TUB.

(By a Sufferer from the Modern Laundry System.)

RUB-A-RUB-RUB!
Three ghoul's at a tub:
Our shirts and our collars they savagely scrub.
The fronts they make bagged,
The wristbands quite jagged,
And send home our linen all rotten and ragged!

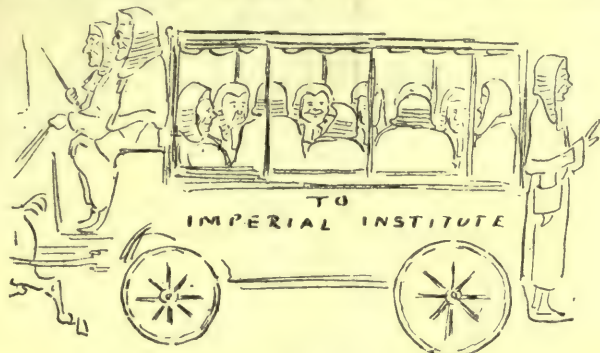
Scrub-a-scrub-scrub!
Three fiends at a tub:
In chemical bleachings they dabble and grub.
Our shirts each bespatters
Then brush them to tatters.
The wearers get mad as March hares or as hatters!

Rub-a-scrub-scrub!
Three hags at a tub:
They scrape with a wire-brush, and pound with a club!
Smash buttons, burst stitches,
And—swell Laundry riches!
Who'll save us from this cauldron-tub's dread Three Witches?

THE Stock Exchange, Mr. Punch understands, has gone into politics. With a view to test the knowledge of the brokers who "procceshed" to the Guildhall, he asks them, —What is the Commission upon Evicted Tenants? All sellers, no buyers.

OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

ANOTHER Show! A splendid Imperial Show! Magnificent weather! Real QUEEN's weather, and consequently a big success. The grandeur, the solidarity of the British Empire—[&c., &c.] * * Editor regrets that for lack of space he is compelled to omit the remainder of this remarkably fine panegyric. He suggests to Author that it would come out well in pamphlet form, price one shilling, or it might be given away with a pound of Indian tea.—Ed.] Obedient to the call of duty I was myself present as one of the 'umbl'est of the distinguished guests assembled to welcome Her Imperial MAJESTY on this auspicious occasion. It was my good fortune to be immediately in front of a charming Young Lady and her delightful Grandmother.



"A Legal Conveyance."

The latter was a trifle deaf, and her Granddaughter being a wonderfully well-informed young lady, I had quite an enjoyable time of it; as had also my neighbours, though I regret to say that some of them after the first three-quarters of an hour seemed rather to resent the gratuitous information given with astonishing volubility by the amiable Young Lady to her confiding relative. For example, up came his Grace the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. "That's the LORD CHANCELLOR," our well-informed Young Lady told her Grandmother. Much cheering greets Lord SALISBURY. "That's General ROBERTS," said the Young Lady, adding, as if rather doubting her own accuracy, "though why he wears a naval uniform I am unable to say." It didn't matter; her Grandmother was equally pleased. "Which is Mr. GLADSTONE?" asked the Old Lady. The Young Lady used her opera-glass. "I don't see him," she returned slowly. "Of course he can't be in a turban. I know he has no whiskers or moustache—ah! there he is!—there, talking to Sir EDWARD LEIGHTON!" She hadn't got even the Christian names correct. I looked in the direction she had indicated and saw Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in close proximity to Sir RICHARD TEMPLE. But why should I turn and dispel the harmless illusion? Was it for me to bring discord into a family, and cause the Granddaughter to be cut out of the Grandmother's will? Never! So, "from information received," the Old Lady went on implicitly believing in her informant, and treasuring up the particulars for the benefit of her other Grandchildren. "Lord ROBERTS is somewhere here," observed the Young Lady, sweeping the horizon (so to speak, with apologies to "the horizon") with her lorgnette. "Oh, I should like to see him!" exclaimed the Old Lady, enthusiastically. "Where is he?" "Oh, I think—" replied the Granddaughter, hesitatingly, "I rather think—I've only seen him once—but—oh yes," she added, with wonderful confidence on finding she was commanding an interested audience of simple neighbours—"Oh yes—there—in a General's uniform,—he has just come in—and he is looking for his place,"—and, following guidance, I, too, craned forward, and was rewarded by catching a glimpse of Mr. FREDERICK GORDON, Chairman of the Grand Hotels Co., Limited, who was good enough to salute me with that air of conscious power which becomes part and parcel of a man who has the command of countless battalions in waiting. Encouraged by this incident (for I had not rounded on her and said, "that is not Lord ROBERTS") the Young Lady urged on her mistaken career more wildly than ever. She pointed out the wrong Princess MAY, the Duke of FIFE became H.R.H. the Duke of YORK, the TECKS were the MECKLENBURG-STRELITZES, the Gentlemen-at-Arms were dismounted Chelsea Pensioners in Court dress; the Chinese ladies were Japanese (for they couldn't get even these correct,—and of course these Orientals are most correct), and finally, looking up to the gallery where the Orchestra was, she crowned the edifice by loudly announcing that Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN was Sir ARTHUR BALFOUR, and added that he was only performing his official duty as Leader of the House of Commons. "Then," asked the simple Old Lady, "are the musicians all obliged to be Members of Parliament?" Her Granddaughter was equal to the occasion, and answered unhesitatingly, "Yes, dear, all."

After this, what was the show! Everybody was somebody else. Only the QUEEN and the PRINCE were beyond the power of error. She found them out at once. She was enthusiastic about the distinctness of the PRINCE's voice in reading the Address, and she bent forward so as not to lose a syllable of the QUEEN's gracious reply. She explained everything wrong. A few ladies looked at her, mutely beseeching some respite for their ears; would she only give herself ten minutes' rest? No—it was a great chance for the well-informed young woman, and she made the most of it. Even the heat didn't affect her. Processions might come, and processions might go, but like the babbling brook, she could and would "go on for ever." I have forgotten to add that she also knew how everyone arrived, and her Grandmother was much interested at hearing how Her Majesty's Judges all came in an omnibus, driven and conducted by eminent judicial functionaries.

A grand show, "Abely worked by our Secretary," says Sir Early-Springs-and-SOMERS VINE, C.M.G., Assistant Secretary, and to both of them great praise is due. Now, then, to adapt the title of Lord LYTTON's novel, "What will we do with it?" THE MAN WHO WENT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the *Song of the Sword and Other Verses*, Mr. HENLEY incidentally asks, "What have I done for you, England, my England?" Since the question is put so pointedly, my Baronite, who has been looking through the little volume of verse, is bound to reply that, what Mr. HENLEY has done for England is to make it as ridiculous as is possible to a man with a limited audience. Mr. HENLEY has a pretty gift of versification, but it is spoiled by a wearisome proneness to smartness, and an assumption of personal superiority that occasionally reaches the heights of the ludicrous. If 'ARRY had been at the University, and had bent what he calls his mind upon verse-making, some of the truculent rhyme in this book is the sort of stuff he would have turned out. It seems at first hearing a far cry from 'ARRY to HENLEY. But the dispassionate reader, turning over these sulphurous leaves, will perceive deeply-rooted similarity in that narrowness of view, and that undisturbed consciousness that it alone is right, which distinguish the reflections, and are found in the observations, of 'ARRY when he views society from his lower standpoint.



"Le Sabre de mon père!"

Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co. have published a *Book of Wise Sayings*, by W. A. CLOUSTON. Not that W. A. CLOUSTON said them all, or any of them, but he selected them. One fault has the Baron to find with the selecting collector, and that is that his references are incomplete. He affixes the name of the author to every wise saying, but as he does not give chapter and verse, it is impossible for the ordinary unlearned reader to ascertain when and where the wise saying was uttered. Perhaps this omission is wise on the part of Mr. CLOUSTON. However, here is a happy example for the time present:—

"Safe in thy breast close lock up thy intents,
For he that knows thy purpose best prevents."—Randolph.

Isn't that 'good? Isn't it "RANDOLPH" to the life? Is anyone quite certain as to the course our RANDOLPH will take?

There are, too, quotations from "R. CHAMBERLAIN"—not from JOSEPH—with whose works the Baron is not so conversant as he might be. Saith R. CHAMBERLAIN:—

"A foolish man in wealth and authority is like a weak-timbered house with a too-ponderous roof."—R. Chamberlain.

The Baron strongly recommends the study of this volume to Mr. OSCAR WILDE; it will save him hours of painful cogitation during the incubation of his next play. THE BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

ANOTHER HOME-RULE QUESTION.—Ulster objects. Ulster threatens. If Home Rule becomes the law of the land, the Ulstermen will resist *vi et armis*. Do they propose to set up an Opposition Sovereignty? If so, they have a monarch at hand with the very title to suit them. He is to be found at the Heralds' College, and he is the, *par excellence*, "Ulster King-at-Arms!"

STAGE WHISPER AT WESTMINSTER.—The Comedy of Committee now tends towards becoming Mellor-drama.

"NANA WOULD NOT GIVE ME A BOW-WOW!"

A PRETTY LITTLE SONG FOR PETTISH LITTLE EMPERORS.

(Latest Teutonic Version of Mr. Joseph Tabrar's Popular Song.)

·REICHSTAG·



[The German Emperor is reported to have said, "It was impossible for me to anticipate the rejection of the Army Bills, so fully did I rely upon the patriotism of the Imperial Diet to accept them unreservedly. A patriotic minority has been unable to prevail against the majority . . . I was compelled to resort to a dissolution, and I look forward to the acceptance of the Bills by the new Reichstag. Should this expectation be again disappointed, I am determined to use every means in my power to achieve my purpose."—*The Times*.]

Wilful Wilhelm sings:—

You ask me why I do not smile; the reason you shall know;
I had a disappointment huge a day or two ago;
I asked my venerable Nurse to give me no more toys,
But just a little Dog of War to bite the other boys.

Spoken. But oh!

Audience (of Generals and Staff Officers). What?

Nana wouldn't give me that bow-wow

Wow-wow!

The Reichstag wouldn't grant me that bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

No; she denied me—flat.

Now, what do you think of *that*?

And I'd set my mind on that bow-wow-wow!

Wow-wow-wow!

Some years ago she did the same, the greedy bad old girl!
 But I've set my mind upon that dog, sharp teeth and
 The other boys have got such tykes, and I should be a mug,
 If when they run to mastiffs I'm put off with a small

Audience. Well?

Spoken. Well,

I mean to make her give me that bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

I'll worry her until she buys that bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

I'll dissolve the Imperial Diet,

And I never will be quiet

Until I get that bow-wow-wow!

Wow-wow-wow!

I always meant when I grew old to do just as I pleased,
 I'd have a dozen bow-wows then, and if the old Trot
 teased

I'd shut her up, and everyone who backed her, like a
 For no one who opposes Me can be a pat-ri-ot!

Audience. Why?

Spoken. Because

France has got ahead with her bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

Russia makes me jealous with her bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

And now it is my turn

To leave them well astern,

And I can't without that bow-wow-wow!

Wow-wow-wow!

I didn't shake old BIZZY off to take CAPRIVI up,
 To let my old Nurse thwart me in my longing for this pup.
 'Tis true that I have other tykes, a pack of 'em indeed—
 But what of that? I want one more, of this particular
 breed.

Audience. Well?

Spoken. Well,

I will, whatever happens, have this bow-wow!

Wow-wow!

I'll have it very soon, if not just now-now!

Wow-wow!

My purpose I'll achieve,

And the Reichstag never leave

Until I get possession of that bow-wow-wow!

Wow-wow-wow!

A QUESTION OF TITLE.—A recent speech by Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q. C., M. P., on the Art of Cross-Examination has been called "deliciously frank." Henceforth, the genial Recorder of York is to be known as Mr. DELICIOUSLY FRANK LOCKWOOD.

A SOVEREIGN MAXIM.

He who risks the answer Nay.

When he asks he shall have MAY.



WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

WHEN PERCHED ON THE BACK SEAT OF A FRIEND'S DOG-CART; CAN TAKE NO PART IN THE CONVERSATION, AND HAS TO DEVOTE HIMSELF TO STICKING ON!

IN SHEFFIELD PARK.

MONDAY, MAY 8, 1893.

First Match of the Australian Cricketers against
 Lord Sheffield's English Eleven.

In Sheffield Park, in budding May!
 True English scene, true cricket day,
 A generous host, and glorious play!

A date to mark!

A well-fought match, the Cornstalks' first!
 A summer sun, a noble thirst!
 The Season's on us with a burst,

In Sheffield Park!

The wondrous veteran W. G.,
 At forty-five scores sixty-three!
 (At sixty-three GRACE may we see
 Score forty-five!)

Pleasant once more to have a peep
 At those sharp eyes that never sleep,
 Those bear's-paws that know how to keep
 The game alive!

Safe SHREWSBURY and giant GUNN
 At it once more! Oh Lords, what fun
 To see them drive, and out, and run!
 A May-day lark

For elderly and paunchy lads!
 Ah, Time his annual inches adds.
 We cannot buckle on the pads
 In Sheffield Park!

Yet genuine pleasure still 'twill yield
 To sit and watch, with noses peeled,
 CONINGHAM smite and GREGORY field.
 How's that, Sir! Hark!

Thanks to GRACE, SHREWSBURY, and GUNN,
 LOCKWOOD and BRIGES—what glorious fun!
 The first big match we've neatly won
 In Sheffield Park!

Now for a wet after our roast!
 Lords no, there is no call to boast!
 But in Lord SHEFFIELD what a host
 Cricketers mark!

Who will forget that lovely day,
 'Midst lovely scenery in mid-May,
 Who had the luck to watch the play
 In Sheffield Park!

(EXETER) HALL RIGHT.—It is reported on
 the highest authority that Prince GEORGE
 has been recently engaged in May Meetings,
 and has expressed himself as having been
 extremely charmed and interested.

MORE POWER TO MISS COBBE!

"You say that you've a sovereign way
 To end the placard pest;
 Oh, Mistress COBBE, reveal it, pray,
 And give my spirit rest!"

"You're very green, that may be seen,"
 Th' aggressive dame did shout;
 "The way to kill a noxious Bill
 Is—just to throw it out."

"Mid hills, in towns,—that's not so bad,—
 And in the quiet lane,
 We let the advertising cad
 Tyrannically reign."

"So in my walks I take a brush,
 Also a watering-can,
 And on the hideous foe I rush,
 And that's my little plan!"

"Without compunction, without haste,
 Though passers-by may stare,
 I strip the paper from its paste,
 And leave the fragments there."

"That plan," I said, "I've never tried;
 It shows, no doubt, devotion;
 But is it legal?" She replied,
 "I've not the slightest notion!"

WAITING FOR THE PROCESSIONS.

(A Reminiscence of the Opening of the Imperial Institute.)

SCENE—The Hyde Park South Road, opposite the Cavalry Barracks. Closely-packed ranks of Sightseers have formed in front of the long line of unharnessed carriages under the trees. Outside this line the feeble folk, who invariably come on such occasions, and never find the courage to trust themselves in the crowd, are wistfully wandering, in the hope of procuring a place by some miraculous interposition.

Lament of Feeble Females. I told you how it would be—not the slightest use staying here! . . . I can't see anything except a lamp-post and the top of a soldier's bearskin! . . . We might just as well have stopped at home! (*Viciously.*) Where all the people come from, I don't know! I'm sure we were here early enough!

Comments by Feeble Males. No—not much to be seen where we are, certainly, but—um—I don't know that we're likely to do better anywhere else. . . . Not the least good attempting to get in there. Well, we can try lower down, of course, but it'll be just the same. They ought to arrange these things better!

[*They drift on discontentedly.*
The Self-Helper (squeezing between the wheels, and elbowing himself past the people who have been standing patiently there for hours). By your leave—ere, just allow me to pass, please. Thank you. One moment, Mum. "No right to push in 'ere," 'aven't I? I've as much right as what you 'ave. Think the ole Park b'longs to you, I suppose? You orter 'ave a space roped in a-purpose for you, you ought! Tork about selfishness!

[*He arrives triumphantly in the foremost row, and obtains the tolerance, if not the sympathy, of all who are not near enough to be inconvenienced by his presence.*
Contented People in the Crowd.
Oh, we shall do well enough 'ere. They'll put their sunshades down when the QUEEN passes . . . I can catch a view between the 'eads like. And you don't get the sun under the trees . . . Sha'n't have much longer to wait now. She'll be starting in another arf hour—(&c., &c.)

A Lady in a Landau (to her husband). I don't think we could have done better, Horace—we shall see everything; and it's quite amusing to be close to the crowd, and hear their remarks—much nicer than being in one of the Stands!

[*Her self-congratulations are cut short by the arrival of three Humorous Artisans, who have taken a day off, and are in the highest animal spirits.*

Joe (first Humorous Artisan). You shove in first, BILL—push along, JOE; there's room for three little 'uns! Don't you mind about me—I'll git up 'ere, and see over your 'eds. [*He mounts on one of the front wheels of the landau, and holds on by the lamp.*] I can see proper where I am. There's a lady fainted down there!

Bill (the leading Buffoon of the Party). I wonder if she's got any money. If she 'as, I'll go and 'elp 'er!

Joe. She's all right now. The ambulance 'as come up—they're standin' 'er on 'er 'ed!

The Lady in the Landau (in an undertone). HORACE, we can't have this horrible man here—do make him get down!

Horace (to Joe). Here, I say, my friend, don't you think you'd be more comfortable somewhere else?—that wheel is—er—not exactly the place—

Joe. No offence, Guy'nor. Yer see, I ain't brought out my brawn to-day, 'cos I'm 'avin' it varnished, and—

Bill. Why, don't yer see, JOE?—the lady's put 'er 'usband up to invitin' you on the box-seat of 'er kerridge!—it all comes o' bein' so good lookin'—but take care what yer about, or your missus may come by and ketch yer—which 'll be unpleasant for all parties!

Joe (to the owner of the Landau, with easy affability). It's very 'orspitable of you and your good lady, Mister, but I'm very well

where I am—if I should want to set down later on, I'll tell yer. (*To BILL.*) I can't think what they all see in me. I don't encourage 'em!

The Lady (in a rapid whisper). No, HORACE, for goodness sake don't—you'll only make them worse—we must put up with it. (*They do.*)

Bill (affecting to recognise an imaginary friend across the road). 'Ullo, if there ain't little ALEXANDER! I knoo 'e'd be 'ere. What oher, ALEX, ole pal?

Joe (playing up to him). Ah, and there goes JACK GAYNER! You can spot 'im anywhere by 'is eye-glass.

Bill. That's ole JACK all over, that is. 'E wouldn't come out—not on a day like this—without a eyeglass, JACK wouldn't. If it 'ad ha' bin a Saturday now, 'e'd ha' 'ad two, to see 'is way 'ome by. (*A gorgeous official passes on horseback.*) There y'ar—there's DAN LENO. Way oh, DANNY!

Dick. It's time 'Er Most Gracious come along, if she's goin' to keep 'er character. If she don't make 'aste, I shan't 'ave time to get 'alf a pint afore I go 'ome!

Bill (sentimentally). Ah, if she on'y knoo the anxious arts she's causin'! 'Ullo, see that bloke tryin' to climb up on the wall there? If I was one o' them sojers, I'd draw my sword and do a noble deed against 'im, I would. He wouldn't want to set down on no wall arter I'd done with him!

[*By this time the two have secured a delighted audience—of which they are fully conscious.*

Joe. Time's very near up. 'ER MAJESTY ain't 'urryin' 'erself.

Bill (magnanimously). Never mind. Now I am 'ere, I'll stop 'Er time. I shouldn't like 'Er to feel that there was somethink wantin' to the success of the proceedings. They say Royalty never forgets a face!

Joe (with the candour of intimacy). She won't see enough o' yours to forgit, ole feller—you ain't used much o' Pears' Soap this mornin', you ain't!

Bill (in nowise pained by this personality—which is only too well founded). Ah, it 'ud take "Monkey Brand" and Fuller's Earth to git it all orf o' me! (*There is a stir in the crowd; a Mounted Police-sergeant trots past.*) There's somethink up now. They're comin'. I will 'oller when the QUEEN passes. She's costed me a deal already, but she ain't got all the money. I got three 'apence of it in my pocket—though, come to think of it, three 'apence laid out in pots o' four ale among three with thusts for thirty and loyalty laid on 'ot and cold all over the premises—why, it don't go so bloomin' fur, and don't you forgit it!

Dick. 'Er come the Life

Guards! smart lookin' lot o' chaps, ain't they?

Bill (philosophically). Ah, and when they done their time, them fellers 'll be glad to turn to plarsterin' or wood-choppin'—anything to gain their liveli'ood by. There's the Royalties. I can see the people wavin' their 'ankerchiefs—them that's got 'em. I want to wave somethink—'ere, lend me your baceo-pipe, will yer.

[*An open carriage passes, containing personages in uniform.*

Dick. 'Oo'll that lot be?

Bill. Why, that's the Markiss o' BRICKDUST—don't yer know 'im? And the one in front is the Dook o' DRIFFIN'. Look at 'im a larfin. Ain't 'e a gay ole chicking? 'Er's some more o' them.

The Crowd. That's the Dook o' CAMBRIDGE. No, it ain't—that was 'im in the first kerridge. Go on—that was the EDINGBOROS! . . . Why, I tell yer, I see 'is white whiskers! There's the Princess MAY! Which? 'Ooray! Lor, it's no good 'oorayin' now—she's gone by long ago. Well, I am glad I've seen 'er, any'ow! Who are them in the white 'elmets? Ostraliens, I fancy. No, they ain't—they're Canadians. Then who is it in the fancy dress, with slouch 'ats an' feathers on? Forriners o' some sort. Ain't them Indians dressed up fine? 'Er come the creams. Now we shall see 'Er!

Bill (with enthusiasm). Brayvo! SANGER's ain't in it! 'Ooray, 'ooray! Lor, I could do with a ap'ny ice! Did yer see 'Er, Joe?



"She's costed me a deal already!"

I caught 'Er Royal eye, I did. She didn't bow—'cos we ain't on those terms—but she tipped me a wink, ser much as to say, "'Ullo, BILL, ole feller, 'ow is it you ain't in the Institoot?" Quite forgittin' she never sent me no ticket. But there, I dessay she's lots to think about!

Joe (to the occupants of the Landau). You'll excuse me leavin' yer for a bit, just to git a drink, won't yer? I'll be back in time to see 'em return—if yer won't mind keepin' my place.

[Exit, leaving them glaring in speechless indignation. The Crowd (breaking up).] Oh, I see it beautiful! She did look pleased, didn't she? I didn't notice partickler. I was lookin' at the Percussion. . . Come along, that's all there is to be seen. . . Where's that silly ole man got to? I told 'im to be 'ere under this tree; he wants more lookin' after than any—oh, 'ere you are! Well, you should ha' kept along with us, and you'd ha' seen well enough! It was a pity our leavin' the whisky at 'ome—'tain't often I come out without it—and on a warm day like this, a drop 'ud ha' done us all good!

A Loyal Old Lady. Ah, depend upon it, this Imperial Institoot 'ull do good to Trade. Why, there's one o' them men with the iced lemonade cans sold out a'ready!

HOW'S THAT FOR—HIGH-TEA?

[A learned Judge is recently reported to have anxiously inquired the meaning of "high-tea."]

His Lordship looked puzzled. He ransacked his brain; His once beaming brow was contracted with pain. Till my Lord stopped the Counsel, in saying, "Let's see, Before you proceed, what is meant by 'high-tea'?"

"I was called to the Bar such a long time ago! But I flatter myself that I've learnt now to know All the ropes pretty well, yet completely at sea I confess that I am with this curious 'high-tea.'"

"Now I own that I know an Oxonian 'wine,' Though a 'cocoa' at Newnham is more in my line, Whilst dinner and lunch are familiar to me. So is supper. But what—tell me, *what* is 'high-tea'?"

The Counsel explained in his very best style, (Though he often indulged, on the sly, in a smile,) And the Judge was as eager as eager could be To learn all the rites that belong to "high-tea."

But the sequel to all was a square little note Next day from a blue-blooded Duchess who wrote To the Judge, and this Dame of the highest degree Had invited his Lordship to come to—HIGH-TEA!

DIARY OF A "H. D."

(At the Service of the Departmental Committee on the Treatment of Inebriates.)

Monday.—I am afraid that I can no longer resist the temptation to return to my customary diet. This morning my breakfast was spoiled by finding that the *pieces de resistance* was corked. And this when I pay 96s. a dozen, and the vintage is 1884! However, it could not be helped, and I managed to exist until lunch. Then came another disappointment. I had purposely ordered a light repast, as I had not much appetite. But I did intend to take it with soda-water—not neat. At dinner I managed to get through a biscuit, and as it was "devilled," it gave me renewed relish for the morning's champagne. This time the bottles were in excellent condition, and I quite forgot that earlier in the day one of them had been corked. All in the half-dozen were in perfect condition—especially the last magnum. I do not know how I got to bed.

Tuesday.—When I find that I have not removed my boots overnight, I know that I require a pick-me-up. A friend joined me at breakfast, and we both thought the champagne excellent. My friend BROWN, or perhaps it was JONES, and now I come to think of it, it may have been ROBINSON. And yet, when I consider the matter, there may have been three of them. I tried to count them, and it took me half the morning. Well, BROWN, or whoever he was, is a very good fellow. Most amusing, and an excellent audience. He laughs at everything. Whether you mean it to be funny or not, he laughs. I like him as a brother. A thoroughly good fellow. We had a most interesting discussion about the right pronunciation of Constitution. He said it was in two syllables. I said it was in one. I think I was right. We had a long chat about it after dinner. First we talked about it over the port, and then under the table. I don't know how I managed to get home, but I have a firm belief that it was all right—quite all right.

Wednesday.—Found my boots again on my feet when recovering consciousness. So this is the second time I must have slept in them.



NOTE AND QUERY.

Small Boy (to Companion). "I SAY, BILL, WHICH O' THESE TWO 'S TAKEN THE PRIZE?"

I feel excessively melancholy. I have wept very much, and were it not for the supporting powers of whiskey, I am sure I should be much worse. However, there is only one thing to be done—to keep at it. One bottle down, another come on. I have floored no end of a lot of them. Strange to say that I am now happy after all my sorrow of this morning. Everything is right but the lamp-posts. They are all wrong. Getting in my way on my road home. I feel awfully tired. However, seems to be my duty to interfere in a street-row.

Thursday.—It appears I had an altercation with the police last night. I am free, but sorrowful. I really must put myself under restraint. I feel almost certain that I have given way to intemperance. On appealing to BROWN (or whoever he is), he says I have been as drunk as a fly for ages. This hurts me very much. Only thing to do is to retire into a retreat. Have, with the assistance of BROWN (or whoever he is), drawn up the application. It looks right enough. And, as this is my last chance for some time to come, I and BROWN (or whoever he is) are going to make a night of it.

Friday.—Boots again! BROWN (or whoever he is) called with two doctors. I said I couldn't be bothered with them. BROWN (or whoever he is) said I must. So I saw them. They say that the Act requires that I must understand what I am doing. All right—going into retreat. Word "retreat" should be pronounced as one syllable. All right, they have made the statutory declaration.

Saturday.—Here I am. Charming place, away from drink, and ought to do well for the next fortnight. Can't remember how long I promised to stay, but know it was for some considerable time. I have just seen the Superintendent. He says he is very sorry, but I cannot stay any longer. This, in spite of it appearing that I have signed an application undertaking to remain for life. Can't make it out. Rather vague about what I have been doing during the week, but know I wanted to cure myself from habitual inebriety. Superintendent says he must turn me out under the statute. Appears that I signed the application for admission when I was not absolutely sober. Can't be helped. Out I go. Well, there are worse things in the world than whiskey and port. I have a notion that I am booked for another night in my boots!

THE RECENTLY-ELECTED R.A.'S.

The pictures these talented gentlemen show
Monotonous never appear;
Waves, woods, and (say) Venice, MACWHIRTER & Co.
Depict for us year after year.

Woods always paints Venice, the place that brought forth
A Moor, but MOORE's chattels and goods
Are seas, not calm south ones, but those of the north,
Whilst NORTH and MACWHIRTER paint woods.

A DEBT OF HONOUR.—Will the verse described as *Ode* by Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS be paid with the Poet Laureateship?



WHAT WEDDING PRESENTS ARE COMING TO.

She. "I DON'T SEE MY CHEQUE ANYWHERE!"

He. "A—CAN I HELP YOU? WHAT NAME?"

She. "OH—WELL—MINE IS HARDLY A CHEQUE. A—IT'S A POSTAL ORDER, YOU KNOW, FOR FIFTEEN SHILLINGS!"

OUR OWN AMBASSADOR.

Mr. Punch, meeting Columbia at the World's Fair, thus greeteth her:—

COLUMBIA by Lake Michigan

A treasure-dome did late decree;
And all the world, in summer, ran,
In numbers measureless by man,

The Wondrous Show to see!
There many miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And there were gardens bright with
sinuous rills

Surrounding halls of vast machinery.
And all earth's products, from fine arts
to pills,
Massed in that maze by that great in-
land sea.

Fast, from that deep romantic chasm which
slanted

Through Colorado, the Grand Cañon; over
Yellowstone's marvel-teeming miles en-
chanted;

Far-sweeping prairies erst by redskins
haunted;

Steaming and railing, like bee-swarms to
clover,

The world-crowd swept, with ceaseless turmoil
seething;

It seemed the earth in eager pants was
breathing

In a great race to see who should be first
Into that many-acred Show to burst,
And conquering COLUMBIA there to hail
Creation-licker on colossal scale.

By Michigan's large lake, once and for ever,
Surpassing other Shows, in park, by river,
O'er miles meandering, this last Yankee
Notion

Through wood and meadow like a river ran,
Vast Exposition of the Arts of Man!

Hyde Park compared therewith stirred small
emotion,

And proud COLUMBIA, waving Stripes and
Stars,

Cried, "The White City whips the Champ de
Mars!"

The shadow of that dome of treasure
Floated midway on the wave.

(See CASTAGNE's drawings—they're a
pleasure—

In the May *Century* pictured brave.)

It was a miracle of rare device,
Costing "a pile," but cheap at any price!

A damsel with a five-stringed "Jo"

In a vision once I saw;

It was an Alabama maid,

And on her banjo light she played,

Singing of sweet Su-san-nah!

Could I revive within me

Amphion's lyric song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win me

As the music loud and long

That sure did raise this dome in air,

That mighty dome!—those halls of price!

COLUMBIA's magic set them there,

And all who see cry, "Rare! O rare!"

This beats great KUBLA KHAN's device!

Chicago outsoars Xanadu!

COLUMBIA's World's Fair here on view

Eclipses SHEDD's Paradise!"

There, Madam! *The British Ambassador,*

Punch,

Has borrowed the lyre of the Opium-eater
To praise your unparalleled feat! By his

hunch

'Twould tax that great master of magic and
metre

To do it full justice. To paint such a vision
The limner need call on the aid of the
Poppy.

It is a Big Blend of the Truly Elysian,
And (you'll comprehend!) the Colossally
Shabby!

Mix HAROUN ALRASCHID with Mr. MCKINLEY,
And Yellowstone Park with a Persian
Bazaar,

And then the ensemble is sketched in but
thinly.

For brush and for pen 'tis too mighty by
far.

The fragment of COLERIDGE hinted at wonders
His Dream might have shown, had it ever
been finished.

COLUMBIA, I bear o'er the ocean that sunders
But cannot un-kin us, the love undimin-
ished

Of all whom I speak for—that's England all
over—

Here's luck, in a bumper, to you and your
Show!

Ambassador *Punch*, your Admirer and Lover,
Believes the World's Fair will turn out a
Great Go!

MUSIC IN MAY.—Albert Hall gave a good
concert last Wednesday night. C. V. STAN-
FORD's "*East to West*," libretto by Poet
SWINBURNE, is cleverish. To encores Sir
JOSEPH BARNBY says, as a rule, "Not for Sir
JOSEPH." Quite right. Miss PALLISER, known
as Miss BUCKINGHAM PALLISER, because she
sang at a Court Concert, charming; and Mr.
E. J. LLOYD as *The Old Obadiah*, excellent.
Chorus, like the weather, very fine; Orchestra
set fair, or fair set. Hall full, but, now and
again, it's a Hall-full place for sound.



OUR OWN AMBASSADOR.

MR. PUNCH (to COLUMBIA). "CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR!—QUITE 'THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH'!!!"



ANILINE.

(After Tennyson's "Adeline.")

ALL around one daily sees
Dreadful dyes of Aniline,
Worn by women fat and
thin,
Bonnet, bodice, back and
breast.
One can hardly call thee
fair,
With thy fierce magenta
glare,
With thy green, the green
of peas,
Violet, and all the rest.
What appalling tints are
thine,
Showy, glowy Aniline!

Whence did modern women
get
Such a gorgeous array?
Dear to 'ARRY'S' 'ARRIET
On a 'appy 'oliday,
'Owlin', out on 'Ampstead
'Eath,
From the 'ill to 'im beneath.
Also dear to girls who sell
Flowers in the London
street,
They have always loved
thee well
In their frocks and
feathers neat.
Why revive those tints
of thine,
Antiquated Aniline?

Thou hast almost made us
blind
Under England's cloud-
less skies;
Low-toned tints of
Orient,
Such as Turkish rugs
adorn,
Would be better for our
eyes—
Now upon the pave-
ment bent
Since such blazers
have been worn.



KINDLY MEANT.

Mr. Macmonnies (an old friend). "WELL, LOOK HERE, OLD MAN, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT REALLY BROUGHT ME HERE TO-DAY. THE FACT IS MY WIFE WANTS HER MOTHER PAINTED VERY BADLY—AND I NATURALLY THOUGHT OF YOU!"

Say, has Paris sent to us
Dyes so dreadfully defined?

Do the tyrant *modistes*
bring
Colours so calamitous,
Mixed in ways more
fearful still,
In this strangely sunny
spring?
Oh, before thou mak'st
us ill,
Take away that glare
of thine,
Unæsthetic Aniline!

SALE OF THE CLIFDEN
AND HIGH PRICE PICTURES.—
"The Wife of Burgo-
master Six" went for over
£7000. This wife of Burgo-
master Half-a-dozen was a
marvellous specimen of a
woman. The Burgomaster
was so faithful a husband
that "Six to One" has long
since become a homely
proverb.

A USEFUL TOOLE.—Mr.
Punch was much surprised
one day last week to see
on the evening newspaper
placards:—

TOOLE IN THE BOX.

A LUCKY DOG.

Was "the Box" a new
piece to be put on at
the distant period when
Walker, London, fails to
attract? No! The hero
of *Homburg* had only been
helping in the *Lucky Dog*
Fight—merely a case of
Verbum Sapte et Alport,
or a Word for SAPTE and
ALPORT.

THE SHORTEST PASSAGE
ON RECORD.—Aberdeen
to Canada at a pen-
stroke.

SIC ITUR AD—ASTOR!

[The American Millionaire has purchased Cliveden.]

RULE, BRITANNIA! 'Twas Cliveden's fair walls which first heard
That stout patriot strain—which may now sound absurd.
"Yankee Doodle" indeed might more fittingly ring
"In Cliveden's proud alcove," which POPE stooped to sing.
O Picknickers muse; and, O oarsmen, repine!
Those fair hanging woods, BULL, no longer are thine.
Our high-mettled racers may pass o'er the sea—
Shall sentiment challenge thy claims, L. S. D.?
Our pictures may go without serious paint—
What are the best pictures but canvas and paint?
Our Press? Let the alien toff take his pick.
When the Dollar dictates shall mere patriots kick?
Our hills and our forests? If Oil-kings appear,
And want them—for cash—as preserves for their deer,
Down, down with mere pride—so they're down with the dust!
Mammon's word is the great categorical Must!
The Dollar's Almighty, the Millionaire's King!
Sell, sell *anyone* who'll bid *high—anything*.
What offers for—London? Who bids for—the Thames?
Cracks go, Cliveden follows. What Briton condemns?
Cash rules. For the Dollar-King BULL shies his castor.
Buy! Buy! That's the cry, JOHN. *Sic itur ad—ASTOR!*

BOOKED AT THE LYCEUM BOX-OFFICE.—Four nights a week *Becket*
is given. Programme is varied on the other two nights. A simple
gentleman said to the Clerk at the Box-Office, "I want two stalls."
The Clerk. "For *Becket*?" "No," returned the simple one; "for *me*."

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—From a communication to one of the daily
papers, it appears that "a hundred ladies and gentlemen who
find the works of HENDRIK IBSEN (perhaps not all for exactly the
same reasons, but who agree in finding them) among the most inter-
esting productions of the modern theatre, have guaranteed the esti-
mated expenses of a series of twelve performances, at which three
of IBSEN's plays will be presented." This arrangement is carried
out by "each guarantor receiving in seats at the current theatrical
prices the full value of his subscription," as "the State will not sub-
sidize a theatre, and no millionaire seems inclined to endow one."

This is clear enough, but it has occurred to me that, as after the
first few performances there may be a goodly number of untenanted
seats, it would be as well to provide auxiliary aid to fill them. It
would scarcely be fair to call upon the guarantors to pay the audience
to be present at the "entertainments" provided for their amusement.
And yet, unless the houses are good, the actors will not do themselves
justice, and the plays of HENDRIK IBSEN will suffer in consequence.
I fear that it would be revolting to humanity to insist upon the
attendance of the less intelligent inmates of the Asylum for Idiots,
and yet here would be an appropriate path out of the difficulty.
Under the circumstances, could not the State (with the aid of a
short Act of Parliament) still render assistance? I see no reason
why thieves and other dishonest characters should not have a
portion of their sentences remitted on condition that they attended
the IBSEN performances. Such an arrangement would save the
rate-payers the expense of the prisoners' keep. The audience I have
suggested would also be free from temptation, for when they were
assisting at a representation of one of IBSEN's plays, I venture to be-
lieve they would find nothing worth stealing. A PRACTICAL MAN.



WASTED IRONY.

"WHO'S THAT DOWN-STAIRS, JANE?"—"SOME FRIENDS OF MINE, MA'AM."
 "BUT YOU HAD SOME FRIENDS YESTERDAY, JANE!"—"YES, MA'AM."
 "AND ON MONDAY NIGHT!"—"YES, MA'AM."
 "DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER HAVE A REGULAR DAY AT HOME EACH WEEK?"—"THANK YOU, MA'AM! THAT WILL BE VERY NICE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, May 8.—"What a day we are having, to be sure!" said CHAMBERLAIN, rubbing his hands and smiling delightfully. Things certainly pretty lively to begin with; just got into Committee on Home-Rule Bill; CHARLIE (my DARLING) was to have opened Debate with Amendment on first line of First Clause; but, as he subsequently explained to sympathetic Committee, he was weighed down with feeling of diffidence. House, touched with this unusual weakness on part of Member for Deptford, readily accepted volunteered service of CHAMBERLAIN, who undertook to say a few words on another Amendment whilst DARLING was recovering.

No diffidence about JOSEPH. As he observed in stormiest epoch of sitting, he was as cool as a cucumber. "A cucumber with full allowance of vinegar and pepper." SQUIRE of MALWOOD added, in one of those asides with which he varies the silence of Treasury Bench. Well there was someone at that temperature. Committee, take it all together, in volcanic mood. Peculiarity of situation, as SAUNDERSON put it, with some mixing of metaphor, was that "it was the cucumber that kept the pot a-boiling." Whenever any sign of placidity was visible, JOSEPH sure to appear on scene, rub someone's hair the wrong way, or stir up some slumbering lion with long pole.

"Ever stop to watch the Punch show in the streets, TOBY?" said PLUNKET. "No, I suppose not; rather

personal; recall days before you went into politics. Confess I always do; been chuckling just now over idea that here we have the whole thing played out. There's Mr. Punch in person of Mr. G. Up comes a head, GRANDOLPH's, or someone else's; down comes the bâton in the form of the Closure. Everyone supposes that Law and Order are established and things will go smoothly, when suddenly up springs JOEY, cool as a cucumber, and upsets everything again. There's nothing new under the sun, not even proceedings in obstruction of Home-Rule Bill."

After dinner SOLICITOR-GENERAL discovered seated on Treasury Bench. A great thirst for speech from him suddenly afflicted Opposition. Mr. G. spoke, and JOHN MORLEY moved the Closure, but nothing would satisfy them save speech from RIGBY. Pauses in conversation were filled by cries upon his name. He sat unresponsive, looking wiser than ever, but still unspeakably wise.

DARLING's Amendment got rid of with assistance of Closure. GRANDOLPH rushed in; hotly moved to report progress. Only ten o'clock; two hours more before Debate adjourned. This merrily filled up with divisions, shouting, and scenes. GRANDOLPH's motion to Report Progress being negatived on division, PRINCE ARTHUR moved that Chairman leave the Chair, division on which just tided Committee over twelve o'clock, without chance of doing more work.

"I feel twelve years younger," said GRANDOLPH, coming in from last division. "Reminds me of first Session of 1880 Parliament, when we sat below Gangway there, and bandied about these alternate resolutions, me moving to Report Progress; then, when we came back again, WOLFFY, GORST, or sometimes, to give the boy a turn, PRINCE ARTHUR moved that Chairman leave the Chair. That was long before he came into his principedom. House of Commons pretty dull these six years back. After all, it's the same old place, and, if we give our mind to it, we can have the same old game."

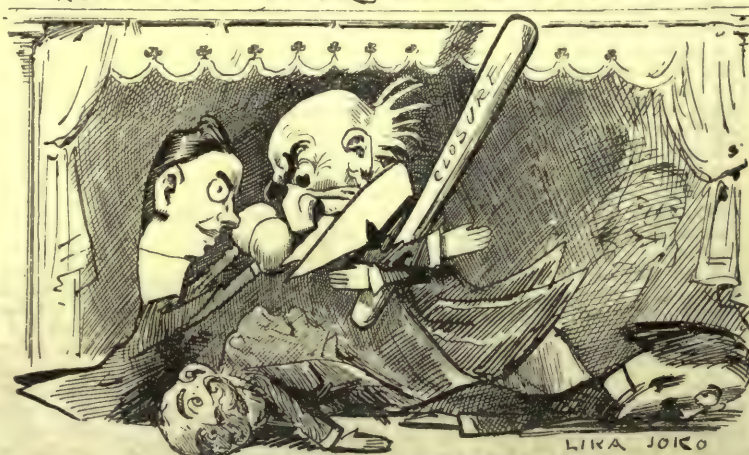
Business done.—Got into Committee on Home Rule Bill.

Thursday.—Noisiest evening we have enjoyed since Parliament elected. Peculiarity of situation was that everybody, not excluding Chairman of Committees, strenuously anxious to preserve order. Quiet enough till CHAMBERLAIN appeared on scene, then followed the ordinary cool-cucumbers results. TIM HEALY torn with anxiety that JOSEPH should limit himself strictly to Motion before Committee. Sort of triangular duel; JOSEPH at corner Bench below Gangway to right of Chair; TIM in corresponding position opposite; MELLOR in (and out of) Chair; all three on their feet simultaneously; Committee assisting in general desire for peace and order by tumultuous shouting. TIM fired furiously at JOSEPH; JOSEPH answered shot for shot; Chairman pegged away alternately at both.

Then GRANDOLPH, finding temptation irresistible, romped in. "I move," he said, "that the words be taken down." Very well; quite so; but what words? The Chamber was full of words, surging like the waters at Lodore. Which particular ones would GRANDOLPH like taken down?

Turned out that his desire centred upon almost the only words that had not been uttered. "I distinctly heard the Member for Louth say, 'You are knocked up.'" So GRANDOLPH solemnly declared, standing at table. Whilst Irish Members popped up like parched peas on Benches below Gangway, CHAMBERLAIN took

HOME RULE ENTERTAINMENT BY STEPHENS



"Joey up again!" Scene from the Parliamentary Show.



OPENING OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

(Rough Sketch by Our Artist without above-room.)

opportunity of looking over his notes, and Chairman, standing at table, forlornly wrung his hands. TIM HEALY sat a model of



Mr. J. G. Lawson having found in a dictionary the Irish word for "a House of Commons," obliges:—

In Irish, I will sing it clear,
There's a name for the House which you
shall hear.

(Spoken) Which is

(Sings) "Riaz-na-Nuairal"-tooral-looral
Ri-az toloral ri do!

[Chorus everybody.

be taken down. At length, in comparative lull in storm, Chairman adroitly signalled to CHAMBERLAIN, who continued his speech. Members, generally, gratefully availed themselves of his interposition to take their breath.

"Do you know, TOBY, what this reminds me of?" said EARL SPENCER, looking down on turbulent scene from Peers' Gallery. "Carries me back to boyhood's days, and what used to happen when, in temporary absence of head-master, French usher took charge of the school.

J. G. LAWSON, on spending time in Library, looking up native name for proposed Legislative Assembly in Dublin. Found what it used to be called when BRIAN was King; written name down, tries to pronounce it. TIM HEALY says, as far as he can make out, LAWSON is speaking Welsh; it is suggested that Chairman shall put Question. MELLOR says he's quite enough to do to put Amendments in English; declines to attempt the Irish. LAWSON withdraws, using awful language, which he insists is Irish. It sounds even worse.

Business done.—Blustering.

Saturday Morning.—Another afternoon in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Not so lively as yesterday, but equal amount of business not done, which, after all, is the thing. House fairly full; gunpowder lying about in all directions, as shown by occasional flash; and one regular explosion. Went off to Library; sat in quiet corner with PRINCE ARTHUR's last book in hand. Fancy I must have fallen asleep; found tall figure sitting next to me; drowsily recognised RAIKES. Couldn't be RAIKES, you know; long ago gone to another place. Yet figure unmistakable, and voice well remembered. Seem to have been asking him question.

"What do I think about new Chairman?" he was saying. "Well, of course, that is a delicate question to put to me; was Chairman myself for many sessions; know every thorn in the cushion of the seat. It is, I should say, the most difficult post in House; far more so than SPEAKER'S. SPEAKER is robbed about with authority that does not pertain to Chairman. Observations which, addressed to SPEAKER, would be flat blasphemy, are, when flung at Chairman of Ways and Means, merely choleric words. Apart from that, position is, through long stretches of sitting, more arduous. When full-dress debate going on, SPEAKER of judgment and ex-

perience can go easy; may even, upon occasion, strategically doze. One did in times not so long ago, and was caught *flagrante asleep*. MACKWORTH PRAED was Member of the House then; made little speech in verse on incident. You remember it?

Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER; it's surely fair,
If you don't in your bed, that you should in your Chair;
Longer and longer still they grow,
Tory and Radical, Aye and No;
Talking by night, and talking by day.
Sleep, Mr. SPEAKER; sleep, sleep, while you may

"Chairman must be on alert every moment in Committee. Rule under his jurisdiction is conversation as opposed to speech-making when SPEAKER in Chair. Any moment out of depths of dulness may suddenly rise a whirlwind, which he is expected forthwith to ride. Especially in connection with Bill like this now before Committee, Chairman is in state of tension from time he takes Chair till he leaves. Don't forget all this when you criticise MELLOR, still new to place. He's a good fellow, and a shrewd one; but has, among other difficulties, to fight against proneness to good-nature. Good-nature out of place in the Chair. COURTNEY knew that, and successfully overcame his natural tendencies. MELLOR too anxious to oblige. Must get over that. Above all, should never explain. Suddenly called upon for decision on knotty point, must needs make mistake sometimes. If he does, unless it be very serious, *he should stick to it*. For Chairman of Committees, better to be in the wrong and uphold authority of Chair, than to wriggle into the right at its expense. MELLOR should be more monosyllabic in his style, more ruthless in his dealing with disorderly interruption, more wary about putting his foot down, but, being planted, it should be immovable. It would make his fortune if he could only name CHAMBERLAIN. That would be difficult, I know, for JOEY C. is sly, devilish sly. He should begin with JEMMY LOWTHER, who gives plenty of chances. Thence he might work upwards. Is that a bell



Blind Man's Buff with the Chairman; or, "The Mellor and His Men."

ringing? Yes. Must be off, or I'll get shut out. We've lately adopted the Early Closing Movement."

Certainly bell was ringing; it was for Division on Clause I. Still fact seems to run on all fours with what I remember RAIKES talking of just now. Yet, again, when one comes to think of it, can a bell run on all fours? Everything very strange. Shall go and vote.

Business done.—Clause I. agreed to.

TO THE WOOLSACK.

SINCERE congratulations for
Our conscience-keeping Chancellor.
Whom lawyers know as HERSCHELL, C.
Is now Lord HERSCHELL, G.C.B.

AN ADDITION TO THE CALENDAR.—SIR SOMERS VINE, in recognition of his services in connection with the Imperial Institute, has been appointed a Companion of St. Michael and St. George. And why not? He will be found excellent company.

AN APPEAL FOR INSPIRATION.

[MR. LEWIS MORRIS has been requested to write an ode on the approaching Royal Marriage.]

AWAKE my Muse, inspire your
LEWIS MORRIS

To pen an ode! to be another
Horris!

"HORACE" I should have
written, but in place of it
You see the word—well, I'm
within an *ace* of it.

Awake my muse! strike up!
your bard inspire

To write this—"by particular
desire."

Wet towels! Midnight oil!
Here! Everything

That can induce the singing
bard to sing.

Shake me, Ye Nine! I'm re-
solute, I'm bold!

Come, Inspiration, lend thy
furious hold!

MORRIS on Pegasus! Plank
money down!

I'll back myself to win the
Laureate's Crown!

THE CHIEF SECRETARY'S
MUSICAL PERFORMANCE, WITH
ACCOMPANIMENT.—MR. JOHN
MORLEY arrived last Friday
at Kingston. He went to
Bray. He was "accompa-
nied" by the Under Secretary.
Surely the Leader of the Opposi-
tion, now at Belfast, won't
lose such a chance as this item
of news offers.

THE "WATER-CARNIVAL."
—Good idea! But a very
large proportion of those whom
the show attracts would be all
the better for a Soap-and-
Water Carnival. Old Father
Thames might be considerably
improved by the process.



A RESERVED SEAT.

Mistress. "WELL, JAMES, HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SHOW? I HOPE YOU
GOT A GOOD VIEW."

Jim. "YES THANKYE, M'M; I SAW IT FIRST-RATE. THERE WAS ROOM
FOR FOUR OR FIVE MORE WHERE I WAS."

Mistress (surprised). "INDEED!—WHERE WAS THAT?"

Jim. "IN THE PARK, M'M,—UP A CHES'NUT TREE."

A BUSINESS LETTER.

["Marriage is daily becoming a more commercial
affair."—*A Society Paper.*]

DEAR FRED,—Your favour of the 3rd,
Has had my very best attention,
But yet I cannot, in a word,
Accept you on the terms you mention;
Indeed, wherever you may try,
According to the last advices
You'll meet, I fear, the same reply—
"It can't be done, at current prices!"

In vain an ancient name you show,
In vain for intellect are noted,
Blue blood and brains, you surely know,
At nominal amounts are quoted;
And then, I see, you're weak enough
To offer "love, sincere, unstudied,"—
Why, Sir, with such Quixotic stuff
The market's absolutely flooded!

But—every day this fact confirms—
The time is over for romances,
And whether we can come to terms
Depends alone on your finances.
So, would you think me over-bold
If I, with deference, requested
A statement of what funds you hold?
In what securities invested?

For, candidly, in such affairs
A speedy bid your only chance is,
A boom in Yankee millionaires
May soon result in marked advances;

With you I'd willingly be wed,
To like you well enough I'm able,
But first submit your bank-book, FRED,
To your (perhaps) devoted MABEL!

SUSPIRIA.

(By a Fogey.)

I WOULD I were a boy!
Not for the tarts we once were fain to eat,
The penny ice, the jumble sticky-sweet,
The tip's deciduous joy—

Not for the keen delight [wet,
Of break-neck 'scapes, the charm of getting
The joy of battle (strongest when you get
Two other chaps to fight).

No! times have changed since then.
The social whirlpool has engulfed the boys;
Robb'd of their simple, hardy, rowdy joys,
They start from scratch as men.

The winners in the race!
Secure of worship, each his triumphs tells,
Weighing with faintly-praising syllables
The fairest form and face.

Once, in the mazy crush,
Ingenuous youth, half timid, and half proud,
By girlhood's pity had its claims allow'd,
And worshipp'd with a blush.

Time was when tender years
Would hug sweet sorrow to the heart, and
blur

The cross-barr'd bliss of the confectioner
With crushed affection's tears.

That humbleness is sped.
The vivid blazon of self-conscious youth,
The unwilling witness to whole-hearted truth,
Ne'er troubles boyhood's head.

Now with a solemn pride,
Lord of the future's limitless expanse,
The Stoic stripling tolerates the dance
Weary, yet dignified.

Propping the mirror'd wall,
No joy of motion, no desire to please,
Thaws those high-collar'd Caryatides,
Inane, imperial.

Girls, with their collars too,
Their mannish maskings, and their unveil'd
eyes,
Would feel, if girls can be surprised, surprise
Should courteous worship woo.

From their exalted place
The boys their favours dole, as seems them
well, [tell,
Woman's calm tyrants, showing, truth to
More tolerance than grace.

DOUBLE RIDDLE.—Why is a whist-player,
fast asleep after his fifth game, like one of
the latest-patented cabs? Because he can be
briefly alluded to as "Rubber Tires." (*Riddle
adaptable also to exhausted manipulator in
Turkish Bath after a hard day's work.*)

THE MONEY-BOXING KANGAROO.

(Knocked-out—for the Time!)

PITY the sorrows of a poor "Old Man,"
 Whose pouch is emptied of its golden
 store;
 Whose girth seems dwindling to its shortest
 span,
 Who needs relief, and needs it more and

Punch's appeal for the marsupial martyr
 Is based upon an ancient nursery model;
 But he will find that he has caught a
 Tartar,
 Who hints that *Punch* is talking heartless
 twaddle.

Knocked out this round, and verily no
 wonder!
 The Money-boxing Kangaroo is plucky;
 But when a chance-blow smites the jaw like
 thunder,
 A champion may succumb to fluke

The Australian Cricketers in their first game

Went down; but BLACKHAM's boys high hopes still foster;

Duffers who think 'twill always be the same,
Reckoned without their GIFFEN! Just ask GLO'STER!

So our pouched pugilist, though his chance looks poor,

Will come up smiling soon, surviving failure;

And an admiring ring will shout once more,
(Pardon the Cockney rhyme!) "Advance, Australia!!!"

THE ARMS (AND LEGS) OF THE ISLE OF MAN.—At a discussion on Sunday-trading, one day last month, there was an attempt made to raise a question as to breach of privilege. The Speaker, however, stopped this at the outset, advising them that they "hadn't a leg to stand upon." Very little advantage in having three legs on such an occasion. The odd part of these Man and men's legs is that they are their arms. It was originally selected as pictorially exhibiting the innocent character of the Manx Islanders. For their greatest enemy must own that "the strange device" of the three legs is utterly 'armless.

THE END OF THE DROUGHT.

(By a Cab-horse.)

Don't talk to us in praise of rain!
When we are slipping once again;

This beastly shower
Has made wood-pavements thick with slime.
Suppose you try another time,
By mile or hour;

See how you'd like to trot and trip,
To stop and stagger, slide and slip,
Pulled up affrighted,
Urged madly on, then checked once more,
Whilst from some omnibus's door
Some lout alighted.

You would not find much cause to laugh,
Like us, you would not care for chaff
Were you such draggers;
Your shoes would soon be off, or worn,
You'd get, what we don't often, corn,
And end with staggers.

You'd long to be put out to grass,
Infrequent so far with your class—

NEBUCHADNEZZAR
Was quite an isolated case—
You would be tired of life's long race;
Slaves who in Fez are,

On the Sahara could not bear
Such toil as fallett to our share,
For death would free them.

You say the farmer wants the wet
For meadows; pray do not forget
We never see them.

Philanthropists, why don't you walk?
Of slaves' hard lives you blandly talk,
Like "Uncle Tom"—nay,

You think what your own horses do,
But we—there, get along with you!
Allez vous promener!

CHANGE ITS NAME!—An estate in the Island of Fowlness, Essex, of 382 acres, was put up to auction last week, and, according to the *Daily News*, there was only one bid at a little short of eight pounds per acre. "The property was withdrawn." This step was judicious and correct. It was an act of fairness to Fowlness. But then, does it sound nice for anyone to say, "I'm living in the midst of Fowlness"? It may be a Paradise, but it doesn't sound like it.



Reginald Clayton.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Little Girl. "OH, MAMMA, I'M SO GLAD YOU HAD SUCH A PLEASANT DINNER AT THE VICARAGE. AND—WHO TOOK YOU IN?"

Mother. "WHO TOOK ME IN, DEAR CHILD! NO MAN EVER TOOK ME IN. NOT EVEN YOUR DEAR FATHER; FOR WHEN I MARRIED HIM, I KNEW ALL HIS FAULTS!"

The Mellor of the C.

AIR—"The Miller of the Dee."

THERE was a jolly MELLOR,
The Chairman of Com-mittee;
They worried him from noon till night—
"No lark is this!" sighed he;
And this the burden of his song
For ever seems to be,
"I care for e-ve-rybody,—why
Does nobody care for me?"

VESTRIES, PLEASE COPY!—SIR RICHARD TEMPLE has announced a reduction of the School-Board Rate by a farthing in the pound. May he never become a ruined Temple owing to such economies! The Rate-payers will be grateful for even a fraction of a penny, so long as it is not an improper fraction. This sort of saying is far better than squabbling over Theology. Says Mr. *Punch* to Schoolboard-men, "Rate the public lightly, and don't rate each other at all!"

NEW SARUM VERSION OF "DERRY DOWN."
—"Derry up! up! Up, Derry, up!"

Poor Letter H.

SCENE—Undergraduate's Room in St. Boniface's College, Oxford. Breakfast time.

Servant. I see, Sir, you don't like the butter. Summer hair will get to it this 'ot weather.

Testy Undergrad. Confound it, LUKER, I don't mind the—ahem—hair, but kindly let me have my butter bald the next time!
[He had swallowed a hair.]

Under the Great Seal is a new work by Mr. JOSEPH HATTON. The Busy Baron hath not yet had time to read it, but, from answers given to his "fishing interrogatories," he gathers that international piscatorial questions are ably discussed in the work. JOSEPH has lost a chance in not dedicating it to SEALE-HAYNE, M.P., and, instead of being brought out by HUTCHINSON & Co., it ought to have been published by SEELEY. However, even JOSEPHUS HATTONENSIS can't think of everything, though he does write on most things.

AT THE NEW GALLERY.

IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

A Potential Purchaser (meeting a friend). Ha—just come in to take a look round, eh? So did I. Fact is—(with a mixture of importance and apology) I rather thought of buying a picture here, if I see anything that takes my fancy—y' know.

His Friend (impressed). Not many who can afford to throw money away on pictures, these hard times!

The P. P. (anxious to disclaim any idea of recklessness). Just the time to pick 'em up cheap, if you know what you're about. And you see, we've had the drawing-room done up, and the wife wants something to fill up the space over her writing-table, between the fireplace and one of the windows. She was to have met me here, but she couldn't turn up, so I shall have to do it all myself—unless you'll come and help me through with it?

His Friend. Oh, if I can be of any use—What sort of thing do you want?

The P. P. Well, that's the difficulty. She says it must match the new paper. I've brought a bit in my pocket with me.

His Friend. Then you can't go very far wrong!

The P. P. I don't know. It's a sort of paper that—here, I'd better show it you. (He produces a sample of fiery and untamed colour.) That'll give you an idea of it.

His Friend (inspecting it dubiously). Um—yes. I see you'll have to be careful.

The P. P. Careful, my dear fellow! I assure you I've been all through the Academy, and there wasn't a thing there that could stand it for a single moment—not even the R.A.'s!

[They enter the West Room.

IN THE WEST ROOM.

An Inspid Young Person (before Mr. TADEMA'S "Unconscious Rivals"). Yes, that's marble, isn't it?

[Smiles with pleasure at her own penetration.

Her Mother (cautiously). I imagine so. (She refers to Catalogue.) Oh! I see it's a Tadema, so of course it's marble. He's the great man for it, you know!

First Painter (who had nothing ready to send in this year). H'm, yes. Can't say I care about the way he's placed his azeala. I should have kept it more to the left, myself.

Second Painter (who sent in, but is not exhibiting). Composition wants bringing together, and the colour scheme is a little unfortunate, but—(generously) I shouldn't call it altogether bad.

First Painter (more grudgingly). Oh, you can see what he was trying for—only—well, it's not the way I should have gone about it.

The I. Y. P. Can you make this picture out, Mamma? "The Track of the Strayed?" The Strayed what?

Her Mother. Sheep, I should suppose, my dear—but it would have been more satisfactory certainly if the animal had been shown in the picture.

The I. Y. P. Yes, ever so much. Oh, here's a portrait of Mr. GLADSTONE reading the Lessons in Hawarden Church. I do like that—don't you?

Her Mother. I'm not sure that I do, my dear. I wonder they permitted the Artist to paint any portrait—even Mr. GLADSTONE'S—during service!

The P. P. (before another canvas). Now that's about the size I want; but I'm not sure that my wife would quite care about the subject.

His Friend. I'm rather fond of these allegorical affairs myself—for a drawing-room, you know.

The P. P. Well, I'll just try the paper against it. (He applies

the test, and shakes his head.) There, you see—knocks it all to pieces at once!

His Friend. I was afraid it would, y' know. How will this do you—"A Naiad"?

The P. P. I shouldn't object to it myself, but there's the Wife to be considered—and then, a Naiad—eh?

His Friend. She's half in the water.

The P. P. Yes, but then—those lily-leaves in her hair, you know, and—coming up all dripping like that—no, it's hardly worth while bringing out the paper again!

The I. Y. P. Isn't this queer—"Neptune's Horses"?—They can't be intended to represent waves, surely!

Her Mother. It's impossible to tell what the Painter intended, my dear, but I never saw waves so like horses as that.

IN THE NORTH ROOM.

The I. I. P. "Cain's First Crime." Why, he's only feeding a stork! I don't see any crime in that.

Her Mother. He's giving it a live lizard, my dear.

The I. Y. P. But storks like live lizards, don't they? And ADAM and EVE are looking on, and don't seem to mind.

Her Mother. I expect that's the moral of it. If they'd taken it away from him, and punished him at the time, he wouldn't have turned out so badly as he did—but it's too late to think of that now!

A Matter-of-fact Person (behind). I wonder, now, where he got his authority for that incident. It's new to me.

IN THE BALCONY.

The Mother of the I. Y. P. Oh, CAROLINE, you've got the Catalogue—just see what No. 288 is, there's a dear. It seems to be a country-house, and they're having dinner in the garden, and some of the guests have come late, and without dressing, and there's the hostess telling them it's of no consequence. What's the title—"The Uninvited Guests," or "Putting them at their Ease," or what?

The I. Y. P. It only says, "The Rose-Garden at Ashridge (containing portraits of the Earls of PEMBROKE and BROWNLOW, the Countesses of —)".

[She reads out the list to the end.

Her Mother. What a nice picture! Though one would have thought such smart folks wouldn't have come to dinner in riding-boots, and shawls, and things—but of course they can afford to be less particular. And the dessert is beautifully done!

IN THE SOUTH ROOM.

The I. Y. P. Why, here are "Neptune's Horses" again! Don't you remember we saw a picture of them before? But I like this better, because here you get Neptune and his chariot.

Her Mother. He's made his horses a little too like fish, for my taste.

The I. Y. P. I suppose they were a sort of fish—and after all, one isn't expected to believe in all that nowadays, is one? So it doesn't really matter.

First Horsey Man. Tell you what, "Old Neptune" 'll come to awful grief with that turn-out of his in another second.

Second H. M. Rather—regular bolt—and no ribbons to hold 'em by, either!

First H. M. Rummy idea, having cockleshells on the traces.

Second H. M. Oh, I don't know—one of the Hussar regiments has 'em.

First H. M. Ah, so they have. I suppose that's where he got the idea.

[They go out, feeling that the picture is satisfactorily accounted for.



"There, you see—knocks it all to pieces at once!"

The P. P. (before a small canvas). Yes, this is the right thing at last. The paper doesn't seem to put it out in the least, and the sort of subject, you know, that no one can object to. I've quite fallen in love with it. I don't care what it costs—I positively must have it. I'm sure the wife will be as fond of it as I am. I only hope it's not sold—here, let's go and see. [They go.

AT THE SECRETARY'S TABLE.

The P. P. (turning over the priced Catalogue). Ah, here it is! It's unsold—it's marked down at—(his face falls)—eleven—eleven—that's rather over my limit. (To his Friend.) Do you mind waiting while I try the paper on it once more? (His Friend consents; the P. P. returning, after an interval.) No, I had my doubts from the beginning—it won't do, after all!

His Friend. But I thought you said the paper didn't put it out?

The P. P. It doesn't—but the picture takes all the shine out of the paper.

His Friend. I suppose you couldn't very well change the paper—eh?

The P. P. Change the paper?—when it's only been up a week, and cost seven-and-six the piece! My dear fellow, what are you talking about? No, no—I must see if I can't get a picture to match it at MAPLE'S, that's all.

His Friend (vaguely). Yes, I suppose they understand all that sort of thing there.

[They go out, relieved at having arrived at a decision.



CARNIVOROUS.

(On Hospitable Thoughts intent.)

"OH, THEY'RE TOO MANY TO HAVE TO EAT ALL TOGETHER, PAPA! LET'S KNOCK OFF THE CHILDREN FOR TEA."

"YES; AND WE CAN DO WITH THE FATHER AND MOTHER FOR DINNER, YOU KNOW!"

A CIVIL NOTE FOR THE MILITARY.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I observe that in a preliminary notice that has been sent round to the Press by the Executive Council (I suppose that that is the proper title of the Governing Body of the forthcoming Royal Military Tournament), it is said that there is likely to be some novelty in the mimic warfare known as the Combined Display of all Arms. The circular informs those whom it may concern, that "it is intended that, so far as space will allow, the scene shall be that of one of the more recent conflicts in which British troops were actually engaged, and special information from those present on such occasions has been invited, so that the result is likely to be of more than ordinary interest."

Quite so. I call your particular attention to the last few words in the above sentence, in which reference is made to "the special information from those present on such occasions." I thought the idea so good, that I immediately prepared a scheme for the adoption of the Royal Military Tournament, founded upon my acquaintance with the manners and customs of the English army when at Islington and elsewhere. I give it for what it is worth—not much, but (to quote the once popular song) "better than nothing at all."

ROUGH IDEA.

A dozen Infantry privates saunter leisurely into their places, half-way across the arena, and await events.

Enter Bridging Battalion, Royal Engineers. They bridge over an old cloth river. The dozen Infantry men wait until the erection is completed, and then fire a volley. The Sappers return the compliment. No one hurt, and the dozen retire to the tower-like gateway in the background. The Artillery at this point rush in and trot over the newly-erected bridge. They then fire in the direction of the dozen heroes, but without any apparent result.

Grand charge of Colonial Cavalry, with and without additional men. They act as Mounted Infantry. They are fired upon—in a

half-hearted sort of way—by the dozen of Infantry seeking shelter in the gateway. The fire seems to agree with them.

Enter an Ambulance Corps to pick up one of the colonists who has obligingly been wounded by the blank cartridges of the dozen Infantry.

Sudden appearance of the strength of the entire company. The gateway is stormed, and the dozen Infantry men are overpowered. Music on the band—"Rule Britannia!" and the National Anthem. Great cheering while some one waves the Union Jack. End of the performances.

There, my dear Mr. Punch, that is what I have sent to the "powers that are" at Islington. Whether it has been accepted or rejected I do not know. You will be able to see for yourself when the proper time arrives.

But then, I can assure you, my sketch is *exactly like the real thing*. It is not unsuggestive of the Battle of Waterloo, the siege of Sebastopol, or the taking of Peking. This is my "special information, as one present on such occasions," and it is heartily at the service of the Executive. To be worthy of my title, I would beg you to send me, say, a fiver, or even a sov, or (if that is too much) a dollar. I do not ask for the money as a gift, but as a loan. I prefer the latter to the former, although a long experience has taught me that gift and loan have much the same meaning.

Yours truly,

A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

INAUDIBLE PROCEEDINGS AT THE HOTEL VICTORIA.—We have had "The Funny Frenchman" over here, at the Alhambra, and now we have "The Calculating Frenchman," M. JACQUES INAUDI, who, last week, at a *séance*, exhibited his marvellous powers of addition, multiplication, subtraction, and division. It is an error to suppose that he was educated for the French Navy, and has been appointed to a ship, which he was to have adorned as a "wonderful Figure-head." By the side of this Figure-head the "Calculating Buoy" would have been quite at sea.

SHAKSPEARE ON ULSTER.

TO MR. PUNCH, SIR,—You're a patriot, divil a less. Is it fair, I ask you, Sirr, is it fair to quote the Universal Bard against us Ulster, *et ne plus* Ulster, Loyalists? Yet this is the line which a man who used to call himself "a friend of mine" sends me, and he puts a drawing with it, which I can't, and won't reproduce, representing a moon up in the sky, labelled "Home Rule," and a pack of wolves (a pack of idiots, for all they're like wolves, for that matter), on which he writes "Ulster," with their mouths open, looking up at it. And this, he says, is an illustration of a line in SHAKSPEARE,

"The howling of Irish wolves against the moon,"

which you'll find in *As You Like It* (whether you like it or not), Act V., Sc. 2. If the O'CHAMBERLAIN, or the O'SAUNDERSON, or any of 'em, can make use of this, they're welcome to it. Yours,

A PIP OF THE OLD ORANGE.

HOOK-Y SAILOR.—"Inauguration of a New Service to the Continent via Harwich and the Hook of Holland." This sounds as if it ought to catch on. Is the Hook of Holland any relation to the THEODORE HOOK family of England? Were that eminent wit now alive, he would be the first to ask such a question. The route sounds a pleasant one. *Advice to Tourists*.—Keep your Eye on the Hook.



DOWN A PEG.

Mr. Gifted Hopkins (Minor Poet, Essayist, Critic, Golfer, Fin-de-Siècle Idol, &c.). "OH, MRS. SMART—A—I'VE BEEN THINKING, FOR THE LAST TWENTY MINUTES, OF SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU!"

Mrs. Smart (cheerfully). "PLEASE GO ON THINKING, MR. HOPKINS,—AND I'LL GO ON TALKING TO PROFESSOR BRAYNE IN THE MEANTIME!"

THE MINSTREL BOY.

(Latest Ulsterical Version.)

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
By the Belfast road he's coming;
His Party sword he has girded on
And his wild harp loud he's thrumming.
"Land of bulls!" said the warrior bard,
"Though GLADSTONE'S gang betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel's loud—though a little late;
What he hopes to gain some wonder;
But he swears that harp shall preserve the
State,
Which his foes would rend asunder.
He shouts, "Home Rule shall not sully
thee,
Ulster, thou soul of bravery!
I'll harp wild war, aye, from sea to sea,
Ere the Loyalists stoop to slavery!"

ENCORE VERSE.

(For use in Clubs and other places where men—and
minstrels—are confidential.)

The Minstrel's hot, and a trifle tired,
For his Whitsun task is a torrid one;
Such holiday-fervour must be admired,
But the precedent's rather a horrid one.
E'en Minstrel-boys of Ulsterical zeal,
Might now and then like a jolly-day;
And the brave bard's harp, and the warrior's
steel,
Take, together, occasional holiday.

A WYLDE VADE MECUM.

(By Professor H-zl-y.)

Question. What is rest?

Answer. Unperceived activity.

Q. Which is the best way of keeping awake?

A. By falling off to sleep.

A. What is sleep?

A. Concealed consciousness.

Q. What is strength?

A. Weakness in excess.

Q. What is pessimism?

A. Optimism developed to its utmost possibilities.

Q. What are possibilities?

A. Impossibilities carried into action.

Q. What is selfishness?

A. Pity in the concrete.

Q. What is the summit of civilisation?

A. The commencement of barbarism.

Q. What is nature?

A. Art in its initial form.

Q. What is the survival of the fittest?

A. The Romanes Lecture.

Q. What was its comparative commencement?

A. MR. GLADSTONE.

Q. And what has been its absolute end?

A. Positive . . . bosh.

"THE WORLD'S FAIR."—Yes, so it is, perhaps, occasionally, to some people; but "The World's Unfair" to those on whom it chooses to sit in judgment.

MANNERS.

[Some indignation has been expressed at the manners of many of the "well-dressed mob" at the Prince of Wales's Reception at the Imperial Institute on Wednesday night last, manners displayed in rudely "mobbing" the Royal party, and hissing, hooting, and shouting "Traitor!" at Mr. GLADSTONE, one of the Prince's guests.]

EH? Indignation? Why *such* passion waste? Gladstoneophobia has destroyed Good Taste; And rowdy rudeness does not shock, but please.

"The mob of gentlemen who hoot with As for the ladies, bless their angry hearts! They've Primrosed into playing fish-wife parts;

And now 'tis one of Patriotism's tests [guests That you should hiss and hoot your fellow— Should they dare don a rival party vesture; Billingsgate rhetoric and Borough gesture Invade the (party) precincts of Mayfair— To express the vulgar wrath now raging there. We are Mob-ruled indeed—when Courtly Nob

Apes, near his Prince, the manners of the The hoot is owlish; there are just two things That hiss—one venom-fanged, one graced with wings.

Anserine or serpentine, ye well-dressed Dainty-draped dames, or duffel-skirted dowdies,

They who in rudeness thus their spite would Have plainly head of goose, and heart of snake!

So why indulge in indignation blind [kind? 'Gainst those who hiss or hoot—after their



“THE MINSTREL BOY.”

LORD S-L-SB-RY (*sings*). “I’LL HARP WILD WAR, AYE, FROM SEA TO SEA,
ERE THE LOYALISTS STOOP TO SLAVERY!”

"O SINO SAN!"

A TRUTHFUL JAPANESE IDYLL.

O SINO SAN! O SINO SAN! Who waketh me at morn!
Why is it that I feel of thee unutterable scorn?

When I behold thy greasy poll and little piggy eyes,
I fear that they have told of thee unwarrantable lies!
They told me when I wandered forth to seek thee in Japan,
That I should find a priceless girl, too beautiful for man.



They told me of thy cherry cheeks,
thy hair of night-dark sable,
And how you squatted on the floor—
the Japanese for table;
They gushed about your merry ways,
your manners without flaw,
In thee, the girl idealised, you little
fraud, we saw.

But now in wind-swept bleak Japan
as our sore throats we muffle,
We see thy senseless pudding face
and irritating shuffle;
As you go slopping thro' the streets
of your foul-smelling city,
You're far too common to be rare,
too brainless to be witty.

Your senseless, everlasting grin,
your squatting monkey shape,
Proclaim your Ma marsupial, your
ancestor an ape!

A curio they promised us to drive a
lover crazy,
With little soft canoodling ways,
and sweetness of a daisy.
We read of thee in tea-house neat,
in cherry-blossomed pages,
But find a girl of gin-saloon and
Yoshiwara cages.

You lure the European on, admire
his rings and collars,

But never really love his lips, invariably his dollars;
We'd all forgive thy grin, guffaw, and rancid-smelling tresses,
If we could trace thy fraud, O SAN, in half-a-dozen guesses.
It's lasted long, it's lasted strong, it cannot last much longer,
For if the crank be competent, my common sense is stronger.

The English woman flashes scorn from all her comely features,
To be compared by any man with such "disgusting creatures."
And all the fair Americans, who roam the wide world over,
Will trample down this windy chaff and Japaneesy clover.
'Tis not thy fault, O SINO SAN—we find the truth and strike it,
Farewell, thou AUDREY of the East—grin on then "As you
Like It!"

But never more by writer bold be canonised or sainted,
Deluded Doll! O SINO SAN, you're blacker than you're painted!
Yokohama, April 1, 1893.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 15.—First Night of Italian-Opera Season, no longer exclusively Italian. A great deal, though not everything, in a good start, so Sir DRUBIOLANUS leads off with Warbling WAGNER's *Lohengrin*. Signor VIGNAS for first time being White Knight. Crowded House at once takes to VIGNAS; applauds, and recalls him to bow before the curtain. So, as the now popular song might have it,

"Tenor came and made us a bow-wow!"

Madame MELBA good as ever as *Elsa*, and Mlle. MEISSLINGER most dramatic as Somebody Else, i.e., *Ortruda*, the Intruder. Mons. DUFRICHE's style is exactly suited to the light and airy part of *Federico di Telramondo*, while CASTELMARY is quite the gay *Enrico*. Treat to see VASCHETTI as smiling Herald, with a lot to say for somebody else, and pleasant to note that the last person in the *dramatis personae* included in the cast of the Opera is "Conductor, Signor MANCINELLI," who beats time, winning easily. BEVIGNANI conducts *National Anthem*, and all conduct themselves loyally on the occasion. Delightful, in *Lohengrin*, Act II., to observe how four players of trumps, each with one trump in his hand,—quite a pleasant whist party—(have they the other trumps up their sleeves?)—arouse the guests in the early morning, and marvellous is the rapidity with

which all the gentlemen sleeping in the Castle are up and dressed in full armour, freshly burnished,—“gents suit complete,”—within the space of a couple of minutes!

General excellence of performance greatly assisted by Duke of TECK enthusiastically beating time with his dexter hand. Such auxiliary conducting must be of unspeakable service to Signor MANCINELLI.

Tuesday Night.—*Orfeo*, with GIULIA RAVOGLI charming as ever in her representation of "*Orpheus with his loot*,"—his "loot" being *Eurydice*, who had become the private property of that infernal monarch Pluto. Welcome to Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as the Meister of Cupid's Bower, Cupid himself. *Cavalleria Rusticana* to follow, with Madame CALVÉ's grand impersonation of the simple and sad *Santuzza*. Notably good is VIGNAS as the Rustic Swell, with the comic-chorus name of *Turiddu*. Beautiful *intermezzo* heartily encored. The thanks of Signors BEVIGNANI and MANCINELLI again due to the dexterous assistance rendered to them by the Duke of TECK, who is evidently well up in the Teck-nique of the musical craft. Crowded House. *Forecast of season*, full of promise and performance.

Thursday.—*Carmen*. Always "good BIZER-ness." But on this occasion Madame CALVÉ being indisposed, Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSON appears as heroine. A most captivating *Carmen*, but so deftly does she dissemble her wickedness that the audience do not realise how heartless is this artful little cigarette-maker. Mons. ALVAREZ a fine *Don José*. The *premieres danseuses* lively and picturesque in Act II., with dresses long and dance short; but in Last Act, when reverse of this is the case, a pretty general feeling that skirts might have been longer, and dance shorter. Chorus and Orchestra all that could be desired; absence of the musical Duke much regretted.

Friday.—First, GOUNOD's charming burletta of *Philemon et Baucis*.

Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSON charming and childlike as *Baucis*—evidently the classic original of Bo-peep—and Mons. PLANÇON excellent as *Jupiter Amans*. At first afraid lest crowded house had expended all its enthusiasm before quarter past ten, when the event of the evening was to come off. "Not a bit of it," says Sir DRUBIOLANUS,

Santuzza, Madame Calvé. Grand tragédienne: gloomy as an Operatic Calvé-nist.

who knows his operatic public; "they've just warmed up for LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*. LEONCAVALLO," he continues, "is the composer for my money; and my advice is, LAY-ON-CAVALLO's *Pagliacci*." So saying, the Musical Manager lightly touches his nasal organ with the index finger of his right hand, and, at the same time "winking the other eye," he marches in a procession of one down the lobby and disappears.

Great as is the success to-night of new Opera, I feel sure that *Cavalleria*, with its simple story, and its marvellous *intermezzo*, is still at the head of the poll. Yet is *Pagliacci* melodious and dramatic. Madame MELBA at her best in *Nedda*, and the dramatic power, specially of Signor DE LUCIA as *Canio* and of Mons. ANCONA as *Tonio*, would have carried the piece, as a piece, even without the musical setting. To-night DE LUCIA shows himself a great actor. There were *encores* in plenty. *Ancona Tonio* interrupts the overture in order to sing a prologue. This he does admirably, both vocally and histrionically. But *cui bono*? It is as pointless as is nowadays the prologue of CHRISTOPHER SLX to the *Taming of the Shrew*. It seems as if LEONCAVALLO said to himself, "MASCAGNI gave 'em a novelty in his *intermezzo*; I'll give 'em something new in the shape of a prologue." *Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria* will assist each other, and Sir DRUBIOLANUS is fortunate in being able to run two winners. The new Opera is admirably rendered in every respect, and when Mr. RICHARD GREEN, as the gallant young farmer, is matured—that is, has less of the GREEN about him and more of the ripeness of artistic perfection—there will not be a single fault to find with the representation. To-night second Opera didn't end till just on twelve. Too late; but the hospitable RULE's in Maiden Lane is open to exceptions for half an hour or so, and, "after the Opera is over," a little supper chez BAYLISS is a B(ay)lissful idea.

Saturday.—*Faust* to finish. MELBA as *Marguerite*. First week augurs well for the season.



Signor Vignas as Turiddu, —so called because he tells Lola, "I should like Turiddu of your husband." But he didn't.





DELIGHTFUL!

Smithson, having read and heard much of the pleasures of a Driving Tour, determines to indulge in that luxury during his Whitsuntide Holidays. He therefore engages a Trap, with a Horse that can "get over the ground," and securing the services of an experienced Driver, he sets forth.

Smithson. "A—A—ISN'T HE—A—A—HADN'T I BETTER HELP YOU TO PULL AT HIM!"

Driver. "PULL AT 'IM? WHY YER'D SET 'IM CRAZED! JIST YOU LET ME KEEP 'IS 'EAD STRAIGHT. LOR BLESS YER, THERE AIN'T NO CAUSE TO BE AFFEARED, AS LONG AS WE DON'T MEET NOTHING, AND THE GATES AIN'T SHUT AT SPLINTERBONE CROSSING, JIST ROUND THE BEND!"

THE LITIGANT'S VADE MECUM.

Q. WHAT is your opinion about Chancery?

A. That, thanks to work being given to Solicitors in preference to Barristers, litigation is more expensive in that branch of the science than in any other.

Q. How comes it that this should be so?

A. A Barrister is forced to do his best for his client, but a Solicitor is not. As a rule the Solicitor deputes to his Chief Clerk if he has one, or somebody in the office if he has not, the duties of conducting a suit through Chambers.

Q. What is the practical result of this arrangement?

A. That a suit when it once gets into Chambers takes a precious long time in coming out.

Q. But making allowance for these little drawbacks, what is your opinion of the Law in England?

A. That emphatically it consists of the best forensic regulations in the universe.

A NEW CLAUSE IN THE HOME-RULE BILL.—Instead of a Parliament in Dublin, let the Governing Body be called "A Diet," as it is in Bohemia. There would be a First House, to be called the "High Diet," and a Second House, to be called "Short Commons, or Low Diet." There would be no "Parliamentary Rules," but everything would be ordered according to a "Dietary." Perhaps Dr. ROBSON ROOSE might be induced to take a leading part in suggesting some of these arrangements. The "Orders of the Day" would be "Prescriptions," the Bills "Dinner-Bills," or "Menus." A Chairman, not a Speaker, would preside, and the subordinates—such as Clerks, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Assistants—would be Stewards, Head Waiters, and other Waiters. Prayers would be said by "The Ordinary."

ODDS in favour of Australian Cricketing Team—"GIFFEN" and taken.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 15.—Mr. G. reminded of advance of time by appearance on Parliamentary scene of new generations. All remember when JOEY C. arrived from Birmingham, and have watched his meteoric flight from level of Provincial Mayor to loftiest height of Parliamentary position. Only the other week Mr. G. was paying well-deserved compliment to a younger CHAMBERLAIN making his maiden speech; to-day he has a kindly, fatherly word of friendly recognition of maiden speech of youngest CAVENDISH. No mere compliment this, extorted by old associations and personal predilections. Young VICTOR went about his work in style reminiscent of middle-aged HARTINGTON. Abstained from oratorical effort. Neither exordium nor peroration. Got some business in hand, and plodded on till it was finished. Modest mien, simple, unaffected manner, instantly won friendly attention of crowded House.

"Ay de mi! TOBY," said Mr. G. "These things make me think I'm not so young as I was."

"Younger Sir," I said. "Pup and dog, I've known you twenty years; heard most of your speeches in that time; honestly declare that for lightness of touch, swiftness of attack, wariness of defence, not to speak of eloquence, I've never heard you excel some of your speeches this Session."

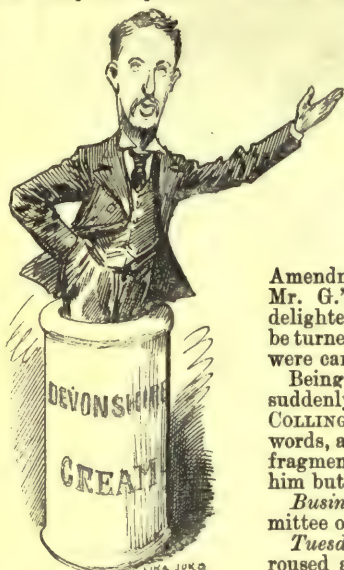
"Well, well, TOBY," said Mr. G., blushing in fashion never learned by youth of to-day, "that's due to your too friendly way of looking at things. What I was about to say is, that ever since I entered public life I have always known a CAVENDISH to the fore. Ministries may rise and fall; the CAVENDISHES remain. Curious thing is they have not—at least in recent times—personally a passion for politics, as PITT had, or such as, in some degree, influences me. They would, if they had their own way, be out of it."



THE CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE'S HOLIDAY DREAM.

Harry Furness

But the CAVENDISHES have had their place in English public life throughout the Century, and, it being their duty to fill it, they fill it. Young VICROR's speech on Friday night carried me back over space of thirty-four years. I remember another CAVENDISH coming out.



Victor, or Vig-Tory-ish,
Cavendish.

In the Spring Unionist Time
of his Youth.

taking up seat about centre of Bench immediately behind PRINCE ARTHUR; has occasionally risen thence and offered a few observations. Characteristic of him that he was born in a Cathedral town; is a Bencher of the Middle Temple.

Persuasion tips his tongue when'er he'll talk,
And he has Chambers near the King's Bench
Walk.

These things we knew; but not till to-night came discovery how persuasive AMBROSE can be.

It was the Tenth Clause of the Home-Rule Bill that roused the (attorney's) devil in him. Fact that Clause II. was under discussion, and consequently out of order to debate Clause X., an incident of no consequence, except that it indirectly supplied incentive to his passionate eloquence, and led to disclosure of the true AMBROSE. When he approached Clause X., cries of "Order! Order!" interrupted. The Chairman recalled him to consideration of Clause II. He came back, said a few words on amendment, then was off again at Clause X., pursued by howls. Had got a start, and kept it through some moments of thunderous excitement. Waved his arms, thumped his papers; shouted at top of voice; House still howling; Chairman on feet ineffectually protesting. "Glad to see the SOLICITOR-GENTLEMAN in his place," he observed, in one of the temporary pauses, (RIGBY usually alluded to as the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, but AMBROSE, once started in new character, was lavish in originality.) "Need I go further?" he asked, a few moments later. House, with one accord, shouted "No!" "Now Sir," he added, waving his notes in face of Chairman, "I've done with the Tenth Clause." But he hadn't; its mastery over him was irresistible, even uncanny. "I should like to know what the SOLICITOR-GENERAL" (got it right this time) "if he were at liberty to speak" (this with a withering glance at Mr. G.), "would say about the Tenth Clause?"

A roar angrier than ever burst forth; shouts of "Name! Name!" persistently heard above uproar; Chairman on his feet, with hands outstretched; crisis evidently arrived; AMBROSE will be named to a dead certainty; suspended, and, perhaps, in addition to his bench at the Middle Temple, will have one provided for him in Clock Tower. Would like to have said few more words on Tenth Clause, but numbers against him overwhelming. So wildly waved his notes in sort of forlorn despairing farewell, and resumed his seat. Incident created profound sensation.

"It's all very well CHAMBERLAIN insisting on keeping this thing going," said PRINCE ARTHUR, anxiously; "but I have my responsibilities. If Debate at this comparatively early stage thus affects a man like AMBROSE, where shall we all be in another week?"

Business done.—Still on Clause II.

Wednesday.—Pretty to see GORST just now balancing MACARTNEY's hat by brim on tip of his nose. Looks easy enough when done by an expert; those inclined to scoff at the accomplishment should try it themselves. Opportunity came suddenly, and unexpectedly. No ground for supposing GORST had been practising the trick in the Cloak-room before entering House. No collusion; all fair and above-board—or, rather, above nose. Came about as incident in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. JOKIM, taking part in game of Chairman-baiting, challenged MELLOR's ruling on putting Motion to Report Progress. House being cleared for a Division, rules of debate require Member to address Chair seated, and wearing his hat. What would happen to British Constitution if, in such circumstances, Member rose and addressed SPEAKER or Chairman in ordinary fashion, Heaven only knows. No mere man bold enough to try it. Even Mr. G., who has Disestablished a Church, and now tampers with Unity of the Empire, shrinks before this temptation.

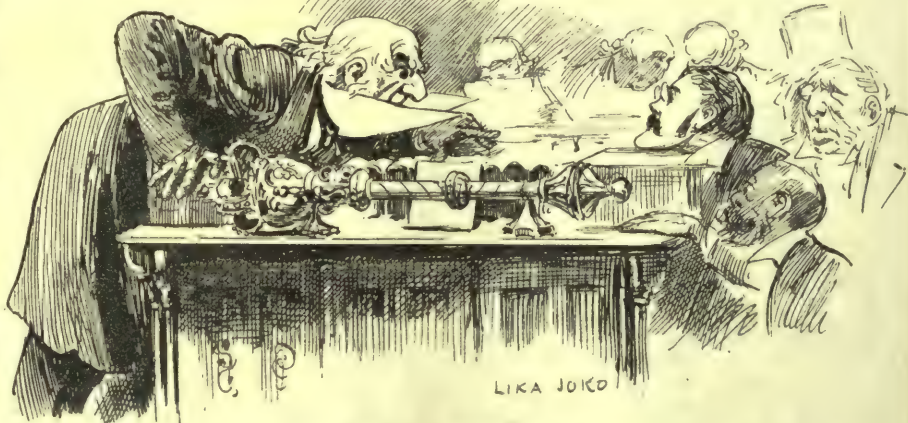
JOKIM, making his complaint, got along all right. Performed task in due form; MELLOR justified his action; GORST proposed to follow. Hadn't got his hat with him; but that of no consequence, since JOKIM was at hand. "Lend me one of your hats," he whispered hurriedly to his Right Hon. Friend.

"What do you mean?" said JOKIM. "I've only one."

"Oh!" said GORST, raising his eyebrows with polite incredulity. MACARTNEY, sitting behind, proffered his. GORST planted it on his head; found it three sizes too small; still, if he held on to it, he might manage. "Mr. MELLOR," he commenced, but got no further with projected speech. Attention of House drawn to him his dilemma discovered: shout of laughter burst forth as hat gradually tilted forward, and GORST, deftly catching it by brim on tip of his nose, balanced it for fifteen seconds by Westminster Clock. Chairman seized opportunity of abstracted attention to put question, and when GORST, recapturing MACARTNEY's hat, had fixed it again on summit of his head, division was called; too late for him to speak.

Business done.—Second Clause Home Rule Bill added.

Friday.—Treasury Chest Bill on for Third Reading. Has since



Mr. G.'s "Table-Talk."

introduction wrought singular effect upon HANBURY. Nobody knows what Bill is about, least of all HANBURY; but he has opposed it at every stage. Yesterday divided Committee on First Clause; returns to attack to-day. "Better let us get away for our hardly-earned holiday," I said.

"That's very well for you, TOBY," said HANBURY, beating his chest in default of getting at the Treasury's; "but there's a dark mystery under this business which I mean to fathom. You remember the case of another chest and its weird associations?"

'Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—
Ho! Ho! Ho! and a bottle of rum

HARCOURT may, or may not, have been one of the fifteen. I'm not quite clear on that point. Indeed I'm somewhat muddled in the main; but I suspect the SQUIRE is up to some deed of infamy, and I have done my best to plumb its slimy depths."

Bill passed nevertheless; other business wound up, and so off for holidays. *Business done.*—House adjourned for Whitsun Recess.

THE REAL "REJECTED ADDRESSES."—Those that cannot be deciphered at the General Post Office.

MIXED NOTIONS.

XI.—THE PEERAGE.

(Scene and Persons as usual.)

Inquirer (to First Well-Informed Man). Who was that young fellow you were talking to on the platform? I thought I knew his face, but I couldn't put a name to him.

First W. I. M. (with an affectation of unconcern). What, the chap who gave me a cigarette? That's Lord PECKHAM, the son of the Marquis of NUNHEAD. He's our Member of Parliament, you know. Not at all a bad chap when you know him; a little stiff at first, perhaps, but it soon wears off.

Second W. I. M. You know him pretty well, I suppose.

First W. I. M. (suspiciously). Yes, pretty well—that is, I've seen him at meetings and all that, and voted for him at the last Election.

Second W. I. M. Ah, I only asked because his name doesn't happen to be Lord PECKHAM.

First W. I. M. What?!!

Second W. I. M. (doggedly). His name doesn't happen to be Lord PECKHAM.

First W. I. M. 'Pon my word, this is really a little too much. Is there any other little scrap of information you'd like to give? Perhaps you'll tell me your own name isn't—

Second W. I. M. (interrupting). I said his name wasn't Lord PECKHAM, and it isn't. It's Lord ALGERNON PECKHAM, as a matter of fact I never met him at meetings, or voted for him, or anything of that kind, but I know I'm right all the same.

First W. I. M. (derisively). Pooh! what's the odds? If you like to talk of lords by their christian names, I'm sure I don't want to prevent you. You'll be telling us something about Lord BILL SALISBURY or Lord JIMMY SPENCER next.

Second W. I. M. Rubbish. You've got to call certain lords by their christian names, because they've got courtesy titles.

Inquirer. What's a courtesy title?

Second W. I. M. Oh! it's not a real title, you know, at all. So they shove in a christian name to distinguish it. It's a matter of politeness.

First W. I. M. All right; next time you see him you'd better call him ALGERNON, and see if he thinks you're so blessed polite as you seem to think yourself.

Inquirer. But, look here, isn't his brother called Lord BROCKLEY?

Second W. I. M. Yes. What about it?

Inquirer. Well, is that what you call a courtesy title?

Second W. I. M. Of course not. He's the eldest son of the Marquis, and eldest sons don't have courtesy titles, because they inherit their fathers' titles afterwards.

Inquirer. Well, anyhow, I can't make it all out. Both these chaps are lords, and they're both of 'em brothers, and one has got a courtesy title, and the other hasn't, and their names are different—and yet they're both Members of the House of Commons. What's the use of having a House of Lords, if we're to have a lot of lords in the House of Commons as well? I don't see it.

First W. I. M. (testily). My dear chap, you can't have every lord in the House of Lords, you know. There isn't room for 'em there.

Inquirer. Well, then, if you can't get into the House of Lords, what's the use of being a lord?

Second W. I. M. (sarcastically). You can always stand on platforms, you know, and give away cigarettes to your intimate friends.

First W. I. M. (stung beyond endurance). Oh, we're jealous, are we? That's the latest Radicalism, I suppose. Why, you're one



"A LIBERAL MEASURE."

Rude Boy (to Stout Party on Weighing-Machine, which is out of order, and won't work). "SHOVE IN ANOTHER PENNY, GUV'NER. IT'S DOUBLE FARE TO CHAPS O' YOUR SIZE!"

of those who want to do away with the House of Lords altogether.

Second W. I. M. Well, what if I do?

First W. I. M. What if you do? I call it a most—(adequate words fail him in the indignation of the moment)—a most revolutionary proceeding.

Second W. I. M. I don't mind what you call it; it will have to come, so you'd better jolly well make up your mind to it, my boy. We're going to get rid of the lords altogether if they don't take precious good care.

Average Man (interposing mildly). But you won't do away with Lords, even if you do abolish the House of Lords.

Second W. I. M. How's that?

Average Man. They'll be lords all the same, whether they sit in a House of Lords or not.

Second W. I. M. That's quite impossible.

Average Man. No, it isn't. They haven't got a House of Lords in France, but there are lots of Dukes and Marquises there all the same.

Second W. I. M. (with ineffable contempt). Oh, France is quite different. We're not going to be guided by France in anything we do, nor by any other foreign country for the matter of that.

Average Man. All right. Have it your own way.

[Resumes newspaper. A pause.]

Inquirer. What does it mean when they say they're going to take a case to the House of Lords?

First W. I. M. It means what it says. The House of Lords is (remembers by a flash) a Supreme Court of Appellate Jurisdiction.

Inquirer. What's that?

First W. I. M. Well, if any Johnny loses a case he appeals to the House of Lords.

Inquirer. But how do you account for young Blossom's case then? They had him up for assaulting a ticket-collector last Derby Day, and when the Magistrate convicted him, they asked him to grant a case, but he wouldn't.

First W. I. M. I don't know how that was. Perhaps you haven't got it right. But old HOBBS fought BARNACLE & Co. right away up to the House of Lords in that steamship case, and won it too.

Inquirer. But, look here, supposing you were to do anything to me, knocked me down, or bagged my watch, or anything of that kind, could you fight me up to the House of Lords about it?

First W. I. M. Of course I could.

Inquirer (with conviction). Well, then, I'm for doing away with the House of Lords.

[Terminus.]

NOTHING NEW.—The Telephone was known to the Romans, *vide* HORACE, Ode XIII.—

"Quem tu, Lydia Telephi,"

which is evidently, when properly rendered, "Whom you, LYDIA of the Telephone, will tell me all about"—or whatever the next line may be. LYDIA was a "Démouille du TÉLÉPHONE." HORACE a gay dog, probably a trifle jealous.

CORRECT CARD AS TO THE NEW DRAMATIC STAR AT THE LYRIC.—SIGNORA DUSE's name is pronounced, not as "Dence," but as "Du-say," and, as ZUMMERZETSHIRE folk would observe, "they du say as she be uncommon good." Not having yet seen her, our Critic can't be asked, "And what d' you say?"

THE MODERN MARTYR; OR, THE REAL "FLOWING TIDE."

["A crowded meeting of Lambeth Ratepayers was held at Brixton Hall to protest against what was called 'The alarming, the extraordinary, unexplained, and unexpected' increase in the rates of that parish. The attendance was so large that many persons were unable to obtain admission."—*Daily News*.]



(Mr. Punch, in heartfelt sympathy with the Lambethian Protest against the "Raising of the Rates," parodies Poe's well-known poem, in the hope that it may help the Ratepayers in their most righteous revolt.)

I.
HEAR big BUMBLE with the Rates—
Swollen Rates!
What a world of twaddle in defence of them
he prates!

How he patters, patters, patters,
About "precepts," and their might!
Till our last faint hope he shatters,
That, in our "parochial matters,"
Things may be—some day—put right.

For they climb, climb, climb,
Rising higher every time,
While, to our exasperation, BUMBLE
bumpiously orates,
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rates, Rates, Rates—
Of the rising and the swelling of the Rates!

II.

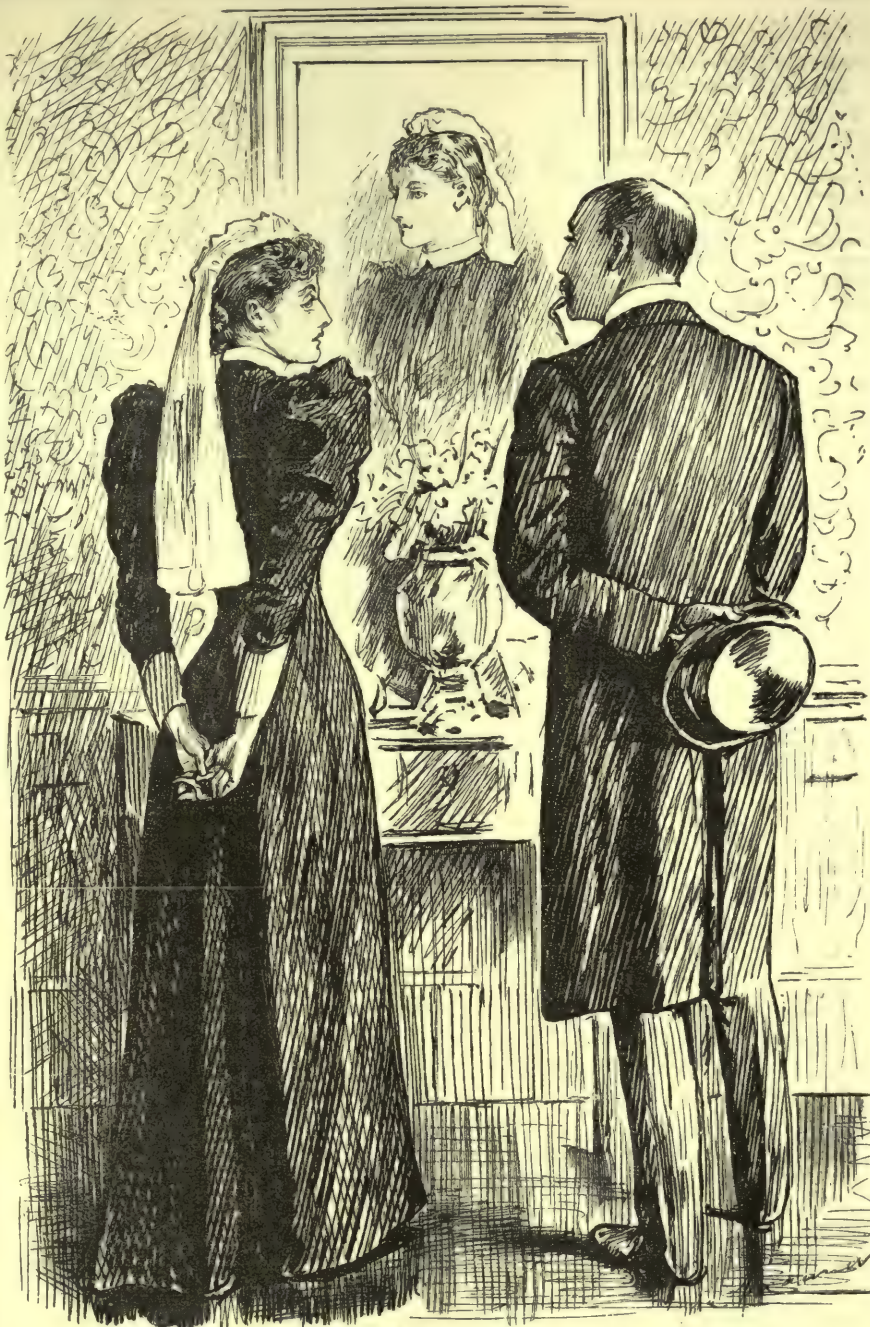
See the quarterly Poor-Rates—
Growing Rates!
What a world of misery they mean to our
poor pates!
What an utter bore one votes
The collector, who will call for them, and
grumble, while he gloats!
With what a pompous bearing he despotically
"Latest dates!" [states
How it grates
On his Victim! How he prates
Of the dread Distraint that waits
The poor chap who shirks prompt paying of
the Rates, Rates, Rates!
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rates, Rates, Rates!
The paying, *sans* delaying, of the Rates!

III.

See the County-Council Rates—
Rising Rates! [gressive prates
What a tale of terror now! The prim Pro-
In our startled ears attent
Of the "Unearned Increment,"
Of Ground Values which they seek
To tax high, to help the weak
Out of pocket!
They make clamorous appealing for our votes,
which they desire;
We make vain expostulations that the Rates
—of which we tire—
Jump up higher, higher, higher,
With a manifest endeavour
To come down—oh! never, never!
But rush upward like a rocket.
Yet the poor man fully knows,
By the babbling,
And the gabbling.
That the Rate-Tide flows and flows,
With a progress sure as Fate's.
All the jangling,
And the wrangling,
The dread danger nought abates,
Of the swaying and the swelling in the flood-
tide of the Rates,
Of the Rates,
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rates, Rates, Rates,
The choking, drowning, flood-tide of the
Rates!

IV.

See the ruinous "Board"-Rates—
Rampant Rates!
What a world of solemn thought their domi-
nance dictates!
In the silence of the night,
How we shudder with affright,
At their melancholy menace! Big, full-
blown
Boards—Asylums, School—your votes
Thrust huge charges down our throats
Till we groan!
And the People—ah the People!
What care School-house, Vestry,
For their moan? [Steeple,
After polling, polling, polling
Our blind votes for men scarce known,
The elect exult in rolling
On our aching hearts a stone.
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither just nor human—
They are Ghouls:
These elect of purblind polls
Each one rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
That huge stone of rising Rates
O'er our bosom and our pates.



A POST-OBIT.

"THERE, MAJOR, IT'S THE BEST LIKENESS I EVER HAD TAKEN OF ME—AND POOR
FRED NEVER SAW IT!"

'Tis our Nightmare. It inflates
Every time, time, time,
Without reason without rhyme,
But, by heaven, it is time
We should kick against the crime
Of this robbery by Rates,
By big Rates, Rates, Rates!
Raise a bobby 'gainst these Rates!!!
Lambeth feels that it is time!
BUMBLE prates, prates, prates!
HONEY'd words won't stunt the crime.
Lambeth's protest *Punch* elates,
So he slates, slates, slates
The Board-ogres (whom he hates)
Who pile up their crushing Rates
Upon poor shop-keeping pates,

And clerk-incomes! (Hard *their* fates!)
And on *Punch's* heart it grates
Does this poverty-squeezing crime
Of high Rates, Rates, Rates!
And he's ready any time
With his *bâton* for their pates
Who would harry the Ratepayer in South
London, or elsewhere,
Who raise—and none too soon—potent
Protests to declare
'Gainst the raising of the Rates,
Of the Rates, Rates, Rates,
'Gainst the Rates, Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rates, Rates, Rates,
Rightly moaning, rightly groaning
'gainst the Rates!!!!!!

HIBERNIA VICTRIX.

(Impressions of last Whit-Sunday's Home-Rule Demonstration.)

ARGUMENT. — The Reader is requested, for the purposes of this Sketch, to place himself in the mental attitude of one of the ordinary Lukewarm Londoners who habitually attend Hyde Park Demonstrations on fine afternoons. In the present case such political opinions as he possesses rather tend towards Unionism; but he has come out with a laudable disposition to listen to argument — so long as he finds it amusing. He is reassured by the sentiments, "Union is Strength," and "United we stand—Divided we Fall," which figure prominently on the banners, and do not appear to be considered at all incongruous with the objects of the meeting. Thread- ing his way through the bands- men, and vendors of badges, penny slices of pine-apple, Socialist Catechisms, Official Pro- grammes, and lime-juice tablets, who are all old acquaintances of his, he arrives at last within ear- shot of the First Orator, who is gesticulating from a waggon un- comfortably full of Patriotism, and seems to be expressing the stereotyped satisfaction with the attendance.

The First Orator. — with a heart full to overflowing that I look around on this magnificent demonstration, on the thousands upon thousands of the Working Classes of this great City of London, assembled in this Park to- day, determined, every man of them, to show that they will no longer — &c., &c. (Which causes our Lukewarm Londoner to reflect that the Demonstration, exceed- ing, as it does, by several hun- dreds, one which met last year to protest against the wrongs of Washerwomen, is too significant of the state of popular feeling to be ignored.) Yes, my friends, the great and glorious cause for which EMMETT died, for which O'CONNELL pleaded, &c., &c. . . . that cause is at last attained. A Committee of the House of Com- mons has finally and irrevocably declared, by a substantial majority, that Ireland is henceforth to have a separate and independent Legislature.

[This puzzles the L. L., who doesn't quite understand why, if it is all comfortably settled, they should trouble to demon- strate at all; he decides to go on, and hear what the man in the next waggon has to say, and finds him passionately im- ploring the meeting to concede self-government to his country.]

Second Orator. All we ask of you is to give us a chance of managing our own affairs ourselves, and see what we make of them — to let us alone, and leave us free to live in peace together, and make our down-trodden country a going concern. If only Ireland is independent, all her thousands of barren and uncultivated acres will burst into bloom once more, her factory-chimneys will smoke, and her machinery be set in motion again, and from America, from Canada, from the Colonies, and from every part of the world, she will see millions of her expatriated children hurrying back across the seas to occupy the desolate cottages from which they were driven forth by an oppressive landlordism!

[The L. L. is considerably impressed by this picture, and thinks that, if Home-Rule is going to do all that, it can't be so bad, after all; after which, he moves on to listen to the next Speaker.]

Third Orator. They tell you we Irish are not fit to govern our- selves. It's a lie! Look at America, look at Australia, where I come from meself. Why, every chief political post in all their Governments out there are held — by whom do ye think? — by Irish- men! Yes, it's Irishmen that govern every country but their



MISUNDERSTOOD.

(In the Club Smoking-room.)

Brown. "YOU HAVE NO ENGAGEMENT TO DINE HERE ON MONDAY, MY DEAR FELLOW, HAVE YOU?"

Jones (hastily consulting his Memoranda). "No; I THINK NOT. I SHALL BE DELIGHTED —"

Brown. "WELL, NO — IT IS NOT EXACTLY THAT; BUT I WANT YOU TO BE GOOD ENOUGH TO LEND ME YOUR NAME, AS I HAVE THREE STRANGERS DINING WITH ME."

own-to-day — and are we to be told — ? &c., &c. (This argument hits the L. L. very hard indeed, because he cannot help seeing, as a reasonable man, that if the Americans and Colonials prefer to entrust the conduct of their affairs to Irishmen, we must be safe in following their example.) Then there's the question of finance, and on that I say — treat us generously, and you'll find we shan't forget it. (His audience show a magnanimous willingness to waive all sordid considera- tions of expense, and the L. L. feels that since we are going to do the thing, we'd better do it hand- somely.) Yes, we've fought your battles for you in the past, and we're ready to fight them for you in the future. You'll find we can be good friends — and (with a sudden change to menace) d — d bad foes!

[Enthusiastic cheers from crowd, amidst which the L. L. leaves for the next platform, with a conviction that it is hopeless to think of maintaining the Union any longer after that. The next Orator is discussing the Ninth Clause, concerning which the L. L. vaguely remembers having heard there is some little differ- ence of opinion.]

Fourth Orator. Well, now, about this Ninth Clause. What we say is this: — We'd rather be quietly at home in our own country, man- aging our affairs our own way. But — if England wants us, or if Mr. GLADSTONE wants us, or if JOHN MORLEY wants us, — why, we're perfectly willing to stay on at Westminster and help you to manage yours. What more do you want of us?

[The L. L. feels that nothing can be fairer, and that this dis- poses of the whole difficulty. But here his attention is attracted by the name of Ulster from a Speaker in a

waggon further on, and, as he still has some lingering misgivings on this subject, he is anxious to have them removed.]

Fifth Orator. Some of you may ask me, "What about Ulster?" (Derisive laughter.) Well, I'm going to tell ye what my opinion about Ulster is. I've no opinion of Ulster at all. As for Orangeism, the only Orangeism that's of any importance is the Orangeism of the old women who sell that delicious vegetable in the streets. (Cheers and laughter.) I tell ye what they are up in Belfast — a set of bitter, persecuting bigots — that's what they are! Why, they won't appoint a man there — even to the lowest office they have — if he happens to be a Catholic. Now we've none of that in the South. Some years ago, under Mr. BALFOUR (booming) — ah, don't hiss 'um now, he's not worth it — under Mr. BALFOUR, I got three months' hard, and six months' soft after that — and all for h'what? Why, just for advising the Catholics down in the South to treat the Protestants there the same as they treated them up in the North! But, as I said, we've no ill-feeling against them whatever — we only want to live in love and brotherhood with them if we're allowed, and take our fair share in managing the industry and commerce of our common country, and, if Ulster presumes to resist the will of Parliament and the will of the People of England, — why, Ulster will have to be put down by main force — and there's an end of it!

[This convinces the L. L. that any internal discords are in the highest degree improbable, and, with a mind at ease, he moves on once more, and is fortunate enough to catch a scathing attack from a humorous Orator on various members of the Opposition, which covers them with well-deserved ridicule.]

Sixth Orator. As for JOEY CHAMBERLAIN, why, he's only trying, before he's made a juke of, to drive a few more Birmingham screws into the coffin of the Home-Rule Bill, so we need say no more about him. (The Audience observe that he "let JOE 'ave it, and

no mistake, that time," and the L. L. is reluctantly compelled to agree with them.) Then there's GOSCHEN—it's a pity some of you can't lend him a new voice, for he's none of his own left by this time! (*Roars of laughter at this deadly political thrust.*) And TOMMY B.—"BOLUS," I call 'um—well, his party 'll never come and sing to him—"Oh, TOMMY, we have missed you!"

[*His hearers are more convulsed than ever, and remark that, "Talk about reg'lar wit, they've heard nothing to come up to this chap, that they haven't!" But the L. L., though he shares their admiration, is unable to remain longer, as he can hear a neighbouring Orator dealing with the possibility of the Bill being rejected by the Upper House; and he is rather anxious to know what will happen then.*

Seventh Orator. Some talk of the House of Lords daring to throw out the Bill, and obstruct the will of Parliament, and the wishes of the People of England. Well, I only hope they will—for that 'll be the end of them. What do you want with a House of Lords over you at all? They get along very well without a House of Lords over in America—aye, and in the Colonies too. The fact is, you Englishmen go around saying, "Britons never will be Slaves," and all the time you're the biggest slaves upon the face of the earth! (*Frantic applause from the crowd at this complimentary description of themselves.*) As for Lord SALISBURY, all I can say is—it would have been a good thing for England if his mother had taken and drowned him in a pail of water the minute he was born! (*His hearers enthusiastically endorse this crushing estimate of Lord SALISBURY's career and services.*) The Tories hate the Irish—that's where it is; they'd like to emigrate 'em—migrate 'em, hang 'em, shoot 'em down in the last ditch, if they could—but, in spite of Tory animosity, and Tory obstruction, and the bitter hatred of the Clubs and the Classes, Irishmen and Englishmen are going to be brothers at last, and clasp hands warmly for all time in a true union of hearts!

[*And so on, until the resolution is put and carried; and the L. L. leaves the Park, so favourably impressed by these various arguments as almost to make up his mind that—if he ever takes the trouble to get himself put on the register—he would as soon vote for Home-Rule as not, after all. Which proves that these Demonstrations produce more effect than some people imagine.*

AMONG THE SAVOYARDS.

To the regular play-goer *Jane Annie* ought to revive some pleasant memories of situation, plot, and tune. To any Cantab, who years ago was a member of the A. D. C., the song and dance of the Proctor and the two Bull-dogs will awaken pleasant reminiscences. The photograph of the three who took part in a similar trio being, to this day, on view in the rooms of the Club. The Proctor was played by AUGUSTUS GUEST, in strictly correct costume, not as Mr. BARRINGTON is attired; the part of the tall Bull-dog was taken by one of the HAMBROS, and that of the short one, if I remember aright, was played by a slight undergraduate named PARTRIDGE. Their song and dance was one of the principal features in the burlesque of

Alonzo the Brave; and now at the Savoy the song and dance of the "Bull-dogs," and the dance of the Proctor and Bull-dogs, are the two "hits"—and the only ones—of this otherwise tame burletta.



Proctor and Dancing Bull-dogs.

The page-boy recalls a similar part in *The Boarding School*, to the plot of which old piece that of this very "new and original" burletta bears a certain resemblance. That the composer had unconsciously the air of "*Trifle not with Love*" in his memory when he wrote the song for Miss BRANDRAM, in Act II., must be evident to all who heard *La Cigale*. Perhaps the composer was hypnotised, as is the Governess in this piece, when she writes letters to different persons; only that the composer penned notes instead, and the commencing combination of these notes is not absolutely new.

The dialogue is attempted on the Gilbertian-Savoy model, which the inventor understands, but which imitators do not. The consequence is, that while everything is done in the way of scenery, costume, singing, and acting, to make the piece "go," it won't stir a peg. Who chose it? Who was so pleased with the libretto that he would have it set? And who chose the composer? O Savoy management! *Say voy* did you do it? However, "a time will come," and a tune too, and when the temporarily disunited Savoyamese Twins, "S. AND G.," who, elsewhere, individually and separately, have not been so very successful in their work, are once more united, they will have a better chance than ever, of which they ought to do their best to make the most.

THE DENTIST'S CHAIR.

WEIRD machine of
strange design,
I must yield to
thine embrace;
Unto thee must I
resign
All my fortunes
for a space.

Upwards, helplessly
I glide,
Backwards now my
head is reeling;
And I'm told to
"open wide,"
While I'm gazing
at the ceiling.

Frantically thine
arms I seize,
Unknown horrors I await;



Thou art heedless
of my squeeze,
Thou art careless
of my fate.

More of this I can't
endure,
All my pain and an-
guish's vanished;
Thou hast worked a
perfect cure,
Thanks to thee,
my toothache's
banished.

Stretch me rather
on the rack,
Throw me in a lion's
lair; [back
Not again will I lie

In the gruesome Dentist's Chair.

THE DIRGE OF THE DINER-OUT.

(*A Plaint with which multitudes will sympathise.*)
My dinner's spoiled and my digestion's marred
By torrid Tory's and by raving Rad's tone.
I'm hungry and hate politics! 'Tis hard;
I ask for bread and they give me a (Glad)
stone!

That awful sound, strife-breeding, poisonous,
septic! [peptic.
It drives all my friends mad—and me dys-
Talk of First Night, Last Murder, Latest
Winner!
But bar the G. O. M.—at least at dinner!

"FAIR AND SOFTLY."

DR. ROBSON ROOSTEM PASHA says he deals
out fair and equal measure to all his patients,
no matter what their rank and station in life
may be. He says to them all, "Just wait."
And isn't "just weight" a perfectly fair
measure?

SECOND TITLE FOR THE PLAY AT THE
HAYMARKET.—*A Woman of No Import-
ance; or, It's a Wise Child that Knows
its Own Father.*

MR. GLADSTONE'S TIME OF LIFE.—"*Pre-
mier(e) Jeunesse.*"

THE LADY VISITOR.—Canon AINGER did well to be annoyed with the Lady Visitor who came touting at lunch time. Hers was not an Angel's visit, but his tamper was Aingerical. Did she seek the bubble reputation even in the Cannon's mouth? An inopportune moment as the Canon's mouth was full. This Canon was not to be rifled. *A propos*, a correspondent sends us the following riddle:—"Why did Canon AINGER object to the Lady Book-Canvasser?" "Because her conduct was *On-Canon-I-call*." He signs himself "JESTING PILOT," and dates from Holney Catch.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

The Professor (to Hostess). "THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR A MOST DELIGHTFUL EVENING! I SHALL INDEED GO TO BED WITH PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS,—AND YOU WILL BE THE VERY LAST PERSON I SHALL THINK OF!"

THE DERBY "SWEEP;" OR, THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

An Epsom Eclogue, set somewhat to the strain of "Lochiel's Warning."

"I am assured that Mr. GLADSTONE himself has at this moment not the slightest chance of being returned again for Midlothian."

Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham

SCENE—*The Course on the Derby-Day. Venerable Parliamentary Chief, GRANDOLMAN, in holiday attire, is greatly enjoying himself. The Picnic provender is peculiarly good, and he has just drawn the Favourite (in his opinion) in a "Derby Sweep."* To him enters the shrewd, but somewhat sinister-looking GIPSY JOSEFA, offering venal vaticinations.

Grandolman (impatiently).

Oh bother! Get out! Don't you see I am busy?
(*Aside.* Doesn't dress for the part half as well as did DIZZY!)
You tell me my fortune? Oh well, that will keep.
What I want to know now is—my chance in the "Sweep."
Eh? "Home Rule?" That is luck! I feel sure of my tin,
For I fancy the Favourite will just about win.

Gipsy Josefa (viciously).

GRANDOLMAN, GRANDOLMAN! Beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-array!
For a field of defeat rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Midlothian are scattered in fight.
As I told the good Brums, you won't have half a chance,
When next Scottish warriors against you advance.
They rally, they fight for the Kingdom and Crown;
Woe, woe to the Chief who would trample them down!
But hark! Through the fast-flashing lightning of war
What steed to the desert flies frantico and far?
'Tis thine, oh GRANDOLMAN! Hibernia shall wait
With a love-lighted watch-fire all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there!
They who backed that old crock are reduced to despair.

ERIN weeps, to Coercion's captivity led
By the foolish false friends who *would* give you your head.
For a general "Get out!" over England shall wave,
And PAT, SANDY, and TAFFY, in vain try to save!

Grandolman (disdainfully).

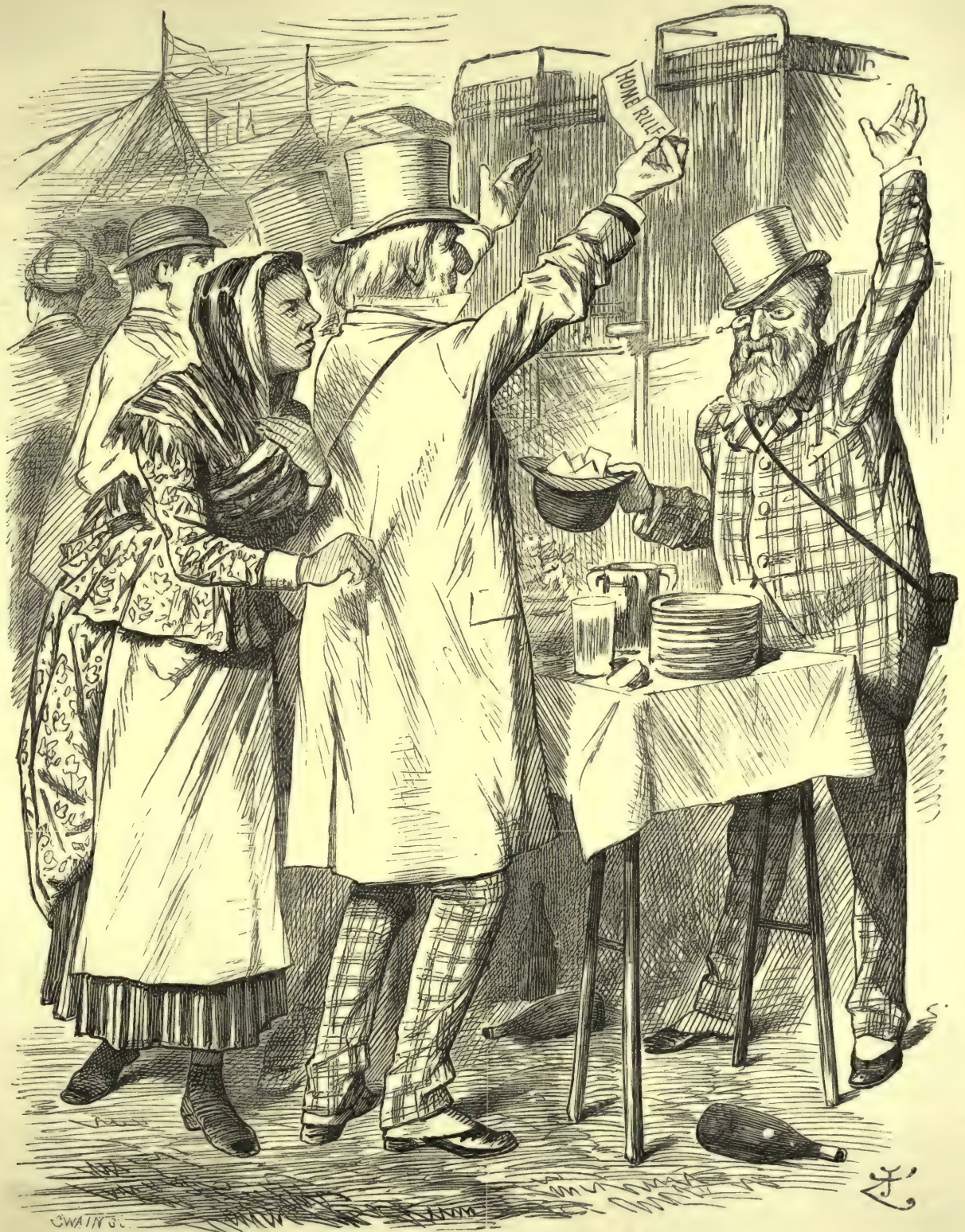
Oh come, look you here, you're a nuisance, my girl!
(*Aside* :—Ah! those are not dear DIZZY's dark eyes and smart curl!)
Go, preach to the coward, you doom-dealing seer,
My horse you won't get at, my book you won't queer!
"Draw, Chief!" cried MCCARTHY. And what is my horse?
"Home Rule," as you see! A good omen—of course!

Gipsy Josefa (gloomily).

Ha! GRANDOLMAN, thou laughest my vision to scorn!
Proud bird of the mountain thy plume shall be torn.
When next the Old Eagle sails valiantly forth
To the fight 'midst the dark-rolling clouds of the North,
By the fire shower of ruin the Bird shall be driven
From his eyrie, his home near the dark Scottish heaven.
White-crested GRANDOLMAN, the peerless in fight,
You'll find the derided JOSEFA was right.
With silver she knows you will not cross her palm,
But—she'll tell you *your* fortune for nothing! 'Tis balm
To the oft-flouted gipsy to picture your fate,
She was too proud to feed on the scraps from your plate!
But the Romany's deep revenge comes—she can wait—
And the Romany's warning you'll heed—when too late!

Grandolman (defiantly).

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan;
The three hundred and sixty will fight like one man;
They'll be true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And, like reapers, descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be SALISBURY's steed to the shock!
If he dash on like foam, he shall find me a rock.
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When GRANDOLMAN his claymore indignantly draws;



THE DERBY "SWEEP;" OR, THE GIPSY'S WARNING.

MR. G. (*jubilantly* to MR. J-ST-N MCC-RTHY). "*HOME RULE, BY JOVE! THAT IS LUCK!!*"

GIPSY JOSEFA. "*LET ME TELL YOUR FORTUNE, MY PRETTY GENTLEMAN!!*"



When his bonneted Chieftains to Victory crowd,
ROSEBERRY the dauntless, and MORLEY the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their battle array—

Gipsy Josefa (venomously).

— GRANDOLMAN, GRANDOLMAN! beware of the day!
Yourself, and your horse, and your followers shall fail—

Grandolman (viciously).

Oh, shut up, false tipster! I trust not your tale.
Go vaticinate, in your own verjuice style,
To Bookies and Brummies! At bogies I smile.
GRANDOLMAN, untainted by flight or by chains,
Whilst the kindling of life in this old breast remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe!
But that's peroration, not Derby-day chat,
The Oracle's fair—though 'tis only a hat;
I've drawn a good chance; I'm in holiday mood,
And this lobster salad's remarkably good,
So why, my JOSEFA, your teeth sourly crunch?
Do shut up, and let me get on with my lunch!
[Turns thereto with fresh appetite.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Thursday, May 25.—Special Night. Attendance in State—usual state (after short dinner) of looking forward to supper—of your Commissioner. Excellent performance of *Roméo et Juliette*, in mixed French and Italian, by Madame MELBA, as the Fair Capulet, and M. ALVAREZ as the Young Montagu. Waltz song perfect, and both *Roméo* and *Juliet* in excellent voice. M. PLANÇON very good as *Friar Lawrence*, the Friar of "Orders not admitted after seven." *Tyball*, by M. BONNARD, good. The duels very tame. Madame GUERCI, as *Stephano*, the Contralto Buttons in the service of the House of Montagu, who has such a big chance with that one song, lacked spirit exactly where she ought to have had the courage of her opinions, that is, in her fight with *Benvoglio Rinaldini*. Why is *Juliet's* poison-drinking scene invariably omitted? She does take the poison in the Friar's presence, but she drops the solo—which is a drop too little, or too much, according to the point of view taken of it by the audience. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER good, of course, as *The Nurse*, but looks more like disguised fairy whose crutch will turn into a wand, and who, on shuffling off the mortal coil, will pirouette on one leg and say to *Roméo* and *Juliet*, "Bless you, my children!" and all will end happily. Crammed house. Opera going strong!



Signorina Vibrata.

the mortal coil, will pirouette on one leg and say to *Roméo* and *Juliet*, "Bless you, my children!" and all will end happily. Crammed house. Opera going strong!

THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY (Suggested by a recent lecture full of *Treeisms*).—If a man be by profession an actor and cannot act, this should not tell against him with an imaginative public. Granted an imaginative public, that is a public which when it sees a thin man playing the part of a fat man imagines that the thin man is a fat man, then when it sees an actor acting who can't act (a contradiction only in terms), let them imagine that this actor can act, and such a public is satisfied. Carry imagination further, let the manager imagine that a failure is a success, that an empty house is full; and let the actor imagine that he is in receipt of fifty pounds per week, when, as a matter of fact, he is being paid only five. What pleasure all round! (To be probably introduced into the next lecture by Mr. BIRCHBROOM TWIG on "Various Branches of Dramatic Art.")

RAIN IN FASHION.—During the Season, whenever there is a fashionable function going on, the Society papers notify the fact of the presence of several "smart people." Last Tuesday fortnight, when the rain put in its welcome appearance,—it just "dropped in" for half an hour,—the papers generally referred to it as a "smart shower in London."

SOMETHING IN A NAME—BUT "NOT MUCH."—The *St. James's Gazette* tells us that the subscription to the Shelley Memorial Library will have to be abandoned if the funds do not speedily and considerably increase. Subscriptions may be sent to the Secretary and his name is—"LITTLE."

DERBY DREAMS UP TO DATE.

THE Archbishop of —, on awakening from a recent *siesta*, asked, "What had become of the Giraffe?" On further inquiry, it appeared that His Grace had seen, in a vision, one of those scarce animals at the Zoo offering him some jelly. Upon the strength of this omen the Archbishop's Examining Chaplain immediately backed *Isinglass* for a place in the forthcoming race at Epsom.

A certain Prime Minister the other day dreamed that he was standing in front of a mirror, while humming his favourite melody, "*The Wearing of the Green*." His youngest son, noticing the glass, and hearing his father exclaim "I sing," added "glass" to it, and has since put the pot on the favourite heavily.

A noted Golfer, who has a commanding position on the Conservative side of the House, dreamed the other day that he saw a maiden being frozen to death on the links at Felixstowe. It immediately occurred to him that the lass was being iced, in fact, that the cold weather was icing lass. Since then a letter containing bank notes to a large amount has been despatched to a Turf Commissioner resident in Boulogne.

A well-known Temperance Lecturer had a vision the other day that he was pursued by the Drink Demon. He tried to catch it, and looked for it everywhere. Suddenly he heard a voice saying, "is in glass." He noticed that the spirit had indeed taken refuge in a tumbler. Since then the gallant Baronet has backed Mr. McCALMONT's horse for any amount.

The sequel to these interesting dreams will be known on Epsom Downs at about 4 P.M. on Wednesday, May 31. Until then, the Dreamers can rest in peace. After that date these dreams may prove themselves to have been not dreams of winning horses, but, simply, night-mares.



BALLADE OF AN OXONIAN.

I DEBATE with a logical calm,
A cool, imperturbable ease,
My opponents succumb in alarm
As their points I relentlessly seize,
And whistle them all down the breeze.
Among actors I'm quite in the van,
My style's rather better than
TREE's,
I'm a talented Oxford Young Man.

My volume of Verses, *Aux Dames*,
With the "Lines to the Lovely
Marquise"—

A fragment of singular charm—
Neither CHATTO nor UNWIN could
please.

And yet, when at afternoon teas
I recite them as only I can,
On this each old lady agrees,
I'm a talented Oxford Young
Man.



SPOHR and MENDELSSOHN soothe
me like balm;

By ear I can play, in all keys,
Any air from a jig to a psalm,
And funeral marches and glees.
I dabble in colours; sweet peas
I sketch on AMELIA's fan, [these,
And show her, by actions like
I'm a talented Oxford Young Man.

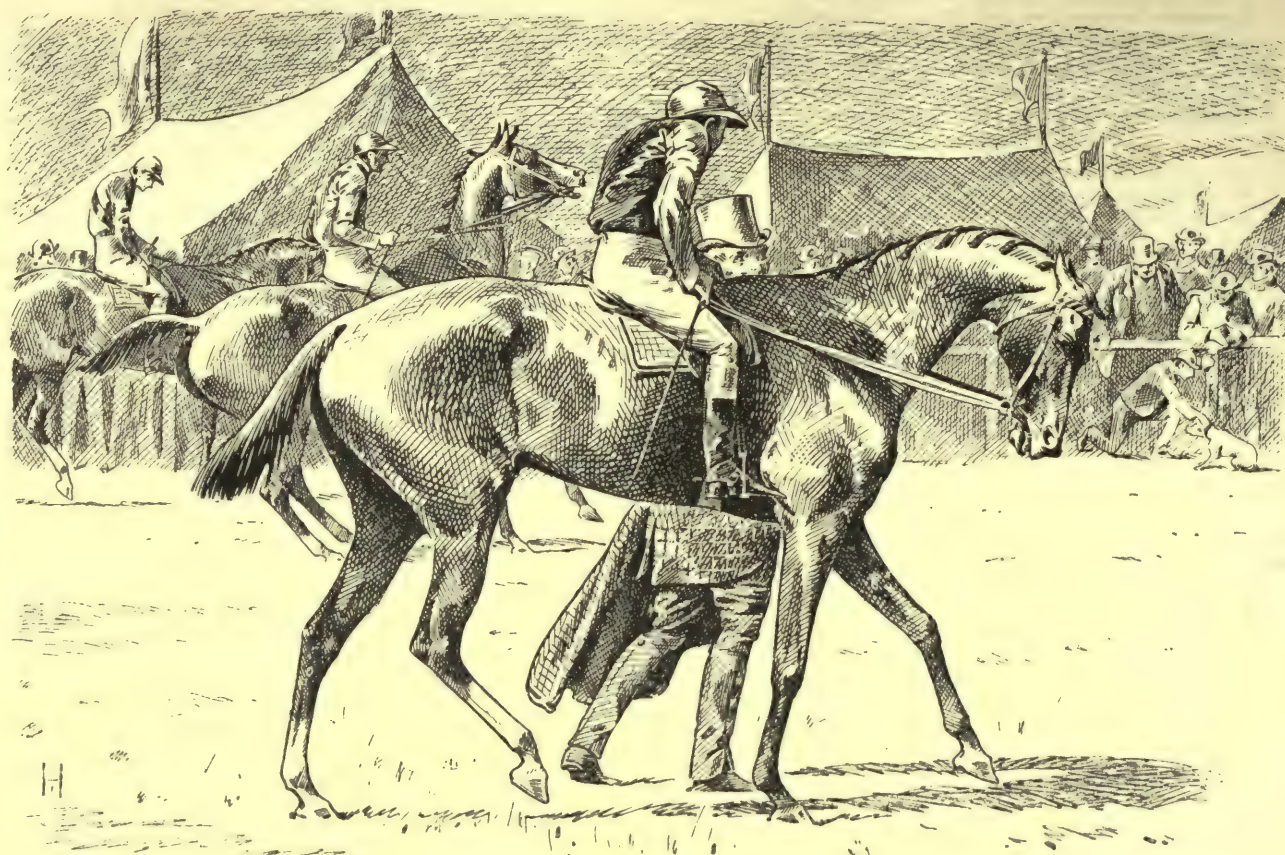
L'Envoi.

Again I am ploughed. Take your
fees,
Accursed Examining clan!
But—why should I care for
degrees—
I'm a talented Oxford Young
Man.

MORE PLUMS FOR MASTER J-HNNY L. T-LE.—Mr. ELLIOT STOCK, a note in the *St. James's Gazette* informs us, has just published an edition of *Walker's Siege of Londonderry*. Another chance of advertisement for the lucky comedian, J. L. T-LE. Of course he'll go on tour—a Pedestrian or Walker tour—and will add Derry to London. When at Londonderry the theatre will be besieged by the public anxious to see *Walker*.

"THE Royal Couple in Tirnova," read out Mrs. R.'s nephew. "Well!" exclaimed the good lady; "I never! I suppose we shall next hear of the Emperor and Empress going in a roundabout swing at a fair!! They'd better 'turn over' a new leaf," added Mrs. R., smiling satisfaction at her little joke.

DESCRIPTIVE OF A PHRENOLOGIST.—A Bumptious Person.



FINAL INSTRUCTIONS.

Trainer (to Stable Lad, who has been put up to ride Outsider of wicked reputation and considerable powers in the way of bucking his Jockeys off). "Now, TIM, IT'S PRECIOUS FEW BOYS 'AVE SUCH A CHANCE AS YOURS. YOU 'VE GOT A MOUNT FOR THE DERBY, AND A GOOD 'UN, TOO! NOW ALL YOU 'VE TO DO IS TO SIT ON HIS BACK AS STILL AS A MOUSE, AND DO YER BEST TO PRETEND YOU AIN'T THERE!"

Tim (from the Emerald Isle). "NOT THERE? FAITH, SIRR, I'M THINKIN' MAYBE HE 'LL BE MAKIN' THE DECEPTION AISY! SURE THE TROUBLE'S LIKE TO COME IN IF I PRETEND THAT I AM THERE!"

TARTARIN À LONDRES.

THERE is reason to believe that M. ALPHONSE DAUDET, after his approaching visit to London, will publish another volume of the adventures of TARTARIN, in which the following will probably appear:—

CHASSE AU LION.

C'était un grand désert sauvage, orné de quelques plantes de la Société Métropolitaine des *Plagrouns*, grandes comme le baobab dans le pot de réséda. Sous le jour discret du brouillard, on les voyait à peine. Vous savez qu'à Londres le ciel est toujours brun. A droite, une masse confuse et lourde, une montagne peut-être! ... A gauche, un bruit sourd, probablement la mer qui roulait. ... Un vrai gîte à tenter les fauves. ...

Quittant la gare de *Cherincrosse*, un fusil dans les mains, TARTARIN avançait lentement. ... Tout à coup, à quelques pas devant lui, quelque chose de noir et de gigantesque! ... C'était un lion couchant, un lion énorme, à n'en pas douter! ... TARTARIN se hissa sur un mur à côté. ... En joue! feu! pan! pan! Au coup de feu le Tarasconnais, renversé, tomba du petit mur. ... Bah! ... Pouah! C'était de l'eau! La Tamise ou la mer?

"Now then, commout!"

TARTARIN saisit une grosse main qui sortit du brouillard, et se leva péniblement.

"Pouah! Quès aco?" fit-il.

Le tueur de lions, stupéfait, se frotta les yeux ... Lui qui se croyait en plein désert! ... Savez-vous où il était ... ? Sur un pavé sale entre deux hommes en habits bleus.

Son Sahara avait des *polissmans*! C'était la Place de Trafalgar. A droite la *National Galéry*, monument superbe de l'architecture anglaise! A gauche le *Vite Al*, et ses omnibus, qui roulaient sourdement.

Et les lions? ... Au moment de quitter la Place, pour se rendre

avec les *polissmans* au *Scotch Landyard*, il les vit de nouveau, grands, calmes, se couchant au pied d'une colonne, dont on ne voyait que la base, évidemment un phare. Mais toutes les lumières du monde ne pourraient éclairer ces ténèbres d'enfer! ... Et l'eau? ... Ce n'était ni la Tamise, ni les vagues dominées par Britannia. C'était le liquide sale et boueux des petits jets d'eau, qui prêtent au "plus beau site de l'Europe," centre de la capitale de l'empire britannique, la beauté magnifique, la sublimité grandiose, et la splendeur éclatante d'une seringue de jardinier.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

That *Gray Lady Jane*, by FLORENCE WARDEN, who wrote *The House on the Marsh*, should attract the Baron's attention, is not wonderful, but that so original and sensational an authoress should have given us such a disappointing story as is this of the *Gray Lady*, is marvellous. It begins well, and goes on well, up to p. 60, end of Chapter V., which is about the half-way house, and then there is only one surprise to come, and that is the surprise all FLORENCE WARDEN's admirers must experience on arriving at the finish of the story of this shilling heroine of one hundred and two pages. The title is catching, as it suggests something new about that historically interesting personage, Lady JANE GREY. The only resemblance between her and the heroine of the novel being, that this Lady JANE frequently loses her head, and the other Lady JANE lost her head only once and never recovered it. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THEATRICAL WEATHER INTELLIGENCE.—The frost has been so prevalent and severe lately in London playhouses, that it is believed many of these places of entertainment will be immediately converted into skating-rinks for the unemployed. If the Theatres still remain open, and the aforesaid "frost" continues, the actors will be paid on a sliding-scale.



THE POLITICAL WATER-SHOW.

HORACE IN LONDON.

TO A FIVE-O'CLOCK KETTLEDRUM. (VIXI PUELLIS.)

LADIES, farewell to ye! I,
that illustrious
Beau of Apollo, that stormal
industrious
Of hearts and the sex's
attraction,
Render my sword and re-
tire from action.

Here, where your "Drum"
bids a strategist, wary at
Meeting Mammals, to a cheap
commissariat,
To muffins, to—coquetry's
blighter—
Tea, and the Five-o'clock-
tea Reciter.

Here, where you tame the
professed lady-killer, I
Doff my accoutrements, yield
my artillery,
Smiles, ogle, society prattle
—All that once thrilled
with delight the battle,

When through the rout I
carcerea, a NAPOLEON—
Goddess of gallantry, grant me, now
wholly on



Half-payment, this meed of my mettle—
One in the eye for the Drum and Kettle.

A COMPLAINT.

(By the Westminster Sunshine Recorder.)

PITY the woes of an over-worked instrument!
I have been much too exhausted to speak;
Forecasts of sunshine (which all have come
since true) meant
That, for two months, rest in vain I should
seek.

Once I considered my work was a sinecure;
Now Aix or Homburg would not mend my
state,
Useless to try water, grape, milk, or piney
cure,
Sunstroke at Westminster—that was my
fate.

Eight hours day, indeed! Folks philanthro-
pical
Overlook me, but the miners survey,
Their work is sunless, but I, in a tropical
Blaze, worked at least twelve long hours a
day.

Though I have rested a little, it's truly an
Effort to write even what I have done,
And if grey skies turn to blue so cerulean,
I shall again be recording the sun.

Hang such fine weather, with sun so infernally
Bright, and with sky so unchangeably blue!
Think of me, worn out, working eternally!
Think of the rain-gauge with nothing to do!

Think what high times for the upstart ther-
mometer!
I must toil on, no one asks what I like;
I should rise boldly, were I a barometer.
Were I a clock, I should speedily strike.

ADVICE GRATIS.—From among the Adver-
tisements in the Times:—

COOK.—English and foreign cooking, ices, French
bread, dinners, ball suppers, garden parties.
Job preferred. Disengaged.

A most accomplished Cook is this! She
cooks everything, from "ices" to "garden
parties." She is "disengaged," but "Job"
has her preference. JOB, whoever he be, is a
lucky man. By all means let "Job preferred"
make disengaged Cook his better half, and
his domestic happiness is assured.

LURED FROM LUNCH;

OR, A NEW INDUSTRY FOR LADIES.

(A Serio-Comic Tragedy, in any number of Acts.)

SCENE—The Judge's Room attached to a
Court of Law. Enter Aged Ecclesiastic
and Young Widow, ushered in by Official,
who places chairs, and bows.

Official. His Lordship is now summing up,
but he will be glad to see you after lunch.

Young Wid. And now, my aged, my nearly
only friend, I think it will be better if I see
the Judge alone. A woman's tongue is often
more powerful than a soldier's sword.

Aged Ecclesiastic (with old-fashioned
courtesy). Or a parson's homily. My dear
young friend, I will be within call. Raise
but your voice in anger, and you will find no
firmer friend, no braver defender, than the
Venerable ARTHUR TURNIPTON, Archdeacon
of Beanshire. [Hides beneath a table.]

Young Wid. (with her hand to her heart).
How my arm trembles. Have I the courage
to show him the portfolio? Ah, here it is!
(Produces large paper parcel.) Will he look
upon it? Will he forgive this intrusion?
Soft, he comes. I must dissemble.

[Retires behind a desk.]

Enter Mr. Justice EASTERLY briskly; he casts
aside his official robes, and pulls off his wig.

Mr. J. E. And now I shall have just time
for my chop and nicely browned potatoes. I
ran it rather close, but I was forced to refer
to that last point. And to quote to me
SHELLEY's case! A man who is a mere lad—
why, he only took silk a dozen years ago.
And he to quote to me the case of SHELLEY!
However, let me cast off all thoughts of care,
and turn to food. My chop awaits me! (He
is about to leave the room when his progress is
barred by Young Widow.) Hem! a lady,
and comely, too!

Young Wid. (sinking on her knees). Oh,
forgive me, my Lord, if I have been guilty
of contempt of court. Pardon this intrusion.

Mr. J. E. (courtteously). Nay, rise fair lady.
You have done no harm. I presume you are
a ward of court. I am no doubt your legal
guardian—you wish to consult me? What is
it? Is it anything to do with a mortgage?

Young Wid. (aside). His goodness brings
the tears to my eyes. (Aloud, but nervously.)
Well, my Lord, it was scarcely about a
mortgage that I wished to consult you. The
fact is—(she opens her bundle)—a firm of
eminent chocolate-makers are introducing
into the market a new kind of tea. See—
(takes out a packet)—we can let you have this
at one-and-fourpence-halfpenny the pound.
Can I tempt you?

Mr. J. E. (after a struggle to repress his
rage). Begone! No, do not argue with me.
I say, begone! Away, false one!

Young Wid. (raising her voice). You treat
me unfairly! Would that I had some one to
defend me!

Aged Ecc. (emerging from under the table).
You have! I am weak, but every drop of
my blood is at your service.

Mr. J. E. (haughtily). And who are you,
Sir?

Aged Ecc. (solemnly). I am the defender
of the weak. Yes, proud representative of
the majesty of the law I scorn ye!

Mr. J. E. Why? What have I done to
merit your reproaches?

Aged Ecc. By refusing to take this lady's
tea. Do you not know that she receives a
commission for every ounce she sells, and yet
you will not buy one pound!

Mr. J. E. (with deep feeling). Archdeacon,
you have conquered! I feel that I am wrong.
I should encourage thrift, and a noble effort
to make both ends meet. Madam, I do not
know your name, but will you put mine down
for ten pounds of tea? You will charge the
commission, and share it with me—will you
not?

Aged Ecc. Of course. This lady is not
only in straitened circumstances, but a
thorough woman of business:

Mr. J. E. (who has been summoned by an
Official). And now farewell. I go to adminis-
ter justice. I leave with you my benediction.

Aged Ecc. Bless you! (He sinks upon his
knees, and his example is followed by Young
Widow.) Good bye, we shall meet again.

Mr. J. E. I hope so. (To Young Widow.)
You will not forget the tea. Good bye! [Exit.]

Aged Ecc. (to Young Widow). Nay smile.
Do not grieve. And now for another attempt.
We will call upon the Archbishop!

[Curtain closes in upon the tableau.]

A CIT TO SIR JOHN.

[Sir JOHN GILBERT, R.A., has presented some of
his pictures to the Corporation of London.]

AIR—"John Anderson, my Jo!"

JOHN GILBERT, good Art Knight, JOHN,
When first I knew your fist,
I was a boy, who in my books,
Your "go" could ne'er resist.
And now my crown is bald, JOHN
(As yours may be, also.)
But blessings on your dashing brush,
For still 'tis full of "go"!

JOHN GILBERT (Knight), my jo, JOHN,
Your pictures, grouped together,
Will brighten many a day, JOHN,
For cits, in gloomy weather.
Much modern art seems tame, JOHN,
But canvasses all glow,
When bold J. G. is signed at foot,
JOHN GILBERT (Knight) my jo!

"THE MISSING LINK."—Few things more
annoying, if you possess only one set, than,
at the last moment, when you are already
late for your dinner-party, to be unable to
find the companion link for your shirt-cuff.
Let this occur on Bank Holiday, when all
shops are closed, and discomfort for the
evening will be that man's portion.

A SKETCH AFTER THE ITALIAN.

SCENE—The Stalls at a West End Theatre during the performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana." Enthusiast seated beside party of ladies who have come to see Signora DUSE. The Curtain rises, showing the customary operatic scene among the customary operatic accessories.

Enthusiast. Isn't that charming? So natural. The Gendarme is looking into the police station. And that's the old mother. Excellent.

Young Lady (who has been consulting a brochure). This book of the words does not give much of the dialogue.

Enthusiast. Quite unnecessary. You see the Italian action is so explanatory.

[Enter a woman wearing a white shawl—she converses with her mother—she seems to be much distressed.]

Young Lady. Who is that?

Enthusiast. I don't quite know. One of her friends, I fancy. Isn't it very good?

Young Lady. Excellent. But are we not to have any of the music?

Enthusiast. Oh, no. It would spoil it. The Italian language is so essentially melodious that orchestral accompaniment would be superfluous.

An Actor (throwing his left hand over his shoulder). Mio povento nona l'ascramma de potato! [Or something that sounds like it.]

Enthusiast. Capital!

Young Lady. What does that mean?

Enthusiast (telling the truth). I can't exactly translate it, but it is wonderfully characteristic.

[The Italian part of the audience roar at some joke or other. The action proceeds. The Soldier flirts with the coquette, and quarrels with his betrothed.]

Young Lady (making a discovery). Why, that must be Signora DUSE—the lady in the white shawl!

Enthusiast. Of course. They call her in Italy La DUSE. Isn't she marvellous!

Young Lady. I dare say. But you didn't recognise her at first?

Enthusiast. Didn't I? Well, one gets so carried away by the poetry of the thing. So good. There, you see he has bitten his ear, and they are going to fight. Capital!

Young Lady. But they have missed out the intermezzo. Surely they might have given us that!

Enthusiast. Well, I don't know. It would have impeded the action of the piece—it's so wonderfully realistic. There, you see, they are ringing the bells. That's because it is Easter Sunday.

[General commotion. A woman rushes on, screaming. Tableau and Curtain.]

Young Lady. Why, it's all over. And we didn't see much of Signora DUSE, did we?

Enthusiast. But she was so good. Wasn't that a wonderful bit of by-play when she put her white shawl over her head?

Young Lady. Yes. But I really think I prefer it with the music.

Enthusiast (in a tone of surprise). Do you? Well, it's a matter of taste.

[After a pause, an act of "GOLDONI'S sparkling comedy, 'La Locandiera,'" is played. The actors reproduce the movements of



"SO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW!"

Foreign Owner (very proud of his Stable and his Sporting English—to Nervous Friend). "IF YOU HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO, PRAY, SIR, COME AND SEE MY CRACKERS."

Friend. "OH, THANK YOU, VERY MUCH; BUT THE FACT IS—I'M RATHER AFRAID OF FIREWORKS!"

the far-famed Italian Marionettes. La Signora DUSE plays archly, and frequently addresses the Audience. At the end of the Act the Curtain falls, amidst much applause.

Young Lady. As so many people are laughing, it must be very good. But I don't quite understand the fun.

Enthusiast. Oh, didn't you? Why, it's full of good things. Excellent. And now I must say good-bye.

Young Lady. You are not going?

Enthusiast. So sorry. But I have an appointment to keep. The rest of the play is admirable, every bit as good as the First Act.

[He leaves the theatre, and meets a Friend outside.]

Friend. What, are you off?

Enthusiast. Yes, such a pity. Splendid performance, my dear boy. Splendid! You ought to see it.

Friend. I am going to. I have got two stalls for the next performance of the same programme. You shall have one of them, and then you can see it all through from beginning to end.

Enthusiast. I am so sorry, but leaving town. (Bids adieu to his friend, and then murmurs to himself in Anglo-Italian :) Notse eef I knows eet!

[Exit in search of other amusement. Curtain.]

ADAPTATION CRICKET PROPHECY FOR 1893. —Nothing succeeds like "Sussex"!—(Monday, May 29th.)

ARS LONGISSIMA.

[One of the pictures in the Paris Salon is about forty feet in length.]

This is art! *Ca saute aux yeux*. Not en DÉTAILLE, but en gros; Quite unlike the work of feu MEISSONIER; it is *de trop*.

Such a noble spread of paint! Such a mighty work to send! Why, it almost makes one faint! Just to walk from end to end!

A la longue—"long run" indeed! Panoramas five yards high Rolling mechanism need, We should sit while they pass by.

What? *Chaise roulante*? That might do, But the wall space soon will cease; Future works must split in two, If their sizes still increase.

Scaled by furlongs, not by feet! We may see in future show, On some *chef-d'œuvre*, "*Voir la suite Dans le prochain numéro.*"

TWO ROUTES TO HOLLAND FROM HARWICH.—One the new one to the Hook of Holland, which saves making the two or more hours *circumbendibus* of the Maas up to Rotterdam. The Pa's, out for a holiday, *en garçon*, would choose this way in order to avoid the Ma's. Travellers can now go to Holland by Hook or by Crook. Hook preferred.

ON A SIGNATURE.—One day last week a letter appeared in the *Times* headed, "A New Street Danger," and signed by "TOM BIRD." The London birds are uncommonly sly, and the only danger to a simple Tom Bird would be from a crafty Tom Cat. But stay, is there a real TOM BIRD (some relation, perhaps, to JACK DAW?) or is this only a *Nom de Plume*?

"GOING," BUT NOT "GONE."

"THIS Mansion in St. James's Place," So spake the Auctioneer, "As meeting-ground of wits and Lords, Is quite without a Peer!

"What offers? FOX and WELLINGTON, And heaps of famous sodgers, Here talked with BYRON and with MOORE When breakfasting with ROGERS.

"SYDNEY SMITH joked, MACAULAY prosed, LAMB bleated—with a stammer; And now this home of witty 'Saws' Of course 'goes to the Hammer.'

"Two thou.!"—Your liver, Sir, is wrong; Try Karlsbad or Ben Rhydding! 'Three thousand!'—In a bid so low There's something quite forbidding!

"This lot is such a dismal 'frost,' It's really hard to thaw it; And, since its past is not a draw, At present I withdraw it!"

AFTER THE FOURTH OF JUNE BOATS' BANQUET ON THE BANK. (By an overcame Etonian.)—It's a very old school. Old as ADAM. Yes, he was in the Garden of Eton.

FAIR PLAY AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

(As Mrs. Columbia-Squeers seems to see it.)



Mrs. Columbia-Squeers. OPEN YOUR MOUTHS, AND SHUT YOUR EYES
AND SEE WHAT I WILL SEND YOU!

["The dissatisfaction felt with the system proposed by the Bureau of Awards for awarding medals, &c., to the Exhibitors at the Chicago World's Fair has resulted in the Commissioners of the following countries withdrawing their exhibits from competition for awards:—Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Norway, Portugal, Russia, Siam, Sweden, and Switzerland."—*The Times*.]

MR. PUNCH reads (in *Nicholas Nickleby*) the following passage:—

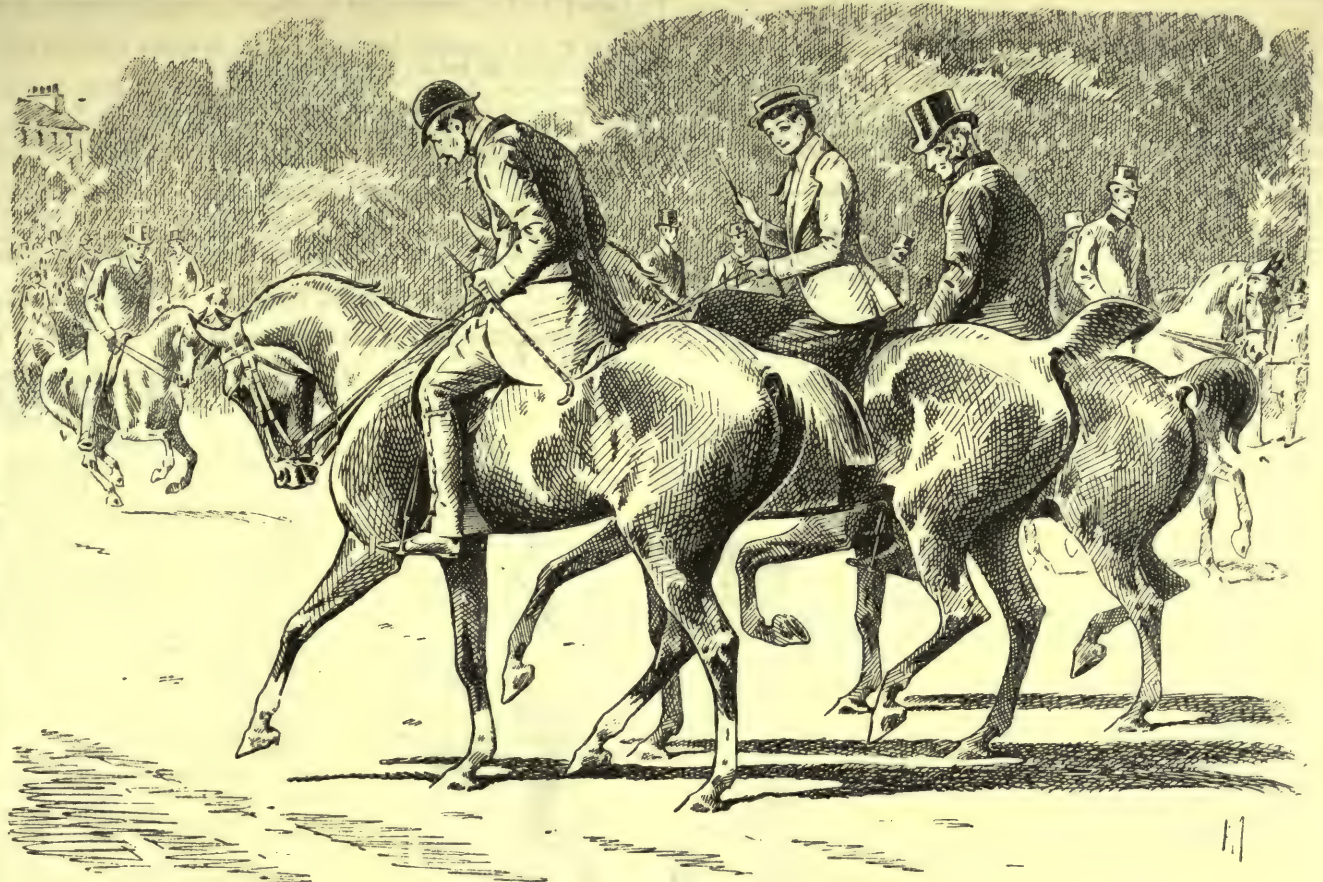
"Mrs. SQUEERS stood at the desk, presiding over an immense basin of brimstone and treacle, of which delicious compound she administered a large instalment to each boy in succession; using for the purpose a common wooden spoon, which might have been originally manufactured for some

gigantic top, and which widened every young gentleman's mouth considerably; they all being obliged, under heavy corporal penalties, to take in the whole of the bowl at a gasp."

Laying down his DICKENS, Mr. Punch museth:—
Humph! Singularly appropriate! Provision of Genius again. For wonderful adaptability to diverse circumstances, Boz surely stands next to the Divine WILLIAM himself.

So Mrs. COLUMBIA-SQUEERS stands at the desk (or bureau), presiding in solitary, self-sufficient singleness, over the distribution of a "delicious compound," let us say.

"I don't know her equal" (said Squeers). "That woman is



JUST OUT.

Jack (in reply to question about his Mount). "No, she's NEVER EVEN SEEN HOUNDS; ONLY JUST OUT O' THE BREAKER'S HANDS, IN FACT. THOUGHT IF I GAVE HER A SEASON IN TOWN SHE'D GET A BIT USED TO COMPANY."

Cousin Maud. "Ah! 'A SEASON IN TOWN.' WELL—THAT'S ONLY WHAT EVERY DÉBUTANTE EXPECTS."

Uncle Ben (who is dreadful with his Chaff). "BY JOVE! JACK MY BOY, YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT HER INTO DOUBLE HARNESS NEXT,—FOR, HANG ME, IF THEY DON'T ALL OF 'EM EXPECT THAT TOO!"

always the same—always the same bustling, lively, active, saving creature that you see her now."

Exactly! Limned to the life my Boz. An up-to-date American Note—for General Circulation.

"She is more than a mother to them; ten times more. She does things for them boys, NICKLEBY, that I don't believe half the mothers going would do for their own sons."

Right again, to a nicety! Unfortunately, however, even "her own sons" (like Mrs. SQUEERS's "young noblemen") seem rather to disrelish the dose she is intent upon administering, and the way in which she desires to "dab it into 'em." The *Tribune's* correspondent at Chicago telegraphs as follows: "The sentiment among American exhibitors in opposition to the non-competitive plan of the Bureau of Awards is growing, and if the rebellion continues to spread, the expert Judges will find few exhibits to examine, and the Jury of Awards will have 34,000 medals, and a lot of pretty diplomas, on their hands when the summer is gone."

Poor Mrs. COLUMBIA-SQUEERS! With a lot of "expensive flower of brimstone and molasses" on hand, and no "boys" willing to be dosed by her energetic hands!

"Open your mouths, and shut your eyes,
And see what I will send you!"

cries the liberal Lady. And the boys—her own boys, the French, German, British, Italian, Russian, and Japanese, and other boys—ought to echo Mr. SQUEERS's pious "grace after—brimstone," and cry, "For what we have received may the Award-Bureau find us truly thankful." And they don't,—the ungrateful ungracious urchins rebel, and protest, and actually propose to do their own Awarding in the old-fashioned way, and simply ignore Mrs. COLUMBIA-SQUEERS and her Brimstone-basin, we mean her "Bureau of Awards."

"The Commissioners of the foreign countries represented have decided to enter into a competition among themselves, to establish a Board of Jurors, independent of those in the American section, and issue diplomas in disregard of Mr. THATCHER'S work."

Now this is sad! Bad weather (which is bad luck) and big charges (which are poor policy) are quite sufficient sets-off against what *Mr. Punch* sincerely hopes will be, all the same, a Big Success. Therefore, he sympathetically submits that Mrs. COLUMBIA (dropping the SQUEERS) should throw over Mr. THATCHER (the obdurate President of the bumptious Bureau of Awards), drop that "common wooden spoon," pitch away the autocratic arbitrary Brimstone-and-Treacle style of diploma-distributing, and so make things fair and pleasant for the "Boys" all round.

'Tis clear that the obdurate THATCHER
Of trouble all round has proved hatcher.
But, having dismissed him,
And that "Single-Judge System,"
Of success you may yet be a snatcher.

So mote it be, says *Mr. Punch* heartily.

APPROPRIATE.—At the recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, among the medals distributed was one called "The Gill Memorial Medal," which was presented to Mr. FORBES for his explorations in "the Chatham Islands." Bravo, Mr. FORBES, whose name, in connection with Chatham preceded by "London" and followed by "and Dover," is known to all the travelling world! Though, by the way, by what bye-law, sanctioned in committee, Chatham has been converted into "islands" we are not told. But perhaps the matter is explained by reference to the initials of the prize-medallist, which are "H. O.," and not "J. S."

MRS. R. AS AN INTERPRETER.—Mrs. R. knows her French. Her nephew read an extract from a French newspaper, in which it was said that a French ambassador in England "*doit parler ferme*." "Quite so," interrupted the excellent lady, eager to exhibit her intimate acquaintance with the language. "England is an agricultural country, and a foreign minister who comes here ought to be able to "*parler ferme*," that is, talk about farms and so forth."

ROUND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN GALLERY No. I.

Miss Pemmican (of *Minerva House*, Peckham, entering with her two favourite pupils, Miss ELLA PORTER and Miss LAURA PERCH). Now, my dear girls, I hope you both understand that I shall expect you to show me that my indulgence in giving you this little treat has not been thrown away—

Miss Porter and *Miss Perch*. I'm sure we're awf—very much obliged to you for bringing us, Miss PEMMICAN!

Miss Pemm. (calmly concluding her sentence). By writing out, during the recreation-hour this evening, a full description of all the pictures that have attracted your attention, with any reflections that may suggest themselves to you.

Miss Porter (to Miss PERCH, behind their Preceptress's back). There—didn't I tell you she meant to be a Pig!

Miss Perch (sotto voce). If she thinks we're going to describe all the pictures, and find our own reflections, she's mistaken! I mean to crib all mine out of the *Illustrated*, and you can get yours from the *Graphic*, you know.

Miss Pemm. (with satisfaction). You will find it an invaluable exercise in English composition and style.

Mr. Spreadtail (a true-born Briton, to M. MACHIN, an Intelligent Foreigner, whom he has obligingly taken in tow). Here we are, M'soo! This is only one of the rooms; but still it gives you some idea of the enormous extent to which Art is carried on in this country. (M. MACHIN assents politely.) I take it, now, you've no Exhibition in Paris to be compared to this.

M. Machin. To compare—no. We've only now two Salons, in ze Champs Elysées and ze Champs de Mars.

Mr. Spr. Only two? We've got dozens of small shows, if that's all; but here you get the pick of the basket, y' know.

M. Mach. (to himself). Sapristi! Est-il embêtant avec sa pioche! (Aloud.) I am 'appy to get a peek viz you. Already I 'ave ze pleasure to be'old a portrait of SARGENT—magnifique, zis "Miladi Agnew," hein! C'est ravissante, ça!

Mr. Spr. Ah—clever enough, in its way, I daresay, but too French for My tastes. We like more finish in our portraits, M'soo: There's a picture up there, I see, that seems to be a subject from *King Lear*. (He refers to his catalogue.) Ah, I thought I wasn't mistaken—SHAKESPEARE,

our great National Poet, y' know. I suppose you know something of him?

M. Mach. Mais oui—parfaitement. I 'ave read 'im—but, for me, vous savez, he is a poet vary deeficult to compre'end.

Mr. Spr. Never found him so myself, M'soo. I like to dip into him—occasionally, when I've nothing else to do, y' know.

M. Mach. (to himself). How he is astonishing, this man, with his "peeks" and his "deeps"! Decidedly I am not in my proper place here.

A Critical Matron (before "The Girlhood of St. Theresa"). Too much expression in the girl's face, my dear; and I don't consider all that heavy embroidery at all suitable to a child of her age—do you? [Her companion thinks it "peculiar," but commends the orange in the boy's hand.

A Phlegmatic Man (to his wife). Er—I rather like that.

His Wife (indifferently). Which? Oh, that one. (She allows her eye to rest on it for about a second.) No, I don't think I care for it much.

The Phlegm. Man. Well, of course it's—

[He finds it too much trouble to select an adjective, and leaves his sentence suggestively incomplete.

IN GALLERY No. II.

Second P. P. I expect that's intended—from the dresses, you know.

First P. P. I daresay—but he's put the lawyer's chair too near the fire—much too hot for him in winter-time.

A Sportsman (before "The King's Libation"). H'm—half-a-dozen lions—not a bad bag with one bow and arrows!

His Friend. Not if he killed 'em all himself; but depend upon it those chaps behind with the javelins did the business, and he gets all the credit of the shoot.

Miss Pemm. (arriving with her charges). This is a picture, girls, which you will on no account omit to mention in your theses. It represents an Assyrian Monarch thanking the Gods—(she consults her catalogue)—Nin (or Ninip) and Nergal, on his return from a lion-hunt.

Miss Perch. I don't see Nip and Gurgle in the picture, though, Miss PEMMICAN.

Miss Pemm. Because they are very properly left to the spectator's imagination, my dear.

Miss Porter (relieved). Oh, then we needn't describe them—only the king and the dead lions? But why should he spill wine over them, poor things?

Miss Pemm. It was a libation, my dear ELLA—a ceremony among the ancients on such occasions, the precise significance of which is not apparent in these more enlightened days.

Miss Perch. I should think not. Fancy Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL making all that fuss over a few lions!

Miss Pemm. (severely). Miss PERCH, oblige me by suppressing any flippant observations of that kind in future!

Miss Perch. I thought you wished us to make our own reflections, Miss PEMMICAN.

Miss Pemm. By all means, if they are intelligent—which yours was not.

Miss Perch. (sotto voce to Miss PORTER). Go on—it's your turn to make one next time. I'll back you up!

[Miss PORTER intimates that she does not feel equal to the effort.

The Phlgm. Wife (to her Husband). That's not badly done!

Her Husband. Think not? It—er—seems to me the King is rather—

[He forgets what he considered the King was rather, and evades the difficulty by moving on as before.

IN GALLERY No. III.

Miss Pemm. (before "The Funeral of a Viking"). You see what the subject is—it illustrates in a highly impressive form the practice of burying deceased warriors in—er—that period; the body, you see, attired in the dead man's richest armour, was placed on board his ship, and then, having previously set fire to it, they, &c., &c.

Miss Perch. ELLA has a reflection, Miss PEMMICAN—a really intelligent one! (Miss PORTER denies the impeachment.) You know you have, ELLA, only you don't like to say it out loud.

Miss Pemm. I shall be happy to hear it, my dear, whatever it is.

Miss Perch. ELLA thinks that burning a ship whenever they wanted to bury a man was rather like the old Chinese way of doing things.

[ELLA looks as learned as possible at such short notice.

Miss Pemm. A very thoughtful comparison, ELLA—but why Chinese?

[ELLA makes despairing signals to her friend.

Miss Perch. Why, you know how they used to burn down their house in order to get roast pig—it reminded her of that, didn't it, ELLA?

[Mute indignation and reproach on Miss PORTER's part.

Miss Pemm. If I hear any more such frivolous comparisons, Miss PORTER, you will write out your essay in French!

Miss Perch (to Miss PORTER, soothingly). Never mind, dear, you can make a reflection for me. I don't care how idiotic it is!

First P. P. What's that green affair up there, 228, with a girl, and something like a ghost leaning over her?

Second P. P. (referring to Catalogue). "Thereto the Silent Voice replied."



First P. P. That must be bosh. How the deuce can a Silent Voice reply?

Second P. P. Well, that's what they've got it down as.

IN GALLERY No. IV.

Miss Perch (before "The Child Handel"). I wish people objected to my getting up early to practice. They wouldn't have to hide the piano away in the attic for me!

IN GALLERY No. V.

First P. P. "The Sleep of the Gods;" chosen a nice damp place for it, seemingly. They'll all wake up with rheumatism, Gods or no Gods!

Second P. P. (reading from Catalogue). "Evohe! ah! Evohe! Ah! Pan is dead." The brown one's Pan, I suppose, though he don't look particularly dead, but which of 'em's Evohe?

[They give it up.

Miss Pemm. (hastily). Yes, my dears, yes—a mythological subject—we've no time to look at it now. There's a picture up there of a nurse pouring out tea for a sick child, which I particularly wish you to observe.

IN GALLERY No. VI.

A Philosophic Visitor (before "A Glass of Wine with Cæsar Borgia"). Yes, he knows the particular bin that came from—and he'd like to get out of it if he could. Pity he didn't join the Blue Ribbon before dining out with a family of that sort—but there, I daresay they'd have doctored his ginger-beer, then! They did their guests well, those Borgias!

The Person (who always goes wrong if there's half a chance). I suppose that's the picture there's been so much talk about—"Your Health." They're all portraits of well-known people, my dear—but I don't seem to recognise any of them. That can't be IRVING as Cardinal Wolsey, can it?

Mr. Spr. (to M. MACHIN (before a domestic subject). Now here's one of our characteristic subjects—just a quiet English family at home—that's one of the things you haven't got in France, M'soo, no home life, you know. I'm right there, eh?

Mr. Machin (who is getting restive). You are alwiz raight, my dear. In France ve 'ave no mozzer, no vife, no 'ome—nossing at all! (To himself.) Hast thou finished making a head, old TARTUFE?

Mr. Spr. Bless my soul, I'd no idea it was as bad as that. It's a wonder you're no worse than you are!

ON THE STAIRCASE.

I call it quite up to the average—such perfectly delightful puppies and kittens!... Not a good Academy this year; the only wedding I saw was a Silver one, and not more than two funerals, and one of them was a Viking's!... Miss PERCH, you will be good enough to write one half of your essay in French, and the other in German, and be kept in for the rest of the week. And you, Miss PORTER, will write out, "It is irreverent and unladylike to giggle at solemn subjects" fifty times, in your neatest handwriting, before breakfast. And I shall not take you to have afternoon tea at a confectioner's as I fully intended. ... Bother the beastly old Academy! I wish it was burnt, I do!

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, May 29.—Lohengrin. Who would be the manager of an opera? To manage a theatre is a fairish trial for ordinary



Good Knight.

("Mickie Ellar" some people pronounce it, as if she were Irish), and, with Madame CALVÉ, was summoned in front of the curtain to share in the general tribute of praise. House crowded, and thoroughly appreciative. *Salve Calvé!*

mortals, but to have the responsibility of an opera, where the attraction of the evening is seriously endangered by the absence of one single individual, is enough to turn the hair prematurely grey. No wonder that Madame GHERLSEN seemed nervous when called upon to sing MELBA's part of *Elsa*. GIULIA RAVOGLI—always "something about GIULIA so very peculiar"—is a first-rate dramatic, as well as excellent operatic *Ortruda*. Signor VIGNAS and the rest good as before. House choke full,—white choker full.

Tuesday.—Those who did not hear Madame CALVÉ as *Carmen* lost a real treat, musically and dramatically. This is one of the successes of the season; at present the greatest success. An operatic actress who gives us the perfect ideal of *Santuzza* and *Carmen* is indeed a *rara avis*. Mlle. ARNOLDSON sang sweetly as *Michaëla*

Wednesday.—"Happy Thought" of Sir DRURIOLANUS for Derby Night—"Give The Favourite." Sir DRURIOLANUS changed his mind and substituted *Philemon et Baucis*. Title with a special flavour of *Punch* in it, as MARK LEMON (not PHIL LEMON) was Mr. P.'s first Premier, and the prime of his Prime Ministers.

Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson-Baucis charming, and Messieurs Bonnard-Philemon, Castelmarty-Vulcan, and Jupiter-Plançon make up an exceptionally good cast. Well, if it is not *La Favorita*, as was expected, at all events it gives us two favourites, the opera itself, and Mlle. SIGRID ARNOLDSON. After which LEONCAVALLO's *Pagliacci*. This grows upon the audience. It must not be compared with *Cavalleria*. Let them be considered apart. *Pagliacci* has jumped in favour at once, through the music, but especially through the acting and singing of Signor ANCONA as *Tonio*, and of Signor DE LUCIA as *Canio*. Most powerfully dramatic opera, and who has not seen ANCONA and DE LUCIA in this, and DUFRIÈRE, VIGNAS, and CALVÉ in MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria*, and CALVÉ in *Carmen*, has yet three great dramatic and operatic treats in store for him.



"La Favorita."

Thursday.—*La Juive*. "A Grand Opera in four Acts." SCRIBE's libretto; tragic story; HALÉVY's music. Somewhat conventional. Book well worth the money; very amusing on account of the English libretto, which is, as almanacks have it, "Old style." First appearance of Mlle. VASQUEZ as *Rachele*. Not much chance for her in this, but so far so good. Funny make up of Signor GIANNINI as *Eleazar the Jew*, with a couple of side curls, just for all the world as if he were wearing an old-fashioned frump's false front. Regret artist not here to sketch him. Sometimes he reminds me of Mrs. Gamp, in that immortal scene where she is pledging *Betsy Prig*, and sometimes he reminds me of the latter lady. These curls do it. Why shouldn't he make *Eleazar* dignified? at all events, as dignified as *Shylock*? Between GIANNINI and PLANÇON, as Cardinal, honours easy. SIGRID ARNOLDSON nice as *Principessa Eudossia*, but character hardly in her line. Somehow *La Juive* more popular abroad than here. However, Sir DRURIOLANUS gives it, as he gives everything, his very best care and attention. Wonderful man Sir DRURIOLANUS! German Company, French Company, Italian Opera, Palace Theatre, Provincial Companies, and a few other things besides, all on at once. "How do you do it?" I ask. He smiles warily. "*L'Etat c'est moi*," says Sir DRURIOLANUS COVENT-GARDENSIS. "It's all done by kindness," he adds pleasantly, as he bids me "good night," being button-holed by an Ambassador, a musical Peer, a French critic, an Italian agent, and a suggesting subscriber, all at once.

Saturday.—CALVÉ excellent in *Pêcheurs des Perles*, and admirable in *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

TO THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

["Sir," said Mr. Pickwick, "you are a fellow."]

Ye Admirals, who brave for us the battle and the breeze,

What meaneth all this hitching of your trousers?

Why are timbers to be shivered, what makes you ill at ease,

Ye briny, tarry, glim-destroying dousters?

Has Britain lost an ironclad, that makes you pipe your eye?

Have reefs been found improperly projecting?

Has a hundred-tonner burst and blown a company sky-high,

Whose remains will take a week in the collecting?

Has France destroyed our commerce? Has Russia burnt our towns,

That ye rage in all this nautical commotion?

Has a Dutchman, curse his broomstick, gone and anchored in the Downs?

Has a Yankee fleet outfought us on the ocean?

Then an Admiral made answer, and gloomy was his face,

And his voice was like the booming of a cello,

"Avast there with your fooling; there's a lady in the case,

A lady whom they want to make a Fellow.

"A lady an explorer? a traveller in skirts?

The notion's just a trifle too seraphic:

Let them stay and mind the babies, or hem our ragged shirts;

But they mustn't, can't, and shan't be geographic."

And still the salts are fuming, and still the ladies sit,
Though their presence makes these tars, who women trounce,
ill.

For no woman, bless her petticoats, will ever budge a bit,
Having once been made a Fellow by the Council.



ILLUSTRATED PROVERBS.

"I MUST WARN YOU, VICAR—YOU'RE THE ONLY GENTLEMAN—AND YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE US ALL FOUR IN TO DINNER!"
 "FOREWARNED IS FOUR-ARMED, MY DEAR MRS. MASHAM!"

AT THE WESTMINSTER "TOURNAMENT."

SWORD V. BAYONET.

It draws—like a big moral magnet,
 This long and sensational duel.
 Will sword really spicificate "bagnet,"
 Or "bagnet" give swordsman his gruel?
 So everyone asks as he gazes,
 Eyes eager, attention ne'er nodding,
 At Sword's flashing silvery mazes,
 At Bayonet's pitiless prodding.

They go it like regular demons!—
 Minor champions try at Tent-pegging,
 "Heads and Pests," or the Slicing of
 Lemons;
 But these for applause may go begging.
 Burly HARCOURT may cross his long lance
 With BALFOUR's light blade, keen as
 razor;
 Men scarcely vouchsafe them a glance,
 But *this* fight absorbs every gazer.

There is not a swordsman like WILL,
 Has not been since old days of DIZZY;
 The foe who would baffle his skill,
 Will have to look sharp, and be busy.
 But JOE with his bayonet-prods
 Is a most unmistakeable "snorter";
 He's willing to fight against odds,
 And he neither gives in, nor gives quarter.

There's hardly a man woman-born
 Can stand that redoubtable shock of his.
 Moreover jimp JOSEPH has sworn [his]
 To have WILLIAM off that "old crock" of
 He hates the Old Man, his Old Horse,
 His old-fashioned, punctilious fighting.
 JOE trusts to shrewd pitiless force,
 The old rules of chivalry slighting.

No LANCELOT scruples in JOE!

But JOE is a strong, clever fellow.
 Good judges declare they scarce know
 How these rivals will end their duello.
 Meanwhile 'tis a rattling good fight
 (No mere up-and-down, hugger-mugger)
 'Twixt the Old Man with soul of a Knight,
 And the Young Man, with style of a
 "Slugger."

"ANGLING."—Says the *Times*, in a note
 under the foregoing heading, "*The coarse
 fish-anglers will be able to resume sport on
 June 16.*" Shade of Old IZAAK! Can the
 line of "Gentle anglers" be so degenerated
 that it has come at last to be "Coarse fish
 anglers?" "Fish" is unnecessary, as no
 one "angles" for anything but fish, except
 at billiards. But, as KIPPERED HERRING
 says, "this is another story."

THAT CASSOWARY'S COMPLAINT.

(Private and Confidential.)

PUNCH! I am that Cassowary,
 On the plains of Timbuctoo;
 I *did* bolt that missionary,
 Hat, and boots, and hymn-book too.

But did querying quidnunc follow
 (Such do THACKERAY's doggerel quote),
 Him I'm sure I could not swallow;
 He would stiek in my poor throat!

Ask the ostrich or the emu,
 Ask the cormorant or the shrike;
 Ask the osprey, ask the sea-mew,
 If such morsel tough *they* like.

Tenpenny nails, Tibet Mahatmas,
 I could swallow at a pinch;
 Bony black papas and fat mas,
 I would bolt and never finch.

Send me out an Astral Body,
 A sea-serpent or a spook;
 A Salvationist in shoddy,
 Weird BLAVATZSKY's wildest book:

ASHMEAD BARTLETT's last oration,
 The next "play" of OSCAR WILDE;
 TYNDALL's thumpingest jobation,
 RANDOLPH's rhetoric when most riled;

The MACULLUM MORE on Whiggery,
 Proofs of four-dimensioned space;
 Or that Mongoldom and Niggery
 Must absorb the Human Race.

OLCOTT's Karma, IBSEN's Troll-dom,
 BESANT's dismal "Devachan"!
 Mystic theories of Soul-dom,
 Monstrous avatars of Man!—

Anything that's heavy, hollow,
 Nauseous, tough, or indigestible;
 And I'll undertake to swallow
 It as a mere light comestible.

But the man with a new "variant"
 Of TITMARSH's quaint quatrain?
 No; the hungriest Cassowary aint
 Equal to *that* peptic strain!

"CONSPICUOUS BY ABSENCE."—Monday,
 May 29th, was a "Collar Day" Levée at
 St. James's Palace. Mr. GLADSTONE was
 not present! Why? No Collars home
 from the wash in time? Too bad!



THE PARLIAMENTARY "TOURNAMENT."



QUITE THE FIRST MRS. TANQUERAY.

The *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* is Mr. PINERO's latest, and far and away his best piece. The plot is simple, and intensely interesting; the characters marked, clearly drawn, and distinct; the situations natural and powerful; the dialogue appropriate, and spontaneously witty. Thus in construction and dialogue it is a model play. There is no waste of words, there are no sharp-sounding but pointless attempts at epigram dragged in neck and crop anyhow, no re-setting of old saws, no crackling of thorns to keep the pot a-boiling, no refurbishing up of old Jo Millers, no attempt at passing off paste for diamonds. A bold author is Mr. PINERO, being an English dramatist, to conceive such a play, still bolder to write it; and bolder still was the manager who, with all the audacity of youth, has dared to produce what I venture to think would not, some years since, and not so very long ago either, have passed the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S Dramatic Licensing Office.

The story is of how a kindly-natured, somewhat eccentric widower, of between forty and fifty years of age, with an unsatisfactory experience of wedded life, becomes so enamoured of a courtesan, one of the upper *demi-monde*, that he determines to "make an honest woman of her," by marrying her. That is all; and enough too. She is not a French *Manon Lescaut*, nor a conveniently-consumptive Italian *Violetta*. No; she is "English, you know," a thorough, right-down Londoner, no matter where she was born and bred; and of her parentage, whether gentle or simple, there is scarcely a hint in the play. What was she? What was her bringing up? What ought by right to have been her position in life? Was she a waif and stray from the commencement? One allusion to her early youth gives her pause—so natural a pause, too! the perfection of art!—for a moment, and then, with a shrug of the shoulders, she dismisses the recollection. She has learnt the piano, that is evident; she has a refined taste, oddly enough, in music; she is loving, she is vulgar; she can purr, she can spit; she is gentle, she is violent; she has good impulses, and she is a fiend incarnate; she is affectionate, she is malicious; generous and trusting, selfish and suspicious; she is all heart and no soul; she is a Peri at the Gates of Paradise; she is a *bête fauve* that should be under lock and key.

And not SARA BERNHARDT herself, mistress of all feminine feline arts as she is, could play this part better than Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL. It is a wonderful performance, most striking, most convincing, from the utter absence in it of all apparent consciousness of the effects she is producing. She is to be most sincerely congratulated; so is Mr. PINERO, most heartily, as indeed may he be to the entire representation from every point of view. Mr. ALEXANDER has never been better, indeed has never been so thoroughly and entirely good. One word of friendly warning; the telling effect of his pauses is endangered by their being unreasonably prolonged. On the stage a second's pause, "as well he knows it," seems a good five minutes to an audience, and that five minutes "wait" is fraught with danger to all; it is here "*momentum unde pendet eternitas*." On the other hand, his great scene with his wife, where the action is rapid and impulsive, when at last the truth will out, and where he dominates her by his suddenly uncontrollable violence, is very fine, both for him and for her.

Is there a moral to this wretched history? Why should there be? Why should there be any moral except for those who contemplate taking such a step as did *Aubrey Tanqueray* in this play, and to them the advice is summed up in Mr. Punch's immortal advice to "persons about to marry," i.e. "Don't."

I cannot say that the title is an attractive one; perhaps, in its original form, it occurred to Mr. ARTHUR PINERO as "*The Second-hand Mrs. Tanqueray*." The names of his *dramatis personæ* are

not happy—*Tanqueray* is a peculiar, but far from unfamiliar, name, associated chiefly, I fancy, with the wine trade. *Sir George Orreyed, Bart.*—pronounced "*Orrid*"—speaks for itself; the part of the sodden fool is capably played by Mr. VANE-TEMPEST; the name of *Frank Misquith, Q.C., M.P.*, is a sort of compound of FRANK LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. ASQUITH, Q.C., M.P.; *Gordon Jayne, M.D.*, is not very far off what it rhymes with, yelet QUAIN, M.D.; and *Cayley Drummie* suggests at once to all who remember *Great Expectations*, the name, but not the person, of *Bentley Drummie*, to whom Mr. Jagers took so great a fancy.

Curious to note that, though this is the first piece on any English

stage, within the last half century, in which a spade is most decidedly shown to be a spade, yet has Mr. PINERO been afraid to let his undisciplined heroine, who does not stick at a trifle and who will blurt out anything that comes uppermost in her thoughts, — utter point-blank the most simple statement of fact either when she is making her confession to her husband, or when she is confronted with *Hugh Ardale* (a very difficult part, brusquely played by Mr. BEN WEBSTER), her former lover-in-chief. No doubt he permitted the woman to retain this shred of delicacy



Proceeding by leaps and bounds. The *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* a good first.

for the sake of actress and audience. But in such a play as this, the dramatist who compromises is lost.

The *Second Mrs. T.* marks an epoch in our dramatic annals. It is every inch a play. Whether this dramatic food is too strong for "the young person," and whether, on that account, the elder persons will not patronise it, remains to be seen. But for Mr. PINERO, for Mr. ALEXANDER, and for Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL this success is "a record."

PRIVATE BOX.

"THE LIGHT DUES QUESTION," in which "quite another STOREY," M.P., is interested, is a matter of importance to a great number, but to a still greater number, in fact to everyone, the Heavy Dews Question, as to when they are coming, and specially the same question as to the Heavy Rain, is of the farthest-reaching interest. As *Macbeth*, even without an umbrella, observes of the rain, "Let it come down." But then he perhaps was on friendly terms with the Clan MCINTOSH.

Cracked!

(By a Cynic, after seeing a certain Play.)

"CRACKED lives to mend!" some cry. It sounds like mockery, For broken lives are unlike broken crockery. Society gives once shattered crocks no quarter; It votes that mended lives will not hold water: Though Charity's cement may do its best, Cracked characters, when rung, won't stand the social test!

MRS. R. ON A PROBABILITY.—Mrs. R. had heard that Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN was to be made Her Majesty's "Master of the Musick." "Dear me!" exclaimed the worthy lady, "it seems rather hard that they can't find a better appointment for him, considering all he has done—(wasn't he on the stage, too, playing in SHAKSPEARE?)—to make him only a Music-Master! Of course he'll have to teach all the youngest Members of the Royal Families—but that will be hard work."

NOTE (on the objection of Mr. Hicks to the admission of Ladies as Members of the Royal Geographical Society).—"HICKS' objects to 'Hæcs.'"

"A NON EST MAN."—Proverbial saying adapted to the case of Mr. J-B-Z S. B-LE-R. "Let us speak of a man as we don't find him."

THE F.R.S.'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is believed by many worthy people the greatest honour on earth?

Answer. To be elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

Q. What are the qualifications for such an election?

A. To be fairly popular with a narrow clique.

Q. If a candidate does not possess this popularity, what may he expect?

A. A hostile circular suggesting, in lieu of his own reception, the election of someone else.

Q. What is considered a disqualification for the honour?

A. To have contributed to the newspapers.

Q. Is there no exception to this rule?

A. Yes. A scientist may write letters to the press upon general subjects if he is careful to put his name in full, with initials of his degrees complete.

Q. How long does it take a man of science, of a retiring temperament, to become a Fellow of the Royal Society?

A. About a quarter of a century.

Q. Cannot an energetic scientist obtain the distinction in a shorter period?

A. Certainly; in about a twentieth of the time.

Q. Does the election of an energetic scientist impede the promotion of outsiders?

A. Unquestionably, because the energetic scientist, feeling that his own election has been too expeditious, attempts, by preventing the election of other candidates, to maintain the proper average.

Q. Does there exist any power



THE NEW DEAN.

"'E WOULDN'T STOP A PIG IN AN ENTRY! COULD 'E, JIM?'"

outside the Society to respond to the claims of justice?

A. Yes; the Press, when invoked, possesses the necessary authority.

Q. Is this fortunate?

A. Certainly; for did not the Press possess the wholesome power, the letters F.R.S. would stand for farce!

WETTER-INARY TREATMENT.

—Mr. WYNDHAM, in his advertisement of the play now attracting its crowds to the Criterion Theatre, has this novel information:—"Doors open at 8; on wet nights 7'30." A very good idea. Why not annex to the Box Office an extra stall for the sale of waterproofs and umbrellas? Also, why not carry the idea further, and say, on very wet nights doors open at 7, and on the wettest possible nights at 6'30? Then the Criterion Restaurant, being under the same roof, might obtain a special keeping-open license for such exceptional weather, and some convivial spirits could take advantage of this to have "a very wet night of it," occasionally.

How to Fix 'Em.—There is some evident distinction between an actor and a music-hall singer. Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER was good as both, but specially good as a music-hall comedian. His imitations are not ALBERT, they are "All-but" CHEVALIER. A theatre actor has a marked manner; the other has a music-hall-marked manner.

So SIMPLE.—When is a fish like a streak of light? When it is a Lamp-rey.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 29.—New Members growing quite accustomed to see their elders conversing with Chairman of Committee seated and wearing their hats. This custom in accordance with one of oldest, most important traditions that buttress foundations of British Empire. In circumstances of ordinary debate Member so conducting himself would be set upon with howls for "Order!" If he persisted, would be named and walled-in in Clock Tower. But it is ordered that when House has been cleared for Division. Member desiring to address Chair must so comport himself.

Thus BARTLEY to-night found himself opening *tête-à-tête* conversation with unwilling Chairman. Had just been closed by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who threw into performance of public duty unmistakable gusto. BARTLEY having something to say, and not permitted to utter his thoughts upstanding and bareheaded, resolved to accomplish it otherwise. So kept his seat, pressed hat firmly o'er his manly brow, and observed, "Mr. MELLOR, Sir—" But he got no forrader. Like

Him who left half told
The story of CAMBUSCAN bold,

BARTLEY was at this point stumped. MELLOR snuffed him out with what Committee would like to regard as beginning of formation of habit of regularity and despatch. Everyone perceives this happy effect merely result of accident.

Had BARTLEY worn ordinary head-gear, he might have spent a few minutes in amicable conversation. But Committee in its mildest mood will not stand Member arguing with Chairman in a white hat, more particularly when hat is adorned with black band. Chairman, encouraged by roar of exoration which greeted apparition of the hat, interrupted BARTLEY by putting question, and, before he quite knew where he was, Committee was dividing.

Business done.—Vote on Account through Committee.

Wednesday, 1 A.M.—House still sitting. Report of Supply exempt from Twelve-o'clock Rule; so House may, an' it please, sit all night. Am glad of opportunity for quiet meditation whilst DICKY TEMPLE and ACLAND discuss accommodation in schools and playgrounds. Fact is, WEIR just made maiden speech. House throbbing with delighted emotion. WEIR is its own peculiar possession, untranslatable, inexplicable, incommunicable. People who read Parliamentary reports, finding WEIR's rising to put question hailed with "cheers," every remark he makes echoed by "loud laughter," wonder where fun comes in? He says nothing beyond veriest commonplace; his inquiries are as trivial as they are frequent. Why should he delight six hundred gentlemen, forming in themselves microcosm of English society? Ah! you should see WEIR—our WEIR, the Only WEIR—when he rises to confound CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN with conundrum about cordite powder, or further whiten TREVELYAN's once raven locks with problem about the pathway at Pennicuik or Pitlochrie.

From below Gangway there slowly rises tall figure with tawny beard fringing a face of infinite solemnity. House knows it well; hilariously cheers; the face, slowly turning, regards with expression of far-away wonder the boisterous throng. How in a world so sad as this, with telegrams delayed on their way to fishmongers' shops, with irregularities in steam-boat communication in the Highlands, with rifles fouled by use of cordite powder, with Members wasting time by asking unnecessary questions—how can responsible human beings smile, much less laugh? All this WEIR dumbly says as he looks round on the merry throng. Whilst he does this he is not wasting precious time; is rummaging in recesses of his waistcoat for *pince-nez*; having found it, he slowly withdraws it, and, bringing it round with majestic gesture, raps it on his nose. Sometimes it won't affix itself; he pauses to wrestle with it; till it is in proper position no sound issues from his closed lips. When the strain is becoming too much for ordinary humanity, he, with slow movement, brings the question paper into



THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

focus, holding it in his left hand, whilst with his right he secures the wanton *pince-nez* throned on his haughty nose. Then through the hushed House rolls a voice the like of which was never heard on sea or land; solemn, reverberating, like the sea swinging at rest after a storm round Sanda, Stronsa and Westra, Isles of Orkney.



Sir R-ch-rd W-bst-r à la Française (on his return from his long sojourn in Paris).

"How many cartridges, loaded with cordite powder and nickel-covered bullets, can be fired from the Metford regulation '303 barrel, before the same becomes worn, and unfit for accurate shooting?"

Looked at next morning, it seems to partake rather of character of conundrum; expect to find appended particulars of prize for successful guesser. This fresh testimony to magnetic influence of WEIR's personality; an influence to be felt in order to be appreciated. The supremest comic character on any stage; unique, but—alas! for those who never hear him—inde-scribable.

Business done.—Vote on Account passed Report stage. J. GALLO-WAY WEIR makes maiden speech.

Saturday Morning.—Member for Sark turned up last night. Haven't seen him lately; regret tempered by consideration that he is occasionally a little compromising. Blurts out things which others

"I beg to ask the Right Hon. Gentleman, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, Ques-ti-on No. 33."

Simple words these; repeated, with slight variation, by a hundred Members in a sitting. No one conceives of what import they are capable till he hears them rolled forth in stern, sonorous voice, issuing from this tall figure, portentously upright, below the Gangway. A man fresh from witnessing a murder in the Lobby might come in and make brief announcement of the tragedy without thrilling the audience as WEIR does when he recites this prosaic formula. In capacity for making the human flesh creep, *Fat Boy* in *Pickwick* not in it with the elect of Ross and Cromarty.

Members, with premonitory shudder, turn to paper, to see what the question addressed to the hapless, perhaps sinning, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR may be. To the overstrained mind, Question 33 seems to stand out from prosaic list in letters of blood.



T. H. B-l-t-n, with his Family of Twelve Little Amendments.

may think, but judiciously leave unsaid. "I suppose you know, TOBY," he remarked just now, "who is the most dangerous opponent of progress with the Home-Rule Bill?"

"Certainly. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN."

"Wrong you are. It's Mr. G. Seems odd, I know, but it's the fact. JOEY C., I admit, is formidable adversary. He is the head and front, the inspiration and execution of deadliest opposition to the Bill. But his right hand man is Mr. G. He with charming innocence plays their game, which everyone else can see through half-closed eyes. Look what happens night after night, and hour after hour through the night. Some more or less inconsiderable person rises to move amendment undisguisedly obstructive. As RIGBY occasionally tersely puts it, 'either the provision proposed is already included in the Bill, or, if inserted, it would be impracticable.' That is a thing which SOLICITOR-GENERAL or CHIEF SECRETARY might be left to say. Possibly silence were the most perfect answer; but courtesy requires some notice taken from Treasury Bench when amendment, however ridiculous, is moved to Government Bill. Is Mr. G. content with having such answer made? Not he. He's on his feet like a catapult; divides the subject into three courses, and sails eagerly up and down each, as if the fate of the Ministry were at issue. Inevitable consequence follows. Interposition of PRIME MINISTER raises standard of debate to his own level. PRINCE ARTHUR follows; JOEY C. generally joins in; JOKIM may have a word to say; and HENRY JAMES peradventure untaps the flood of legal and constitutional erudition. A mouse is born and lo! Mr. G. insists on treating it as if it were a lion. You remember what GOLDSMITH once said to JOHNSON—'If you were to make little fishes speak, they would talk like whales.' There is an analogy in Mr. G.'s dealings with the opposition to this Bill. He treats every trumpery amendment as if it were an organised and official vote of censure. He is a great man, but not a supreme General, since he lacks the faculty of devolution. He insists upon doing all the fighting himself, which, in addition to being unfair to his captains and lieutenants, will wear him out. He should hold himself in reserve, directing the fight rather than bearing all its burden on his back. I've been away, you know; brought back by these abominable Black Lists; but understood it was arranged that Mr. G. should take only a fair share of the work, remaining up to the dinner-hour, and thereafter leaving Bill in

competent hands of JOHN MORLEY, with the SQUIRE of MALWOOD at hand, in case of need. It will have to come to that in the end, TOBY, dear boy, and, if the end of all things is to be postponed, the sooner it is done the better."

Business done.—In Committee on Home-Rule Bill.

(NOT) HAND IN GLOVE.

[It is said that it is now becoming the fashion for ladies not to wear gloves at the theatre.]

SING a song of fickle Fashion,
Women following like sheep,
Theirs an all-consuming passion
All its foolish rules to keep.
But woman now—what degradation!—
Deserts the fashion that she loves,
And in the fight for admiration
She fights to-day without the gloves!

UNHAPPY PAIRS.—The parliamentary ones who, on the latest "Black List" system, got wigged by the *Times* and the *Daily News*, &c., for their Whitsun wanderings.

"DIPLOMACY."—Mr. JOHN HARE very wisely decided not to wear his Prince of WALES's scarf-pin to the Derby. The pin he actually wore was stolen, but it is reported that the thief was very angry at finding he had taken only an ordinary HARE-pin. This will now become a "HARE-loom" in the family.

CUI BONO?—To those who are querying why Lord SALISBURY spent his Whitsun holiday orating in Ireland, it has been suggestively (if vaguely) answered that "he doubtless did it with Ulterior objects."

A DÉBUTANTE.—Last week the Dowager Duchess of SUTHERLAND "came out."

Lithpings from High Latitudeth.

Noble Lord loquittur:—

A VOTE on account for two month?
Bah! BALFOUR mutht be a big dunth!
GLADTHOTONIAN gang are thuch rum unth,
They ought to be kept on short Commonth.
One comfort the thubject affordth:
They won't be kept long in the Lordth!

SUMMARY OF A LONG SPEECH BY A NOBLE LORD (*From the Gladstonian point of View*).
—Large cry and little WOLMER!

A FIRST LESSON IN BOOK-KEEPING.—Never lend one.

BIOGRAPHY À LA MODE.

(By our own Hec-Haw-eish.)

AND DR. ÆSCULAPIUS turned and left the room, and I never saw him alive again.

If only we knew!

It is true our friends come and go. And they try to hold us to them, and we turn our backs upon them! And oh, how sad it is to think we have seen them for the last time! And they tried to secure our company, and we were proud and haughty, and we would not stay. We were cruel, and their memories now oppress us. Let me make a confession. It will be good for the soul, and it will also serve as a means of cataloguing my friends, and my faithful friends, and my good and grateful friends.

The last time I saw Sir ALFRED APOLLO, and he said "are you going?" as though he had said, "Will you stay no longer?" and I went. And oh, had I but stayed with him! And how pleased he would have been! And I might have read him some of my poetry! As IBSEN would say, "think of that!"

And the last time I met Field-Marshal Sir MORICE MARS, and he was walking in Queen Anne's Street, on the opposite side of the road, and saluted me, and I never crossed over to speak to him! And if I had, how delighted he would have been! My button-holing him might have saved his life! And oh, the pity o' it!

And the last time I met Admiral NEPTUNE, I never went up to him to say good-bye! And the last time I took Lady JUNO down to dinner, I never took the trouble to call upon her in the morning! And if I had seen NEPTUNE and JUNO



"WHITE MAGIC."

He. "I OFTEN THINK—AT LEAST I SOMETIMES WONDER—I MEAN I WISH I KNEW IF YOU CARED FOR ME, DON'T YOU KNOW?"

She. "OH, BUT THEY 'VE GOT A CLAIRVOYANTE IN THE NEXT ROOM. COULDN'T YOU FIND OUT?"

before they departed from earth, how pleased they would have been! And it is still a mystery to me how they exist in Olympus without me. And poor things! they must find it very dull!

And the last time I saw MERCURY, the great Explorer, was just before he started for the North Pole; and, although he was to leave by the Penny Steam-boat, I never went to Pimlico Pier to see him off. And oh, if I had only known! I would have accompanied him on his way, and shared his labours with him as far as Vauxhall!

And the last time I saw Lord Chief Justice PLUTO he was standing on damp grass. And I thought I would expostulate, but no—I allowed him to catch cold! And when he left us I felt that I had neglected his last invitation. I had somewhere else to go. And I was crowded with all sorts and conditions of other invitations, but he passed away, and I had never gone!

And the last time I met JUPITER, he took me to the threshold of Olympus, and did not ask me to return. And I never did. And IXTON gave me a lift on his wheel, and we have never gone back. And what a sad thing! And I remember once again that ÆSCULAPIUS called me into his room—it was my last chance—and I refused! How fain I would have been to accept my last chance! And how long and lingering would I have talked with my friend! And how loth would I have been to go! And yes, what a bore! what a bore!

AUTOMATIC APHORISM. (By Penny - in - the - Slot.)—One millionaire can build six mansions, but six millionaires cannot build a tree.

PRODIGIOUS!

[Another musical prodigy is announced.]

PRODIGES here, prodigies there, Prodiges, prodigies everywhere. Neat little nimble prodigy-girls, Short frocks, stockings, and corkscrew curls. Pert little priggish prodigy-boys, Long hair, "knickers," and lots of noise. Prodigy concerts at half-past eight; Prodiges stop up far too late. Prodiges taking by storm the town, Sketching an octave up and down. Swelling fugues with a massive bass, Fingers all in their proper place. Firework fantasies, oh, so smart! CHOPIN, SCHUBERT, and old MOZART. Some with BEETHOVEN making free, WAGNER as easy as A B C. Prodigy A. deserves a medal For skill in the use of the softer pedal. Prodigy B. should have a prize For her manner of using her hazel eyes. Prodiges playing quick or slow, Piano, FORTE, FORTISSIMO. Little females and tiny males All of them thumping out their scales. Little HALLES in socks and shorts, Beating their BROADWOOD piano-fortes. Little VERUDAS in frill and frock, Scraping away like one o'clock. Little PLATTIS—but why proceed? Basta, basta! agreed, agreed! Prodigy-hearing's an awful bore; [more.] We've enough, and too many, and don't want

THE COMING CAR.

At the Booking-Office.—I want a Third-Class Circular Tourist People's Palace Carticket to Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, down the Caledonian Canal to Oban, and round to Glasgow by the Kyles of Bute, please, at your new reduced fare of eighteen shillings and sixpence for the round.

I believe this ticket allows me to stay at any town or village *en route* for any time up to ten years? Yes? Thank you!

What do you say? That merely taking the ticket acts as an Insurance of £2,000 a year to my relatives in case of a fatal accident, with £1,000 a year to myself if in any way disabled? Really, that is a most liberal arrangement.

In the Third-Class Dining-Saloon.—It certainly does seem surprising that the Company should be able to supply a dinner comprising turtle soup, lobster salad, ris de veau, cotelettes de volaille, ice pudding, and the best dry champagne, at two-and-sixpence a head, with the Band of the Grenadier Guards performing in the adjoining luggage-van during the meal.

The provision of free Turkish and other baths for the use of third-class passengers makes a long railway journey quite a "Travellers' Rest."

I hear that the Great East-Northern Company, in order to draw custom, is now offering gratuitous medical attendance for a year, a box at the Opera once a week during the season,

and a three-guinea subscription to MUDIE'S, to every passenger who takes a couple of third-class tickets to Scotland and back.

In a Third-Class Sleeping-Car Cubicle.—MAPLE seems to have furnished this elegant sleeping chamber regardless of expense. We are landed (or perhaps it would be more correct to say Midlanded) in luxury!

Every passenger, it appears, is now entitled to one of these apartments for the night, with use of brass bedstead, eider-down quilt, feather mattress in winter, and unlimited hot water in the morning, without any extra payment. This is a distinct improvement on the old "Truck System" of five persons on each side, courting sleep bolt upright through a stuffy summer's night, and attempting to dispose of ten pairs of legs in a space intended by nature to hold two.

Go to bed singing—"Car of the Evening, Beautiful Car!" and wake up at Perth for my early cup of tea and buttered scones.

FROM THE UPPER DOMESTIC CIRCLE.—What is the special duty of the "Groom of the Chambers"? He has to take charge of the towel-horses, and pay particular attention to any valuable stud that may be committed to his keeping.

VERY DISCOURTEOUS.—Mrs. R. read in the *Times*—"Sir E. CLARKE was opening the plaintiff's case when the Court rose." "Well," observed Mrs. R., "I did think the Court would have been more polite."

FIGARO IN EGYPT; OR, THE FRENCH BALAAM AND THE BRITISH LION.

[The Paris *Figaro* (says the *Times*) sent a member of its editorial staff (M. DUBOIS) on a special mission to Egypt to see for himself what is the real character of the British occupation. Though he says he fully expected to return with an indictment, and provided himself with a particularly roomy portmanteau to contain incriminatory documents, he frankly confesses his terrible portmanteau is empty, and he has nothing but approval to report.]



Linley Sambrook. inv. & del.

Figaro. "AH, MON AMI, I CAME TO DENOUNCE YOUR OCCUPATION, BUT I'M BOUND TO SAY IT SEEMS BOTH A PLEASANT AND USEFUL ONE—TO ALL PARTIES!"

Figaro, loquitur: *Largo al factotum!* That's you, good friend LEO!
You're bossing this show, as the Yankee would say,

And to everyone's 'vantage. I find even *we* owe
Much good to your—purely provisional—stay.



PUTTING IT DELICATELY.

Dealer (to the Duke's Stud-Groom). "NOW THET MARE 'AD OUGHT TO BE IN THE DOOK'S STABLE!—SHE'S A THREE-HUNDERD-GUINEA MARE, SHE IS. LOR' HOW THEM GENTS DOES LIKE TO PAY IN GUINEAS! NOW THEM ODD SHILLIN'S IS ALUS KIND O' TROUBLESOME TO ME. YER SEE, IF THE DOOK BUYS HER, THERRE 'LL BE A LITTLE MATTER O' THREE HUNDERD SHILLIN'S AS I 'LL HAVE TO GIVE TO SOME CHERITABLE INSTITUOTION, JIST TO GET RID O' THE 'ARRIS ON 'EM." (*Insinuatingly.*) "NOW, AS SOON AS I GITS HIS GRACE'S CHECK FOR THEM THREE HUNDERD GUINEAS, YOU AND ME 'LL JIST HAVE A BIT O' TALK ABOUT THET THREE CHERITABLE INSTITUOTION!"

I came, much like BALAAM, for sharp—commination
Of all you have done; but I frankly confess
That, so far as I see, your prolonged Occupation
Has proved, on the whole, a decided success.
Like BALAAM I bless where my mission was cursing
("I make haste to laugh lest results make me cry,")
The poor Coptic child you are tenderly nursing,
Perchance it will yet run alone—by-and-by!
Meanwhile it seems nowise averse to your dandling,
(Though LEO as NANA seems funny at first.)
I cannot find any great fault with your handling,
Nor such Occupation condemn as accurst.
With approving Reports I must pack the portmanteau
Intended for documents dead against you;
In fine, I could pipe LEO's praise in a canto,
But that's not my business at all—so adieu!

Leo, loquitur:—

Farewell, my dear "FIGARO!" Malice belittles.
But you are too fair for that task. Tell your Franks
My business here is "not all beer and skittles."
But some day I hope to earn even *their* thanks!

LEGAL QUERY. (*From an Earnest Inquirer.*)—"Sir, I have often heard of 'The Will of the Wisp.' Was this will ever proved? Who was 'the Wisp'? Why so called? Because he was a man of straw? Wisper your answer to me, and oblige yours,
"COLNEY HATCHER, E. I."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is only one word that will fittingly describe *A Cathedral Courtship*, which Mistress KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN writes, and HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. publish. It is delightful. My Baronite took it up gingerly, remembering *Timothy's Quest*, by the same Author, and fearing to be disillusioned of the charm of that work. The new effort is, in its way (quite a different way), equally good. We have a charming background of English Cathedrals and *Aunt Celia*, whilst through the quiet closes winds the golden thread of an idyllic love story, over which *Aunt Celia* blinks unconscious. Its one fault is that it is too short; but then gems are rarely large. One is vexed, a third of the way through the volume, to find the Cathedral courtship brought to an end by the prosaic device of marriage. The rest of the volume describes *Penelope's English Experiences*, upon a study of which one enters with the prejudice born of disappointment. But this too is excellent; picturesque and full of shrewd observations on man and woman—especially woman. Since the Author is enamoured of brevity, she might begin with her own name. KATE DOUGLAS is ample and pretty. Why WIGGIN?

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

So LIKE HER.—Mrs. R. was struck by a heading in the *Times* one day last week. It was "*The Bishop of Chester's Liquor Bill.*" She exclaimed, "Disgraceful! the idea of making such a thing public! If the Bishop did have a bill of this sort and couldn't settle it, it might have been done by private subscription, and no one been a bit the wiser."

THRILLING ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILLE.

(A Sketch in "Old Paris.")

SCENE—The Great Hall of the Bastille. The Audience have been seated for a quarter of an hour or so, and the Curtain has not yet risen. The Orchestra have already played two waltzes, and are beginning a third, which is resented by the Public, who intimate, by umbrella-thumps, that they have come there to be harrowed, and consider it quite time the process began. Presently a polite Manager comes before the Curtain, with an injured expression, and explains that the delay is solely due to his consideration for the Audience; the conclusion of the performance, representing LA TUDE's escape, necessarily takes place outside, and, as it is raining in torrents, he thought that, by giving the weather time to improve, he should enable them to view that portion of the entertainment with greater comfort and satisfaction to themselves. The Orchestra was merely playing to fill up the time until it was possible to begin. Loud and remorseful applause, amidst which the Orchestra heap coals of fire upon the spectators' heads by magnanimously striking up once more.

A Party of Three Ladies (to an Elderly Gentleman, who is escorting them). Uncle, aren't those two Chinese gentlemen in front Mr. FUNG and Mr. WANG? You were introduced to Mr. FUNG the other evening, you know—don't you think you ought to go and speak to him?

The Eld. Gent. (modestly). Oh, I don't suppose he'd recollect me, my dear—quite unnecessary!

His Eldest Niece. He's turning round now—see, he's smiling—he does recognise you. (Mr. FUNG rises with much ceremony, and shakes hands with the E. G. and all his party across the chairs, after which he smiles at them in bland and benevolent silence. Mr. WANG rises too, and smiles, out of pure sympathy. No one has a remark worthy of the occasion, so the Chinese gentlemen sit down again, beaming.) Uncle, you might have said something to them—I'm sure they expected it!

The Eld. Gent. Couldn't think of anything at the time, my love—but—(here he suddenly discovers that he might have asked them if this was their first visit to Earl's Court)—perhaps I had better go and have a chat with them.

[He rises, and makes his way, with infinite difficulty, to a vacant chair next to Mr. FUNG's, who receives him with a *réchauffé* of his original smile; Mr. WANG bends forward, and smiles too. The unfortunate Old Gentleman, conscious that his nieces behind are expecting him to rise to the occasion, finds himself reduced to smiling once more, having entirely forgotten what he meant to observe. Mr. FUNG and Mr. WANG continue to smile expectantly, and the E. G. fears that his grin is becoming more imbecile each moment, until his embarrassment is happily relieved by the rising of the Curtain. We give the dialogue of the Drama from imperfect recollection, and do not guarantee its absolute accuracy.]

THE DRAMA.

SCENE—A dungeon in the Bastille. M. DE LA TUDE discovered in a very loose yellow shirt and brown knee-breeches. Melancholy music.

La Tude (gloomily). For years I have been a close prisoner in this dismal place, shut out from the world, from the fresh air and the

cheerful light of the sun. The stately marble columns and costly hangings on either side of my wretched dungeon only torture me the more by their mocking incongruity. 'Twas the Pompadour's refined malice that placed them here. I sometimes think I am going mad. (He sits on a table and swings his legs.) Fortunately, I am not without a friend in this gloomy place. When I say a friend, I do not refer to the intimacies I have notoriously formed with tame rats and spiders, for although I was to have had a scene with a clockwork mouse and a metal spider, it was out at rehearsal by the cruelty of my captors. No, my friend is MARIE, the Gaoler's daughter, who is aware of my fixed intention to escape, and has sent me a message which some might consider cryptic. "When MARIE is sick with the face-ache, know then that the hour is come!" Only how am I to know, with my limited opportunities for acquiring information, when she is affected with that troublesome complaint? And how will her face-ache assist my plans? Ha! I hear GRIMEAU, my Gaoler.

[A formidable jingling and clanking of keys, bolts, and bars, is heard outside.]

Grimeau (entering with food). I have brought you two small fishes and a bottle of Château Bastille. You see your dinner. The wine is our own growth, we cultivate it on the chimney pots, and it is recommended by the faculty as possessing a strong ferruginous flavour—ha, ha!

La Tude (perfunctorily). Ha, ha! I should know the vintage, my good GRIMEAU!

Grim. To-morrow your dinner will be—what do you think?—a nice piece of good succulent horseflesh! (Herubs his stomach and smacks his lips). Eh, eh! am I not a funny old dog?

La Tude (resignedly). You are. The authorities, with relentless malignity, have seen fit to afflict me with a comic Gaoler. But they cannot break my spirit. I will not smile at your low comedy! How is Mlle. MARIE?

Grim. Ill—very ill.

La Tude (excitedly). Ill? Can it be the signal—at last! With what? Speak, man!

Grim. (evasively).

A cyclone is advancing from America, and, should it reach our coasts, some further atmospherical disturbances may probably be expected.

La Tude. Answer my question. I have a motive, I tell you, for asking. What ails Mlle. MARIE?

Grim. (as before). It is understood that if the Opposition persist in their present tactics, the Government are prepared to take a course which—

La Tude. Enough of comic relief. You have made two Chinese gentlemen in front smile at your fooleries—let that suffice you. I ask you once more—What is the matter with MARIE?

Grim. (sullenly). You don't give my humour a chance! MARIE has the face-ache, then. Awful! Oh, lor! poor girl!

La Tude. The face-ache? Joy—joy! Then I may set about escaping at once. I have heard all I wanted to know. Leave me.

Grim. Not until I have sung to you; it is the Pompadour's orders.

La Tude. How that woman hates me! I would you were a swan, my good GRIMEAU, for then, after you had sung, you would—die!

Grim. Who's trying to be funny now? But my song is more likely to be the end of you than me—listen.

[He sings to LA TUDE, who writhes in agony; GRIMEAU departs with elaborate bolting and barring of the door.]

La Tude. Once more I am alone! (The door opens with a slight click.) Confusion! another visitor! (Annoyed.) These constant interruptions rob a prison of all its boasted seclusion. What, MARIE?



"He sings to La Tude, who writhes in agony."

Marie (entering, with a shawl round her head). Yes, MARIE. As the Gaoler's daughter, I have the woman's privilege of entering the prisoners' cells at pleasure, without any ridiculous fuss with bolts and locks. I leave all that to Papa.

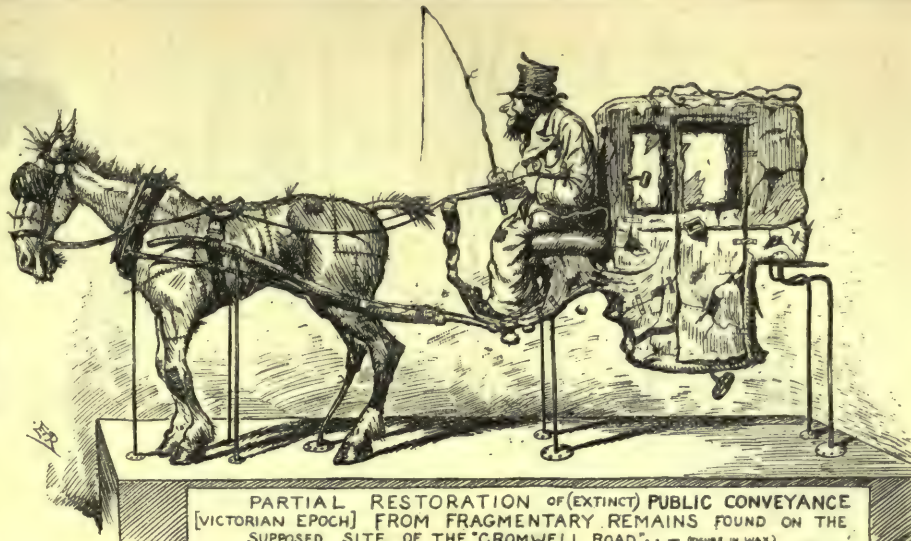
La Tude. Who overdoes it. But I understood you were laid up with the face-ache?

Marie (archly). Nay; only on the left. All is prepared for your escape, but I could not let you depart without bidding you a last farewell. Oh, M. LA TUDE, promise me that you will carry out your desperate resolve with as little recklessness as possible! For my sake, be wary!

La Tude (taking her in his arms). Have no fears for me, dear one. To regain my liberty once more I would cheerfully brave every danger; but, as a French gentleman in the acrobatic profession has been specially engaged to do the outside portion of my escape, my personal risk is almost infinitesimal. So leave me to accomplish the preliminaries of my daring task, and—hem!—oblige me by closing the door after you. (*MARIE obeys.*) Now to remove the massive masonry and grating which would impede my progress up the chimney! (*He puts his hand up the fireplace; the masonry falls down à la Jericho with a bang.*) Ha, all now is easy! and, provided the Acrobat Gentleman does the rest of the business, I shall be free, free at last! [*He disappears up the chimney as the Curtain descends.*]

THE FINALE.

The Finale—as might have been expected—is a *fiasco*. M. LA TUDE's acrobatic understudy makes, we regret to observe, a complete mess of the whole business. He wastes precious time in trailing himself picturesquely over the tiles, and then stops to play Bo-peep



PARTIAL RESTORATION OF (EXTINCT) PUBLIC CONVEYANCE [VICTORIAN EPOCH] FROM FRAGMENTARY REMAINS FOUND ON THE SUPPOSED SITE OF THE "CROMWELL ROAD".—(PICTURE IN WORDS)

IN THE "RESTORED ANTIQUITIES" DEPARTMENT OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. A.D. 2500.

with a sentinel behind chimney-pots, after which, riddled with blank cartridge, he bolts back into an upper window, and is ignominiously captured in a doorway, to the intense amusement of the spectators. Our advice to M. LA TUDE is that, if he is really bent on escaping, he must do the entire business *himself*; to entrust the completion of it to an acrobat, however talented, is a proceeding that is doomed to inevitable disappointment. For even if the latter gentleman should get away by any chance, we can't, for the life of us, see how M. LA TUDE is to benefit by it. However, no doubt he will know better another evening.

PUNCH TO MR. BERRETT.

[At Bow Street Police Court, the other day, Police Constable BERRETT was rewarded for having, on May 13th, jumped from a bridge over the Regent's Canal into twenty feet of water, and rescued a labouring man.]

GOOD luck to you, BERRETT! *Punch* greets with a cheer

A hero in blue, and salutes him as "pal,"

Who, heedless of danger, undaunted by fear,

Sprang to rescue a life from the Regent's Canal.

Good luck, my good-plucked one! Your name rhymes with merit,
On the bead-roll of fame, Mr. Constable BERRETT.

THE MANTLE OF MANY SINS.

SCENE—A Fancy Bazaar. Lady Stall-keepers, standing behind counters, fearfully bored, and regarding each other's dresses with polite contempt. A few 'ARRIES, having found themselves fish out of water, are on the point of leaving. Enter an Average Man. The Stall-keepers make a dash at him, and tempt him to purchase a number of useless articles.

Average Man. Thanks so much; but I have really spent all my money.

First Stall-keeper (imploringly). But do have this rose—it is only three-and-six. You must buy it.

Av. Man. I really can't afford it. I have already six button-holes. I have no more money.

Second Stall-keeper (of uncertain age). But you must take this cigar. And see I will bite the end of it off for you. So cheap too. Only half-a-crown. And if you have no money, you can pay me when we next meet.

Av. Man (with cold politeness). Thanks, no. (*He finds himself near Third Stall-keeper.*) What, you here?

Third Stall-keeper. Oh, I am only a *locum tenens*. The people who brought me got bored, and went off. (*The other Stall-keepers return listlessly to their counters, finding their expected prey apparently hooked.*) I came, because I thought it would be rather fun!

Average Man. Is it?

Third Stall-keeper. Well, not exactly. You see there are such a lot of queer people who come in on the shilling days. However, even that is better than the dear days, when no one comes at all. It is dull then.

Av. Man. Then why on earth do you do it?

Third Stall-keeper. Oh, I don't know. I suppose because everyone else does; only we all say we hate it—and I think we really

do. This season, dressing-up has gone out, and that makes things a trifle better. It was so fearfully stupid when one got up in costume, and all that sort of thing.

Av. Man. I dare say. But, after all, it is very good of you to take all this trouble to benefit some charity.

Third Stall-keeper. But the Bazaars seldom or ever pay their expenses. I am sure, for instance, that this one won't cover the cost.

Av. Man. However, the intention is the thing. Now whom do you propose to benefit on this occasion? What is the name of the charity?

Third Stall-keeper. I haven't the faintest idea! You can find out for yourself by looking on the programme. But you may be sure of one thing—it's certain to be something horrid!

[Scene closes in upon the strange situation.]

"I HAVE AN OATH."—Sketch, in its W. H. POLLOCK interview, says that W. H. P.'s drama of *St. Ronan's Well*, "in conjunction with that past-master in drama, Mr. RICHARD DAVEY, is on the eve of production." That it must be produced is certain—perhaps before this note appears, for has not W. H. POLLOCK taken his DAVEY to do it?

A GENUINE APPEAL.—The Reverend P-TR-CK M-G-RE, P.P., of B-ll-r-sh, County Down, wrote to the Squire asking him for a subscription. The Reverend gentleman pleaded for help in this form. "I hope you'll contrive to send me a good lump sum, as I'll have to spend a heap of money in taking off the roof in order to prevent the rain coming in."

ABOUT SCHOPENHAUER.—Some people are fanatics for SCHOPENHAUER. Others are commencing an "Anti-SCHOPENHAUER Crusade." Tradesmen who have adopted, or who are about to adopt the Saturday Half-holiday arrangement, would willingly give their support to an "Anti-Shopping-Hour" movement.

"WHERE, AND O WHERE?"—Years ago somebody sang, "I'd crowns resign, To call her mine—The Lass of Richmond Hill." Exists she now? Probably to be found among the Old Dears in the Old Deer Park.

NEW HIBERNIAN READING AND TRANSLATION.—"Simper Eadem," a girl that's always smiling.



THE LAST FROM CHICAGO.

Little Sir Algy (who is so refined). YES, IT'S A MOST ADMIRABLY-MANAGED EXHIBITION; BUT—A—CAN SO VAST A BUILDING POSSIBLY PAY, IF YOU WILL FORGIVE THE EXPRESSION?"

Chicago Belle. "WELL—GUESS WE 'VE CUT OFF A BIGGER CHUNK THAN WE CAN CHEW!"

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Mate (moodily).

I SAY, Skipper, look ye here! Things are shaping precious queer. We are floe'd around and hummocked up no end, Sir! If we don't soon find a track through this thick and plunging "pack,"

We shall be stove in and sunk! Now, as a friend, Sir, May I venture to remark this is getting past a lark?

We of common whalers' perils make no bones, Sir. But, unless we are perviding 'gainst continual colliding, We shall precious soon hob-nob with Davy Jones, Sir!

Skipper (cheerily).

Humph! I'm "looking for a lead" of clear water. I'll succeed, If you fellows will be patient and not funky.

Though I'm bound, JOHN, to admit, that it passes human wit, To steer straight amidst these ice-blocks big and chunky.

Steady, JOHNNY, steady, steady! Keep your boathook ever ready! Don't get flurried. You are blowing like a grampus!

Fend 'em off, divert, dislodge them. If we're careful, we may dodge them;

But, if not, they'll smash our bulwarks in and swamp us!

Mate (doubtfully).

Ah! that's mighty fine—at present. You're so patient and so pleasant,

But these ice-chunks don't reciprocate your kindness. They mean squelching of yer—cruel! And when you have got your gruel,

We'll be rounded on for "hoptimistic" blindness. Oh! I hear a lot, I tell yer. Some as flatter yer would sell yer, And would chortle if they see our boat go under. To run a-muck, won't do, Sir; but I think, if I was you, Sir, I'd work out of this, and pull aboard like thunder!

Skipper (musingly, with an eye to windward).

Ah! my boys! An ancient skipper knows its "right-whale" to a kipper, That hurry, in the ice-pack, won't mean head way; And steering through the floe, JOHN, as I think you ought to know, JOHN, Ain't like navigating on the Thames, or Medway.

Still I own it's getting nasty. Though we mustn't be too hasty, A way must be discovered to get out of it.

Skipper who drives or slummocks, as he steers amidst ice-hummocks, Will go down to Davy Jones—there's little doubt of it!

[Left "looking for a lead."

QUEER QUERIES.

ENCOURAGING BRITISH FEELING.—I am delighted to see that a Member of Parliament has suggested that the "Union Jack" should be hoisted on the Parliament Buildings during the Session. But what I want to know is, why we should not have more flags every where? Lord MEATH has started them in Board Schools, and I should like to see them in Workhouses, Public Libraries, Railway Stations, Lunatic Asylums, and, in fact, in all public Institutions. NELSON waving a "Union Jack" would add greatly to the effect of the Monument in Trafalgar Square, and might even have a good influence on meetings of Anarchists and others underneath, especially if the Lions' manes were also wrapped round with the national emblem; then musical-boxes might be inserted in their bodies, which would be wound up so as to play "Rule Britannia!" at intervals during the day. When the Fountains weren't playing, the Lions might, and *vice versa*. Then the lightning-conductor coming out of the Duke of York's head on his column would make an excellent flag-pole. I may say that I know what I am talking of, as I am in the flag-trade myself, and it is rather depressed at present. Would it be believed that, when—solely in order to promote Patriotism—I recently hoisted a Flag which combined the national colours with an announcement of my own business, the tyrannical County Council ordered it to be hauled down as a "sky-sign"! Comment is needless.



“IN A TIGHT PLACE!”

JOHN MORLEY. “LOOK HERE, SKIPPER!—IF WE DON'T GET THROUGH THIS SOMEHOW, WE SHALL BE SMASHED!”

THE ADMIRALS' DOOM.

A Song of the Royal Geographical Society.

["The Admirals are routed, and the ladies remain Fellows of the Geographical Society."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

Air—"The Admiral's Broom."



Oh, there were three Admirals brave and bold,
All Fellows of the Royal Ge-
O-graph-i-cal. And they
cried, "Fal-lal!"
And likewise "Fiddle-
de-dee!"

In the stentor-style of the
quarter-deck.

The question was, to
decide

If female F.R.G.S.'s could
turn out true suc-
cesses;

And they shook their fists and cried—
"We are doomed, if they stop!" cried the
three. [tea,

"Let 'em darn socks, boil 'taters,' or make
But out from us they go! What can she-
creatures know

Of the science of Ge-o-gra-phae?"

Now MAYO was a champion true as gold—

A lover of the sex was he;
And when he was told of those Admirals bold,
A scornful laugh laughed he.

He cried, "Ho! ho! this is a pretty go!

Come along, JOHNNY LUBBOCK with me,
And we'll let those hectoring Admirals know
Science slays not chiv-al-ree!

They fancy they'll get their way,

But the Twenty-two shall stay,

When they swear they'll sweep out the
ladies—like black sheep,

'Tis a game more than three can play!"

Then he blazed away at those Admirals gay,
'Till he made their jibs to fall;
Then he hoisted the flag of the women (a
"Red Rag"),

And cried to his merry Fellows all—

"This vote is a proof," cried he,

"That science from poor prejudice is free,
And that women who do know, and globe-
trotting bravely go,

Are fit 'Fellows' for you and for me!"

Chorus of chivalrous F.R.G.S.'s:—

For she's a jolly good Fellow,
And so say most of us!

MON COCHER.

HAIL friend, in shiny, varnished hat,
My eyes have gazed entranced on that,
When in your *siacre* I have sat,
Mon Cocher!

Alas, plain black or white its sheen,
That verdant hue no more is seen!
We loved your "wearing of the green,"
Mon Cocher!

Your driving's somewhat wild, I know,
At corners sharply turned your "Ho!"
Just saves pedestrians from woe,
Mon Cocher!

You love the Boulevards, stately, wide,
Your fare is not compelled to ride
Through slums and alleys, turned aside,
Mon Cocher!

You show our Cabby he is wrong—
His vile short cuts are often long,
When stuck in slums amidst a throng—
Mon Cocher!

If we are generous, then you
Are civil, even grateful too,
In just proportions—smile for *sou*,
Mon Cocher!

The extra sixpence scarce disarms'
The frown which Cabby's fare alarms,
Here *ten sous* pourboire simply charms
Mon Cocher!

"VOX POP."

REPLYING to the toast of "Her Majesty's Judges," at the Lord Mayor's banquet, the LORD CHANCELLOR, speaking about legal expenses, fees of Counsel, and so forth, observed that there were "numberless Counsel" to be had at very reasonable prices, and then, by way of illustration, he added, "Men complained of paying one hundred shillings a dozen for champagne, but they could remedy the matter very simply by drinking bottled beer or cheap champagne." Very happy idea, my LORD CHANCELLOR, or my Lord Champagnecellar. Let the following attractive advertisements be hung out on the Outer Temple walls, and on those of the other Inns and Outs of Courts, as thus:—

"Try our old Q.C. Chancery Division!
Extra Sec.! Many years in bottle!! Always
well up, with some little fees on!"

"Common Law Pop! A light sparkling
wine, quite free from acidity, quiddity, or
any other iddity. Highly recommended, at
low prices!"

QUERY.—They've made a Peer of a
"HUSSEY." Oughtn't it to have been a
Peeress?



OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, June 6.—First appearance this season of Brother EDWARD DE RESZKE as *Mephistopheles*. Great success, of course. Encores "offered and taken." Quite a jovial embodiment of the part, played, of course, with great spirit; but if this *Mephistopheles* is a fair specimen of the diabolical chief, then some one, not generally mentioned in ears polite, has hitherto met with very unfair treatment. Brother EDWARD represents the Gentlemanly Friend, as, so to speak, as literally a "d—d good fellow." But stay—after all, isn't this reading right? If the arch deceiver is to deceive anybody, oughtn't he to be an uncommonly pleasant-spoken, good-natured, easy-going person? Why, certainly. As to horns and tail, why those *Mephistopheles* has already discarded. Horns be blowed!—(in the Orchestra, of course)—and as to tail—why he doesn't even wear a coat with a tail to it—though, were he a modern gentleman about town, for "the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," this, in the shape of a tail-coat, he would wear of an evening, so as not to be out of the fashion. So, on second thoughts, we approve of Brother EDWARD's reading of *Mephistopheles*, only he mustn't make him too broadly comic. The new Portuguese tenor, an instalment of a new Portuguese loan, was at a discount in Covent Garden. Miss CRYSTAL PALLISER took *Marguerite*'s part at short notice, *vice* MELBA. "Midst Pleasures and Pallisers," as the song of "*Home, Sweet Home*" has it, or something like it, we spent the evening, and then returned, rejoicing. Very full house.

Wednesday.—Delight of everybody at *rentrée* of ALBANI, as *Elisabeth*, in *Tannhäuser*. "Oh, LISA, dear E'LISA!" as ALBERT CHEVALLER sings, not particularly meaning WAGNER's heroine. Great reception of ALBANI as *Lisa*. Floral compliments in the shape of bouquets and baskets. Herr WIEGAND, the German, sings well as *King Herman*. Mlle. GHERLSEN a nice Venus; but so much

is expected of Venus. Second to our *Lisa*, meaning ALBANI, comes Signor ANCONA, as *Wolfram*, who is a true artist. Great thing for a vocal artist to be "true." Fine drum effects: quite a little holiday for the Drum-Major in orchestra, whose motto is, "only let me have my whack,"—and he gives it. "*Tres bang!*" says he, as he comes out strong and blesses WAGNER. The Big Drummer in orchestra is like *Jupiter* in the Opera of *Philemon et Baucis*, he swears by the *Sticks*.

Friday.—Dined à la D'OYLY CARTE at the Savoy Hotel—excellent menu with Pommery '84—simple dinner at simple price, quite the gay French-capital style, at perhaps just a trifle over Café Anglais prices; but what of that to the invited, irresponsible guest? Dined early, intending to be at Covent Garden in time for beginning of new opera, its *première* in London. Not finished repast till nine. Arrived late, but found evening bill changed. Due notice had been given, but advertisements escaped otherwise watchful eye of yours truly. No matter. Came in for nearly the whole of GOUNOD's *Philemon et Baucis*, la petite SIGRID ARNOLDSON looking lovely, and singing her best as the guileless *Little Bo-Peep Baucis*, who is just one too many for the amorous *Jupiter-Plançon*. How prettily she entraps *Jupiter Amans*! Never was such a simple 'itty sing as *Sigrid-Baucis*. After which *Pagliacci*. Great performance of DE LUCIA as *Camio*, and ANCONA as *Tonio*. House full. No one regretting non-performance of New Opera, announced for Tuesday, 13th. A pleasure to come.

Saturday.—*La Favorita* backed for a place. Entered early (7'30), and made the running all the evening until 11. Then came the *Rustic Cavalry*, carrying all before them—a way they have in the Italian Army. First appearance of Mme. ARMAND. "Another raison," as Mr. O'WAG observed, "for such a good house." *Leonora* quite a favourite part with the *débütante*, but she will make more out of the *Prophet*. So chirruped the critics when they returned to their hearths and homes. Pass-word (unchanging) for the Royal Opera, "All's Well!"



Edouard de Mephistopheles.
A very full-bodied Spirit.



BLASÉ.

"DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE NICE IF WE ALL WENT ABROAD THIS YEAR, WILLY?"
 "OH, BOTHER ABROAD! I'VE BEEN THERE!"

SHOOTING THE "CHUTES."

O JANE, my gem and jewel bright,
 When you proposed that we should go
 To Captain BORTON'S Water Show
 I laughed aloud in wild delight!—
 For you are fair—which may explain
 Why loving cousins find it sweet
 To take you somewhere for a treat,
 And blow expenses, pretty JANE!

I robed myself in gallant style—
 A new frock-coat I bravely donned,
 A waistcoat white (of which I'm fond),
 A glossy and convincing tile:
 With trousers grey and gloves of suède,
 With silken scarf of azure blue,
 And buttonhole of crimson hue—
 The picture was complete, dear maid.

That Water Show, beyond dispute,
 Was worthy Captain BORTON'S fame;
 We laughed and cheered as boatloads came
 Career'ing madly down the "Chute"—
 But oh! what demon prompted you
 In merry moment to suggest
 That we—arrayed in Sunday best—
 Should make that headlong journey too?

I smiled assent for your dear sake,
 And took my seat by side of you—
 Then held my breath as down we flew
 Towards that cold and cruel lake!
 Oh, JANE, we rued our conduct rash,
 For endless Time will not expunge
 The horror of that awful plunge—
 The woe of that colossal splash!

The blinding, beating, drenching spray,
 That took the joy from coat and hat—
 That laid my collar limp and flat,
 Drowned Hope itself that fatal day;
 For when we reached the asphalt shore—
 All dripping, dragged, wet, and worn—
 You sought a cab with queenly scorn,
 And drove away for evermore!

WHEN is a liberal M.P. like a runaway horse? When he's Bolton.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 5.—Agreeable surprise in store. Members came down prepared for another Sitting in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Just when SPEAKER about to leave Chair, and MELLOR looking forward to thoroughly enjoying himself for seven or eighth ours, CHAMBERLAIN rose. Seems *Daily News* been "saying things" about him. Regards it as breach of privilege; asks House to decree it as such. Shudder of sympathy and apprehension quivered over crowded benches. Only last Saturday JOHN R. ROBINSON, our Jo JOHN, awoke to find all the world congratulating him on his Knighthood, worthily won in the field of journalism. Three days barely elapsed when there appears every prospect of his being brought to the Bar of the House, his knightly spurs hacked off, his sword broken, and he condemned to spend an indefinite time in the lowest dungeon beneath the clock-tower, with only the *Daily Chronicle* supplied as his morning paper.

Mr. G. probably had this in mind when he interposed and smoothed matters over. It all began with indignation of *Daily News* at scene last Thursday night, when Mr. G., attempting to deliver a speech, had it broken in upon by the monosyllabic marauders who sit under shadow of Gallery above Gangway, safe from eagle glance of MELLOR. Much indignation expressed at the moment. CHAMBERLAIN, perceiving damage accruing from such tactics, interposed with remark that Mr. G., evidently profoundly hurt, had misunderstood drift of interruption. Mr. G. now protested that he had been wholly unconscious of what had so deeply stirred onlookers. He had certainly declared himself deeply grieved, but it was at something else, not personal attack on himself.

House so charmed with this magnanimity that hatchets forthwith buried all round; motion withdrawn, and there an end of it. TAY PAY went for JOSEPH in truculent speech. That easy to bear compared with side-blow dealt by HUNTER. HUNTER discovered that

the article complained of by JOSEPH is a joke. So delighted with this discovery made by him, a Scotchman, when an average Englishman was blind to the point, that he positively bubbled with delight. In exuberance of moment disclosed acquaintance with another joke, which he said "appears weekly in *Punch*, under the name of TOBY, M.P.;" a remark which shows much discrimination. If HUNTER thinks the production of this historical record is a joke, he'd better try and write it. He'll find it is none.

Business done.—In Committee on Home-Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—Haven't heard much of DON'T-KEIR HARDIE of late; seems to have expended all his Parliamentary vigour in coming down on opening day of Session in open "wan," accompanied by brass band. Is about House and Lobby pretty frequently, his tweed cap growing greasier in appearance, his trowsers more baggy at knee. Generally carries bundle of letters in his hand, other sections of his correspondence bulging out from various pockets. Thought, when he first put in appearance, he was going to take prominent part in performance; fizzled out, even before he flared up. Nothing like House of Commons for bringing a man to accurate knowledge of himself and his capacity. DON'T-KEIR HARDIE has learned his lesson, and, to do him justice, quietly applies it.

To-night breaks silence; wants to know about Nottingham election. Was it, as alleged, won by bribery? If so (or if not) will Government have charges publicly made fully investigated? ASQUITH in view of all the circumstances thinks not. SEXTON and TIM HEALY, apostles of law and order, want to know whether it is proper for such a question to be put in House, based upon nothing more substantial than newspaper article? SPEAKER says Member may or may not have ulterior motive, but he was in his right in putting question. Here subject dropped; strangers in Gallery much puzzled as to what it all meant.

Business done.—Dull night in Committee.

Thursday.—What we are to do with AMBROSE, Q.C., is becoming question that dwarfs even Home-Rule Bill. Nothing known in



LIRA-JOKO

PUTTING THEIR CONSERVATIVE HEADS TOGETHER.

Parliamentary life equals the change wrought in this worthy man. Demoralisation, suddenly indicated few weeks ago, rapidly developing. To-night he broke out in really alarming style. Nobody thinking of him at moment. He had amendment on paper which Chairman ruled out of order. That no unusual thing. Happened at same time to two other Members, including the tiresome TOMLINSON. Nothing came of it at moment. It was PRINCE ARTHUR who dropped lighted match on barrel of unsuspected gunpowder.



"Going Nap" on Amendments.

Fancy Portrait of
Napoleon Boltonparty, M.P.

It was here that Members, crowding in after dinner, became aware of a quiet-looking gentleman upstanding, with head thrown back, curiously regarding Chairman under half-closed eyelids. House, recognising AMBROSE, Q.C., shouted "Order!" AMBROSE, faintly smiling, began what promised to prove detailed history of genesis of his Amendment. Seems he had looked in on Chairman in friendly manner; apparently had cup of tea with him; addressed him at some length on subject of Amendment; had another cup of tea, and left under impression that it was all right. Now, when he had come down prepared to expound his Amendment to expectant Committee, Chairman ruled it out of order. "Not quite the thing, you know," said AMBROSE, shaking his head at MELLOR, rather in sorrow than anger.

That the last glimpse of this melting mood. Up-roar rose in intensity; AMBROSE uplifted his voice in unison; Chairman on his feet signalling Commander BETHELL to heave alongside and move his Amendment, which stood next in order. Commander hitched up his trysails and bore down. AMBROSE wildly waved him off. Little BETHELL, terrified at this tremendous energy, subsided; Chairman on his feet, apparently saying something; four hundred Members simultaneously shouting, Chairman's remarks not distinctly heard; AMBROSE also on his feet, opening and shutting of his mouth, indicating that he was continuing the narrative of the earlier history of his Amendment. At height of storm Mr. G., who had sat, sternly indignant, on Treasury Bench, interposed. Storm, for a moment, stilled; burst out again in enthusiastic cheering from Ministerialists when Mr. G. suggested that Chairman should "name" AMBROSE. This threat would have subdued Member ordinarily of more aggressive manner than AMBROSE. Upon him had effect of oil on flames. Seemed as if he had, through long and blameless life, been storing up electrical forces for this occasion. On his feet the moment Mr. G. sat down; greeted with deafening

burst of howls; finding it impossible to get in a word amid storm, fell upon a process of semaphore signalling; whether form of communication unfamiliar to House, or because of too violent flinging about of the arms, message was unintelligible. For fully five minutes the storm raged; sometimes Chairman on his legs; sometimes PRINCE ARTHUR; now and then three or four Irish Members profoundly shocked at the disorder; once GRANDOLPH; but always AMBROSE, the semaphore signals growing more mad and less intelligible than ever. When the roar momentarily rose, he dropped into his seat as if literally blown over; but only for a moment. Up again, dauntlessly facing the storm.

"If," said Chairman in comparative lull, "the hon. and learned Member persists in his conduct, I will exercise the powers of the Standing Order."

Did AMBROSE blench before this fearsome threat, driven home with thunderous cheers? Not he. "You may, Mr. MELLOR," was his only articulate response, the rest of a long and apparently interesting observation continued, as before, through the semaphore signalling.

Storm ceased as suddenly and as inexplicably as it had burst. AMBROSE, after one more desperate stand against vociferating crowd on benches opposite and below the Gangway, abruptly resumed his seat. Commander BETHELL, who had been tacking off and on, moved to insert in Clause 3 the words "prize or booty of war." AMBROSE, parched and panting, left the House.

"And is nothing going to follow in consequence?" asked an innocent stranger in the Gallery, in the excitement of the moment raising his voice above a whisper. "May a Member defy the Chair, flout all rules of Debate, and then walk out, with nothing happening?"

Something *did* happen. The Messenger in charge of the Gallery promptly seized the offending Stranger who had broken the silence of the Gallery, and put him forth.

"We must keep order in this place, or where would we be?" said the Messenger, as he returned to his seat on guard by the doorway.

Business done.—AMBROSE, Q.C., goes on the Rampage.

Friday.—The MACGREGOR waiting moodily in watch-tower to right of SPEAKER'S Chair. Has promised at half-past six to move the Closure on Clause 3 of the Home-Rule Bill. House been engaged on Clause for nearly fortnight. Progress rather of the crustacean order; got through three or four Amendments in Sitting, but since four or five new ones are concurrently added to list, it will appear we are, on the balance, one to the bad. At quarter to seven The MACGREGOR, slowly rising, throwing his tartan well over his left



The Joke-Hunter. Toby, M.P., sings:—"The little Dog laughed to see such sport!"

shoulder, and drawing his claymore, moved the Closure. A fine scene, which MELLOR ruthlessly brought down to common-place level by declining to put question. So, for a while, we shall go on as before, steadily advancing backwards.

Business done.—Really none.

EN PHILOSOPHE.

En philosophe I love to pose,
And bear with dignity my woes,
To shut my door, and take my chair,
And, making books my only care,
Reck not of empires' overthrows.

Awhile I worshipped at the toes
Of MABEL, DOROTHY, and ROSE.
Their loss right easily I bear
En philosophe.

But when a chilling rumour grows
Of "something wrong" at BLANK & Co.'s,

Wherein I have a trifling share,
I turn as timid as a hare;
And, somehow, to the dickens goes
"En philosophe."

SUMMARISED RESULT OF PONTEFRAC
ELECTION PETITION.—Reckitt Wrecked.

NEW BARDS AND OLD.

THE poet in the ancient days,
Or so at least we're told,
Regarded neither blame nor
praise,
And looked with scorn on
gold;
The man—how foolish!—lived
for art
And cared for nought beside,
And lastly, with a broken
heart,
Artistically died.

But modern bards, it's under-
stood,
Are very different men,
They dine, they form a
Brotherhood,
They quarrel with the pen;
And if a publisher should pay
Too little for their rhymes,
They write in wrath without
delay
Epistles to the *Times*!

The bard of old, we gather,
sought
For inspiration long,
And waited till some noble
thought
Should rouse him into song;
Our more astute practitioner
Will deal with all events,
And write in praise, as you
prefer,
Of love, or Three-per-Cents.!

Well, let us all our joy express
That, in these cultured days,
The poet strives for some
success

More lucrative than bays;
This fact with pride we look
upon,—

However Art declines,
Parnassus now is managed on
The soundest business lines!



OUR TA-RA-RA-BOOM-TA-RA-TRA-CEDIAN JAPANND.

"A GREAT JAPANESE ACTOR ON THE ART OF ACTING.—The greatest Japanese actor of modern times is ICHIKAWA DANJURO, . . . speaking of the part of a young lady of seventeen, which he is at present playing as an interlude, he said: 'I am attempting too much. . . Still a young lady is a young lady, and I can submit myself to this ordeal, and act and dance as a damsel would. . . It is not a dance to be attempted by a person much over thirty, and, being now fifty-six, I mean to abide by the announcement I made at the beginning, that this will be the last public exhibition I shall make of a dance of this kind.' . . . He was amused to be told that there was some resemblance between his features and those of Mr. IRVING, and said he heard this for the first time."—*Times*, June 15.

UNDER LYNED OBSERVATIONS.—The Bishop of Manchester, at Ashton-under-Lyne—where everything, perhaps, is not *hors de la ligne*—gave his audience his opinions as to people enjoying themselves on Sunday. The rich got it hot (quite in keeping with the weather) for boating on that day, and the poor got it warm for indulging in "riotous amusement" on Sunday. But your Lordship, supposing these rich and poor alike have been to their "duties" on the Sunday morning, or supposing they've been, whether rich or poor working honestly and conscientiously all the week, isn't it time that "*Laborare est orare*," and so they may be allowed a little secular relaxation on Sunday? What does all work and no play do? Rest and be thankful for the one day's holiday, rich and poor alike; only let the rich consider the poor, and help them to their holiday.

DATA TO GO ON.—As to the *World's Age*. Not the age of *The World*, with a capital W—and a good capital too, sub *Jove Edmundo*—that's easily ascertained; but the age of the world we live in, which must have been very old even at the date of the flood, for NOAH was an Arkyologist.

A NEW COACHING CLUB.—Pretty sight. Date not yet fixed. Meet of all the Principal University "Coaches," in full Academicals. Banquet at the "O. & C." Club.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday Night, June 13.—*Première of Djamileh*. First time in London; also probably last time. Omit the second letter, and you coin a word expressive of the case, a word which rhymes with family; that's very much how it was with BIZET's Opera of *Djamileh*. Wish composer had been too Bizzy to do it. Very heavy: warm night also. Eastern surroundings made not a few of us feel uncommonly drowsy. Messieurs BONNARD and COUTELLIER did their little best, as did also Mlle. GHERLSEN, but nothing would arouse the audience to any demonstration expressive of anything which within reasonable distance could be taken as resembling rapture. Signor RANDEGGER did his utmost in conducting, and orchestra their best; but "non ite," i.e., "No go." The ALMÉE, Mlle. RIGANTI, with other ALMÉES, executed a monotonous dance of Turkish delights. I say "executed" advisedly, as I sincerely hope it was killed out and out, never to be heard of or seen again. If not "executed," but only "scotched"—well, then in the latter case it may become a reel, and that, with bagpipes, may save it. After this everyone cheered up. Sleepers awoke, and exclaimed, "*Paghiacci*!" That is sufficient. MANCINELLI ascends to his seat: orchestra applaud him with friendly tap on the back—of their violins and violoncelli. MANCINELLI pleased, orchestra pleased, audience delighted. MANCINELLI's beaming smile fades away as he says to himself, "*La bisnissa e la bisnissa*," and, sternly regarding the men of his band, he seems to mutter, "Now no nonsense! a truce to compliments! On we go!" And on we do go with overture to *Paghiacci*, which is only interrupted by sudden appearance of *Tonio*, the clown, who, looking in as *Paolo Prio* was wont to do in that very old comedy written in choice cockney, says, "Ladies and Gents, I hope I don't intrude, but this is the sort of thing you're going to see, and for us and for our comedy, thus stooping to your clemency," *etcetera, etcetera*; and "on we goes again," bang, bang, bang, clash, clash; it's all ymbalism. "Just a going to begin," and begin does the story, every one being as good as ever, nay better, for Madame MELBA and RICARDO GREENO (very nearly like

POMMERY and GRENO, which might serve as a title of a short comic opera, such as is *Bozo é Cozo*) have distinctly improved in their acting; and so the sad story is sung and played, and all recollection of "*D. Jammy Lee*" (the preceding opera) is clean wiped out, as if it never had been, and we wish it never had.

Friday Night.—O so 'ot!! "Glass up to"—lips, ever so many times. Everything iced. Audience crammed in to hear *Mefistofèle*, with CALVÉ as *Marguerite*. But CALVÉ couldn't, so programme changed. Transformation scene consisted of *Djamileh*, which going a little better than on its *première*, and had the salutary effect of cooling down enthusiasm. Very necessary operation "on such a night," as our old friend, WILLIE SHAKESPEARE, has it. CALVÉ being out of it, we couldn't have the *Cavalleria*, but, instead, Sir DRUBIOLANUS gave us LÉONCAVALLO's *Paghiacci*. "Lay on, CAVALLO," says Sir O'LANUS. "*En iterum Crispinus*!" and once more Sir D. COVENT-GARDENENSIS quotes the Dramatic Poet, and says bravely, as he disappears down the lobby, "LÉ-ON CAVALLO! and dumb'd be he who first cries, 'Hold, enough!'" Well, well, it's a merry heart that always rejoices, and the time will come when we shall all be h'old enough—just enough—to remember the exceptionally successful productions of *Cavalleria* and *Paghiacci*.

GRATEFUL AND GRACEFUL.—When Sir CHARLES RUSSELL has quite finished the Behring Sea Case, the Government, in acknowledgment of his great services, will, on the first opportunity, elevate him to the Lord High Chancellorship, as Keeper of the Great Seal. In all State processions the direction will be that "Sir CHARLES is preceded by Usher, bearing Seal," in perpetual remembrance of his international "fishing interrogatory" services.

APPROPRIATE.—Why does not Mr. SEXTON get elected for an English Constituency? As Sexton, he could go to Bury.

SPIRITED REMARK.—"A small Irish Whiskey and Soda" is now called "The Nationalist Split."

MR. PUNCH SALUTES THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE OF MOLIERE.

(On the Occasion of the Visit of "Les Enfants de Molière" to London.)

Mr. Punch. "SORRY YOU'RE GOING TO STAY WITH US ONLY FOR A MONTH; BUT I TRUST YOU WILL FIND YOURSELVES QUITE AT HOME."

"T'WAS MERRY IN (ST. JAMES'S) HALL."

Our ever fresh "GEE GEE," 'yclept GEORGE GROSSMITH, came out strong last Monday at St. James's Hall. "Good entertainment for Man and GEE GEE." Question whether the American Girl

will quite relish her portrait, as painted by the facetious GEE GEE. However, when in the U. S., GEE GEE is perfectly welcome to say that is this the English Girl to the life. Hall was crammed, and GEE GEE "Kicking up behind and afore," in his final dance, with tambourine and piano accompaniment, is something of

beauty, and a joy for ever, which will be remembered by all who saw, heard, and applauded to the echo. But O how hot!! Can't St. James's Hall be ventilated better than it now is? And cannot the sounds of other shows that are going on be excluded? The birds outside, too, were having an entertainment of their own, and were enjoying it most chirpily. However, GEE GEE didn't seem to hear them, or to hear anything except the applause, which was occasionally deafening.

TO A FASHION-PLATE BELLE (?)

(By a Country Querist.)

LADY, I've seen from week to week
Your form in many a Fashion Journal—
Are you a mad dress-maker's "freak,"
Or else the "Feminine Eternal"?

Oh, do the girls in London town
(I wonder) take you for their model,
And try, despite a bell-shaped gown,
On microscopic feet to toddle?

Pray, have they all got waists like yours,
A thing of six or seven inches?
Forgive me, if the question bores,
But don't you find that girldle pinches?

Why that unvarying arch of wrist,
And curl of fore and little fingers?
Is it prescribed by your *modiste*,
Or have you cramp that ever lingers?



That collar, too, which clasps your throat—
Should it not be some sizes bigger?
(The angle of your neck, I note,
Suggests a bent and limp lay-figure).

Why wear that blank and futile face,
Those gooseberry eyes and fatuous eyebrows?

Does not your stereotyped grimace
Too oft irrev'rent jest and gibe rouse?



"READY, AYE READY!"

Young Lady. "OH, I DON'T SEE YOUR ARGUMENT AT ALL. BUT THEN, YOU KNOW,"—
(with intention)—"I AM NEXT DOOR TO A FOOL!"

The Poet. "OH NO! YOU MUST BE BESIDE YOURSELF TO SAY SO!"

[Young Lady wishes she hadn't attempted the ancient witticism.]

If all Belgravian belles conclude
That, copying you, they do their duty,
I'll say (ev'n though it's somewhat rude),
Give me the rustic style of beauty!

RACES IN PARIS.

WHEN the *Grand Prix* comes you see
Very well
Races in the court of the
Grand Hotel.

All the races of the world,
Here they are;
Eastern turban, deftly twirled,
From afar.

English maiden, pretty, prim;
"Don't you know."
New York beauty, pale and slim;
"That is so."

Dark-eyed lady, come from Spain—
Señora.
German *Hausfrau*, fat and plain;
"Ja, ja, ja!"

Frenchmen dressed, à l'anglaise, well.
Savristi!
V'là c'qu' YVETTE GUILBERT appelle
"P'tits Verms."

Germans! See their widespread backs
When they turn;
They consider clothes like sacks
Wunderschön!

English dressed in shooting suits,
Shabby too.
"Dashed if I can speak these brutes'
Parleyvoo!"

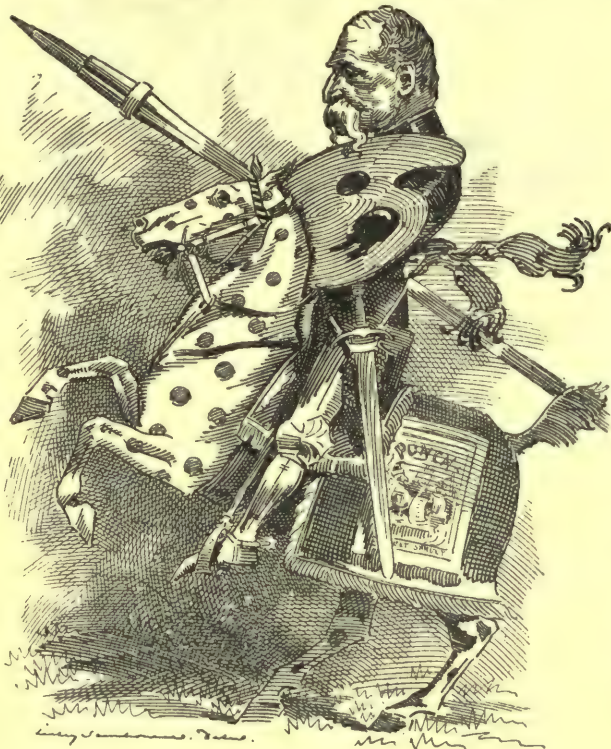
Greek, Italian, Portuguese,
Hottentot;
On the *terrasse* here one sees
All the lot.

HIGGLEDY PIGGLEDY.—The G. Y. G., or
Grand Young GARDNER, Minister of Agriculture,
in answer to a deputation, said "he
wished to stamp out *swine-fever*." How will
he do it? It sounds like extra taxation. The
G. Y. G. will have to consult the P. M. G.
as to how many "stamps" he can send
"out" for this particular purpose. Are
they to be penny or halfpenny stamps?

SHAKESPEARIAN QUOTATION (adapted to new
rule as to Colonial titles).—"So are we all
(when we visit the Mother Country), all
Honourable Men."

GOOD SIR JOHN!

(A New Song to an Old Tune for all Singers.)



THE BLACK-AND-WHITE KNIGHT.

["Look, here comes good Sir JOHN!"—*Second part of King Henry the Fourth*, Act III., Sc. 2.

"JAKIDES, with my familiars; JOHN, with my brothers and sisters (in Art); and Sir JOHN, with all Europe."—*Ditto*, Act II., Sc. 2 (*very slightly altered*).

"Sir JOHN, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs."—*Ditto*, Act III., Sc. 2.]

AIR—"Sir John Barleycorn."

I SING of a Knight all other Knights excelling,
New-honoured is the name of Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Chorus (fortissimo). Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

In high princely hall or in citizen's dwelling,
Art knows no nobler friend than Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Long at our Board may *Punch* with pride

Sir JOHN see smiling at his side.

Brave Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Forty year, and more, at the Table Round, we've boasted
England's later LAUNCELOT in JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Chorus. JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Many a time and oft has the Table gaily toasted

Art's pride (and ours) in true JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Now that fresh honours bud with Spring,

We stand and shout in loyal ring,

Good Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

They've dubbed him Knight at last, who ne'er was aught
but knightly,

Fitting sounds the title of Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Chorus. Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Chivalrous spirits don the spurs calmly and politely,

Honours easy sit on such as JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

But sitting round the "Mahogany Tree"

His old Companions hail with glee,

Kind Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!!! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!!!!

All know his Art, all kindred Art excelling,

Where lives a "Cartoonist" like Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL?

Chorus. Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

But comrades know the manly heart, the nature in him dwelling,

So they echo SHAKESPEARE's wish, Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

Heaven prosper your affairs!

Keep you free, Good Knight, from cares!

True Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL! Sir JOHN TEN-NI-EL!

THE BOW-WOW DAYS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Surely there ought to be a Society for the Prevention of Doing Done-to-Death Ditties into Dance Music! An S.P.D.D.D.D.M. would come in remarkably handy just now, for I notice—oh, a million horrors!—that someone has just committed "The Bow-Wow Polka."

The "Bow-Wow" having "caught on" at the Gaiety Theatre and the Music-halls, would it not be adding a sweet completeness to circumstances if the "Bow-Wow," or some Bow-Wow, "caught on" the composer of the polka? Perhaps TOBY would oblige?

Yours, &c., A WOULD-BE (*but can't be, because the street-organs won't let me be*) JOURNALIST.

P.S.—I don't think I shall complain if Daddy will not buy me a Bow-Wow Polka!

MRS. R. ON AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.—Mrs. RAM, who has been making a railway jaunt, is much struck by the appearance in many fields and pastures of large boards, on which stands boldly printed the legend, "Large Lighthouse Pills." "These poor farmers!" she says. "It shows how repressed agriculture is when they take to planting out pills. I suppose, by-and-by, if times don't mend, they'll be boring for Black Draughts."

LUCKY.—The CÆSAREWITCH is coming to England for the Royal Wedding. As all the Good Fairies are sure to be present, it is a happy omen that the only Witch is favourable.

ALL ROUND THE "MAY" WEEK AT CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Obedient to the least hint of a command from his Master, your faithful slave and humble representative has been enjoying himself, and going it. If you didn't mean me to go it, you should have said so. At any rate you can't deny that you said "Go." My own intelligence supplied the rest; your bankers will, I hope, furnish the harmless necessary cash for the payment of the liabilities I have incurred in your service. Let me first correct a few misconceptions that seem to prevail with regard to Cambridge. I will tabulate them, and deal with them *seriatim*.

(1) That Cambridge is a place designed for studious pursuits.

This is manifestly absurd. I did not hear a single lecture; and a young man, whom I asked about this, said, "There aren't any lectures now"; which leads me to believe that there may have been lectures fifty years ago, but that they have since been abolished. Besides, if Cambridge were a studious place, its inhabitants would be fond of Examinations. But they are not. The same young man of whom I have already spoken, used the most wicked and awful language about Examinations and Examiners. "By gum," he remarked, "I should like to feed my Examiners on corked champagne, tinned salmon, and dog-biscuits, for setting such *beastly* papers." Finally, I may state that, during the four or five days I spent in Cambridge, everybody spoke of dances, boat-races, cricket-matches, concerts, amateur theatricals, and so forth, as if there was nothing else to think about in Cambridge. At any rate I am sure nobody *did* think of anything else all the time I was there.

(2) That Cambridge Colleges are inhabited entirely by undergraduates and dons.

This is fantastic nonsense. I did see a considerable number of undergraduates, it is true; but they were all accompanied by sisters and cousins, who seemed to breakfast, lunch, and dine in college every day. This must be very distracting, though it is a pretty sight, I confess, on one of these bright June afternoons, to watch the slim figures and the dainty dresses of these charmers straying through the beautiful leafy avenues in the "backs," or hanging over the grey old bridges that span the slow stream of the Cam.

(3) That boys (at Cambridge) will be boys.

My dear Sir, they won't; they will be, and are, men—at least, they always speak of themselves as "men." My young host said to me on the morning of my arrival, "I've asked two or three fellows to meet you at lunch. There'll be THOMSON, and JACKSON, and BANHAM. BANHAM's one of the best men we've got." I expected, of course, to meet three fellows of the College. At half-past one there came a knock at the door, and there entered a boy just turned eighteen, I should say, with a modest manner and the complexion of a girl. This was BANHAM, and at Cambridge BANHAM, bless him, is a man. I could extend this list of fallacies, but I pause. The rest of my notes on the manners and customs of Cambridge will be found in the appended scraps of dialogue, which are taken, I may state, from the living voice.

AT THE STATION.

A train from London has just arrived. The platform is crowded with undergraduates in straw hats and flannel suits, with fathers, mothers, sisters, &c., and with porters endeavouring to trundle immense loads of feminine luggage along.

Undergraduate (to his friend). There they are. The Mater's

waving her handkerchief to me. By Joye! that porter's just taken the Governor in the bend of the knee with a portmanteau. I must get at them. Now, JACK, you stop here, and I'll fetch 'em along.

[Struggles towards them.

His Mother (to a daughter). There's TOM, MARY; doesn't he look handsome? I declare he's grown quite an inch! Now then, where's my basket with his new banner-screen that I've worked for him, and, oh MARY, where have you put my little bag? [And so forth.

The Father (who has just been "taken in the bend of the knee"). Do come along, SARAH. What on earth is the use of standing here all day? If you would only condescend to travel without ten thousand small parcels, we might get on—ow, ow! [Is "taken" again.

Porter. By your leave, Sir.

Father. Infernally clumsy. [Undergraduate-Son arrives panting.

Under. Well, here you are, by Joye! I am glad you've come. [Kisses them all round in public. N.B.—This is always done at the station.] Come along as quick as you can. We've got lots to do. Lunch in my rooms, then I'll trot you round the place, then to the boat-races, then dinner with PACKWELL. There he is, I'll introduce you. [Introductions. More collisions with porters and other men's people, apologies. Slow progress towards exit.] Then we'll go to the A. D. C., and after that there's a ball. Do you think you can stand it all, MARY?

Sister. Of course, TOM. What a silly question. I mean to go to all the dances, and all the boat-races, and all the concerts, and everything.

Under. The dickens you do. Come on then, we'd better make a start.

[They disappear, together with PACKWELL, who feels himself to be a fifth wheel to the coach, and is reduced to silence.

AT THE BOAT-RACES.

Ditton Corner. Pleasure-boats packed together along the bank. On the meadow a parti-coloured crowd of Undergraduates and their "people" on foot, and in carriages. A bumping race has just started.

A Sister. Oh, I heard the gun so plainly. When, when will they be here? I'm so nervous. HARRY must make his bump just here. I'll never forgive him if he doesn't. There they come! No they don't. Oh, I wish they'd make haste. Can't you go and hurry them up, JACK? How slow they are! Now, JACK, tell me again which is First Trinity, and which is Third Trinity, and where is Second Trinity, and what does Lady MARGARET mean, and how do they arrange which is to bump which?

[Yells, rattles, and fog-horns—the boats approach.

A Brother. Look there—we're right on top of them! [Screams frantically.] Well rowed, you men, well rowed! Keep it long, swing, swing! Now then! Great SCOTT! the cox has made a shot, and missed! [And so forth.

A Mother. Why do they all row with bare legs? Oh, there's HARRY. His boat will collide with the other boat, I'm sure. [Shouts to HARRY.] Do take care, HARRY, there'll be a collision! Oh dear, oh dear, he can't hear me! There! I knew it would happen. Oh, HARRY, do put something round your neck, now that you've stopped.

A Father (to another Father). Ah, my boy, this is like old times, isn't it? Do you remember that year when you and I were rowing stroke and six of our crew? That was the best crew I ever saw. There's no rowing like that nowadays. Great time we had of it, too, at the bump-supper. I met TANFIELD, our old cox, this very morning in Trinity. He's a Parson somewhere in Essex; looked quite old, and as grey as a badger. I wonder if he remembers what he said to the Proctor that night? Well, well. [And so forth.

AT THE AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB.

(The Undergraduates are acting an Operetta.)

A Cousin (to her Undergraduate Cousin in the Stalls). How well they sing!—and do you really mean to tell me that girl in the Alsatian dress is a man?

Undergraduate. Yes, he's a man right enough. Not badly made up, is he?

Cousin. Why she's quite lovely. Tom, it's not true, you're—

Undergraduate. Upon my honour, I'm not rotting. It is really a man. They're all men.

Cousin. Well, perhaps the hands are a little large.

Undergraduate. You'll meet him at lunch to-morrow, and then you can see for yourself.



Cantab. Undergrad. in Cap and Gown. "Artis Causa," A.D.C.

Cousin. Who's that funny little man with a hooked nose? *Undergraduate.* It's the same chap who acted the Servant Girl in the first piece. He's a ripping good actor, isn't he?

Cousin. Tom, I'll never believe another word you say.

[And so on, with charming incredulity.

IN THE SENATE HOUSE.

(During the ceremony of conferring honorary degrees.)

The Public Orator (introducing a distinguished body of D.C.L.'s and Mus. Docs.). Domine Cancellarie—

Voice from the Gallery. Now construe.

[Roars of laughter. Disturbance.

The Public Orator.—*virum illustrissimum*—

Voice from the Gallery. SANDYS, you mustn't use a crib. [More roars.

The Public Orator.—*artis musicæ existimator quam subtilis existit.*

Voice from the Gallery. SANDYS, that's your tenth false quantity. [More roars.

[The eminent Musicians, CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, MAX BRUCH, ARRIGO BOÏTO, and ILTITSCH TSCHAIKOWSKY, are introduced.

A Mother (to her Son). What very funny names.

The Son. Yes; I could do the whole in four sneezes.

Mother. What made them call him ARRIGO? I never heard such a name. Now HARRY is a sensible name, but ARRIGO—well, there! [Words fail her.

Voice from the Gallery. Good old SHAKEMOFFSKI. [Roars of laughter.

There, Mr. Punch, are a few observations on Cambridge. You are at liberty to publish them. Yours to a turn,

A VAGRANT.



Cantab. Graduate, not "plain," but "coloured." M.A. harajah of Bhaugar, "Honoris Causa," L.L.D.

JUST FOR THE FUN OF THE THING.

Who asks what's become of the Irishman's fun?

What's gone with Hibernian humour?

Sir BOYLE ROCHE & Co. are completely outdone

By the aid of Row, "Rot," and—say Rumour!

A mystery dark as the tenebrous veil

That covered the features of ISIS,

Is Hibernian fun: To make enemies rail

At the *cruz* of a National Crisis;

To hearten old foes, in the wheel put a spoke

Of new friends, after six years of struggle,

Would seem—to a Saxon—"too much of a joke,"

To the Celt 'tis a humorous juggle.

When things look a-squiff to ride rusty and tiff,

About—nothing that's valid or visible,

Is conduct a Briton would scout in a jiff;

To PAT 'tis a joke, vastly risible.

Withdraw, without reason? What fun, boys, in that,

After sessions deep drowned in fierce jaw all!!!

But Och! there's a far foiner joke, by St. PAT,

Which is—to withdraw your withdrawal!

No good end is served, and much mischief is done?

By the powers ye're right, boys! But—think of the Fun!!!!

A NEW ARTHURIAN LEGEND.—Mr. Punch was very shocked to see on contents bill of morning paper, "Mr. BALFOUR on the Bust." Home-Rule Bill responsible for a good deal, but nothing quite so bad as this. Where had he been on the Bust? Had he tried to out-AMBROSE AMBROSE? Or what? Latest intelligence says that it has something to do with the W. H. SMITH Memorial!

MATHEMATICAL HONOURS AT CAMBRIDGE.—Learning does not make the student effeminate. The Senior Wrangler this year is MANLEY. Nor does extreme youth bar the way to honours, as the Twelfth Wrangler is a CHILD!

THE VIRTUE OF RESIGNATION.—Quite clear that the Member for Kerry wanted to resign because he thought that, with the Home-Rule Bill "going strong," there would be no need of a SEXTON.

RIVERSIDE RIDDLE.—When is a man likely to go to Richmond for dinner?—When he's in Kew.



NEWS FROM HOME.

Aunt Mary. "I 'VE JUST HAD A LETTER FROM YOUR PAPA, GEOFFREY. HE SAYS YOU 'VE GOT A LITTLE BROTHER, WHO 'LL BE A NICE COMPANION FOR YOU SOME DAY!"

Geoffrey. "OH!—DOES MUMMY KNOW?"

AFTER THE BANQUETS ARE OVER.

TOMMY ATKINS'S TRIBUTE TO LORD ROBERTS.

(A New Barrack-room Ballad, with Apologies to Tommy's own *Especial Poet-Laureate*).

"I will only say that the main object of the various reforms which I have ventured to advocate is to make life in the Army more attractive, and to fill the ranks with men of good physique and character. This I would accomplish by abolishing restrictions, which I believe to be beneficial neither to the soldier nor to the State, and by making military life acceptable to the classes from which it is most advantageous that our recruits should be drawn."—*Lord Roberts of Candahar, V.C., at the Mansion House.*

AIR—"Tommy." TOMMY ATKINS sings:—

I WOSEN'T at the Munching 'Ouse to grub, nor yet to cheer;
The Civic waiters might ha' said, "We don't sarve privits 'ere!"
But TOMMY ain't behind the Toffs in welcoming Lord "Bobs"
Back 'ome onst more to England from the toughest of tough jobs.
O it's "ROBERTS 'ere, and ROBERTS there, and TOMMY keep away;"
But we read our penny papers, and we've read your little say;
We've read your little say, my "Bobs," your clear, straight-spoken say,
And it's "Thank you, 'Bobs,'" sez TOMMY, "for you know the soldiers' way!"

I was with you at Candahar, a middlin' spell ago,
And I know the bloomin' Afghan, and 'e ain't a pleasant foe,
But you crumpled of him small, Lord "Bobs," you crumpled of him small,
Though you ain't the sort of 'ero that they 'owl of at the 'All.
For it's ROBERTS 'ere, and ROBERTS there, from Cawnpore to Cabul,
And now they're feedin' of you, and they well may feed you—full!
If you aint our "Only Gen'ral," you aint fur from bein' our best.
Long may you live, with many a chance to put *that* to the test!

For you're far too fine and large, Lord "Bobs," and far too brisk and young,
For to *shelve*,—though done perlitely with your praise on every tongue.

We soldiers—axing pardon, "Bobs," for coupl'ing high and low,—
Come so 'andy when we're wanted; when we ain't—well we may go!
It's TOMMY this and TOMMY that (as Mister KIPLING sings,) But when 'e "lags superfluous" they don't want 'im at the wings.
The "veteran's" mighty useful to sing songs about, and such.
But they ain't so spry at keeping heye on 'im and 'is "Old Dutch."

"We aren't no thin red 'eroes," as the Balladist remarks,
But flesh and blood, wot wants our food, a 'ome, and cashual "larks;"

To pile red-tape "Restrictions," as you pooty squarely 'int,
Ain't the way to fill the ranks, "Bobs;" that's as plain—to you—as print.

O it's TOMMY this and TOMMY that; but TOMMY pipeclay'd smart,
Waist-braced and shoulder-padded, has a stummick and a 'eart;
And to "make the life acceptable" to "young recruits"—yus!—
You've 'it the bull in once, Lord "Bobs," with neither fudge nor fuss!

So 'ere's wishin' of you luck, Lord "Bobs," long life, and a 'ome-billet

To do honour to the country, and the 'ero as will fill it.
Arter the Banquets and the Big Bow-Wows are over, "Bobs,"
That question's left; not 'ow to feed, but *fit us with square jobs!*

O, it's ROBERTS 'ere, and ROBERTS there, all over the dashed shop;
But that name, Sir, spells a great career, wich BULL won't want to stop;

An' it's TOMMY this, and TOMMY that; but *this*, TOMMY, dontcher see,
Wants to drink the 'ealth of Gen'ral "Bobs"—with a rousing "Three times three!"

[In which, with Mr. ATKINS'S permission, Mr. Punch most heartily joins.]

BLACK VIEWS OF LIFE.—These must be taken by explorers for coal—(awful bores!)—who are for ever in search of "the seamy side."



“AFTER THE BANQUETS ARE OVER—”?

LORD ROBERTS. “WELL, SERGEANT, THEY’VE FOUND A HOME-BILLET FOR YOU.”

TOMMY ATKINS (*Commissionaire*). “YES, GENERAL; AND I HOPE THEY’LL SOON FIND A FIRST-RATER FOR YOU!”



LES ENFANTS DE MOLIERE À LONDRES.

THE Maison de MOLIERE being "à louer," its usual tenants have come over here on the invitation of Sir DRURIOLANUS and Messrs. GRAU and ABBEY (not Westminster Abbey, but another from New York) to give us a taste of their quality and quantity at the T. R. Drury Lane. From Paris to HARRIS. They were most heartily received by a crowded audience, whose extreme brilliancy (out of compliment to that of the French Company) was only equalled by its remarkable intelligence and perfect politeness, quite in accordance with the traditional *politesse de Louis Quinze*. Maybe in their heart of hearts not a few would have preferred witnessing the



"Bon Chat, Bon Ra —cine here.

Sir," in French, understood it as meaning "Wee mouse 'ere," and so just looked in for a little bit of mousing between the pieces.

At the end of the second piece, Mlle. REICHEMBERG read M. CLARETIE's "Salut à Londres." In one verse the poet tells us how

"En vingt ans—oiseaux en voyage—"

(The "birds" are not those of ARISTOPHANES, but of the nest of MOLIERE.)

"Ont trois fois bravé le peril
De réclamer votre suffrage. . . ."

The "peril" is presumably the *trajet entre Calais et Douvres*. Then it suddenly occurs to the poet that, after all, bad as the passage may be, it is not perhaps to be compared with a voyage to America or Australia, and, breaking off abruptly, he exclaims,

"Mais Londres n'est pas un exil!"

Beautiful! And with our very best compliments to the poet, I beg to say that not *trois fois*, but *cinquante fois* I, *moi qui parle*, have braved the peril from London to Paris and back, and it has never occurred to me to consider Paris as an *exil* even at the very earliest date when it was not a *pays de connaissance*. May the Sociétaires often, in the future, brave the peril of *La Manche*, and give us some of their excellent performances, which may include an occasional brief extract from MOLIERE, but which will exclude anything Shakespearian. Of course, when I say Shakespearian, I would not have them omit from their *répertoire* a play called *Hamlet*, written, as their playbill informs me, by Messrs. DUMAS and MEURICE, which has evidently nothing whatever to do with a play of SHAKESPEARE's that happens to bear the same title.

In the *intermède*, a burlesque by MOLIERE—yes, a burlesque, Ladies and Gentlemen—the children of MOLIERE go in for child's play, and for larks generally; though some of the younger ones on "the spindle side" do not seem to relish their share in the nonsense, of which the climax is reached when President GOR crams a doctor's cap over the eyes and nose of COQUELIN the Younger, which facetious ceremony brought down the Curtain to shouts of laughter and thunders of applause, testifying to the hearty English appreciation of the humours of the *Bons Enfants de la Maison de MOLIERE*.

I suppose the performance of *Le Malade Imaginaire* is governed entirely by tradition. Our English audience at Drury Lane enjoyed

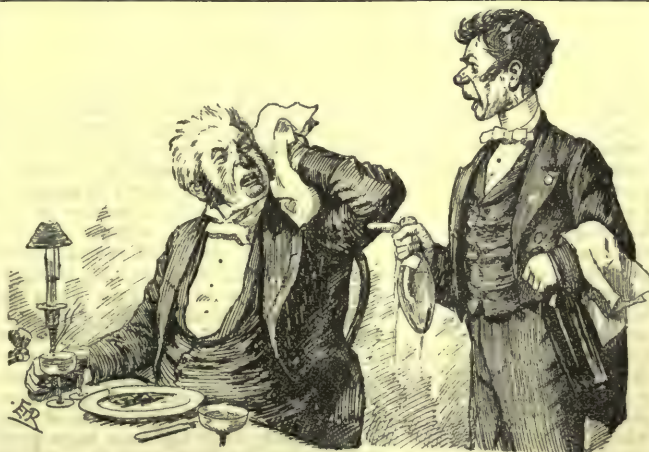
it immensely; it occasionally smiled as it recognised certain well-known scenes "in use at schools," but it literally roared with laughter whenever there occurred such good old-fashioned farcical business as nowadays is not associated in our ideas with what High Comedy ought to be. The Clown chucking properties at the Policeman makes the whole world kin; and what in the English actor, and on the English stage, and in an English play, an English audience would have vociferously condemned, is, when done by a French actor on the stage of Drury Lane, welcomed with applause and shouts of laughter.

Perhaps this sort of "business"—of the old rough-and-tumble pantomime school—will be repeated in the French version of the

How's this for High Comedy? The Pillows of the House of Molière.

Shakespearian farce of *Taming the Shrew*. We shall see. However, I suppose it was essential that the Children of the House of MOLIERE should start with one of their Great Parent's pieces, and that the "*jeu de scène*" should be mere "child's play." But the attraction of Monday night was the curious quaint *Cérémonie* which wound up the proceedings. This was most interesting. *Vive la Compagnie!* They were all on at once, grouped about the Stage, in a splendidly-lighted scene, and attired in the red robes and the ermine of Doctors of Law or Arts,—ladies and all,—the ladies looking charming. Then M. GOR led Mlle. REICHEMBERG to the front, and she read an address in verse; read it quietly, clearly, and distinctly, without any action, or attempt at declamation. She seemed rather to hurry it through, after the manner of a young Etonian getting off a "saying lesson." Then followed mock speeches, in Dog-Latin, interspersed with an occasional refrain, sung about eight times in chorus, of which one line seemed to me to be "*Vive la loi et la cérémonie!*" But perhaps I am mistaken. It was "quaint," but palled on repetition. After about a quarter of an hour or so of this, down came the Curtain. All home, much contented, but hoping to see the Company in modern pieces which, if not worthier of their great artistic reputation, may at least represent their art in "this so-called Nineteenth Century."

E. LOGE PARTICULIER.



LOCAL VETO.

Guest (at Public Dinner, to Waiter, who has opened a bottle of soda-water in his left ear). "UGH, YOU SCOUNDREL, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" Waiter. "SCOUNDREL! BESORRA! IT'S DIVIL A DROP OF DRINK I'LL BE GIVING YOU TO-NIGHT!" [And he doesn't!]



STUDIES IN HEREDITY.

TYPES OF MEN BELOVED BY WOMEN.

Elder Son and Heir (who takes after his Pa). "CONFOUND IT! ALL THE MOTHERS IN LONDON ARE AFTER ME. THERE'S NO REST!"

His Younger Brother, the Detrimental (who takes after his Ma). "YES, AND ALL THE DAUGHTERS AFTER ME, CONFOUND IT! WE DIVIDE THE WOMANKIND OF LONDON SOCIETY BETWEEN US!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, June 12.—"And has it come to this?" said WEBSTER (not SIR RICHARD but ROBERT GRANT). He was standing below Gangway, looking with rueful countenance at row of hats set out on Bench where Irish Members sit, under genial leadership of JUSTIN MCCARTHY. "Am not suspected of undue partiality for them or their ways," he murmured, furtively mopping a manly tear. "But one cannot have lived with a section of his fellow-men, in close companionship in public work, without conceiving some regard for them. Heard about their differences; have retired, as usual, to Committee Room No. 15; been shut up together there since one o'clock this afternoon. Now, at the hour when the Terrace is crowded with frivolous persons drinking strong tea and eating damp strawberries, nothing is left of them but these—seven toppers and three billycocks, the softness of whose texture is, perchance, indicative of the less stern stuff of which their late owners were composed. Nor does this mark the full measure of memorable catastrophe. Full sixty Members, some in the prime of life, others not so, entered the fatal chamber; only ten hats have come out. 'Tis shocking; no words in my popular Dictionary, the studious work of early manhood, adequate to express my feelings. Fifty Irish Members, dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a hat behind!"

A good fellow WEBSTER, but sometimes led away by extreme sensitiveness of nature. Might have spared himself this heart-rending scene. True, Irish Members absent through early portion of

COLERIDGE ADAPTED TO A CURRENT CONTROVERSY.

(After reading Lady Brooke's Article, "What is Society?" in the Pall-Mall Magazine for June.)

CRITICS abound around who've found
Spots on Society's sun;
Then others answer back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

Some "drop upon" "Sassiety,"
Like—oh! like anything;
Others retort, "You are not fair!"
They seem to fill the summer air
With their wild jargoning.

And now 'tis like wind instruments,
And now like a cracked lute,
Some may be right, some must be wrong—
Oh that they'd all be mute!

It ceases not, they still go on:
A pleasant summer boon,
This noise, like that of a babbling BROOKE,
In a magazine for June,
That says Society's all right,
Or little out of tune!

Next JEUNE, no doubt, will stay this
BROOKE—
Well, well, we've time to breathe!
Slowly and steadily we'll—skip
And let the squabble seethe!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—Always does the Baron de B.-W. read a work with the name of BARING-GOULD to it. Hence he took to *Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven*, but wearied of her before he reached Vol. III. He was annoyed with her personally, and heartily wished the second *Mrs. Curgenven* out of the way. But some of the other characters are delightful, especially the sort of Cornish *Madge Wildfire*, by name *Esther Morideg*. The out-door life is delightful, and the descriptions of the scenery, and of *Esther's al fresco*, and all frisky life, read in this hot weather, makes the Baron open the doors and windows, and finally decide to "earp the vital airs" in the garden, book in hand, under the shade of a broad-spreading umbrella tree. The Baron thoroughly appreciates the kindly *Mr. Percival*, who, after buying several illustrated papers, found he had no money, and surrendered all but *Punch*, and the heroine was happy. BARON DE B.-W.

sitting, some ten or dozen observing precaution of retaining their seats by ordinary expedient of reverentially placing hat on Bench before prayers. Spent afternoon in Committee room discussing latest internecine difficulty. Difference of opinion arisen on question of management of Dublin newspaper. Easiest thing in the world to manage a newspaper. As dear old JOHNNIE TOOLE occasionally remarks, "It's nothing; anyone can do it." If one man, taken off street or out of shop, could succeed to a certainty, how much more complete the success of half a score? Somehow—perhaps because scene laid in Dublin—unexpected difficulties present themselves in ordinarily simple problem. TIM HEALY thinks if JOHN DILLON would retire from the Board of Direction, all would be well. JOHN DILLON in favour of resignation, but thinks, slightly to alter a line endeared to infancy, "The first to go should be little TIM." To someone else comes the flash of common sense suggesting that the whole Board of amateur newspaper managers should be swept clear, and a shoemaker put in charge of the last.

This on point of being agreed to when SEXTON puts his finger in his mouth, and with tears rolling down his eloquent cheeks, declares he "Shan't play." Not to be pacified on any terms; pettishly declares he will obscure Parliamentary horizon by retiring from it; carefully hands application for Chiltern Hundreds to JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

"What's MCCARTHY got to do with it?" asks the sombre Member for SARK. "If SEXTON meant business, he would have sent in his application direct to CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER, and made an end of it. A pretty patriotic performance this, with Home-Rule Bill drifting into direct straits; Opposition encouraged by success, unvaried since House went into Committee; only hope of defeating them to be found in united front of Ministerialists; Irish



RARE AVES IN TERRACE.

Members go and get up a petty brawl round a private commercial enterprise, and squabble through a June afternoon, leaving the Liberal Party, who have sacrificed everything for them, to bear the brunt of the unequal fight. 'Pon my soul, TOBY, if I were Mr. G., I'd chuck up the whole business, and get about the arrears of British work.' *Business done.*—Home-Rule Bill in the doldrums.

Thursday.—CHARLES RUSSELL back from Paris, bringing with him latest fashions. Everyone glad to see him again; heartily cheered when he rose to take part in debate in Committee.

"Glad to see you looking so well," I said, meeting him in Division Lobby.

"Ah, ça, nom de chien! c'est vous, TOBEE? Jesus glad to vue you, sare; pardonnez; excuse; some deeficulty I have with the talk. Been so long sur le Continong que j'ai tout oublié mon native tong. It will I make fast sure retire—that is come back vous voyez; at first off-go it is what you call dam bad. Will you prise de snuff? Non? Alors. Avez-vous le parapluie que votre frère a?"

"No, sare," I answered, desirous of making the situation as unembarrassing as possible to my learned friend; "but j'ai le ruban d'or que mon oncle, er—er—should have had."

"Here to-day, gone to-Morrogh."

"Just so," said Sir CHARLES, producing and waving the bandana, which the President of the Court of Arbitration mistook for the Union Jack, and half rose from his chair to salute. "I dare say; quite so; *exactement*; but, *vous comprenez*, I understand not your English. By-and-by, *tout à l'heure*, it will all come back, *retourner sur ses pas*; for the while it *m'embarrasse*. Will you lunch with me? or would you that we five o'clocker? I bring with me a few *escargots*. *Vous aimez les escargots*? Only six or dozen left. When I go to de tin box, what do I find? *Les escargots*? *Certainement non*. I ring de bell; my man coom; I shake my *mouchoir* dans son *visage*. I say at de top of mon *voix*, 'Mon Dieu! where dem *escargots*?' 'What cargo?' the *bête* say, looking round with anxiety amongst *mes valises*. I rattle de tin box at him. 'Oh,' says he, 'dem snails!' I put dem in de bin de dust. Snails! *sacré!* *Mes escargots des vignes* for which I pay five francs by dixaine, with de tin box thrown in. *Naturellement* I continue de course of de tin box. I trow de tin box at tête de mon *bête* of a man. *Que vous êtes insulaires* all you, mon TOBEE! But *qu'est-ce que ça fait?* You lunch with me. I give you braised leg of frog. Um?"

I think not; but dissemble with ATTORNEY-GENERAL. In ordinary times difficult to ruffle his temper. That little incident with the *escargots* seems to have done it.

Business done.—Very little in Committee on the Home-Rule Bill.

Friday Night.—Glad, on these fine Summer nights, to get out on Terrace, when the Duchesses and the rest have had their tea and gone away. Still pegging away in Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Better down here; have Terrace all to myself it seems; walk to far end; find I'm mistaken; perceive outline of figure in corner by boundary wall, sitting down, with feet stretched on low wall overlooking gleaming river. Something familiar about it. Got a guitar too, which is scarcely Parliamentary. Twangs the light instrument, and sings—

"There were two lofty frigates from Old England came,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
One was the *Prince of Luther*, and the other *Prince of Wales*,
Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!"

Perhaps I'd better withdraw. May be it's Dr. HUNTER, or some other Scotch authority on humour, serenading some one in boat below. But then he'd have the bagpipes, not the guitar. Too late; I am observed. Figure turns upon me, and laughingly trolls forth—

"Oh, hail her! oh, hail her!" our gallant captain cries,
Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.
'Are you a man-o'-war or a privateer so free?'
Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!"

"I'm neither," I said, thinking it well, as it was growing dark, there should be no misunderstanding on this head. "I'm just out for a breath of air, like yourself, though I didn't happen to bring a kettledrum or a trombone with me."

"That's not the answer," said PRINCE ARTHUR (for it was he). "You should have replied—"

"Oh, I'm no man-o'-war, nor a privateer so free,"

Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.

"But I'm a saucy pirate, and I'll sink you in the sea,"

Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!"

"Well, you seem in pretty high spirits," I said. "Something new for Leader of Opposition to leave a Bill to take care of itself in Committee, and go a philandering to the moon on the Terrace."

"Ah! you forget CHAMBER-LAIN," sighed PRINCE ARTHUR.

"He's on the watch-tower, and all is well. Great comfort to one in my position to have an ally like that. Sort of foster-brother, doncha. We trust each other with a love that is more than love. DAVID and JONATHAN not in it. Besides which, things are going so well with us that I can afford a little relaxation. At outset we determined to make good fight and prepared for it. Things have turned out far beyond our expectations. Irish Members squabbling among themselves; Mr. G. full of benevolence; SQUIRE of MALWOOD muzzled; MELLOR increasingly beneficent. Here we are more than midway in June on fourth Clause of Bill, with thirty-six to follow. More than two weeks on Clause III. Can you do a sum in your head right off, TOBY? Then try this: If it takes two weeks to dispose of one Clause in Committee, how long will it take for thirty-six?"

Prince Arthur. "Great comfort to a man in my position."

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Broadside to broadside, long time we lay,

Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.

Till the man at the helm shot the pirate's mast away,

Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!

Heard to day's news from Linlithgow? That gives you some idea of what the constituencies think of how we're getting on at Westminster. It'll be worse by-and-by.

'Quarter! oh, quarter!' those pirates then did cry,

Blow high! blow low! and so sailed we.

But the quarter that we gave them we sunk 'em in the sea,

Cruising down on the coast of the High Barberee!

Nice song that, don't you think? Heard the sailors chanting it one night as a schooner sailed by the Links in the darkling eve at North Berwick. There's the division-bell; wait a moment till I button my coat over the guitar; don't mind you, dear boy, but wouldn't do for everyone to come upon me taking a little wholesome relaxation."

Business done.—Still harping on Clause IV. Home-Rule Bill.

A "CRITERION" NOT TO "GO BY" BUT TO ENTER.—Our CHARLES WYNDHAM has done well—he always acts well, but "that's another story"—in reviving *David Garrick*. "He may take his little DAVY," as to that.

MRS. R. heard someone one say that *I Rantau* was going to be produced at Covent Garden. "Ah!" exclaimed our friend, "I daresay someone will give an imitation of some old-fashioned tragedian. Very good title, '*I Rant So*.'"

INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENT.—In grateful and honouring remembrance of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's stay in Paris, it is proposed to change the name of the "*Place du Carrousel*" to that of "*Place de C. Russell*."

LINLITHGOWSHIRE.—Telegram last Friday from the *Hope of the Unionists*.—I'M IN,—URE NOT.



ROBERT ON THE WEATHER.

It was horful!

Wen one's atome one can do pretty much as one likes, that is to say, pretty much as one's better harf will let you, and set in your shirt sleeves. But how about an ed Waiter at a skrupshus dinner? Let any kind Kristiansole try to emagin my feelings on the sellebrated Munday, as was sed to be the ottest day as ever was, when I had to be drest in my werry fullest, and werry titest, of full dress, and a waiting for ours and ours at one of the werry grandest of grand dinners as I has had to wait at all this busy season!

In course I don't at all kno how I looked all thro them melting howers, but I do no how I felt, and that was as if I was gradewally melting away!

But I coudent take my estonished eyes off my three werry stout Gents, and they was sites to see if ever Gents was! The effees of the werry ot Turtel Soup was sumthink pozzi-tively startling, and yet two on em had a second elp!

There was jest one great blessing as we owed to the Heat, and that was, it so bootifully shortened the long speeches! The fact was that everybody was so dredful hot, that nobody had the pluck left to cheer, but all sat still and tried to listen to the poor Chairman, who, being ever so much hotter than the werry hottest on em, had the werry gratest difficulty in keeping the pot a biling, as we used to say at school.

Judgin from my xperience of that briling hot Munday, I shoud say, that the proper time for that werry grandest thing in natur, a reely grand Dinner, is a grand Winter's Night.

ROBERT.



FOREWARNED.

Claude Merridew, Leaderette-writer, Reviewer, &c. (sentimentally). "WHENEVER I THINK OF ALTHEA, MISS VANSITTART I MEAN, I AM IRRESISTIBLY REMINDED OF THOSE MATCHLESS WORDS OF STEELE'S—'TO LOVE HER WAS A LIBERAL EDUCATION.'"

Algy (following the idea with difficulty). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, 'COURSE I KNOW A LOT OF YOU WRITIN' CHAPS ARE LIKE THAT, BUT I THINK I OUGHT TO TELL YOU THAT HER FATHER IS ONE OF THE HEAD JOHNNIES IN THE PRIMROSE LEAGUE."

OVERHEARD AT THE OVAL.

(When Mr. Ranjitsinhji, the Hindoo Cambridge Cricketer, went to the wickets.)

GIVE 'im a rouser! Don't be stingy!

Smart young batsman!

Comes from Ingy.

Name? Oh, something, RUN-GIT-SINGY!

Slogs, Sir, if 'is skin is dingy!

Like to see the trim young 'Indoo

Swipe a sixer through yon window,

Same as THORNTON did some years ago.

Saw 'im do it, Sir!!! O, 'ere's a go!

Run out! Only three!!! A pity!!!

Well young Dusky's style is pritty!

Shapes well, don't 'e? at the wicket!

Fancy, Ingy playin' Cricket! Dark 'uns play as well as paley 'uns.

RUN-GIT scored agin the Orsetralyuns.

Fields a good 'un, a safe catch, Sir!

'E'll come off in the next match, Sir.

Wich may I be there to see it! Links the Hempire? Ah! so be it!

Ere's to Hengland, then, and Ingy,

And good 'ealth to RUN-GIT-SINGY!!!

"THEY DON'T MANAGE THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."—After a row in the House of Commons the Reporters send "minutes" to their papers; but after a "scene" in the French Chambers the Principals send "seconds" to one another. Time is better occupied in the former than in the latter case.

THE M.P.'s P.M.

(By a Member who has heard about "The Tea-on-the-Terrace Session.")

I'd like to be slung in my hammock at home, with iced-cup, and currants, and cherries,

Or perched in the cosy Pavilion at Lords a-watching GRACE. GIFFEN, or FERRIS; [Tea-on-the-Terrace!]

But since I must stick in hot June to the House, I fall back upon Within there seems nothing but heat and hot rows;

Amendments, not meant to amend, but to chouse;

A mountain of talk with an issue of mouse;

TIM HEALY and HARCOURT, much noise, and small nous,—

Better T on the Terrace than H in the House! [Elysian—]

So hail, Mazawattee, and MAUD's lively chatter—both truly And here let me stroll, sprawl, or sip, till the Bell hales me in to Division!

HIS CHEF-D'ŒUVRE.—MR. LUKE FILDES, R.A., is painting a portrait of the Princess of WALES. This picture, says a paragraph in the *Times*, is to be "a three-quarter length, to the knees." The eminent artist will be justified in describing this work as one he can never surpass, or the "knee plus ultra."

PARADOXICAL.—In what sense does a well-brought-up girl of eighteen differ from a hardened criminal of forty? In no sense. ("Innocence"—"with the accent on the 'no.'")

PUFF, PUFF!

[A banquet of Advertisers is shortly to be held.]

To think of five-score puffers all seated at a table, A-puffing one another just as hard as they are able: And each one just contriving (with a cunning eye to pelf), While he sings his neighbours' eulogies, to advertise himself. What heights of noble courtesy—no common folk could reach 'em—

When C-RT-R's little liver pills say pleasant things of B-CH-M! And Mr. K-NE declares aloud, "I swear upon my soul, man, Whene'er I eat my beef at home I season it with C-LM-N."

And Sozodont, not left behind in compliments by K-NE, Says he polishes his wisdom teeth with fragrant Floriline. And Anti-Stiff declares his faith—which causes a sensation—In ELL-M-N's, the muscle-friend's, delightful embrocation. And Mrs. W-NSL-W—bless her heart, the name just makes me chirrup—

Holds nought in all the world can match with Mother S-G-L's Syrup.

And L-MPL-GH quite outshouts them all, "No mere saline fo me, no,

I always cure the mullygrubs by drinking quarts of E-o."

And finally the Sunlight Soap—I wish I had some shares—

With tears of joy proclaims the name and fame of Messrs. P-RS.

In short, I wish my feeble tongue more faithfully could utter The thoughts evoked by dwelling on this feast of mutual butter.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!



[Prince BISMARCK, in reply to a deputation of the boys of the Hamburg Wilhelm Gymnasium, spoke of his love of music, saying: "I used to play formerly, but I was only a moderate hand at the piano, and was glad when I could throw it up, as it bored me to have to practise. Afterwards I was extremely sorry I did give it up, for music is a faithful companion in life. I missed it at many a party, and I recommend all of you who have any talent for music to cultivate it, and take a warning from me, so that you need not reproach yourselves with the mistake I have made."]

AIR—"The Bells of Shandon."
 WITH deep affection,
 And recollection,
 I often think of my youthful "strums,"

Which my heart enjoy would
 In my simple boyhood,
 'Ere I knew the world and its heartless
 hums.

On this I ponder
 (As alone I wander)
 And thus grow fonder of my "One—Two
 —Threes."

Why did I abandon
 What would sound so grand on
 My old piano with the saffron keys?

I've heard trumps blowing,
 When to battle going,
 (And battle trumps can kick up a shine!)
 But their brazen blaring,
 Though a call to daring,
 My old piano was less sweet than thine.
 My memory lingers
 On those fleet "Five Fingers,"
 Rattled down the keyboard in bold notes
 free.

Oh boys, toil-scorning,
 In life's gay morning,
 Do pray take warning by the likes o' Me!

Of work I grew sick,
 And abandoned Music,
 (That best companion through a life of
 care),
 Or I might have been, boys,
 Not the "Prince" you've seen, boys,
 But—a Herr Professor with exuberant
 hair!!!

I might have "wallopped"
 The keys, and galloped
 Up and down the octaves like a Uhlan
 charge;
 Been weird and dusky,
A la PADEREWSKI,
 With a shock of snake-looks very fine and
 large!

Ach! Conceive me spanking
 The keys, and yanking
 The Future's Music up and down the gamut,
 With "vim" victorious,
 And "go" quite glorious
 As hard as ever I could "cram and
 lam ut"

(To put it Pat-like).
 Ah! to think I sat like
 A male Saint Cecilia, and sonatas played:
 And then chucked my chance
 Just to—smash up France,
 And then fail in *that* I am half afraid!

What charms environ
 Mere "Blood and Iron,"
 Compared with Music—which, they say,
 soothes savages—
 None can impugn it, I
 Shaped German Unity,
 And amidst her enemies spread rows and
 ravages,
 But I've missed the glory
 Of the Musical Soirée.
 I'm extremely sorry! To be Europe's
 terror.
 I've lost—greetings hearty
 At an Evening Party!
 Ach! boys, take warning by my woeful
 error!!!

A FISHY BUSINESS.—According to the *Daily Telegraph* of Tuesday, June 20, a terrible tragedy was enacted within the boundaries of the basin of the fountain in Fountain Court, Temple. An illegal sparrow went to drink. Two legal fish got hold of the bird's legs, pulled him into the water, and the unhappy bird, not finding himself in his element, was drowned. His last words were, "In Fountain—Caught!" and so he expired.

"BRINGING HIM DOWN TO 'DOTS.'"—In the *Times* report of the *Gatty v. Farquharson* case, Mr. FARQUHARSON is reported as saying, in his evidence, "I certainly did dot originate them." From this it will be gathered that poor Mr. FARQUHARSON bust 'ave 'ad a bad cold id 'is 'ed whal he prodounded "not" as "dot."



EQUIVOCAL.

"A—GOT ANYTHING ON TO-NIGHT, LADY GODIVA?"—"NOT MUCH, I'M GLAD TO SAY!"

THE VERY COMPLETE ANGLERESS.

["Miss CORNELIA CROSBY, of Maine, is said to have caught 52 trout in 54 minutes."]

Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

WITH anxious look and weary sigh
 We wait imploringly for rain,
 We bring the most attractive fly,
 And make our skilful casts in vain;
 Indeed, we well-contented feel,
 With burning sky, and water low,
 If hours of toil should bring our creel
 A poor half-dozen brace or so.

But Miss CORNELIA CROSBY, she
 Who comes from Maine, much-favoured
 place,
 Where must the trout abundant be,
 Can catch them at a wondrous pace;

What bard could ask a loftier theme,
 What artist could a nobler wish,
 Than this fair lady at the stream,
 Who every minute scores a fish?

Astute CORNELIA, you who land
 The strangely unsuspecting trout,
 Assist us here to understand
 The means whereby you pull them out
 O can it be, for only thus
 That *cruz* of time can well be met,
 You land your fifty (pardon us
 The bold suggestion) *with a net*?

MOST APPROPRIATE NAME.—The Secretary of the Voluntary Early Closing Association is "Mr. RESTALL." Perfect! "Rest all and be thankful!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 19.—HENRY JAMES, customarily a canny man, put his foot in it to-night. Taking his turn in contribution to talk round Amendment to Home-Rule Bill



Amusement of the missing Jabez S. Balfour at reading the report of Mr. Gladstone's speech last Thursday, in which he forgot the name of the Liberator Society.

Committee forgotten that; so, for moment, had HENRY JAMES; Mr. G., even when half asleep, perceived how enemy had delivered himself into his hands.

"Why these jeers?" HENRY JAMES plaintively asked, looking round on jubilant Opposition, roused out of lethargy by this chance false step of a learned gentleman who rarely makes mistakes. "My Right Hon. friend," he continued, with eloquent tears in his voice, "always found me faithful to him when in office under him."

Yes, Mr. G. admitted that; but pointed out in one of those extemporaneous outbursts worth a week's ordered speech, that that was another story. Nothing to do with the spectacle of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL of Government of 1881 scoffing at PREMIER of that day on account of particular measure introduced in Commons, and passed with the concurrence and approval of his followers, more particularly those seated on Treasury Bench. A soothing scene whilst it lasted; a swift gathering and mighty bursting of storm, momentarily clearing oppressively dull atmosphere.

Business done.—HENRY JAMES wishes he hadn't spoke.

Tuesday.—Whips crowding all passages of House to-night whilst WOLMER speaking. Used to be one of them, you remember, and a very good one too. Came to conclusion, on reflection, that it was not well to give up to Whips' room what was meant for House of Commons. Political stage always clearing off its great men; room ever found for new recruit. If anything in him, his welcome warm, and his success assured. In dead unhappy night, when rain was on the roof, WOLMER oppressed with his responsibilities. They are certainly great. "SIDNEY's sister, PEMBROKE's mother," is a gracious figure that lives in history handicapped with such kinship. SELBORNE's son, SALISBURY's son-in-law, weighted in somewhat similar fashion.

LEVESON-GOWER, nothing if not critical, says WOLMER lacks the erudition of his noble father, and, even if he were qualified for post, would not look so imposing on Woolsack. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

doubts whether he quite comes up to the standard of the MARKISS, failing somewhat in the easeful power with which that inheritor of the traditions of the spacious times of ELIZABETH wields the Parliamentary broadsword, slicing a lemon held on the palm of ROSEBERRY's unfaltering hand, or hewing Mr. G. in pieces before the Lords.

These remarks, probably unconsciously, tinged with jealousy. Last Session WOLMER was one of these Whips, coming and going hatless, in the Lobby. Now he sits among the elders, helping HENRY JAMES on knotty points of law, and giving JOEY C. a wrinkle on Parliamentary strategy. Even HENEAGE looks up to him; LUBBOCK consults him on the mysteries of finance; and JESSE COLLINGS regards him with fatherly pride. To-night he moved two successive amendments on the Home-Rule Bill, in course of remarks teaching BRYCE a thing or two about American Constitution, and giving Mr. G. pause as to the relations of Colonial Legislatures with the Imperial Parliament.

"It's all very well," said ANSTRUTHER moodily, "a fellow coming out like this when he's got no whipping to do. Very different for *nous autres*; on the go all day, by the door all night. We are the grubs, he's the butterfly. What I fear is probable effect upon BOBBY SPENCER. I had my eye on him whilst WOLMER was speaking. Saw the colour flush his young cheek, ambition glower in his ordinarily placid eyes. Expect before the Session's out we shall have BOBBY addressing the House on bi-metallism, or reviewing RUSSELL's management of the case for Great Britain before the Behring Sea Court of Arbitration. In my opinion the cobbler should stick to his last, and the Whip to the Lobby."

This again is jealousy, a frailty which sometimes affects the noblest minds.

Business done.—Committee on Home-Rule Bill varied by slight attack of swine fever breaking out amongst FELLOWS on Benches above Gangway, behind CHAPLIN. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER vigorously stamped it out.

Thursday.—House droned along hour after hour, further discussing Fourth Clause Home-Rule Bill. As is shown when Division Bell rings, more than 500 Members on premises or within precincts. Last place to find them is in House, listening to BARTLEY, CARSON, SOLICITOR-GENERAL, or T. W. RUSSELL. Terrace still maintains its position as centre of attraction. New rule been in force all week. Part of Terrace to left of doorway marked off for mankind. No women may cross boundary line; consequence is every daughter of EVE burning with desire to do so. Reserved territory marked by notice board such as is used when the street is "up." If you look closely, you can see where original injunction "Beware of Steam-roller" has been rubbed out; now it bears legend, "For Members Only." Pretty to see DICKY TEMPLE marching up and down within



TIME V. TIM. Midnight, Thursday, June 22.—"The Hour (midnight) and the Man!"

"Time cut him short, for, be it understood, He would have spoke much longer, if he could."

the enclosure. "Like a Royal Bengal tiger," as one envious, angry woman, audibly whispered.

"Immense relief this, TOBY," said the Ex-Lieutenant-Governor

of Bengal. "Between you and me, it means all the difference between my continuing to serve my country in Parliament and retiring into private life. The way the women follow me about in this House is enough to wear one out. I really don't know what they see in me, but there's the fact. Often I try to pass them off on HOWORTH. He's always glad to be introduced, and gets on pretty well for a time. But, somehow, they work round again, and get me in tow. As long as they had the unrestricted run of the Terrace, I was at their mercy. Now if I can only run the gauntlet in the Lobby and down the staircase, I am in Sanctuary."

This all very well whilst it lasts, but signs discernible of possible émeute. Women's Rights Party regard new departure as fresh outrage on part of what they scornfully call "that muscular molecule man." "Some fine afternoon," says the Member for Sark, "there will be a rush, headed by those desperadoes JACOB BRIGHT and WALTER McLAREN. The insolent no-thoroughfare barricade will be swept into the river; the policeman will be bonneted; the sacred

enclosure stormed; DICKY TEMPLE captured, and carried off in gilded cage."

Business done.—None.

Friday Night.—Having been engaged night after night, for several weeks, in discussing Irish Home-Rule Bill, it occurred to Dr. CLARK that this, being off-night, might agreeably be spent in talking about Home-Rule for Scotland. Accordingly brought forward Amendment, on going into Committee of Supply, declaring for Scotch Home-Rule. Miserable remnant of long-suffering House turned up at fresh trumpet-call. Ministerialists felt they must carry Motion; Opposition determined they shouldn't. House woke up when Division Bell rang. Over 300 Members poured in; quite exciting moment as the last men hurried back from Division Lobby. Ringing cheer, when paper handed to AKERS-DOUGLAS, hailed triumph of Anti-Home-Rulers.

Business done.—Motion of Scotch Home-Rule defeated by 168 votes against 150.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 19.—Good meeting of the House, with MASCAGNI in chair, conducting himself, and orchestra, admirably. Warm work waving the bâton and beating time into fits with both hands. DE LUCIA and Madame CALVÉ take the leading parts in that idyllic but uneventful story of *L'Amico Fritz*. The Rabbi, in large hat, looks like some old-fashioned jug containing a large draught of the milk of human kindness "Du-frichely drawn." Signor DE LUCIA as good in this as in *Pagliacci*, and Madame CALVÉ, as *Suzel*, charming. Mlle. JORAN, as *Béppe*, was the beau idéal of the fiddling boy, playing the violin with taste and finish. But fiddle scarcely required to - night; there is so much bowing and scraping interchanged between the singers and MASCAGNI on every possible opportunity. All numbers encored, and each time the singers bow to the audience they deferentially point at MASCAGNI, who, in his turn, rises from his seat, bows still more deferentially to audience, and, with his hands and shoulders ("he all but spoke," as they say of a clever dog), intimates that really he, MASCAGNI, is after all only the composer, nothing more, and that his success as such is due to the orchestra, who, of course, bow to him, tap their violins (whence melodious sounds flow when scraped, but not when "tapped"), and in turn deprecate any reference to themselves as being instrumental in the evening's triumph. So everything went pleasantly and happily; and, whenever an act was over, and there was nothing else to be done, MASCAGNI was hauled out of his ambush at the wings, and dragged on to the stage by DE LUCIA and CALVÉ, when bouquets and baskets of flowers were presented by somebody somewhere, and Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS beamed again, for, like LESBIA, he has a beaming eye; and First-Lieutenant LATHAM smiled, as he was wont to smile, on seeing everybody, who was anybody, crowding into the "Aye, Aye" Lobby, just as he was bringing in next night's Operatic Bill for his chief's assent. Heat oppressive: audience enthusiastic.

Tuesday.—Yesterday evening most men at the Opera could have said or sung to coat and waistcoat, "How happy could I be with neither!" But to-night barometer has fallen, and house, though crammed to excess, and wonderfully enthusiastic, is cooler. Royalties are here. First appearance this season of Brothers DE RESZKÉ, playing together in *Roméo et Juliette*. Brother JOHN is *Roméo* to MELBA's *Juliette*, their union being blessed by Brother ENOARD, in the character of *Frère Laurent*. Enthusiastic reception. The Brothers in excellent voice; MELBA also. MAN-

CINELLI merry, Sir DRURIOLANUS delighted. Grand Evening, and Good Night.

Wednesday.—*Il Vascello Fantasma*. "Don't quite know what it means," said a lady to whom the Opera was new; "but I rather think it's something about a phantom musical instrument, that is, if there is such an instrument as the *vascello*, which may be Italian for violoncello." "My dear!" retorted her husband. "Don't you see, there's the translation of the name in the bill? It's 'The Flying Dutchman.' '*Vascello*,' the Flying; '*Fantasma*,' Dutchman." "Ah," observed a well-informed friend; "it used to be called '*L'Olandese Dan-nato*,' or in English the 'D—d Dutchman.' It's the same story." The Opera was perfectly given with ALBANI as *Senta*, but though pre-eminent and of the gentle sex she ought not to be mentioned first, but should, as the name implies, come in the middle, sandwiched between

Dalando and *L'Olandese*, and then, of course, she would be the "*Senta* of attraction," as Mr. WAGSTAFF observes whenever this Opera is produced. EDWARD DE RESZKÉ is the *Dalando*, and MONS. LASSALLE is the Dutchman. Fine performance all round.

SQUELCHED!

MILLEVOYE malign, and DÉROULEDE the mad,
Resign their seats, and common sense is glad!
So other snakes, across another water,
Resigned their lives, "to save themselves from slaughter."
O, si sic omnes! Spite and spluttering noise,
Are worthy Vixen Girls and Angry Boys.
When rampant among men, hate's arts abusive,
Like vipers amidst flowers, are pests intrusive,
And should without delay be made to feel
The indignant "scrunch" of manhood's heavy heel.

POLITICS AND MUSIC IN GERMANY.—If the German Government are to be beaten in the Reichstag, such a victory can only be achieved by a very successful "RICHTER Concert," with perfect performances in harmony and unison.

DAINGEROUS.—In the summer there is no more dangerous place for harmless pedestrians than the Eton Playing Fields. Balls are flying about in all directions by day, and Bats by night.

"A JOINT OFFENCE."—An example of this would be when your cook sends up a leg of mutton very much underdone.



De Lucia Fritz and Suzel Calvé "personally conducted" by Mascagni.

THE SCIENCE OF THERE AND BACK.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice that there has recently been a correspondence in the papers about "outwitting the Post Office."

I fancy all you have to do if you want to register a letter is not to pay for it. Send it without a stamp and the G.P.O. will follow it up until someone defrays the cost of transport at the other end. This has suggested to me the best means of obtaining an interview with anyone you wish to see. Say that your name is BROWN, and you live at Camberwell. Your first visit is to General HAY. You wish to see him on some subject or other. You call at his private residence, and send up your name, and add that you are from "the War Office, Pall Mall." You are admitted at once. Say you wish to see Admiral BEE. All you have to do in his case is to say boldly that you have come from the Admiralty. If you know him to be disinclined to see visitors, add that you are the First Lord. If you want to see a clergyman, give the name of his bishop; an eminent barrister, the equally eminent name of a celebrated solicitor. Desirous of meeting an author, send in the card of a publisher; and if you want to get a few minutes private chat with a doctor you might do worse than introduce yourself as the representative of a firm of eminent undertakers. But these are the ways to enter. Your exit will even be speedier.

Yours ever,

KICKED-OUT.



FESTINA LENTE.

"I'M AFRAID I SHALL LOSE MY TRAIN. DON'T YOU THINK YOU COULD GO A LITTLE FASTER, CONDUCTOR?"

"No, MUM! REMEMBER YOU AIN'T ON A FIRE-ENGINE TO-DAY!"

Gilbert White,

Author of the Immortal "Natural History of Selborne."

DIED JUNE 26, 1793.

CENTENARIES come and go,
Times for talk, and scenes of
show,—
Heroes, conquerors, poets,
sages,—
But thy book's perennial pages,
Gentle GILBERT, shall outlast
Many a Fame whose brazen
blast
Tortures ears that would far
rather
Close to their thrasonic blather,
And in SELBORNE'S grassy hol-
lows,
List the twitter of thy swal-
lows!
Chronicler, afar from strife,
Of the quiet country life,
Naturalist as sage as simple,
While leaves whisper, and
brooks dimple,
While bird-song and blossom-
story
Still bewitch, thy gentle glory
Shall be the peculiar pleasure
Of all lovers of wise leisure.
Time's moss-growths hide not
thy name
On the tablets of true fame.

QUESTION FOR LEGAL EXAMINATION PAPER.—Would not a Lady, *femme sole* or not, be justified in refusing to obey a "Man-damus?" Is a Woman-damus ever issued? and when?

CURE FOR SMOKE. — Baron PROFUMO, the intending Liberal Candidate for Peckham, withdrew from the contest last week. So the candidature of PROFUMO ends *In fumo*.

IN THE DOLDRUMS.

(An Old Sailor's "Chanty" with a New Application.)

["DOLDRUMS. A part of the ocean near the equator, abounding in calms, squalls, and light, baffling winds, which sometimes prevent all progress for weeks."—Webster's Dictionary.]

AIR—"Good-bye, fare ye well!"

Solo. It's of a stout barkie, a vessel of fame,

Chorus. A good try, pull ye well! A good try, pull ye well!

Solo. She's a bonny stout barkie—the *Home Rule*'s her name.

Chorus. Hurrah my boys! We're bound to go!

Solo.

2. She sails to the westward, where stormy winds blow,
Bound away in the *Home Rule*, to the westward we'll go.

3. Oh when we were hauling right out of the dock,
How the curious spectators on the pier-head did flock!

4. They gave three loud cheers when with yeo-ho-heave-ho!
Bound away in the *Home Rule* to the westward we'd go.

5. But now we are lying in the Doldrums far east,
And of visible progress we scarce make the least.

6. For the sky is like fire, and the ocean like oil,
And light baffling breezes mock the mariners' toil.

7. The sea-sarpint, Obstruction, gives a hitch with his tail,
And we don't shift a spar, and we can't fill a sail.

8. Our gallant Grand Old Skipper looks cheery enough;
But this lobskully drifting is all bloomin' stuff!

9. With the winds all a-drowse, and the hot waves a-wobble;
We shall get, if things change not, in a doose of a hobble.

10. Why the fish of the ocean, as they swim to and fro,
Wink at us with hoptics like a staring round O.

11. As though saying, "If you don't go a-head and near shore,
Home Rule will be behind, as it's oft been before!"

12. Ah! it's all mighty fine for our magnanimous Old Skipper
To take things as easy as in dressing-gown and slipper!

13. When instead of full canvas and a fair wind brisk blowing,
We've to lower the dinghey and betake us to towing!

14. We're supposed to be steering for the wild Irish shore,
But our passengers are all sick—and our new mates all sore!

15. Here's a health to the Captain, and all his brave crew,
Here's a health to the *Home Rule* and the passengers too!

16. But if still in our Captain we're expected to believe,
He had better play that card (if he's got one) up his sleeve!

COLOURABLE TERMS.—Black and White are not "colours." It is, then, quite erroneous to speak of a Nigger as a "Coloured man." Evidently he is no more coloured than a white man—less so, indeed.

FROM OUR INCOMPLETE RECITER.—Sir, can you tell me where I can find the complot complete to which this line and a half belongs?

"All the art I know
To keep men happy, is to make them sew."

"VERY UNGALLANT," QUOTH MRS. R.—"The other afternoon a well-known cricketer, whose name," said Mrs. R., indignantly, "ought to be made public, actually, as I am informed, bowled a maiden over, and never picked her up or apologised!"



“IN THE DOLDRUMS.”

WILL H-B-E-E (sings). “AND NOW WE’RE ALL SAILING FOR THE WILD IRISH SHORE,
OUR PASSENGERS ALL SICK, AND OUR MESSENGERS ALL SORE.”

“THE DOLDRUMS. A part of the ocean near the Equator abounding in calms, squalls, and light baffling winds, which sometimes prevent all progress for weeks.”—*Webster’s Dictionary*.

ENGLAND'S LAMENT

For the loss of the Iron-clad Flag-ship "Victoria," rammed accidentally by her consort H.M.S. "Camperdown," and sunk off Tripoli, with the loss of Admiral Tryon and some 400 of her Crew, June 22, 1893.

"TOLL for the brave!" Ah! not since
COWPER sang
"The Royal George," when round the land
there rang
One universal plaint,
Has sorrow stricken thus our sea-girt isle,
With news that chills the glow of woman's
smile,
And makes the man's heart faint!

As though a sudden storm from Heaven's
clear blue [strew
Should shock the earth unheralded, and
The shore with hideous wreck,
So England's great and grievous loss assails
Our unforeboding souls, the brave cheek pales,
And bows the proudest neck.

Lost, lost! Four hundred glad and gallant
lives,
At one chance stroke! Vainly the spirit
strives
To stand against the shock.
Not summoned swift to fall in battle brave,
Not, storm-confounded, whelmed beneath
the wave,
Or dashed upon the rock.

But dragged, from Admiral to Gunner, down
To death in peaceful waters, doomed to
drown
Unwarned and unaware.
Oh, gallant TRYON! oh, great-hearted host!
England's lament for English souls so lost
Saddens the summer air!

TRYON, like KEMPENFELDT, sank near the
shore,
And that brave crew the fated vessel bore,
Stricken by friends, went down.
They led no charge, they rushed upon no
foe;
But England mourns the loss, and she will
know
How to award the crown.

Toll for the brave! And let a reverent sigh
Of silent, but most heart-felt sympathy
Rise from each British breast
For those whose kindred and whose comrades
true
Beneath the inland ocean's waters blue
Sleep honoured and at rest!

AD EXAMINATOREM.

(By an Enraged Undergraduate.)

LOOK here, I have stood a good deal
From other tormentors and you,
But now I decidedly feel
That a vigorous protest is due;
Such feats as your latest success
Are not to be tamely endured,
And if ever we meet in the college or street
I'll hope, for your sake, you're insured!

You've ploughed me again and again
In papers of intricate kind,
A fact, to be perfectly plain,
Which did not much trouble my mind,
For, having impressed them at home
With the standard examiners ask,
I had led them to see that to gain a degree
Is an almost impossible task.

But you, and the rest of your kind,
Conferred in the Senate, and then
A vile resolution designed
That women be placed with the men!
And what is the consequence, please,
Which thus you've absurdly allowed?
My sister, alas! has obtained a first class,
While I, Sir, am utterly ploughed!

That sister whom, up to this day,
I always despised as a "crook"!
O what will my relatives say,
And how my acquaintance will mock!
Meanwhile, Sir, I send you a hint
That I owe you a certain amount,
And I eagerly wait for a suitable date
To settle our little account!

PLEADERS AT PLAY.

SCENE—Hall of one of the Inns of Court, during the progress of a Barristers' Strike, organised after the recent Spanish model. "Strike Committee," consisting of Benchers, Queen's Counsel, and representatives of Junior Bar, in consultation.

Mr. Feetail, Q.C. How much does our Strike Fund amount to at present?

Mr. Bluebag (Organising Secretary). Only £500, I fear. The public are not subscribing at all readily, in spite of the fact that collecting-boxes are placed outside the Bankruptcy Court, the Central Criminal Court, and other likely spots, and that the wives of several struggling young Barristers are stationed at various street-corners in the more fashionable suburbs soliciting help.

Mr. Feetail, Q.C. (gloomily). Then we shall only be able to pay seven and sixpence on Saturday night to the strikers. Is there any confirmation of the report that the



IN THE "RESTORED ANTIQUITIES" DEPARTMENT OF THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE. A.D. 2500.

LORD CHANCELLOR is importing American Counsel as blacklegs?

Mr. Bluebag. It's quite true. A wagonette containing twenty of them has within the last hour been driven up to the entrance of the Law Courts. (Groans.) I am glad, however, to say that the very strong picket stationed there, consisting of University athletes taken from the ranks of the newly-called, have proved quite equal to dealing with them. (Cheers, and cries of "Down with Free Labour!") Yes, those of them that are not removed to the hospitals are on their way back to America by first steamer.

Mr. Feetail, Q.C. (with more cheerfulness). Well, that's satisfactory, anyhow. I should have thought that the total failure of the LORD CHANCELLOR's attempt to bring a boat-load of Indian "vakeels" to plead in our Courts would have been a lesson to him. And

how is the system of litigants conducting their own cases succeeding?

Mr. Bluebag. I am pleased to say, as badly as might have been expected. A case that ought to last three days now takes thirty. Plaintiff and Defendant occupy the benches set apart for Queen's Counsel (loud cries of "Shame!"), and are separated by a strong iron partition, which has recently been erected. The accumulation of arrears is frightful. Several Judges who are known to be privately favourable to us don't begin hearing cases till twelve, and rise punctually at three. [Sympathetic cheering.]

Mr. Feetail, Q.C. (rising). That's all right. Nothing else to settle, is there? Oh, I may as well mention that Mr. Alderman TILLET will address the strikers at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, in the Inner Temple Gardens, on "How to treat legal Blacklegs," and it has been unanimously decided to elect him and Messrs. JOHN BURNS, TOM MANN, and KEIR-HARDIE, as Benchers of the Honourable Society on condition that they will get a weekly levy in aid of our Strike Fund, from their trades.

[Cheers, and the Committee disperses.]

ALL IN (FRENCH) PLAY.

SCENE—Drury Lane Theatre. French play just over. Audience enthusiastic.

First Enthusiast. Are they not wonderful? Second Enth. I should think so! Splendid! So different to our people!

First Enth. And they are very proud of their native authors, you know—they consider MOLIÈRE and RACINE the peers of SHAKESPEARE.

Second Enth. Ah, I daresay. By the way, do you know what MOLIÈRE and RACINE and all that lot wrote?

First Enth. Oh, a heap of things. I forget exactly what. Let me see, wasn't *Taming the Shrew* theirs?

Second Enth. Yes—(hesitatingly)—at least I think so, and (vaguely) SHAKESPEARE did a version of it afterwards.

First Enth. Ah, very likely. They were awfully good to-night.

Second Enth. Oh, capital. But I lost my programme, and it's always difficult to follow French just at first. Can you lend me your playbill?

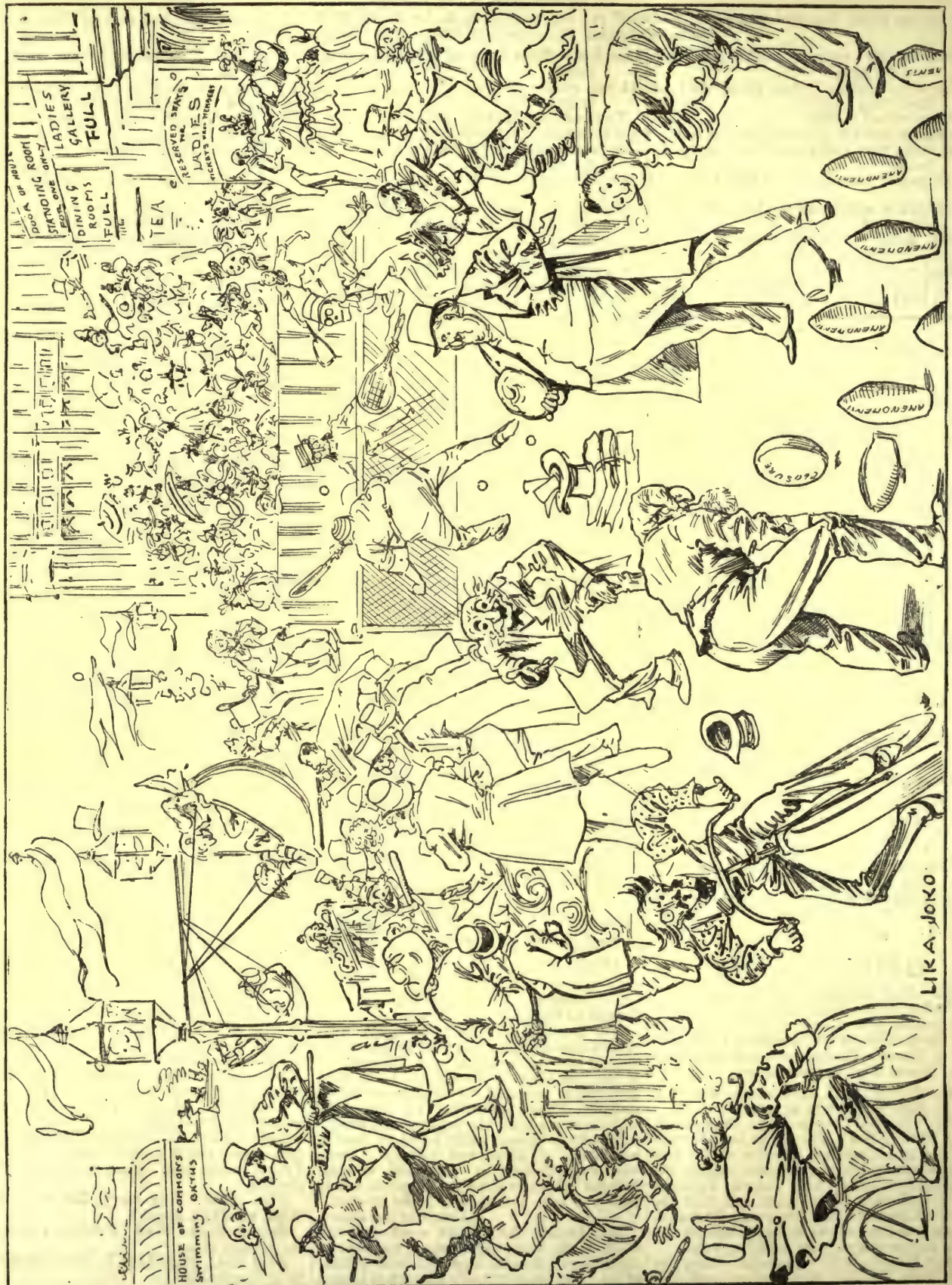
First Enth. Very sorry, lost mine too. What was it all about?

Second Enth. Well (frankly) I haven't the faintest idea.

First Enth. More have I. But the whole thing is splendid!

Second Enth. First rate!

Exeunt severally.



LI KA-JOKO

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PUNCH



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"*VOX, et præterea nihil!*" murmured Somebody in the background.

"Who made that stale and inappropriate quotation?" exclaimed Mr. Oracle PUNCH, looking severely around the illustrious group gathered in his *sanctum* about the brazen tripod which bore his brand-new Phonograph.

Nobody answered.

"Glad to see you are ashamed of yourself, whoever you are," snapped the Seer.

"Rather think the—a—Spook spoke," muttered a self-important-looking personage, obliquely eyeing a shadowy visitor from Borderland.

"Humph! JULIA may use *your* hand, but you will not trump *mine*," retorted the Oracle. "If *revenants* knew what nonsense is put into their spectral mouths by noodles and charlatans, they would never return to be made spectral pilgarlics of."

"A ghost is a good thing—in a Christmas story!" laughed the jolly old gentleman in a holly-crown. "Elsewhere it is generally a fraud and a nuisance."

"Right, Father Christmas!" cried Mr. PUNCH. "But the *Voces* from my Oracular Funograph are not ghostly nothings, neither are they ambiguous, like the oracles of the Sibyl of Cumæ,—to which, my eloquent Premier, some have had the audacity to compare certain of *your* vocal deliverances."

The Old Oracular Hand smiled sweetly. "*Nescit vox missa reverti*," he murmured. "Would that EDISON could invent a Party Leader's Phonograph whose utterances should satisfy at the time without danger of being quoted against one fifty years later by CLEON the Tanner, or AGORACRITUS the Sausage-Seller, to whom even the Sibylline Books would scarce have been sacred. But you and your Funograph—as you neatly call it—have never been Paphlagonian, have never had to give up to Party what was meant for Mankind."

"And Womankind, surely, Mr. GLADSTONE?" subjoined the Strong-minded Woman, glaring reproachfully through her spectacles at the Anti-Woman's-Rights Premier. "I wish I could say as much of *you*, Sir!"

"Labour and the Ladies seem to have small share in his thoughts," began the Striker, hotly, when Lord ROSEBERY touched him gently on his fustian-clad shoulder, and he subsided.

"Am *I* not a lady?" queried HIBERNIA, with an affectionate glance at her aged champion.

"Golly, and me too?" added a damsel of dusky Libyan charms, clinging close to the stalwart arm of Napoleonic CECIL RHODES.

"Yes—with a difference!" said the Oracle, drily. "'*Place aux dames*' is a motto of partial and rather capricious application, is it not, my evergreen Premier?"

"A principle of politeness rather than of politics or Parliament—at present," murmured the G. O. M.

"Pooh!" sniffed the Strong-minded Woman. "It will *spread*. Read Mr. H. FOWLER's Bill, and Dr. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE's *Woman and Natural Selection*; put this and that together, and perpend!"

"The Penny Phonograph," pursued Mr. Oracle PUNCH, "is now prodigiously patronised. For the popular penny you can hear an American band, a Chevalier coster ballad, the 'Charge of the Light Brigade,' a comic song by 'Little TICH,' or a speech by the Old Man eloquent. No; for the latter I believe they charge twopence. That *is* fame, my Pantagruelian Premier. But in *my* Funograph—charge the unchangeable Threepence—you can hear the very voice of Wisdom and Wit, of Humanity and Humour, of Eloquence and Essential Truth, of Music and of Mirth!"

"Hear! hear! hear!" chorussed everybody.

"You *shall* hear!" said the Oracle. "Stand round, all of you, and adjust your ear-tubes! DIONYSIUS's Ear was not an aural 'circumstance' (as your countryman would say, CLEVELAND) compared with this. *Vox, et præterea nihil*, indeed!"

"*Nihil*—or Nihilism," growled the Trafalgar Square Anarchist, "is the burden of the *vox populi* of to-day——"

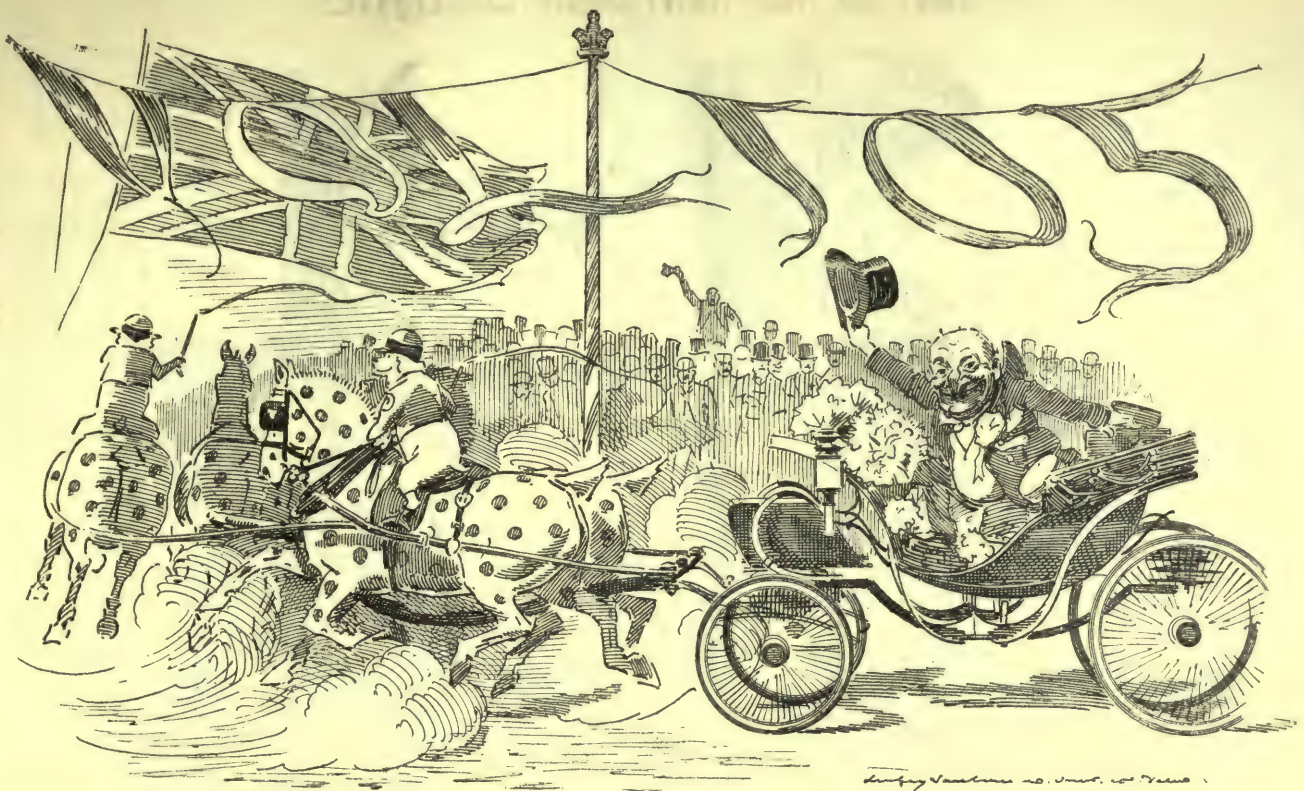
"*Vox diaboli*, you mean," interrupted the great Funographer, sternly. "And there is no opening for that *vox* here. Shut up! You are here, misguided mischief-maker, not to spout murderously dogmatic negation, but to listen and—I hope—learn!"

"I trust you have guidance for me," murmured gentle but anxious-faced Charity. "It would, like my ministrations, be most seasonable—as Father Christmas could tell you—for between my innumerable claims, and my contradictory 'multitude of counsellors,' my friends and enemies, my gushingly indiscriminate enthusiasts, and my arid, hide-bound 'organisers,' I was never, my dear Mr. PUNCH, so completely puzzled in my life."

"Sweet lady," responded the Oracle, with gentle gravity, "there is guidance here for *all* who will listen; heavenly Charity and diabolic Anarchy, eloquent Statesmanship and adventurous Enterprise, scared Capital and clamorous Labour, fogged Finance and self-assertive Femininity; for the motley and many-voiced Utopia-hunters who fancy they see imminent salvation in Imperial Pomp or Parochial Pump, in Constitutional Clubs or County Councils, in Home Rule, Primrose Leagues, or the Living Wage, in Democracy or in Dynamite, in High Art or Mahatmas, in Science or in Spooks. Take your places, Ladies and Gentlemen! Charity first, if you please, with Father Christmas to her right, leaving room for the little New Year on her left. Listen all, and learn by the various voices of that many-cylindereed, marvellous Funographic Machine, my

One Hundred and Fifty Volume!"





THE HEALTH SEEKER'S VADE MECUM.

(Revised up to Date.)

Question. Is it good for the health to keep awake?

Answer. Certainly not; as sleep is most necessary to the body's repose.

Q. Then should one go to sleep?

A. No; for it must in the end be injurious to the mind.

Q. Is walking a good thing?

A. Certainly not; as it may lead to cramp.

Q. Is resting to be recommended?

A. Oh no; for exercise is absolutely a necessity.

Q. Is riding permissible?

A. Not when the wood pavement produces the new sore throat.

Q. Should we eat?

A. No; for everything is adulterated.

Q. Should we drink?

A. No; liquor is injurious.

Q. Should we starve?

A. No; meals are really needful.

Q. Is it safe to stay at home?

A. No; because change of air is most beneficial to everyone.

Q. Is it advisable to go abroad?

A. Not at all; many epidemics are reported to be rife everywhere on the other side of the channel.

Q. Is it good to live?

A. Scarcely; because illness is worse than death.

Q. Is it good to die?

A. Probably; everything else is a failure, so no doubt this, too, is a grand mistake.

TO CRICKETERS.



OUT! FIRST BALL! A CATCH!!

UNDER THE ROOSE.

RONDEL BY A RESTORED ONE.

(Some way after a Swinburnian Model.)

UNDER the ROOSE! Decay seemed
slow but sure,
The golden chord Mors, lingering,
aimed to loose;
But kindness, care, and skill
work wondrous cure,
Under the ROOSE!

The patient probably had played
the goose,
Liverish, listless, yielding to the
lure
Of overstrain, caught in neglect's
sly noose.

But symptoms pass if patience but
endure,
And ROBSON's regimen brooks no
excuse.
Nerves get re-strung, the brisk
blood pulses pure,
Under the ROOSE!

OLD PROVERB VERIFIED.—
"Miss VERNE, whose renown as a
pianist is rapidly increasing, has
hitherto been known to concert-
goers as Miss MATHILDE WURM."
So at last "the WURM has turned,"
and become Miss VERNE!

WHAT OUR EVENING PAPERS
ARE COMING TO (suggested by
the newest thing in Pink and
Green).—Penny plain, and half-
penny coloured!

1893 ; OR, THE GOVERNMENT GUILLOTINE.



[“ Here comes a light to light us to bed,
And a chopper to cut off the last—last—last
Amendment's head !”

Old Nursery Rhyme "amended."]

THERE ONCE WAS A GOVERNMENT GOOD—
(All Governments are, so they tell us!)—
Who found themselves deep "in the wood,"
And a little bit blown in the "bellows."

Their foes, who were many and mean,
 Persistently hunted and harried 'em.
 Their time they to spend meant
 On bogus "Amendment;"
 They moved such by hundreds—and *all* to
 befriend meant—carried 'em!
 Jawed round 'em, and—now and then—
 Singing fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lol!

That Government upped and it said —
 "We seem to be getting no forrader.
 It's time to go 'full steam ahead!'
Bella horrida couldn't be horrider,
 So let's declare 'war to the knife!'
 Dr. GUILLOTIN's knife, sharp and summary,
 We must put a stopper
 On Unionist 'whopper,'

Or else the best Government must
come a cropper
Along of their falsehood and flum-
mery!"

Singing fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lol!

"Doctor GUILLOTIN claimed that
his blade

Was 'a punishment sure, quick,
and uniform,'

So when sham 'Amendment' has
laid

On the table its paltry and puny
form,

We'll just give it time to turn
round,

And if it's prolix or cantanker-
ous,

To the block be it led

And then—off with its head!"—

Well, for summary shrift there is
much to be said,

When the criminal's rowdy and
rancorous.

Singing fol-de-rol-lol-de-rol-lol!

SUB JUDICE.

(An entirely Imaginary Report of an
utterly Impossible Case.)

THE MUSTARD MYSTERY. 120TH DAY.

TO-DAY the prisoner in this matter
was once again brought before the
magistrates on the charge already
stated. The same counsel were
present for the prosecution and the
defence that had put in an appearance
yesterday. The court was densely
crowded.

BENJAMIN BROWN deposed that
he had often slammed a door. He
knew the sound of the slamming of
a door, and thought he could dis-
tinguish it from the noise of an earth-
quake. On cross examination he
admitted that he had not slammed
a door, and had never been present
at an earthquake. On re-examina-
tion he said that although he had not
been present at an earthquake he was
conversant with its characteristics.

JOHN JONES deposed that he had
once seen a man who might have
been the prisoner. It was sixteen
years ago. The man to whom he
referred was talking to a female.
On cross-examination he admitted
that, so far as he knew to the
contrary, the man may have been
addressing his grandmother. On re-
examination he did not know that
the female was a grandmother—she
might have been a grand aunt.

RICHARD ROBERTSON deposed that
he had seen a pair of slippers. They
might have been the slippers of the



FASHION.

"OH, MUMMY, HAVE YOU BEEN VACCINATED ON BOTH ARMS?"

prisoner. He saw one of those slip-
pers thrown with considerable force
at a water-butt. He had examined
the water-butt, and there was a mark
on it. On cross-examination he ad-
mitted that he did not know how the
mark on the water-butt had been
made. It might have been by a boot,
and not a slipper. He did not know
to whom the slippers belonged.
They might have been the property
of the prisoner. He was not sure
that he had seen the slippers in the
presence of the prisoner. In fact,
he was not sure he had ever seen the
prisoner before. He was also doubt-
ful about the identity of the slippers.
However, on re-examination, he was
sure he had seen some slippers, and
also a water-butt.

After some further evidence, the
inquiry was adjourned until to-
morrow.

THE THREE GEORGES.

THE following two letters have
reached *Mr. Punch*, curiously
enough, by the same post. Here
they are, just as they were re-
ceived:—

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Will you allow
me, through your columns, to thank
the public for the brilliant way in
which they are recognising my claims
to distinction? As I walk through
the streets I see evidence on all
hands that on Thursday night London
will be ablaze with "G. M."! Per-
mit me, Sir, thus publicly to thank
a discriminating public.—Yours
Egoist-ically, G-ORGE M-R-D-TH.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The Alderman
in Art is beaten, and even the City is
one continuous tribute to "G. M."
Critics, envious of my *Speaker* rep-
utation, may carp, and say the tribute's
all gas—a half-truth, concealing
truth; but the public evidently
know where to look for the true
critical insight. I am obliged to
them, and I thank you for this oppor-
tunity of saying so.

Yours (naturally) as fresh as paint,
G-ORGE M-RE.

SOMETHING THAT HAD BEEN BETTER
LEFT UNSAID. (By an ex-Old Bache-
lor, discontented with his condition in
general, and his Mother-in-law in
particular).—"I will!"

A WEDDING FAVOUR.—A reserved
first-class compartment on the London,
Chatham and Dover.

AD FRATREM.

BY A REMONSTRATIVE SISTER.

(See "Ad Examinatorem," *Punch*, July 1, 1893.)

DEAR TOM, you astonished me quite
With your vigorous verses last week,
It will be an unceasing delight

In future, sweet brother, to speak
Of the family poet—yourself!

Yet I feel I must bid you beware,
It may not be nice, but the word of advice
Is your favourite, "Don't lose your hair!"

Yes, I own it was rather a blow
When they brought out the merciless list,
For you primed up the Pater, I know,
With such rubbish, and just would insist

The Exam. was as hard as could be.

Ah! you painted it all at the worst,
It was hard lines on you, THOMAS, not to
get through,
While the "crook" of a MAUD got a first.

Still, why did you rush into print
With your torrent of bitter complaint?

To do so without the least hint,
Well, brotherly, dear, it quite ain't.

'Twere wiser and better by far
To have laid all the blame on a tooth,

For whatever's the use of a lovely excuse
If not in concealing the truth?

So bottle your anger, dear boy,

Forget how to shuffle and shirk,

Find intelligent purpose and joy

In a season of honest hard work.

You'll pass when you go in again,
And eclipse in the passing poor me;
For a girl, though she can beat the whole tribe
Isn't fit, Tom, to have a degree! [Of Man,

THE SONG OF THE SESSION.

AIR—"What shall he have that kill'd the Deer?"

WHAT must he have who'd kill the Bill?

A leathern skin, and a stubborn will.

Brummagem's his home.

Take then no shame to name his name!

Bill-slaughterer is his little game.

He'd be its death—he swore it,

As limb from limb he tore it—

The Bill, the Bill, the lusty Bill!

Is it a thing Brum JOE can kill?

A TESTIMONIAL MANQUÉ.

(A SKETCH FROM THE SUBURBS.)

THE ARGUMENT.—Mr. HOTSPUR PORPENTINE, a distinguished resident in the rising suburb of Jerrymere, has recently been awarded fourteen days' imprisonment, without the option of a fine, for assaulting a ticket-collector, who had offered him the indignity of requiring him to show his season-ticket at the barrier. The scene is a Second-Class Compartment, in which four of Mr. PORPENTINE's neighbours are discussing the affair during their return from the City.

Mr. Cockcroft (warmly). I say, Sir—and I'm sure all here will bear me out—that such a sentence was a scandalous abuse of justice. As a near neighbour, and an intimate friend of PORPENTINE's, I don't hesitate to assert that he has done nothing whatever to forfeit our esteem. He's a quick-tempered man, as we're all aware, and to be asked by some meddlesome official to show his season, after travelling on the line constantly for years, and leaving it at home that morning—why—I don't blame him if he *did* use his umbrella!

Mr. Balch. (sympathetically). Nor I. PORPENTINE's a man I've always had a very high respect for ever since I came into this neighbourhood. I've always found him a good feller, and a good neighbour.

Mr. Filkins (deferentially). I can't claim to be as intimate with him as some here; but, if it isn't putting myself too far forward to say so, I very cordially beg to say ditto to those sentiments.

Mr. Sibbering (who has never "taken to" PORPENTINE). Well, he's had a sharp lesson,—there's no denying that.

Mr. Cockcroft. Precisely, and it occurs to me that when he—ah—returns to public life, it would be a kind thing, and a graceful thing, and a thing he would—ah—appreciate in the spirit it was intended, if we were to present him with some little token of our sympathy and unabated esteem—what do you fellows think?

Mr. Filk. A most excellent suggestion, if my friend here will allow me to say so. I, for one, shall be proud to contribute to so worthy an object.

Mr. Balch. I don't see why we shouldn't present him with an address—ave it illuminated, and framed and glazed; sort of thing he could 'ang up and 'and down to his children after him as an heirloom, y' know.

Mr. Sibb. I don't like to throw cold water on any proposition, but if you want my opinion, I must say I see no necessity for making a public thing of it in that way.

Mr. Cockcroft. I'm with SIBBERING there. The less fuss there is about it, the better PORPENTINE'll be pleased. My idea is to give him something of daily use—a useful thing, y' know.

Mr. Balch. Useful or ornamental. Why not his own portrait? There's many an artist who would do him in oils, and guarantee a likeness, frame included, for a five-pound note.

Mr. Sibb. If it's to be like PORPENTINE, it certainly won't be ornamental, whatever else it is.

Mr. Filk. It can't be denied that he is remarkably plain in the face. We'd better, as our friend Mr. COCKCROFT here proposes, make it something of daily use—a good serviceable silk umbrella now—that's *always* appropriate.

Mr. Sibb. To make up for the one he broke over the collector's head, eh? that's appropriate enough!

Mr. Cockcroft. No, no; you mean well, FILKINS, but you must see yourself, on reflection, that there would be a certain want of—ah—good taste in giving him a thing like that under the circumstances. I should suggest something like a hatstand—a handsome one, of course. I happen to know that he has nothing in the passage at present but a row of pegs.

Mr. Sibb. I should have thought he'd been taken down enough pegs already.

Mr. Filk (who resents the imputation upon his taste). I can't say what the width of Mr. PORPENTINE's passage may be, never having been privileged with an invitation to pass the threshold, but unless it's wider than ours is, he couldn't get a hatstand in if he tried, and if my friend COCKCROFT will excuse the remark, I see no sense—to say nothing of good taste, about which perhaps I mayn't be qualified to pass an opinion—in giving him an article he's got no room for.

Mr. Cockcroft. (with warmth). There's room enough in PORPENTINE's passage for a whole host of hatstands, if that's all, and I know what I'm speaking about. I've been in and out there often enough. I'm—ah—a regular tame cat in that house. But if you're against the 'atstand, I say no more—we'll waive it. How would it do if we gave him a nice comfortable easy-chair—something he could sit in of an evening, y' know?

Mr. Sibb. A touchy chap like PORPENTINE would be sure to fancy we thought he wanted something soft after a hard bench and a plank bed—you can't go and give him furniture!

Mr. Cockcroft. (with dignity). There's a way of doing all things. I wasn't proposing to go and chuck the chair at him—he's a sensitive feller in many respects, and he'd feel *that*, I grant you. He can't object to a little present of that sort just from four friends like ourselves.

Mr. Balch. (with a falling countenance). Oh! I thought it was to be a general affair, limited to a small sum, so that all who liked could join in. I'd no notion you meant to keep it such a private matter as all that.

Mr. Filk. Nor I. And, knowing Mr. PORPENTINE so slightly as I do, he might consider it presumption in me, making myself so prominent in the matter—or else I'm sure—

Mr. Cockcroft. There's no occasion for anyone to be prominent, except myself. You leave it entirely in my 'ands. I'll have the chair taken up some evening to PORPENTINE's house on a 'andcart, and drop in, and just lead up to it carelessly, if you understand me, then go out and wheel the chair in, make him try it—and there you are.

Mr. Balch. There you are, right enough; but I don't see where we come in, exactly.

Mr. Filk. If it's to be confined to just us four, I certainly think we ought all to be present at the presentation.

Mr. Cockcroft. That would be just the very thing to put a man like PORPENTINE out—a crowd dropping in on him like that! I know his ways, and, seeing I'm providing the chair—

Mr. Balch. (relieved). You are? That's different, of course; but I thought you said that we four—

Mr. Cockcroft. I'm coming to that. As the prime mover, and a particular friend of PORPENTINE's, it's only right and fair I should bear the chief burden. There's an easy-chair I have at home that only wants re-covering to be as good as new, and all you fellows need do is to pay for 'aving it nicely done up in velvet, or what not, and we'll call it quits.

Mr. Balch. I daresay; but I like to know what I'm letting myself in for; and there's upholsterers who'll charge as much for doing up a chair as would furnish a room.

Mr. Filk. I—I shouldn't feel justified, with my family, and, as, comparatively speaking, a recent resident, in going beyond a certain limit, and unless the estimate could be kep' down to a moderate sum, I really—

Mr. Sibb. (unmasking). After all, you know, I don't see why we should go to any expense over a stuck-up, cross-grained chap like PORPENTINE. It's well-known he hasn't a good word to say for us Jerrymere folks, and considers himself above the lot of us!

Mr. Balch and Mr. Filk. I'm bound to say there's a good deal in what SIBBERING says. PORPENTINE's never shown himself what I should call sociable.

Mr. Cockcroft. I've never found him anything but pleasant myself, whatever he may be to others. I'm not denying he's an exclusive man, and a fastidious man, but he's been 'arshly treated, and I



"Well, he's had a sharp lesson,—there's no denying that."

should have thought this was an occasion—if ever there was one—for putting any private feelings aside, and rallying round him to show our respect and sympathy. But of course if you're going to let petty jealousies of this sort get the better of you, and leave me to do the 'ole thing myself, I've no objection. I daresay he'll value it all the more coming from me.

Mr. Sibb. Well, he ought to, after the shameful way he's spoken of you to a friend of mine in the City, who shall be nameless. You mayn't know, and if not, it's only right I should mention it, that he complained bitterly of having to change his regular train on your account, and said (I'm only repeating his words, mind you) that Jerry-mere was entirely populated by bores, but you were the worst of the lot, and your jabber twice a day was more than he could stand. He mayn't have meant anything by it, but it was decidedly uncalled for.

Mr. Cocker. (reddening). I 'ope I'm above being affected by the opinion any man may express of my conversation—especially a cantankerous feller, who can't keep his temper under decent control. A feller who goes and breaks his umbrella over an unoffending official's 'ead like that, and gets, very properly, locked up for it! Jerry-mere society isn't good enough for him, it seems. He won't be troubled with much of it in future—I can assure him! Upon my word, now I come to think of it, I'm not sure he shouldn't be called upon for an explanation of how he came to be travelling without a ticket; it looks very much to me as if he'd been systematically defrauding the Company!

Mr. Filk. Well, I didn't like to say so before; but that's been my view all along!

Mr. Baleh. And mine.

Mr. Sibb. Now perhaps you understand why we'd rather leave it to you to give him the arm-chair.

Mr. Cocker. I give a man an arm-chair for bringing disgrace on the 'ole of Jerry-mere! I'd sooner break it up for firewood! Whoever it was that first started all this tomfoolery about a testimonial, I'm not going to 'ave my name associated with it, and if you'll take my advice, you'll drop it once and for all, for it's only making yourselves ridiculous! [His companions, observing that he is in a somewhat excited condition, consider it advisable to change the subject.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, June 27.—Faust, in French. JEAN DE RESZKE was to have been *Faust*, but the "vaulting ambition" of the eminent Polish tenor led him to attempt a high jump with another Pole—the leaping-pole—and whether he had not his compatriot well in hand, or whether,



"O my prophetic sole, my ankle!"

Madame NORDICA happy as *Marguerite*—at least she looked it, for even in the most tragic scenes there is always a sweet smile on her dimpled cheeks. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER makes a *Marta* of herself as the merry old dame; Mlle. GUERCIA, as *Siebel*, is a Siebeline mystery; LASSALLE, as *Valentine*, pleases *la salle*; but Brother EDWARD "prends le gâteau" as *Mephistopheles*.

Wednesday.—Tristan und Isolde, which may be rendered *Triste'un und I solde-not-so-many-tickets-as-usual*, or *Triste'un und I'm Sold*. "The fourth of the WAGNER Cycle." If there are eight of them then this is the Bi-Cycle, but there's more woe than weal in it, and though extracts may be relished by the learned amateur, yet, as a whole, WAGNER's *Tristan* does not attract our opera-going public.

MEM.—No Nursery of Music can possibly be complete without "Leading-Strings."



ON TICK.

Seedy Swell. "I SAY, OLD CHAP, TELL US THE TIME. I'M SURE YOUR WATCH GOES WELL."

Second S. S. "IT GOES BEAUTIFULLY. IT WENT SIX MONTHS AGO TO MY UNCLE'S!"

TO THE FRENCH OARSMEN.

(From Mr. Punch, at Henley.)

HERE'S a hand, my fine fellows; in friendship you come, And *Punch*, who likes courage, would scorn to be dumb. He greets you with cheers; may your shades ne'er diminish, Though you row forty-four from the start to the finish. You will bear yourselves bravely, and merit your fame, For brave man and Frenchman mean mostly the same. We shall do what we can—it's our duty—to beat you, But we know it will take a tough crew to defeat you. And whatever the upshot, howe'er the race ends, You and we, having struggled, shall always be friends. So accept, while we cheer you again and again, This welcome from Thames to his sister, the Seine.

SKINNERS AND SKINNED.—One portion of the ancient award of Sir ROBERT BILLESDON, Lord Mayor of London, in settling a dispute between the Skinners and Merchant Taylors, was, that these two Companies should dine together once a year. Mr. Justice BRUCE, alluding to this at the banquet on Skinners Day, when, as was natural, many lawyers were present, suggested that it would be a good thing if power were given to judges to "condemn litigants to dine together, and to order that the costs of the dinner should come out of the Consolidated Fund"—a very good notion. The idea might be extended to entertaining Wards in Chancery, of whom two unhappy infants the other day were had up at the Police Court for picking and stealing, in order to feed themselves and keep themselves alive until they should reach the age when they would come into their Chancery-bound property of something like £20,000. The magistrate ordered an inquiry, but of "subsequent proceedings" we have not as yet seen any record.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Host. "WHAT A SMART SET OF PEOPLE WE'VE GOT TO-NIGHT, DEARY!"

Hostess. "YES. HOW I WISH ONE OF OUR DEAR GIRLS WOULD COME AND SIT BY US, AND TELL US WHO EVERYBODY IS!"

"HYMEN HYMENÆE!!!"

JULY 6, 1893.

["Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake!"]

Spenser's Epithalamion.

"A contract of true love to celebrate;
And some donation freely to estate
On the bless'd lovers."—*The Tempest.*

HYMEN, the rose-crowned, is in sooth awake,
And all the world with him!
Shall drowsy opiate dim
The eyes of Love to-day? No, let all slake
A loyal thirst in bumpers, for Love's sake,
Full beaded to the brim!

Like the Venusian's "mountain stream that
From bank to bank along, [roars
When autumn rains are strong,"*
A deep-mouthed People lifts its voice, and
pours

Its welcome forth, that like a Pæan soars
In strains more sweet than song.

More sweet than song, in that it straightway
comes,
Unfeigned, from frank hearts;
From loyal lips it starts,
Unprompted, undrugged. The highway
hums [drums
With the full sound of it. Fifes, trumpets,
Bravely may play their parts.

* HORACE, "Ad Iulum Antonium," Ode 2,
Book IV.

In the Imperial pageant, but the swell
Of the free English shout
Strikes sweeter—who dares doubt?—
On Royal ears. Music of marriage bell
Clang on, and let the gold-mouth'd organ
Of love and praise devout! [tell

But the crowd's vigorous clamour has a
Finer and fuller still; [voice

A passion of goodwill
Rings, to our ears, through all the exuberant
noise,

Which the recipient's heart should more
rejoice
Than all Cecilia's skill.

So rivals for Apollo's laurel wreath
May loudly strike the lyre,
"To love, and young desire;"*

But "bold and lawless numbers grow
beneath"*

The people's praise, and give the crowd's
free breath

A "mastering touch of fire."*

"Hymen, O Hymen!" beauteous ladies
cry,

"Hymen, O Hymen!" loud
Shout forth the echoing crowd
The city through; patricians perched on
high,

And the plebeian patient plodding by,
Raise incense like a cloud.

* HORACE—*ut supra.*

And Hymen's here, kind eye on all to keep,
Hymen, with roses crowned,
Leads on the Lion, bound
In floral bonds and blossom-bridled, deep
In scattered flowers. Your lyres ye laureates
And marriage measures sound! [sweep,

Not Una's guardian more gladly bare
Burden more pleasant—pure!
With footing gently sure
Leo on-paces. Hymen's torch in air
Flames fragrantly. Was ever Happy Pair
So served, or so secure?

Take the rose-reins, young bridegroom;
Leo's not hard to ride. [bridled so
Sweet MAX, the new-made bride,
Will find her lion palfrey-paced. And lo!
The genial god's unfailing torch aglow
Burns bravely at her side!

Epithalamia seem out of date;
Hymen cares not to-day
To trill a fulsome lay,
Or hymn High Bridals with Spenserian state.
Goodwill to goodness simply dedicate,—
Such homage *Punch* would pay.

"Hymen, O Hymen!" Like this torch's
Bright be your wedded days! [flame,
May a proud people's praise,
Well earned, be your award of honest fame;
And on each gracious head, [claim,
Light may it lie, the crown you yet may
As rest these roses red!



“HYMEN HYMENÆE!”



A TALE OF THE ALHAMBRA.

MONS. JACOBI is a wonderful man. The undefeated hero of a hundred ballets—there or thereabouts—still beats time and the record with his bâton at the Alhambra; and his music, specially composed for *Fidelia*, is to be reckoned among his ordinary triumphs. *Fidelia* is “a new Grand Romantic Ballet,” in four tableaux, and its performance justifies its promise. It is “new,” it is decidedly “grand,” it is absorbingly “romantic,” and there’s no denying that it is a *Ballet d’action*. But, as in the oft-quoted reply when little Peterkin asked “what it was all about,” so will the ballet-case-hardened spectator say, “Why that I cannot tell,” quoth he, “But ’twas a splendid victory!” Somebody, possibly one Tartini, played by Signorina CORMANI, is in love with *Fidelia*, Signorina POLLINI, as naturally anyone would



Scene from New Ballet.
Conductor Jacobi Demonic charming the public to the Alhambra.

be; when a comic servant, Mr. GEORGE LUPINO, is frightened by a Demon Fiddler with his fiddle (both being played by PAGANINI REDIVIVUS) who either assists the lovers or does his best to prevent their coming together, I am not quite clear which. Up to the last it seemed doubtful whether the Demon Doctor was a good or bad spirit, or a little mixed. His appearance is decidedly against him, as he looks the very deuce. But I am inclined to think that he was a “*bon diable*,” and was doing everything, as everybody else on the stage and in the orchestra does, for the best. After all, and before all, the show is the thing, and this will rank, as it does now, among the best of the greatest attractions hitherto provided by the Alhambra Company for an appreciative public and for
YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MADAM DARMESTER's *Retrospect and other Poems* is turned out by FISHER UNWIN in that dainty dress with which he has made attractive his Cameo Series. We used to know MADAM DARMESTER as Miss MARY F. ROBINSON, a writer of charming verse. That in her new estate she has not lost the old touch is witnessed by several pieces in this volume, notably the first, which supplies the title. The penultimate verse of this little lyric is most musical. There are several others nearly as good. But occasionally Madam writes sad stuff. Of such is *The Death of the Count of Armaniac*, of which this verse is a fair sample:



A Clerk in Our Booking-Office.

cellent, that it was pronounced a pity it should be entombed in this costly sarcophagus. Messrs. OSGOOD, McILVAINE, & Co. have now brought out an edition, in a single handsome volume, at a reasonable price. HORACE WALPOLE has often been written about since he laid down the pen, but never by a more sympathetic hand than Mr. DOBSON's, nor by one bringing to the task fuller knowledge of WALPOLE's time and contemporaries. The charm of style extends even to the notes, usually in books of this class a tantalising adjunct. Mr. DOBSON's are so full of information, and so crisply told, that they might with advantage have been incorporated in the text. The volume contains facsimiles of HORACE WALPOLE's handwriting, an etching of LAWRENCE's portrait, and a reproduction of the sketch of Strawberry Hill which illustrated the catalogue of

“ARMANIAC, O ARMANIAC,
Why rode ye forth at noon?
Was there no hour at even,
No morning cool and boon?”

My Baronite, though not yet entered for the Poet Laureateship, thinks that kind of thing might be reeled off by the mile. Why not

My Maniac, O my Maniac,
Why rode ye forth at eve?
Was there no hour at morning tide,
No water in the sieve?

Three years ago an American firm issued a princely edition of *The Memoir of Horace Walpole*, written by AUSTIN DOBSON. It was too expensive for mere Britishers, and only a small number of copies found their way to this country. But the literary work was so excellent that it should be entombed in this costly sarcophagus. Messrs. OSGOOD, McILVAINE, & Co. have now brought out an edition, in a single handsome volume, at a reasonable price. HORACE WALPOLE has often been written about since he laid down the pen, but never by a more sympathetic hand than Mr. DOBSON's, nor by one bringing to the task fuller knowledge of WALPOLE's time and contemporaries. The charm of style extends even to the notes, usually in books of this class a tantalising adjunct. Mr. DOBSON's are so full of information, and so crisply told, that they might with advantage have been incorporated in the text. The volume contains facsimiles of HORACE WALPOLE's handwriting, an etching of LAWRENCE's portrait, and a reproduction of the sketch of Strawberry Hill which illustrated the catalogue of

1774. Altogether a delightful book that will, my Baronite says, take its place on a favourite shelf of the library that has grown up round the memory of one of the most interesting figures of the Eighteenth Century.
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

WEAR AND TEAR IN AFRICA.

[In the report on the proposed Mombasa Railway, it is suggested that the station-buildings should be enclosed with a strong live-thorn palisade, impenetrable to arrows.]

SCENE—A Station on the Mombasa Railway.

New Station-Master (to Telegraph Clerk). Did you send my message this morning, asking for a consignment of revolvers and arrow-proof shields?

Telegraph Clerk. Yes, Sir. I can't make out why we haven't had an answer. Something may have gone wrong with the wires. I sent one of the porters to examine them. Ah, here he comes.

A Porter arrives.

Porter. Just as I thought, Sir. Them blessed niggers have run short of cash, and they've bin and took a mile of our best wire.

Station-Master. Taken a mile of wire? What the deuce do you mean?

Porter. Ah, Sir, you're new to this 'ere job. Fact is, they can all buy themselves a wife a-piece for two yards of our wire; and as there was a raid last week, and all their wives was made off with, they've just bin and took our telegraph wire to buy themselves a new lot.

Station-Master. Dear me, how very provoking. I must make a report of this occurrence immediately! But what does this crowd in the distance mean?

Porter. Why bless my heart, it's a Wednesday, and I'd quite forgotten all about it. They always attacks us of a Wednesday, but they're a good half hour earlier than last week.

Station-Master. This is very strange, very strange indeed. I doubt if the directors will approve of this. (*An arrow pierces him in the calf of the leg.*) Oh, I say, you know, this will never do. Close the points—I mean shut the doors and barricade the windows. Let us at least die as railway men should.

Porter. Lor' bless you, Sir, we shan't die. We've only got to pick off two or three dozen of 'em, and the rest will skip in no time.

[*They retire within the palisade, and during the next half hour fight for their lives.*]

Telegraph Clerk (*plucking three arrows out of his left leg*). Things are getting a bit hot. Hurrah! here's the 5.30 down express with revolvers and ammunition. Now we shall settle 'em.

[*Arrival of the express. Retreat of the natives.*]

Station-Master. I don't think I quite like this life. I'm going to off it.
[*Offs it accordingly.*]

AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

(After an Afternoon Pipe, at Nazareth House, Hammersmith.)

["Here again, clustered close round the fire
Are a number of grizzle-lock'd men, every one is a true 'hoary sire.'
Bowed, time-beaten, grey, yet alert and responsive to kindness of speech;
And see how old eyes can light up if you promise a pipe-charge to each.
For the comforting weed KINGSLEY eulogised is not taboo in this place,
Where the whiff aromatic brings not cold reproof to Charity's face."
"An Autumn Afternoon at Nazareth House." *Punch*, Nov. 5, 1892.]

I DON'T just know who KINGSLEY was, but he was a good sort, I reckon!
When nerves are slack and spirits low, the glowing pipe-bowl seems to beckon
Like a good ghost or spirit kind to the fireside where age reposes.
Yes! bacea makes an old man's chair as easeful as a bed of roses.

Bad habit! So the strict ones say; expensive, wasteful, and un-Christian!
I cannot argue of it out; I'm only a poor old Philistian.
But oh the comfort of a pipe, the company it lends the lonely!
It seems the poor soul's faithful friend, and oftentimes the last and only.



Thanks be, they're not the hard sort *here*, in Nazareth House. The gentle sisters
Take on a many helpful task; some of 'em, I misdoubt, are twisters.
I don't suppose our "shag"-fumes seem as sweet to them as to us others;
But—well, they do not treat us here as badged machines, but human brothers.

Stranded, alone, at seventy-five, after a life of luckless labour,
One feels what 'tis to be esteemed not as a nuisance, but a neighbour;
A neighbour in the Good Book's sense; a poor one, and a helpless, truly,
But—not a plague, who'll live too long, if he is cosseted unduly.

Lawks me, the difference! Don't you know the chilly scorn, the silent snubbing
Which makes a man, as *is* a man, feel he'd far rather take a drubbing?
Old age and workhouse-duds may hide a deal of nature—from outsiders;
But do you think old "crocks" can't *feel*, when they're shrunk from, like snails
or spiders?

After my dinner, with my "clay," stringed round the stem, that gums, now
toothless,

May grip it firmer, here I sit and muse; and memory's sometimes ruthless
In bringing up a blundering past. We own up frank, me and my fellows,
Where we've gone wrong, and, in regrets employ our wheezy, worn old bellows.

What might have been, if—if—ah, if! That little word, of just two letters,
Stops me worse than a five-barred gate. I wonder if it does my betters?

We never tire round Winter's fire, or settle-ranged in
Summer weather,
Of telling of the wandering ways by which we gathered
here together.

If some who prate of paupers' ways, their tantrums, or
their love of snuffing,
Their fretting at cold, hard-fast rules, their fancy for
sly bacea-puffing,
Could only scan the paupers' past a little closer than
their mode is,
They'd learn that still some sparks of soul burn in those
broken-down old bodies.

And soul does kick at iron rules, and icy ways. Old
blood runs chilly,
And craves the heat, of love, fire, pipe, to warm it up
like. Very silly,
No doubt, from BUMBLE's point of view! *Here* we're
held human, though so humble;
And, Heaven be blessed!—at Nazareth House we've
never known the rule of BUMBLE.

The very old and very young are much alike in many a
matter;
Comfort and cheeriness we want, play or a pipe, romps
or a chatter.

The Nazareth Sisterhood know this, and what is more,
they work according.
'Tis love and comfort make a Home, without 'em 'tis
bare roof and boarding!

Bitter-sweet memories come sometimes; but a gay burst
of baby-laughter,—
For we all *laugh* at Nazareth House!—will banish
gathering blues. And after?
Well, there's the free-permitted whiff, the "old-boy"
gossip, low but cheery;
Rest and a Sister's sunny smile soon drive off whim and
whig-maleery.

And so laid up, like some old hulk that can no more hope
for commission,
I sit, and muse, and puff; and wait that last great
change in man's condition
That shifts us to that Great High House to which the
Sisters point us daily;
Awaiting which in homely ease, Old Age dwells calmly
if not gaily.

INTELLIGENCE À L'AMERICAINE.

Telegram No. 1.—Nothing could have been more ter-
rible than the scene following upon the earthquake. The
houses sank through the ground, and immediately a
number of lions, tigers, and poisonous serpents, attracted
by the unusual occurrence, sprang upon the poor inha-
bitants, and by their fierce attacks increased their mis-
fortune. But this was not all. Men and women, using
swords, battle-axes, and revolvers, fought amongst
themselves, until the commotion created by the landslip
assumed the appearance of a pandemonium. At this
moment, to make confusion worse confounded, a heavy
storm broke over the fast-disappearing village, and
thunderbolts fell like peas expelled through a pea-
shooter. As if this were not enough, several prairie
fires crept up, and the flames augmented the general
discomfort. Take it all and all, the sight was enough to
make the cheek grow pale with terror and apprehension.

Telegram No. 2.—Please omit lions, tigers, poisonous
serpents, swords, battle-axes, revolvers, thunderbolts,
prairie fires and cheek. They were forwarded in Tele-
gram No. 1 owing to a clerical error.

MRS. R. STARTLED.—"Most extraordinary things are
reported in the papers!" observed Mrs. R. "Only the
other day I either heard or read that there was a dan-
gerous glazier somewhere about in the Caucasus, that
he was using horrible language, and threatening to d—
you'll excuse my using such a word—the Terek (who-
ever he may be), and that then he was going to amuse—
no, the word was 'divert'—somebody. Clearly a lunatic.
But who can be diverted by such antics? And why don't
they look up the glazier?" [On referring to the report,
her nephew read that "A glacier was causing great alarm,"
&c., &c., that it was expected temporarily to "dam the
Terek, and divert a vast body of water," &c.]



PISCATORIAL POLITENESS.

(From a Yorkshire stream.)

Privileged Old Keeper (to Member of Fishing Club, of profuse and ruddy locks, who is just about to try for the Big Trout, a very wary fish). "KEEP YER HEAD DOON, SIR, KEEP YER HEAD DOON!" (Becoming exasperated.) "'ORD BOU IT, MAN, KEEP YER HEAD DOON! YER M'T AS WEEL COME WI' A TORCH-LEET PROCESSION TO TAK' A FISH!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 26.—Hardly knew House to-night. Benches mostly empty; few present seemed to have no fight in them. Little round at outset on Betterment principle. Members roughly and not inaccurately illustrated it by staying outside. "In principle," said PHILIPPE EGALITÉ, "the Terrace is Better meant for this weather than the House." Mr. G. in his place, listening eagerly to speeches by KIMBER, FERGUSON, and other oratorical charmers. Generally believed that he had gone off to Hatchlands for holiday; nothing for him to do here; Home-Rule debate postponed till Wednesday; Supply, in meantime, might well be left to Minister in charge.

"The fact is, TOBY," said Mr. G., when I remarked upon the pleasurable surprise of finding him in his place, "I really did think of making a little holiday, staying away till Wednesday. But when I got up this morning, looked round at green fields and lofty trees, they irresistibly reminded me of benches in House of Commons, and the pillars that support the gallery. Then the sunlit sky is very nice in its way; but do you know anything softer, more translucent or attractive than the light that floods the House of Commons from the glass roof? The more I thought of these things the more restless I grew amid tame attractions of rural life. This morning it might have been said of me, in the words of the poet,

Although my body's down at Hatchlands
My soul has gone aloft—

to Westminster. The country is there all through the year and every day: Parliamentary Session lasts only seven, or at best eight months. This year, if we've luck, we may run it into ten. But then House doesn't meet every day. One is expected to go off to seaside, or somewhere else, from Saturday to Monday. Thinking of these things, couldn't resist temptation. So suddenly packed up,

drove off, and here I am. Needn't stop all night, you know, if you fellows grudge me a little enjoyment; but shall at least begin evening pleasantly. Shall vote in division on Betterment question, and make statement on arrangements for Indian Currency."

Business done.—Some votes in Navy Estimates.

Tuesday.—CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and W. WOODALL, V.C., the Casabiancas of the evening. They sit on Treasury Bench, whence all but they have fled; listen with polite attention to talk round Army Estimates; and when there's anything like a lull get up and say few words. Whole proceeding a farce of dreadfully colossal proportions. Major-General HANBURY prances to front, reviews British forces under present Administration, finds many buttons loose, and numerous gaiters askew. Opportunity useful for showing that this Eminent Legislator has not given up entirely to Home Rule what was meant for mankind. Omniscience HANBURY's forte; Army Reform his foible. Honourable distinction for him that he has never drawn the sword on any tented field. Debates on Army Estimates invariably call to the front an amazing reserve force of unsuspected men of war. There are Colonels, Majors, and Captains enough to officer the army at Monaco.

There's WEBSTER of East St. Pancras for example. The few Members present gasped for breath when, just now, he offered few observations on War Office management. What did he do in this galley? Well known that in interval of revising his popular Dictionary he trifles with the law. Might, in course of time, come to be Lord Chancellor; but never Field Marshal. That only shows how limited is current information, how true the observation that the world knows nothing of its greatest men. Why, for sixteen years WEBSTER served with distinction in the Third Battalion South Lancashire Regiment! Under his civilian waistcoat to this day he coyly hides the bronze medal for Blameless Conduct.

That he should take part in debate on Army Estimates not only natural, but, in national interests, imperatively desirable. HANBURY's case quite otherwise. He never set a squadron a field,



GOOD NEWS!

'Arry. "TAINT NO GOOD MIKING A FUSS ABOUT IT, YER KNOW, GUV'NOR! MR AND MY PALMS MUST 'AVE OUR 'D'Y OUT'!"
Foreign Fellow-Traveller. "AHA! DIE OUT! YOU GO TO DIE OUT? MON DIEU! I AM VAIRY GLAD TO 'EAR IT. IT IS TIME!"

nor the division of a battle knows more than ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS. Yet ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS is not more glib, authoritative, or, on the whole, more entertaining when Army Estimates are to the fore.

Business done.—Army Estimates in Committee.

Friday, 4 A.M.—Came upon NUSSEY an hour ago putting himself to bed on a chair in the Library. This his first experience of Parliamentary life; introduced at four o'clock yesterday afternoon, and took his seat for Pontefract. "Lawka mussey! and is this NUSSEY?" cried WILFRED LAWSON, whose aptitude for dropping into poetry beats *Silas Wegg* hollow. It certainly was NUSSEY yesterday afternoon, and this is what is left of him in the sunshine of a summer morning.

"Didn't think," he said, with a feeble smile, "that on occasion of my proud entrance upon Parliamentary life I should forthwith be made into an all-night NUSSEY. All very well to grow gradually into that state of life. Begin, say, with suspending twelve o'clock rule, and getting off at one or two in the morning. But to plunge straight in like this is, if I may say so, a little hard on newcomer fresh from country. I suppose, from look of it, that it is only beginning of things. An all-night NUSSEY to-day; a weekly NUSSEY before parched July has wet its lips; and so on, till I become a monthly NUSSEY. Very kind of you to come and see me, but if you don't mind, I'll just drop off to sleep. Put the Amendments to the Home Rule Bill on the chimney, and I'll take a look at them when I feel disposed."

A nice night we've all had; moreover than which, at a quarter to three, lemon squashes gave out, and as one of waiters in hoarse voice assured me, there wasn't "a hounce of hicc" left on premises. Yesterday afternoon Mr. G. moved his time-table Closure scheme in speech cogency of which testifies to miraculous advantage of limitation of delivery within space of half-hour. PRINCE ARTHUR followed in best debating speech he has delivered since he became Leader. Most adroit in argument, excellent in manner, felicitous in phrasing. He, too, brief, and therefore necessarily to the point. After this flood-tide of talk opened, and flowed, shallow but persistent, for next four hours. NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY, getting on board the Raft of Tilsit-cum-North-St.-Pancras, drifted up and down on washy flood. Erect, arms folded, and imperial hat cocked defiantly at Mr. G. Liberals howled at him; shouts of "Moscow! Moscow!" mingled with cries of "Waterloo!" and "St. Helena!"

N. B. shook his golden lilies in their teeth, and punted his Raft into the Tory harbour.

JOEY C. turned up after early dinner, and the waters were speedily lashed into foam. Following the illustrious example of NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY, JOSEPH threw off all mask of deference to former leader. Hitherto, even in moments of hottest conflict, JOEY C. has been sly, devilish sly, in his bearing towards his "right hon. friend." To-night he went for him, just as in days not so very far off good Conservatives like GRANDOLPH, amid thunderous Tory cheers, used to gird at the hero of the Aston Park Riots. "I admire the artful—" Here he paused, and looked down with bitter smile on the apparently sleeping figure of Mr. G. on the Treasury Bench. Five hundred lips in the listening throng involuntarily formed the syllables in familiar conjunction with the adjective. No, not yet. At present pace of progression "dodger" may come. To-night JOSEPH content, having gained the desired effect, to conclude the sentence with the words "—minister who drew up this resolution."

At two o'clock this morning note was taken of fact that Mr. G., having been in his place almost incessantly since four yesterday afternoon, had carried his more than four score years off to bed. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD thought all sections of House would be anxious to spare the PRIME MINISTER further vigil. JOSEPH up like catapult. "Perfectly absurd," he snapped, "to attempt to make a fetish of name and age of PRIME MINISTER."

"There's one good thing we may hope to see come out of this night," said Member for Sark. "It should make an end of the treacherous farce which bandies between hopelessly parted colleagues the title 'right hon. friend.'"

Business done.—Sat for thirteen hours, [and negatived first Amendment to Closure Resolution.

Friday.—Having got away late last night, made up for it by coming back early this afternoon. Morning sitting, but no more fight left. Quite content with heroic struggle through long summer night; everything over by seven o'clock.

Hear touching story, which shows how deeply rooted in human mind is habit of censoriousness. Not two more respectable-looking men in House than BARTLEY and TOMLINSON. To be in their company is to receive a liberal education in deportment. Walking home this morning, after all-night sitting, in sad converse on possibilities of fresh development of iniquity on part of Mr. G., they passed couple of British workmen going forth to day's labour. Said first British Workman, nudging his companion, and pointing with thumb over his shoulder at wearied legislators: "Tell you what, BILL, them coves ain't been up to much good."

Business done.—Closure Resolutions agreed to. Home-Rule Bill packed up in compartments, to be opened as directed.

COMING EVENTS AT THE LYCEUM.—With the exception of *Becket*, the part of *Shylock* is HENRY IRVING's most powerfully striking impersonation, and certainly ELLEN TERRY is at her best as *Portia*. It is played once again this month before our HENRY's departure for America, and should not be missed by any genuine lover of SHAKESPEARE and of true dramatic art. *A propos* of this, a certain excellent lady, whose name, beginning with R, is not absolutely unknown to Mr. Punch, asked this question:—"Isn't there some character in one of SHAKESPEARE's plays called 'Skylark'?" Then, as she proceeded to give a hazy idea of the plot, it gradually dawned upon the listeners that the *Merchant of Venice* was the person of whom she was thinking.

"Memoria Tecknica." July 1.

"O MIGHTY Mars! If in thy homage bred,
 Each point of discipline I've still observed;
 Of service, to the rank of Major-General
 Have risen; assist thy votary now!"

The Critic, Act ii., Sc. 2.

A FEW BARS REST.—According to the *Globe* the Cavalier ROBERT STAGNO, a well-known tenor, was arrested on a charge of forgery. What was it? Did he sign himself guaranteed as a tenor, worth two fivers, and 'twas afterwards found he wasn't? The report requires confirmation, as it is most unlikely that a tenor should go so low and do anything so base.

MRS. R. ON MUSIC.—Her nephew, who is an excellent amateur musician, read out an advertisement of a concert at St. James's Hall — "SARASATE will play Suite No. 2." His excellent relative, who is not well up in such matters, interrupted him with—"Ah! I should like to hear Miss SARAH SARTY play 'Sweet No. 2'! I daresay it has something to do with 'Sweet seventeen.'" No explanation was necessary.

AN AFTERNOON PARTY.

... "THE room is full of celebrities. Do you see that tall woman in black, talking to the little old lady? That is Mrs. ARBUTHNOT—a woman of some importance—and the other is CHARLEY's Aunt. The sporting-looking young man is Captain CODDINGTON, who is 'in town' for the season."

"And who are the two men, exactly alike, tall and dark, who are smoking gold-tipped cigarettes, and talking epigrams?" I asked. I like to know who people are, and the person in the silver domino seemed well-informed.

"Those are Lord ILLINGWORTH, and Lord HENRY WOTTON. They always say exactly the same things. They are awfully clever, and cynical. Those two ladies talking together are known as NORA and DORA. There's rather a curious story about each of them."

"There seems to be one about everyone here," I said.

"Well, it seems that NORA and her husband did not get on very well. He thought skirt-dancing morbid. Also, he forgave her for forging his name—in type-writing—to a letter refusing to subscribe to a wedding-present for Princess MAY. She said a man who would forgive a thing like that would forgive anything. So she left the Dolls' House."

"Quite right. Is that not the Comtesse ZICKA? I seem to recognise the scent."

"It is—and the beautiful Italian lady is Madame SANTUZZA. One meets all sorts of people here, you know; by the way, there's Mrs. TANQUERAY."

"Princess SALOMÉ!" announced the servant. A little murmur of surprise seemed to go round the room as the lovely Princess entered.

"What *has* she got on?" asked PORTIA.

"Oh, it's nothing," replied Mr. WALKER, London.

"I thought she was not received in English society," said Lady WINDERMERE, puritanically.

"I can assure you, my dears, that she would not be tolerated in Brazil, where the nuts come from," exclaimed CHARLEY's Aunt.

"There's no harm in her. She's only a little peculiar. She is particularly fond of boar's head. It's nothing," said Mr. WALKER.

"The uninvitable in pursuit of the indigestible," murmured Lord ILLINGWORTH, as he lighted a cigarette.

"Is that mayonnaise?" asked the Princess SALOMÉ of Captain CODDINGTON, who had taken her to the buffet. "I think it is mayonnaise. I am sure it is mayonnaise. It is mayonnaise of salmon, pink as a branch of coral which fishermen find in the twilight of the sea, and which they keep for the King. It is pinker than the pink roses that bloom in the Queen's garden. The pink roses that bloom in the garden of the Queen of Arabia are not so pink."

"Who's the jaded-looking Anglo-Indian, drinking brandy-and-soda?" I asked.

"That is a Plain young man. From the Hills. Which is curious. I am much attached to him. By the way, I know who I am. And why I wear a silver domino. You don't."

"That's another story," I said. "Let's go to the smoking-room. We shall find the Eminent Person, the Ordinary Man, the Poet, the Journalist, and the Mere Boy, and they will all say delightful things on painful subjects."

"Barry Paynful," suggested the Mere Boy, with his usual impossibility. They were trying to "draw" Lord ILLINGWORTH.

"What is a good woman?" asked the Journalist.

"A woman who admires bad men," answered Lord ILLINGWORTH.

"What is a bad man?"

"A man who smokes gold-tipped cigarettes."

"Which would you rather, or go fishing?" inquired the Mere Boy, irreverently.

"Because it's a jar, of course. There are two kinds of women, the plain and the coloured. But all art is quite useless."

"I say!" exclaimed Lord HENRY, taking from his friend's pocket a gold match-box, curiously carved, and wrought with his

initials in chrysoprases and peridots. "I say, you know, ILLINGWORTH—come—that's mine. I said it to DORIAN only the other evening. You're always saying my things."

"Well, what then? It is only the obvious and the tedious who object to quotations. When a man says life has exhausted him—"

"We know that he has exhausted life."

"Women are secrets, not sphinxes."

"Mine again," exclaimed Lord HENRY.

"It would be useful to carry a little book to note down your good things."

"Very useful. And I can forgive a man for making a useful thing as long as he does not admire it."

"That's New Humour, isn't it? And you're a New Humourist?" said WALKER, satirically.

"Why, it's a contradiction in itself! The very essence of a joke is, that it should be old. Where would you find anything funnier than the riddle, 'When is a door not a door?' and, 'Why does a miller wear a white hat?' Ah! it won't last—we're bound to go back to the 'Old Humour'—there's nothing like it—what is that noise?"

"A dispute has arisen in the ladies' cloak-room about a shawl. It's frightfully thrilling!" said HILDA WANGEL.

"They seem to be going on anyhow. It's nothing," said WALKER.

It appears that CHARLEY's Aunt had accused Princess SALOMÉ of taking her shawl. The Princess had indignantly thrown it at her, and was making rather rude personal remarks about it.

"I don't want your shawl. Your shawl is hideous. It is covered with dust. It is a tartan shawl. It is like the shawl worn in melodrama by the injured heroine who is about to throw herself over the bridge by moonlight. It is the shawl of a betrayed heroine in melodrama. There never was anything so hideous as your shawl!"

"Impertinence! To dare to speak to me like this! I'm the success of the season, and you were forbidden the country," said CHARLEY's Aunt, furiously.

The second Mrs. TANQUERAY here chimed in, giving her opinion, which did not add to the harmony of the gathering, and a secondary quarrel was going on, because Captain CODDINGTON had said that the scent Comtesse ZICKA used "was not quite up to date," and the latter was offended. In fact, there was a regular row all round.

NORA banged her tambourine, and WALKER playfully pretended to hide his head behind Lady WINDERMERE's fan.

A last, however, we managed to calm the indignant ladies, and the party began to break up.

"The fact is," I said, "Society is getting a great deal too mixed. Now, I like to go away from an afternoon party feeling a purer and better man, my eyes filled with tears of honest English sentiment—"

"Great Scott! don't go on like that. Come and have a drink," said the SILVER DOMINO.

"Valour is the better part of indiscretion," murmured Lord ILLINGWORTH. "Good-bye, HENRY. It has been a most interesting afternoon."

LORD'S AND SANDOWN.

["The Eclipse Stakes of 10,000 sovs., to be run at Sandown Park on Friday, July 14, is looked upon as practically a match between Baron DE HIRSCH's filly, *La Flèche*, and the Duke of WESTMINSTER's colt, *Orme*."]—*Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*.]

THE match between Eton and Harrow at Lord's

This week, which commences on Friday,

Because of the sport that it always affords,

Will draw a large crowd on that high-day.

But the interest taken in drive, out, or catch,

Or as to which school will be beaten,

Will be nothing to that in the other great match,

The same day, 'tween The Arrow and Eaton.



ROSEBERY TO THE RESCUE!

Unjust Steward, "FOILED! BUT NO MATTAR! A TIME WILL COME!!"



THE ART OF WAR.

Inspecting-General (galloping up to Mounted Yeoman, placed on Vedette duty). "Now, SIR, WHAT ARE YOU?"
Yeoman. "WELL, I DO A LITTLE BIT O' PIGS, SIR!"

ROSEBERY TO THE RESCUE!

Or, the Young Squire, the Unjust Steward, and the Grateful Ratepayer.
An Urban Drama, as lately performed at the County Hall, Spring Gardens.

(Enter Steward, bearing plans of a splendid, and expensive, Palace.)

Steward (looking lovingly upon plan). Aha! Now shall I triumph, despite mean Moderates, and cheese-paring Economists, and reluctant Ratepayers. GR-R-R! how I hate the whole penurious brood! Housed appropriately I must and will be, though Rate Incidence be as yet ill-adjusted, and that blessed word Betterment be but an ear-soothing sound. But hold!—she comes!

Enter Injured, but Beauteous, Ratepayer, wringing her hands.

I. but B. R. (aside). Hah! Whom have we here? Merciless Master D-CK-NS-N, as I'm a living woman! Was't not enough that Vestries should vex me, Boards o'erburden me, Pedagogues oppress, and Precepts perplex, but he too must turn against me? (Aloud.) Give you good den, Master D.! Hast news of comfort for me?

Steward (harshly). Woman, I know not what thou wilt deem news of comfort. But if a superb site and a splendid structure (pointing to Plan) have charms for thy something straitened and sordid soul, then, verily—

I. but B. R. (shrieking as she catches sight of the Plan, and the fair round Figures attached thereto). Alas, Mr. Steward! 'tis, as thou sayst, superb—splendid—and, what is more, prodigiously expensive withal! It is magnifique, but it is not—Economy!

Steward (scornfully). Expensive? Pooh! What matters a Million or twain so London's Guardians be well housed?

I. but B. R. But, in the words of the old game, where's the money to come from? Moreover, is it not understood that all Metropolitan Improvements be postponed till such time as those ghouls of ground-renters, those ogres of property-owners, are compelled proportionally to disgorge?

Steward. Ahem! Truly so! But verily this matter is exceptional and urgent. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat;" and they who superintend the People's housing should surely themselves be adequately, not to say magnificently, housed. As to the money—why, fear not for thy pockets Dame, which are not yet utterly depleted by that Briarean blood-sucker, BUMBLE. Why, we shall right soon save the money in cab-fares, and—ahem!—other

comforts and conveniences for our committees, not to mention the purchasing of supplementary tenements "at the rate of two houses a year." Oh, be content, Dame; pay up, and look pleasant! (Imperatively.)

I. but B. R. (frantically). Alas! Is there, then, no hope? Will no one bring a rescue or two? "Oh, where is County (Council) Guy?"

Enter the Young Squire, hastily.

Young Squire (hurriedly arrived from heavy business and urgent elsewhere, but impelled by a sense of public duty to intervene on this occasion). HERE!! (Chord.) Be consoled, Dame—I will protect thee! And for thee, Sir Steward, what the mischief art up to, with thy Aladdin Palaces, and thine Odd Millions?

Steward (confused, and displaying Plan). Why, my lord—deeming it befitting—that so illustrious and important and ubiquitously influential a Body—as—Ourselves—should have a Local Habitation—as well as a Name—I have prepared—this little Plan—which, with the aid—of "a little cheque"—say for a trifle of Two Millions—

Young Squire (snatching Plan from his grasp and gazing angrily thereon). Aha! A veritable Castle in the Air! An Arabian Nights' Phantom Palace!! The House that Jack (in Office) would have built!!! (Tears it, and treads it under foot.) Nay, Sir Steward, thou hast much misunderstood thy trust. The housing of the poor, rather than of the rich, is thy prime function. Attend first to this little list of Metropolitan Improvements, which cannot be unfamiliar to thine ears and eyes. Or if they must perforce be postponed until the attainment of "a fairer adjustment of the incidence of taxation," prythee, à fortiori, postpone also until uncertain date this precious scheme for an expensive Municipal Palace, and this premature and impudent assault upon an already sufficiently depleted Pocket!

I. but B. R. (clasping her hands in gratitude). Ah, thanks, noble youth! Heaven reward thee for thy magnanimous championship of the poor gyrl's purse!

Steward (aside). Foiled!!! But no mattah! a time will come!!!
(Curtain.)

"M. G." AND "G. M."—The first whispered proposal is, we believe, generally formulated thus, "May I then hope? May I?" But H.R.H. the Duke of YORK's proposal must have been even more simple than this, for hope being changed into certainty, there was only the whispered question, "MAY GEORGE?" and the gentle answer, "GEORGE MAY." Then—all ended happily.

THE POLICE PHRASE-BOOK.

AS USED IN FRANCE.

I HAVE no time to answer questions.

The slightest protest will mean arrest.

You will cause me to draw my sword.

I have a loaded revolver.

We must take that barricade.

We must obtain the help of the army.

We can assist bayonets with bullets.

We have no cause to succour the wounded.

We must preserve order.

And, to do this, we cry, "Long live France! Fire upon any one! Charge!"

AS USED IN ENGLAND.

The first turning to the left, Sir, and then keep straight on until you meet another constable—then ask again.

You have taken too much; you had better go home quietly. Shall I call a cab?

Now don't forget you are a gentleman, Sir, but help me to do my duty.

Now, coachman, wait a moment. Must let these pass before you can come.

We don't want any help, Sir. Why the crowd's as meek as sheep and as good natured as sandboys.

Here, Sir, you have had an awkward tumble. Let me hold you up while my mate goes for an ambulance.

We must preserve order.

And to do this we have only to observe "move on."

PARLIAMENTARY.—Change of name. Mr. CONYBARE henceforth to be known as "CONYBARE," with the accent on the "bore."



TOO AWFUL TO CONTEMPLATE!

A Confidence. After the Garden Party

"OH, SUCH A DREADFUL THING HAPPENED TO ME! I WENT UP TO LADY EXE,—I HAD SOMETHING VERY PARTICULAR TO SAY TO HER,—AND I DIDN'T SEE SHE WAS TALKING TO ONE OF THE ROYAL PRINCES. WELL, JUST FANCY! I TOOK NO SORT OF NOTICE OF HIM, BUT I JUST SAID WHAT I HAD TO SAY TO HER. WHEN I DISCOVERED WHAT I HAD DONE, I CALLED ON LADY EXE, AND I SAID, 'I'M AFRAID HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL BE AWFULLY ANNOYED WITH ME.' AND DEAR LADY EXE QUITE COMFORTED ME, YOU KNOW. SHE SAID, 'IF I WERE YOU, I WOULDN'T TROUBLE MYSELF ABOUT IT. HE WON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF IT; AS REALLY, MY DEAR, PEOPLE HAVE SUCH BAD MANNERS NOWADAYS!'"

PROPHETIC DIARY OF THE L.C.C.

(For the Next Ten Years.)

1894. Scheme accepted for building Hôtel de Ville at a cost of £3,000,000.

1895. Purchase of Kensington Gardens as a Recreation-ground for the Improvement Committee.

1896. The Council buys St. Paul's Cathedral as a Private Chapel for the marriage of its members and their families.

1897. Completion of *The Bumble Steam-yacht* of the L. C. C., costing £100,000.

1898. Uniforms for the Members ordered at an expense of £500,000.

1899. Purchase of a Crown and other Jewels for the Chairman on State occasions.

1900. The Palaces erected for occupation by the Members in Eaton, Belgrave, Grosvenor, and Berkeley Squares acquired and taken into use.

1901. A sum not exceeding £5,000,000 voted by the L. C. C. for statues commemorating themselves, their wives, and their families.

1902. Resolution carried by acclamation confiscating the entire sum received from the ratepayers for the L. C. C. Secret Service Fund.

1903. Petition for Metropolitan Improvement unanimously rejected.

1904. Act abolishing the L. C. C. passed in Parliament at a single sitting.

"COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY."—A most useful body, no doubt. "But," asks Lord T. NODDIE, "as our Upper House is so often threatened, why isn't there a 'Lords Preservation Society'?"

DANCE TILL DAWN.

CHARMING maidens, smiling brightly,
Moving gracefully and lightly

As the fawn,
Linger still, let me invite you,
Surely on this short June night you
Dance till dawn.

Till the early bird will get the
Worm, and seaside shrimpers net the

Shrimp or prawn.
Whilst they print the morning paper,
Let us glide and whirl and caper

Till the dawn.

Till, with waking chirp of sparrows,
Early costermongers' barrows

Forth are drawn.

Till the candles flare and gutter,
And the daylight, through the shutter,
Peeps at dawn;

Till the cock is crowing; listen!
And the dainty dewdrops glisten

On the lawn;

Till my pretty partner's posies,
Made of June's delightful roses,
Droop at dawn;

Till my collar's limp and flabby—
Then I hail the sleepy cabby,
As I yawn;

Home, to dream of sweet cheeks blushing
Like the sky, now rosy flushing
At the dawn.

TRES BEAU-TANICAL. — An Aladdin-like Magic-Lamp and Magic-Lantern Night at the Botanical Gardens on Wednesday. A thousand additional traditional lamps. The Flower of the Aristocracy, being at the State Ball, is represented by the Aristocracy of Flowers (in the absence of Lord and Lady BATTERSEA, without whom no Floral Fête can be absolutely perfect) in every part of these beautiful gardens. Bands playing; but not sufficient distance between them, so that when they performed, simultaneously, entirely different tunes, the effect was far from soothing to the listeners' nerves. Why not adopt the plan admirably carried out at the Marlborough House Garden Party, where one band having finished, another, at a distance, commenced? Why among the harmony of colours at the Botanical should there be produced by the conflict of two tunes, taken in different times, but played at the same moment, an inharmonious whole?

LADIES' FASHIONS.—Extremes: *Minimum*—Bonnet; a ribbon and rosette. *Maximum*—Hat; a Flower Garden on a Yard of Straw.

THE MODERN NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

If times were as when time was young,
And reason ruled each shepherd's tongue,
Thy pretty speeches might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But times are changed in field and fold,
At shocking prices sheep are sold,
And farmers look exceeding glum,
Foreboding darker days to come.

The weeds do choke the thriftless fields,
No profit now the harvest yields;
Honey is sought, but only gall
Is found, for still the prices fall.

Thy pinks, thy stocks, thy Provence roses,
Are pretty, and I'm fond of posies;
But wages may not long be gotten
When folly's rife, and business rotten.

A man of straw thy master seems,
No grain of sense is in thy dreams,
And my Papa would not approve
Even if I would be thy love.

But, when times mend, sheep-farmssucceed,
And all on English mutton feed,
Ask me again, and thou may'st move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Tuesday, July 4. *State Visit to the Opera*.—Yes, "TODGERS's could do it when it liked," as CHARLES DICKENS remarked in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, and Sir COVENTGARDENS DRURIOLANUS can do it when he likes, rather! The front of the house is quite a "mask of flowers," which the Master of the Gray's Inn Revels, himself present in a gorgeous and awe-inspiring uniform, regards with a benign and appreciative smile. Interesting to note a number of



"Pas de Druriolanus; or, All among the Roses."

ordinarily quiet and unobtrusive individuals, personally known to me as the mildest-mannered men, who now appear as the fiercest, and, on such a night, the hottest of warriors; seeing that if it is 98 in the shade, the temperature must be ten degrees higher to those who are buttoned up to the chin in a military uniform, with straps, belts, buckles, boots, weighted too with a dangling, clattering sword, and having to carry about a thickly-furred hat, with a plume in it like a shaving-brush, that obstinately refuses to be hung up, or sat upon, or put out of sight, in any sort of way whatever, and which, like a baby in arms, must be carried,—or dropped. The Venetians on the stage in all their mediæval bravery are not arrayed like one of these simple English yeomen, for, as I am given to understand, to that glorious body of our country's agricultural defenders do these dashing Hussars, in their Hessian-

fly boots, belong! Ah! with such warriors England is safe! Then there are what Mr. Weller would have termed "My Prooshan Blues," and likewise the diplomatic Muscovite, in hard-looking cap, blue, naval-looking coat, and (apparently) flannel boating trousers, falling, rather short, on to ordinary boots, with plain unornamental spurs; a costume which, on the whole, suggests that its wearer, at the command of the Autocrat of all the Russias, must be ready at a second's notice to execute a forced march, dance a hornpipe, run as a footman, take somebody up as a policeman, head a cavalry charge, or (still in spurs) steer a torpedo boat on its dangerous errand. Opera going strong, with the DE FRISKY Bros. & Co. The Last Act (by Royal Command) is omitted, and so for the first time in dramatic history the story of *Romeo and Juliet* ends as happily as possible. The lovers are only interrupted by the fall of the curtain, and there are no sleeping draughts, poisonings, or burials. It is a realisation of the line in *The Critic*, "In the Queen's name I charge you all to drop your swords and daggers!" Only the order is given in the Princess's name, and the swords, daggers, and deadly draughts are all dropped accordingly. Greatest possible success. *Gloria DRURIOLANO!*

Friday Night.—First performance of *I Rantzau*, and first-rate performance, too. The Plot is simply a Plot of Land. Scene laid—laid for seven *dramatis personæ*—in a Vague Village of the Vosges; time, present century. The Rantzaus are the Capulets and Montagues of this district; the son of one faction is in love with the daughter of the other; but it doesn't end tragically, and the lovers marry. That's all. It was played as a Drama at the Français, with GOT in it; when subsequently it was turned into an Opera, it had the "Go" taken out of it. DE LUCIA, ANCONA, CASTELMARY, BISPHAM, and CORSI doing their very best, as do also the lamplighter and his assistant, who deftly perform their "Wagnerian watchman" "business" to characteristic music. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER great in a small part; and Madame MELBA does her very best with the singularly uninteresting part of *Luisa*, who is a very "Limited Loo." Signor MASCAGNI conducted the Opera, and was himself conducted on to the stage as often as possible in order to receive the congratulations of his "friends in front." *I Rantzau* not "in it" with MASCAGNI's *Cavalleria*, which, like the Rantzau family at the end of the piece, "still holds the field." Thermometer 95° in the stalls. House animated and appreciative.

Saturday.—*Les Huguenots*. Grand Cast. Thermometer down again.

A DITTY OF THE DOG-DAYS.

NINETY-ONE in the shade, by NEGRETTI and ZAMBRA!
'Tis O that I dwell in an ice-crevasse,
Or rented a share in the *Mer de Glace*,
Or hired (ere I melt and resolve to gas)
That patio cool in the chill Alhambra
(Not "Lei-ces-ter Squarr," but Granada far),
Where fountains sprinkle and splash and tinkle—
Ay me! that my dream can ne'er come to pass!
"Fourteen hours of the sun!" says the "Jordan Recorder"—
Each day it grows hotter in London town!
The plane-trees are withered and burnt and brown;
Ere Lammas has come the leaves are down!
The months have been mixed—they're out of order;
We'd the weather of June six weeks too soon;
And now we swelter and gasp for shelter—
We're grilled alive from toe to crown!
There's drought in the fields, and drought in my gullet!
I would that I sat in a boundless tank
Of claret and soda, and drank and drank!
My thirst with PANTAGRUEL's own would rank—
Gargantuan draughts alone may lull it!
A shandygaff "chute" à la BOYTON would suit,
Or of Pilsener lager a Nile or Niagara—
Would that it through my oesophagus sank!
I'd long to be NANSEN, that bold Norwegian,
Who's off to the north like a sailor-troll;
Dry land I prefer in my inmost soul,
And his tub-like *Fram* will pitch and roll,
But she's bound at least for a glacial region!
Or stay, to be sure! here's Professor D—R
To cold can consign us untold degrees minus—
There's no need to visit the Northern Pole!
With this decuman "heat-wave" I grow delirious,
And babble a prayer to the Maid who sways
The Weather-department (on working-days)
Of the *Daily Graphic*—in crazy phrase—
The bale-fire to quench of far-distant Sirius!
To the Man in the Moon at noon I croon
For a lunatic boon, if that lone buffoon
Can stay this canicular, perpendicular,
Bang-on-my-forehead, horrid, torrid,
Beaming, gleaming, and ever-streaming
Blaze of rays that maze and daze!!

ROBERT AT THE MANSHUN HOUSE.

I HAVE long nown as how as the present LORD MARE was one of the werry nicest, as well as one of the werry liberrallists, of Lord Mares as we has had for many years, but I most suttently did not kno, till larst Saturday, that, noticing, as he must have done, how shamefoolly the County Counsellors is a trying for to destroy the grand old Copperation, and take puscasion of Gildhal and the Manshun House, he had the courage to assemble round his ospiterbel Table all the most princiblest of the great writers of our wonderful and powerful Press, and let them judge for theirselves whether sieh a hinstitootion as he represented was worth preserwin or not! Ah, that was sumthink like a Bankwet that was! Why amost ewery-boddy was there as was anyboddy. And the ony trubble as that caused was, that they was all so jolly glad to meet each other, under sitch unusual suckemstances, that nothink on airth could keep em quiet, no, not ewen when the Amerriycan Embassader torked to em for about arf a nour!

One of the most distinguist of the skollars as I was waiting on told one of the most butiful Painters, in my hearing, as how he thort it woud be rayther a wise thing of all future Lord Mares if they himmitated the present LORD MARE's exampel; and I wentur, with all umility, to say Ditto to the distinguist Skoller. ROBERT.

GE-O-M-ETRICALLY CONSIDERED.—The illuminations were as good as they could be everywhere. The brilliant initials, "G. M.," wanted nothing to render them perfect. If that want had been supplied, then, as "nothing" is represented by a cipher, the initials would have commemorated the G. O. M.

FROM HENLEY TO THE OPERA ON THE NIGHT OF THE STATE PERFORMANCE.—"Rich and rare were the gems they wore;" and two ladies, with magnificent tiaras, if they had only shown up at Henley, would have won the prize for "*The Diamond Skulls*."

MRS. R. caught sight of a heading in a daily paper—"Board of Trade Returns." Our old friend at once exclaimed. "Then where has the Board of Trade been to? Where is it returning from? I really don't call this attending to business."



A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Tommy (on his way to the Browns' Juvenile Garden Party). "Now, NURSE, REMEMBER, WHEN ONCE WE'VE PASSED THAT GARDEN GATE, YOU DON'T BELONG TO ME!"

FATHER WILLIAM.

(Latest Anglo-Teutonic Version, as repeated to the Caterpillar of State by Alice, in Blunderland, from vague and mixed reminiscences of Southey, Lewis Carroll, and the Reports of the Debates in the British Parliament and the German Reichstag, concerning the Home-Rule Bill and the Army Bill respectively.)

"I'M afraid I am changed, Sir," said ALICE; "I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep to the same author for ten minutes together!"

"Can't remember *what* things?" said the Caterpillar of State.

"Well, I've tried to sing '*Rule, Britannia*,' but it all came different, and got mixed up with '*The Watch on the Rhine*!'"

ALICE replied, in a very melancholy voice.

"Repeat '*You are old, Father William*,'" said the Caterpillar of State.

ALICE folded her hands, and began:—

"Good-morrow!" the youth to the Woodcutter cried;

"Father WILLIAM, you're 'sniggling,' I see!"

With a smile of bland 'cuteness the Old Man replied,

"Master WILLIAM, good morrow! I be!"

"You are old, Father WILLIAM," the young KAISER said,

"And your hair, what there is of it, 's white;

And yet you still stand at the Government's head—

Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"Some twenty years since," Father WILLIAM replied,

"I'd a passionate wish to retire;

But as I grow younger each year, I have tried

To subdue that untimely desire."

"You are old," said the youth, "yet your seat appears firm,

You are still pretty good over timber;

Your double back somersaults make your foes squirm.

What keeps you so nimble and limber?"

"In my youth," said the Senior, "I kept all my limbs—

And some say my principles—supple;

And that 's why old age neither stiffens nor dims,

And years with alertness I couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your 'jaw' should be weak, I've often heard BIZZY pooh-pooh it.

Yet you polish off JOE, and tap GOSCHEN's big beak;

Pray, how do you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said the Sage, "Fair Debate was the law,

And genuine Eloquence rife;

And so in an age of mere Brummagem 'jaw'

I can still hold my own in the strife."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever;

Yet you balance that eel on the end of your nose—

What makes you so awfully clever?"

"You are young," smiled old WILL; "you don't yet understand, The point—of the eel—you'd be missing;

But when you're an Old Parliamentary Hand

You will find it as easy as kissing!"

"I've caught an eel, also," observed the young "sniggler,"

"I'm not, like you, beaked *à la* Toucan;

Mine's still smaller than yours, and a terrible wriggler;

I wish I could work it as you can!"

"The equilibrist's art," the Old Juggler replied,

"Is not to be learned in a jiffy.

With the help of your Eyes (*Ayes*), and your Nose (*Noes*), and good 'side,

You may win—if you do not turn 'squiffy'"

"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar of State.

"Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said ALICE, timidly; "some of the words have got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the Caterpillar, decidedly; and there was silence for some minutes.



“FATHER WILLIAM.”

“YOU ARE OLD,” SAID THE YOUTH; “ONE WOULD HARDLY SUPPOSE
THAT YOUR EYE WAS AS STEADY AS EVER;
YET YOU BALANCE THAT EEL ON THE END OF YOUR NOSE—
WHAT MAKES YOU SO AWFULLY CLEVER?”



AN ORATOR "POUR RIRE."

(A STUDY IN HYDE PARK.)

The Scene is that Forum for Fudmongers—the angle of the Park fronting Cumberland Gate. A large and utterly irreverent crowd is listening with cheerful intolerance to a Persevering Gentleman, of a highly respectable and almost scholarly appearance, who is addressing them from a three-legged stool on nothing in particular, though he has apparently committed himself by charging a certain Statesman with at least two political murders.

The Orator (haltingly). We who are fighting the battle—(uproarious laughter from Crowd, which he endures with dignified resignation)—I say—we who are fighting the battle!

The Crowd. 'Oo's talking about fightin' a battle? ... You wouldn't be 'ere if there was any battles about! 'E's a fair ole fraud, 'e is—that's about 'is sort! Shet up, you idiotic ole ass, do! (&c., &c.)

The Orator (patiently). I say once more—we who are fighting the—(Howls of derision, at which he smiles, but perceives, regretfully, that the battle must be abandoned.) One of my friends here has seen fit to describe me as an idiotic old ass. ("So you are!") Well, I am glad, at least, that he pronounced it *ass* with the vowel short, and not *ass*, for it shows that he has at least a certain regard for the Queen's English. (The Crowd hasten to give the vowel sound all the breadth in their power). I think I was—(here he consults a sheaf of notes)—offering some remarks upon Mr. WILLIAM WOBLER. Now we are told, "Speak evil of no man!"

The Crowd. That's a good un! 'Oo spoke evil of Mr. BAGWIND jest now?

The Orator (mildly hurt). I never said a single unkind word about Mr. BAGWIND!

The Crowd. Yer lie! Why, didn't you say as he murdered JETTISON and SCAPEGOAT? Wot yer call *that*, eh?

The Orator. I may have made some such observation—but far be it from me to speak evil of any man. If I spoke evil, it was on public grounds. I should scorn to attack any individual in his private character. I think I have satisfactorily answered that matter. And I tell you this—it is largely owing to me that Mr. WILLIAM WOBLER owes his seat in Parliament to-day! (His hearers receive this with frank incredulity.) Ah, but it is, though, and I denounce him, as I have denounced him before, and shall denounce him while I have power to raise my voice, as a man who has proved himself utterly unworthy of the efforts I have made on his behalf. Some people are saying they want THOMAS TIDDLER in North Paddington. I say—*Never!* Not as long as I've breath in my body shall THOMAS TIDDLER be returned for any constituency! No, gentlemen: here I stand before you, with no money, and only one lung. I have rich and high relations, to whom I might apply for relief if I condescended to do so; but I scorn to abase myself in any such manner. I prefer to appeal to you, the people of London. It's a disgrace—a public disgrace—that you people should allow such a man as myself to walk the streets without food! (A voice. "Why don't yer work?") Work? Am I not working? Am I not in my proper place here to-night?

The Crowd (with hearty unanimity). No!

The Orator (with exultation). Then support me in the name of all you hold dear! I have my work to accomplish, and I shall accomplish it by the aid of the People's pence, by the aid of the People's sixpences,—aye, and by the aid of the People's shillings! Will you help me?

The Crowd (more heartily than ever). No!

The Orator. Then I will now proceed to make a collection.

[He descends from his stool, and circulates among the crowd proffering a highly respectable hat. A Rival Orator mounts the stool; he has a straw hat, side whiskers, and a style of concentrated and withering invective.

The Rival Orator (fluently, and with much enjoyment of his own eloquence). I shall preface what I have to say by protesting in the strongest terms at my disposal against the most disgraceful attack we have had the pain of listening to to-night, against the character

of a Statesman we all revere, by the unspeakably offensive and degraded individual with a black coat, a clean collar, and only one lung, who has just concluded his contemptible remarks, and is now debasing himself, if possible, still further by going round cringing, actually cringing, for the miserable halfpence which he hopes his foul-mouthed virulence will extract from the more foolish among his hearers! (Applause at this spirited opening; the First Orator imperturbably continues to protrude his hat.) I have no hesitation in saying that if such language as he has favoured us with was uttered against a public man in any other community, in any other country, in any other hemisphere in the civilized globe, the audience would have risen in righteous indignation, and chased the cowardly aggressor back to the vile den from whose obscurity he would have done better never to emerge! Gentlemen, he has appealed to your sympathy on the ground, forsooth, that he has only one lung! I venture to assert that it is nothing short of a public calamity that he is the possessor of one lung; for had he none at all, he would have been incapable of outraging the general intelligence by the utterance of such sentiments as he has disgusted you by this evening. When I first became acquainted with this man, before he had sunk

into the besotted state in which he now wallows, he used, I remember, to condemn the practice of making a public collection. Now I've never been against that practice myself. I hold that a man who is capable of attracting an audience by such gifts of oratory as he may possess, is perfectly justified in making a collection afterwards, whether he requires the money or not. But this person has become so degraded, so destitute of any sense of honour, so soaked and sodden with gin, that he now turns round on the principles he once professed, and is to be seen going round with a hat laden with the coppers of those who are infinitely worse off than—judging from his dress and prosperous appearance—he evidently is himself!

The First Orator (exhibiting his empty hat). It don't look much like it at present, GABBITT!

Mr. Gabbitt. He has boasted to you of having rich relations, and said he scorned to apply to them. I want to know why, instead of coming here begging to you, he don't go to them?

The First Orator. I've been, GABBITT.

Mr. G. (triumphantly). You hear? he's been to them. That proves they've found him out; they know him for the grovelling soaker he is, a wretch tottering on the verge of delirium tremens, and, rightly, they'll have nothing to do with him. It's very possible, gentlemen, that he may have rich relations in the place where most of us have rich relations—I refer to the workhouse! (Cheers and laughter.) And it is this wretch, this indescribable mixture of meanness and malignity, who has dared to come here and charge Mr. BAGWIND with crime! He asked you—and let him not deny it now—"What about Mr. SCAPEGOAT?" Well, there may be a good many things about Mr. SCAPEGOAT, but what I tell you is—an observation like that is one that doesn't convey any concrete idea whatever; in short, it is the observation of a drivelling and confirmed lunatic!

Voice in the Crowd. With on'y one lung; don't forget that, ole man!

Mr. G. (magnanimously). No, I've done with his lung, now; it doesn't do to carry personalities too far, and I've disposed of that already, and have no desire to return to it. And, as I observe that the wretched object of the strictures which I have felt it my duty to express, has concluded his efforts with the hat, and met with the freeing contempt and indifference which are only to be expected from intelligent and fair-minded men like yourselves, I will now bring my exposure of the sophistries, the base insinuations, and the incoherent maunderings which he had the effrontery to impose upon your understandings as argument, to a premature close, and proceed to make a collection on my own account, and thereby afford you the opportunity of showing on which side your real sympathies and your confidence are enlisted.

[He goes round with the straw hat, which his delighted audience fill liberally with the coppers that the previous speaker has ignominiously failed to extract from them. But the tender-hearted Reader may be relieved to hear that, as soon as the crowd has dispersed, the victor shares the proceeds of his eloquence in the handsomest manner with his adversary, who shows a true elevation of mind in betraying no abiding resentment at his oratorical defeat. So may all such contests terminate—as, for that matter, they generally do.



"I say—Never!"

"THE PLAY IS NOT THE THING."

(A Farce which is running in most of the London Theatres, but which should not be tolerated for a single Night.)

SCENE—Auditorium of the T. R. — during the performance of a Modern Comedy. Enter a party of four Playgoers into private box.

First Playgoer. Rather a pity it has begun! I always like to see a play from first to last. Don't you?

Second P. Quite. So much more interesting. Of course if you don't catch what they say at first, how on earth can you catch the idea of the plot?

Third P. Not that the plot matters much nowadays. All dialogue, don't you know? Smart hits at somebody, and all that sort of thing.

Fourth P. Quite. Really better fun than the other sort of thing. Much better fun to have to listen to epigrams and all that sort of thing, than to have to follow something or other with interest.

Second P. Quite. In fact, nowadays, you can come in when you like, and listen to what you like.

Third P. Yes, much better plan than having to take it all in. Think it a first-rate idea to allow talking all through, instead of keeping that sort of thing until between the Acts.

Second P. Quite. Between the Acts a fellow wants to smoke. Much jollier to talk when the other fellows are talking too. Divide the labour with them—half the



PESSIMISM v. OPTIMISM.

(From the City.)

"YOU'RE GETTING QUITE A CORPORATION, BROWN!"

"YES; THE RESULT OF A CONTENTED MIND, OLD MAN!"

"NO. YOU MEAN THE RESULT OF A CONTINUAL FEAST!"

conversation on one side the Curtain, half on the other.

Fourth P. Capital idea, and much less fatiguing than the old style. Fancy having to take it all in! Why, ten years ago, one had to get up a play as if one had to pass an examination in it next morning! Awful bosh!

Second P. Quite. No, it's much jollier to chat. Is there anyone in the house you know?

First P. Only that Johnnie over there! The fellow in the dinner-jacket, who's gone to sleep. He's rather a sportsman. (Applause.) Hallo! What's that row about?

Third P. End of the First Act. I say, you fellows, I don't think there's much in the piece, so far.

Fourth P. I am blest if I know what it's all about.

First P. More do I.

Second P. And I. Why should we stay any longer? Seems awful rot.

Fourth P. Quite. Let's go to a Music-Hall, where we can smoke and chat.

First P. Quite.

[Exeunt the party, to the great relief of the remainder of the Audience. Curtain.]

AN OMISSION IN LAST WEEK'S CEREMONIAL ACCOUNTED FOR.—It was first proposed to make a *détour* from Piccadilly by way of Park Lane, Stanhope Street, and so forth, round again to Piccadilly. But as H.R.H. the Duke of York pointed out, there was no necessity for specially visiting May Fair, as from start to finish he took MAY Fair with him.

PUNCH'S "GOD-SPEED" TO THE POLE-SEEKERS.

[DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN'S Arctic Expedition sailed from Christiania in the *Fram* on June 24.]

So Dr. FRIDTJOF NANSEN's off!

Cynics will chuckle, and pessimists scoff.

What a noodle, that Norrway chap,

Who'd drift to the Pole to—complete our map!

Year after year in the broad-beam'd *Fram*,
Far from Society's "Real Jam,"
Away from the fjords, and Five o'Clock Tea,
Amidst the ice of the Kara Sea;
Certain of darkness, discomfort, and frost,
With an excellent prospect of getting lost,
Crunched in the ice-pack, frozen, or starved,
Whilst Mansion-House Banquets are being carved;

Over the snow like pale ghosts flitting,
Missing the sweets of an All-Night Sitting!
Alone in a canvas-bottom'd bunk,
When gossip is gabbled, and toasts are drunk,

Where Good Society's geese gregarious,
Hiss malignant, or cackle hilarious!
Well, who knows? Those Arctic snows
May bore *men* less than our Social Shows;
And utter aridity starve the soul
More in the House than the Northern Pole!

Here's to NANSEN! Here's to his crew!
We know they'll venture what men may do.
Good luck and good cheer be Heaven's gift
To the *Fram* and her men on that long, long drift!

And if they win through the Polar pack,
May *Punch* be foremost to welcome them back.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 3.—The fat in the fire again. Who put it there? "I," said JOEY C., "with my ready ladle; I swooped it in." So he did, lighting up with sudden flame embers that seemed quite dead. At end of speech on WOLMER'S Amendment, seeing JOHN DILLON sitting opposite, asked him what about few remarks made at Castlereagh, in which he had threatened, when Irishmen came to their own on College Green, they would have police, sheriffs, and bailiffs, under their control, and would "remember" their enemies? DILLON, amid scene of tumultuous excitement, admitted that phrase not in itself defensible, but pleaded that words had been spoken amid great provocation. The massacre at Mitchelstown had taken place just before; its memo-

ries were hot within him, and, out of the indignation of his heart, his tongue had spoken.

As DILLON urged this plea, T. W. RUSSELL made a hurried remark in JOSEPH'S ear. J. smiled grimly; the Lord had delivered the enemy into his hand. Some men would have maimed their chance, if not spoiled the game, by jumping up with hot interruption, and hurriedly exposed the blunder upon which DILLON had stumbled. JOSEPH never loses his head. He lay low, sayin' nuffin', but regarding the unconscious victim opposite with dangerously smiling face. When DILLON sat down, the crowded House plainly moved by his effective speech, JOSEPH literally leaped to his feet, and flung across the floor the most complete and dramatic blow ever dealt at a man in House of Commons. It was Mitchelstown, was it, that had ranked in DILLON'S breast when he uttered the phrase he now regretted? Would the House believe that the massacre at Mitchelstown took place on September 9, 1887, and this speech at Castlereagh was made on December 5, 1886?

"Remember Mitchelstown!" JOHN DILLON had remembered it nine months and four days before it had taken place. Several moments the Unionists cheered, JOSEPH standing with accusatory finger pointed at



THE WEEK OF THE YEAR.

JOHN DILLON, who sat silent with folded arms, the habitual pallor of his face changed to a ghastlier white.

"My dear JOHN," I said to him later, "how on earth could you make such a terrible mistake? The only amelioration it has is that it was so stupendous and obvious that it was plainly stumbled upon without intent or purport to deceive."

"Thank you, TOBY," said JOHN DILLON. "I suppose that is clear enough to the generous mind. But I know a blunder is sometimes worse than a crime. The fact is, about the time I spoke at Castlereagh, things were so bad in Ireland, the police so little hesitating to shoot, that I got mixed up in my dates, and remembered Mitchelstown when I was thinking about something else."

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill in Committee.

Tuesday.—TRITON descending amongst the minnows has brought up CONYBEARE. Not much heard of late of that eminent legislator.

Seems he's been compensating enforced silence in House by "saying things" of SPEAKER in letter to newspaper. More than hints SPEAKER, moved by political motives, has acted unfairly in Chair. Perhaps TRITON had done better to leave him alone. Comparatively few were aware of the little excursion into print. Now blazoned forth to all the world. Since 'twas done 'twas well 'twas done admirably. SPEAKER moved to one of those outbursts of passionate though restrained eloquence of which, upon occasion, he shows himself capable. As Baron FERDY remarks:—"Since G. P. R. JAMES was sent as Consul to Venice, the only city in the world where the solitary horseman of his many novels could not be 'observed,' nothing so quaint as condemning one of the few parliamentary orators of the day to the silence of the Chair."

Mr. G. delivered brief but magnificent speech, instinct with the true spirit of Parliamentarian. PRINCE ARTHUR said a few words; everybody looked round for CURSE OF CAMBORNE but unwonted access of modesty had seized him. Here was opportunity with crowded House waiting on his words. And where was he? Not in his place; so episode closed.

Though CONYBEARE's intention probably not kindly meant, SPEAKER certainly under considerable obligation to him. Opportunity afforded House of enthusiastically applauding the most capable, dignified, upright SPEAKER that ever faced the fierce light that beats upon the Chair of the House of Commons.

Came across HERBERT MAXWELL just now; haven't seen him since Saturday; met at dinner to Art and Literature given at Mansion House by Lord Mayor KNILL. "BAYARD finished his speech yet?" I asked.

"Not sure," said MAXWELL; "fancy not. When I was carried out, in state approaching coma, I observed on table before him two or three other volumes of manuscript, containing further passages of the prodigious recitation."

BAYARD is the new American Minister, doncha; made his first public appearance at the Mansion House on Saturday; felt he must rise to occasion; and did.

"Yours is a mere speck of a country, TOBY," he said, before we went in to dinner. "Your public speeches are, very properly, planned in proportion. Now America, as you may have heard, is a vast Continent, and I've got up a little thing to scale."

"Otherwise a very pleasant dinner," said MAXWELL. "I sat next to a Citizen and Loriner. Don't know what a Loriner is, but fancy, from look in my friend's eyes, it's something to do with fish. When turtle soup appeared on table there was phosphorescent gleam in the worthy Loriner's eyes. He prodded me genially in ribs

with a fat elbow, and said with ungent chuckle, 'Ah, I s'pose you writing fellows don't often sit down to a dinner like this?'"

Business done.—In Committee on Home-Rule Bill. Much cry and few Amendments.

Thursday.—At ten o'clock to-night guillotine descended; simultaneously Opposition lost their head; for hour and half there raged succession of angry scenes that beat a gorgeous record. Mr. G. and PRINCE ARTHUR, coming and going from division lobbies, were made objects of rival ovations. Liberals and the Irish leaped to their feet, madly cheering when PREMIER dropped in. Few minutes earlier or later came PRINCE ARTHUR; instantly Unionists on their feet wildly cheering. Outside all London making holiday. Here hon. gentlemen almost clutching at each other's throats across the beneficently wide floor. Instead of wedding festivities and national holiday depleting House it was fuller than ever. VILLIERS came down to give his vote against Closure; Unionists rapturous round their Grand Old Man. The other side had Mr. G. with his fourscore years and four. VILLIERS of Wolverhampton topped him by seven years. Nearly carried him into division lobby shoulder high; beat hasty retreat after doing this last service to his country.

"Fact is, you know, TOBY," he said, "I'm not quite the young fellow I used to be; can't stand the racket as was easy enough some sixty or seventy years ago. If they'll kindly excuse me, I'll go and take a walk with the crowd to see the illuminations in Piccadilly. That will be delightfully quiet after this turmoil."

On Clause 6 SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, accompanied by half-a-dozen unpurchaseable Radicals, voted in Opposition lobby; brought Government majority down to 15; crowd, streaming by Palace Yard, clearly

heard terrific cheers that welcomed this falling off. Proposed to bring back the SAGE and his merry men in triumph. Floral decoration being order of day, why not let them enter rose-garlanded, led by PRINCE ARTHUR on one side, and JOEY C. on the other? Guaranteed a noble reception from grateful and gratified Opposition. But some difference of opinion arose within little circle of Stalwarts, and proposal abandoned. Drifted in one by one, amid stream of Opposition.

Business done.—Clauses 5, 6, 7, and 8 added to Home-Rule Bill.

Friday Night.—CONYBEARE went out a-shearing, and came home shorn. Asked leave to make personal explanation; House naturally thought this would assume form of apology for attack on SPEAKER, of which note was taken on Tuesday. Permission accordingly given. Turned out nothing further from CONYBEARE's thoughts. First began by scolding unnamed persons for not rising in his defence on Tuesday; then proceeded to argue with Mr. G. and SPEAKER on point of order involved in his earlier attack. Incidentally, as the SPEAKER, in indignant tones, pointed out, he repeated the charges embodied in his letter. House long listened, with amazing patience. But there are limits to forbearance; at end of quarter of an hour the CURSE OF CAMBORNE had reached these; his letter declared by unanimous vote to be a breach of privilege; a lame apology wrung from his unwilling lips, under penalty of a week's suspension. "Curses," said the Member for Sark, "come home to roost, no exception being made in the case of CAMBORNE." *Business done.*—None.

MRS. R.'S LATEST OBSERVATION.—Our excellent friend was disappointed with the Royal Bridal Procession. Finding the King and Queen of DENMARK in the procession, she naturally looked out for Hamlet, and does not, to this hour, see why he should have been left out of the play.



"THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE."

A LONDON PEST.

To an impartial observer the public, philanthropic, and municipal attempts to honour the memory of the great and good, if sometimes mistaken, Earl of SHAFTESBURY, appear to have been singularly unfortunate. The West-End Avenue that bears his name is more full of music-halls, theatres, pot-houses, and curious property, than any street of equal length and breadth in the whole Metropolis. Lord SHAFTESBURY may not have been a Puritan, but he was essentially a serious man, and his sympathies were more with Exeter Hall than with the Argyle Rooms; and yet, in the street which is honoured by his name, it has been found impossible to remove the old title of this historic place from the stone facade of the Trocadero.

The fountain at Piccadilly Circus, which has been unveiled as the second of the SHAFTESBURY memorials, is surmounted by—what? Some writers have called it a girl, some have called it a boy; many of the public, no doubt, regard it as a mythological bird, and it certainly looks like the Bolognese Mercury flying away with the wings of St. Michael. We are told, on authority, that it represents



AWFUL MOMENT!

"CONF—! I'VE FORGOTTEN MY DRESS COAT!!"

Eros, the Greek god of love, and his shaft is directed to a part of London that, more than any other part, at night, requires the bull's-eye and the besom of authority. The "Top of the Gaymarket" is in just as bad a condition as it was when *Punch* directed attention to it more than ten years ago, and the virus since then has extended as far eastward as St. Martin's Lane. Moll Flanders' Parade now begins at St. James's Church and ends with Cranbourne Street. It is unfortunate, to say the least of it, that Eros has been selected to point at this London Pesticide, and the sooner it is thoroughly cleansed and the neighbourhood made worthy of the Shaftesbury Fountain, the better.

DELEND A EST DRURILANA!—The Drury Lane Committee, headed by the dauntless JAMES O'Dowd, have decided upon approaching the Duke of BEDFORD with a protest against his Grace's present expressed intention of pulling down the Old Theatre within the next two years. Probably the result of this, the latest incident in the interesting annals of Old Drury, will simply be to make another addition to the well-known collection of "Rejected Addresses."

OUR OPERA.

To hear sweet strains by GLÜCK or GOUNOD, MASCAGNI, WAGNER, one must, you know, Pass slums; at dark it Is nice in Endell Street and Bow Street; Still better in that fragrant nose treat—"Mudsalad Market."

Inside, say, *Orpheus* sings in Hades To gallant men and noble ladies— Rank, wealth, and beauty; Outside, Elysium is forgotten. To clear away these slums, half rotten, Is no one's duty.

Inside, MASCAGNI'S *Intermezzo*, Though heard in many places, yet so Delightful ever; Outside, cab touts and paper sellers, And other people's pert *Sam Weller's*, Delightful never!

Inside, some day, the newest, *Falstaff*, Will occupy a far from small staff Of band and chorus: Outside, as now, old slums ill-smelling, And costermongers, shouting, yelling, Will be before us.

Once someone started building greatly, Walls rose, arranged to form quite stately House, *foyers*, lobbies. They stopped, extremely gaunt and lonely, And, now the site is used, it's only A haunt of bobbies.

So still Euterpe's home is hidden In ill-paved slums, through which we've ridden With jolts that jerk us. How unlike Paris! Did we follow Her taste, we should enshrine Apollo At Regent Circus.

JUST CAUSE.

I LOVE you for your splendid hair,
Your violet eyes, your swaying waist,
Whose curves exactly suit my taste;
Your radiant smile, your dimples rare.

I love you for your store of pelf,
Of course; but most of all, my sweet,
Because of this—whene'er we meet,
You let me talk about myself!

ODE DE KNILL—AND CO.

Making Something of Nothing!—Lord Mayor KNILL has been created a Baronet. Sheriffs WILKIN and RENALS, as being next to Nil, have been knighted.

"Nobodies" have been Baronets, but still 'Tis wondrous to create one out of Nil! The Middlesex Artillery Volunteers Will "make the Wilkin ring" with hearty cheers. And for the last, he'll bear his honours meekly, He's RENALS "going strong," not "Renals Weakly."

(For the last, understand *Reynolds' Weekly*.)

GOOD EGG-SAMPLE!—One egg was sold the other day for £60 18s. *Vide Times* of Wednesday last. The egg was a perfect specimen of that *rara avis in terris*, the gigantic *Aepyornis Maximus* of Madagascar. What did Mr. STEVENS do with it? Did he have it made into several omelettes for a breakfast-party of a dozen? Of course it was a perfectly fresh egg, and the only thing at all high about it was the price.

FROM THE CAMP.—Just now Riflemen are Bis'ley engaged.

A FALLEN ART.

[A "lady palmist" has been fined ten shillings and costs for fortune-telling.—*Daily News*.]

SHE lived, this prophetic, too late,
And plied an art that's out of date,
Another age had seen her gain
Her reputation not in vain,
Had seen a crowd respectful wait
Upon the arbiter of fate,
While kings and rulers brought her gold
To have futurity unrolled!

In some Greek court where fountains play,
Or dwelling by the Appian way,
The prophetic would surely be
Besought by each Leuconœ,
And if for these she sometimes drew
A future pleasanter than true,
At least she gave them, you'll confess,
Anticipated happiness!

Ah! times are changed, and nowadays
Such divination hardly pays;
There comes no more the crowds that used,
The fees are terribly reduced!
And if our policemen caught the Sphinx
Propounding "Missing Words," one thinks
Our British justice could not fail
To send her speedily to gaol!

IMPY AND GARRY.—Colonel SAUNDERSON, "speaking as an Irishman" (did anyone ever hear the gallant Colonel speak as an Englishman?), didn't object to being classed among his countrymen, whom Mr. BRODRICK had styled "impecunious and garrulous." He might have quoted the name of one of their own national airs as emphasizing, by descriptively abbreviating, these two epithets, namely, "*Garryowen*," "*Garry*" is clearly the short for "*garrulous*," and "*owen*" is the oldest form of "*not payin*."

A "TURKISH OCCUPATION;" OR, VISIONS IN SMOKE.

[“The KHEDIVE has been the object of numerous marks of personal friendship on the SULTAN’s part.”—*Times Correspondent at Constantinople.*]



Sultan (amicably). Welcome, dear ABBAS! Take a seat, and a pipe—take anything you have a mind to, and “make yourself at home,” as the accursed Giaours say.

Khedive (squatting). Thanks, my dear—Suzerain! Yildiz Kiosk feels, indeed, very home-like. More than my own Cairo does—when CROMER’s there. This Niehan-i-Imtiaz Order is really very becoming. Pity you and I, ABDUL, have to take “orders” from anybody west of Alexandria!

Sultan (sotto voce). And why should we?

Khedive (sulkily). Well, the sons of burnt fathers have got the upper hand of the Faithful, somehow—confound them!

Sultan (reading). “Intelligence received here of late, from trustworthy quarters in Egypt, indicates that the KHEDIVE’s journey is to be made the point of departure for a *grande action diplomatique* against British influence in the Valley of the Nile.” That’s from the *Times*, my ABBAS!

Khedive (moodily). Humph! Wish the Egyptian quarters were "trustworthy." *Grande action diplomatique?* Quite makes one's mouth water!

Sultan. Doesn't it? The same infernal—but influential—news-sheet says: "The young KHEDIVÉ knows that not only would he meet with a personally kindly reception, but that the grievances he is known to be anxious to pour out would fall on ready ears." There, at least, the Giaour "rag" is right. Pour away, my ABBAS! "Keep your eye on your father—or Suzerain—and he will pull you through." [Winks and whiffs.]

Khedive (whiffing and winking). Will he, though? And that Turkish Bodyguard?

Sultan (warmly). At your service at any moment, my dear ABBAS!

Khedive (smoking furiously with closed eyes). Ah! if they would only let me alone, let me rule my subjects in my own Oriental way—as you do yours in Armenia, for example—then, indeed, I could have a good time, and plenty of treasure.

Sultan (significantly). Out of which my little formal trifle of Tribute might come easily and regularly—eh, ABBAS?

Khedive. Quite so, Padishah! Bah! These brutal, blundering Britishers don't understand the Art of Government as adapted to Eastern Ideas.

Sultan (soothingly). Well, never mind, ABBAS. We'll lay our heads together, anon, now you are here, and—who knows? Meanwhile, let's enjoy ourselves. Something like a "Turkish Occupation" this—eh? And how do you like this Turkish tobacco?

Khedive (blowing vigorously). Smokes easily, and makes a big cloud. In which I fancy I can see myself driving the British Lion out of the Nile Valley at the point of the bayonet.

Sultan (dreamily). And I picture myself comfortably replenishing my Treasury with that Tribute! Like music, ABBAS?

Khedive (uneasily). Ye-e-e-s. Why!

Sultan (promptly). Then I'll tip you something soothing. [Sings.]

I'll sing thee songs of Arabi,
And tales of far Cash ne-ar!
Strange yarns to move thee to a smile,
Or melt thee to a te-ar!
And dreams of delight shall hover bright,
And smoke-born vi-i-sions rise
Of artful "fake," which well may wake
Wild wonder in thine eyes.
I'll move thee to a smile
With dreams of far Cash ne-e-e-e-ar!
[Left dreaming.]



LACONIC.

Passenger. "CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT ARE THE TIMES FOR THESE 'BUSSES TO LEAVE THE SWISS COTTAGE?"

Driver. "QUARTER AFTER—'ARF AFTER—QUARTER TO—AND AT!"

A VISION OF ROYALTY.

(Written after a surfeit of the Illustrated Papers.)

YE Royalties of England, how beautiful ye are!
The special artists claim you, they track you from afar.
In uniforms and diamonds, with sceptre and with crown,
In many a picture—paper those artists set you down.

And thus the British public may gaze upon its Queen—
They make her small, but dignified, of most majestic mien.
She smiles—the artist marks her; she frowns—the artist quails,
And soothes herself by drawing H.R.H. the Prince of WALES.

He draws him at foundation stones, a trowel in his hand
(The point of silver trowels I ne'er could understand);
He draws him opening railways, or turning sods of grass,
And he draws him as a Colonel, in helmet and cuirasse.

We see him dressed for London, a-riding in the Row—
I wonder if he ever finds his London pleasures slow;
And we see him down at Sandringham, his country-home in Norfolk,
Where the Royal pair are much beloved, especially by poor folk.

And oft at public dinners, in Garter and in Star,
We see his Royal Highness enjoying his cigar.
I wish they wouldn't vary quite so much his Royal figure,
For they sometimes make him leaner, and sometimes make him bigger.

But, be that as it may, I feel that, while my life endures,
I know by heart my Prince's face, my future King's contours.
A stiff examination in the Prince of WALES I'd pass,
And in all his princely attitudes they'd give me a first-class.

The Duke of YORK, our Sailor Prince, I think I've got him pat;
I've never seen him face to face, but what's the odds of that?
In illustrated papers I have watched him every day
Since he went and popped the question to the pretty Princess MAY.

I've seen them plain or coloured in fifty different styles,
Just like a pair of turtle-doves, all bills and coos and smiles.
I never saw a turtle-dove that smiled upon its pet afore,
But he who writes of bridal pairs is bound to use the metaphor.

Oh, Princess MAY, oh, Princess MAY, in crayon or in oil you
Are loveable and beautiful, they can't avail to spoil you.
They did their worst, and did it well, those special-artist wretches,
To make you like a stolid block in all their special sketches.

So this, my meek petition, to those artists is addressed,
Give Royalties of every sort a little welcome rest.
I cannot bear my Royal ones—of loyalty I'm full—
To look like wax and sawdust, with limbs of cotton-wool.

And thus, when next you draw them (oh, may the time be long
To make them human beings will surely not be wrong.
And if you'll take a hint from me you'll earn a nation's thanks,
By drawing these prize princely ones a little less like blanks.

Lines in Pleasant Places.—*Sala's Journal*, full of interesting and entertaining matter, has lately been giving very sensible advice as to Palmistry, which is again in vogue. The Palmists appear to be doing so uncommonly well just now, that this year will be memorable, for them at least, as "the Palmy days" of chiromancy.



ENGLISH AS SHE IS "SCHPOGEN."

Herr Dumpling (a "Deacher of English" who has made the most of his holiday during the Royal Marriage week). "ZERTAINLY, I HAF ZEEN ZE VEDDING-BROZESS, ZE GWEEN, AND ZE GLIDDERING GOACHES, AND ZE NAIDIVE DROOBS; AND IN ZE EFENING NEFFER HAF I ZEEN SO PRUDIFUL GAS-WORKS! BJT, ACH HIMMEL, HOW VAS I OFERGROWDED!"

SEEING THE ROYAL WEDDING PRESENTS.

(A Sketch at the Imperial Institute.)

SCENE—The North Gallery on a Saturday afternoon, with the thermometer at considerably over 80° in the shade. The presents are arranged behind a long barrier, in front of which the Spectators form a double "queue," the outer rank facing in the opposite direction to the inner line, and both moving at an average rate of one foot every five minutes.

The Attendants (spasmodically). Pass along there, please. Keep moving!

[The crowd close to the barrier either cannot or will not pay the slightest attention to these injunctions, and remain placidly gazing at whatever happens to be in front of them; the people in the outside line, who can see just enough to tantalise them, begin to exhibit signs of impatience.]

A Sour-looking Spinster. Well, I'm sure! They might remember there's others that would like to have a look besides themselves! Some of them seem to have made up their minds to spend the whole day here! (With a withering glance at a stout lady in the inner rank.) How anyone can call herself a lady and spend fifteen minutes downright gloating at nothing but cigarette cases—well, I should be sorry to be so disobliging myself!

[The stout lady, who has exhausted the cigarette cases long ago, but can't move on until those in front of her have thoroughly inspected the jewels, fans herself with a pocket-handkerchief, and pretends not to have heard.]

A Cheery Old Lady (to her Grand-daughter). Well, they do make you wait, there's no denying—but we shall see everything some time or other. 'Ot, MINNIE? Yes, it is 'ot, and they're pushing in front as well as beyind, now; but lor, my dear, we must put up with sech things when we come out like this. And

you can ketch a glimpse in and between like, as it is. I can see the top of a Grandfather's Clock. It won't take us 'alf an hour now, at the rate we're going, to git round the turn, and then we shall be next the barrier, and 'ave a little more room. There, they're beginning to move a bit. (The line advances about a yard.) Now we're getting along beautiful!

A Purple-faced Old Gentleman (in a perspiration). It's scandalous! These people inside aren't attempting to move along. (To the inner rank.) Will you kindly pass on, and give others a chance? Do pass along there! (The people in the inner row maintain a bland unconsciousness, which is too much for his feelings.) D—n it! why can't you pass along when you're asked to?

The Usual Comic Cockney. It's no good torkin' perlitely to 'em, guv'nor; you touch some on 'em up with your umberella. Why, there's two old ladies aside o' me that 'ave gone and 'ipnotised theirselves starin' at silver kendlesticks!

A Plaintive Female (to a smart young constable). Oh, Mr. Policeman, do make 'em 'urry up there!

[The constable prudently declines to attempt the impossible, and merely smiles with pitying superiority.]

Mrs. Lavender Salt (who has insisted on her husband escorting her). LAVENDER, what a frightful crush! I don't believe we've moved for the last twenty minutes, and I'm nearly dead with the heat!

Mr. L. S. (with irritating common sense). Well, MIMOSA, you don't suppose I'm enjoying myself? After all, if you don't like the crush, the remedy's simple. You've only to step out of it into the grounds, you know—there is some air there!

Mrs. L. S. What? and give up our places after going through so much? No, LAVENDER, it would be too absurd to have to go away without seeing the Royal Presents after all!

Mr. L. S. But is it worth all this pushing and squeezing? Why, you can see much the same sort of thing any day in perfect comfort by simply walking down Bond Street!

Mrs. L. S. You wouldn't say so if you had the least scrap of imagination! It isn't the things themselves one comes to see—it's the sentiment attached to them!

Mr. L. S. Oh, is that it? Well, I can make out the upper part of a weighing machine over your shoulder, but I can't say I discover any particular sentiment attached to that.

Mrs. L. S. (impatiently). Oh, if you choose to sneer at everything, of course you can, but it's looking at things like these that makes us the loyal nation we are, LAVENDER!

Mr. L. S. My dear MIMOSA, I give you my solemn word that if I remain opposite those Chippendale bookcases ten minutes longer I shall become a gibbering anarchist! Surely we can be loyal without such a painful resemblance to a box of dried figs.

[Mrs. L. S. shudders at these revolutionary sentiments.]

A New Comer (arriving with a friend, and craning curiously over the shoulders of the spectators in posse, to their intense indignation). 'Ere they are, JOE. I can see a lot o' silver inkstands. We'll get a view if we shove in 'ere.

[He attempts to edge through the double rank.]

The Purple-faced Old Gentleman. I protest against your pushing in here, Sir. We're hot enough already without that. It's monstrously unfair!

The New Comer. I s'pose I've got as much right to see the bloomin' Presents as what you 'ave?

The P.-f. O. G. You've no right to push in out of your turn, Sir. You must take your proper place down at the end of the queue and wait, like everybody else.

The New Comer. What, all the way down there, and 'ow long might I have to wait, now?

The P.-f. O. G. (with tremendous dignity). That I can't say, Sir. I can only tell you this—that I have been standing here myself for over three-quarters of an hour without advancing ten yards or seeing anything distinctly, and so have all these ladies and gentlemen.

The New Comer. Hor, hor, hor! D'jeat that, JOE? Ten yards in three-quarters of an hour! What price snails, eh? Well, Sir, if that's your ideer of amusin' yourself on a warm afternoon, it ain't mine, so you'll excuse me and my friend 'ere joinin' your little percession. Don't lose 'art, Sir, keep on at it. You'll git there afore bedtime if you don't overexert yourselves. Take it easy now!

[They pass on with ribald laughter, to the general relief. Eventually, after infinite delay and maddening exhortations to "keep moving," the outer queue succeed to the barrier and to the unpopularity enjoyed by their predecessors.]

ALONG THE BARRIER.

Now we shan't be nearly so squeezed, MINNIE! There's nothing partiickler to look at just yet, except kerridges. . . . It's not the smallest use telling us to hurry, my good woman, because we can't move till those in front choose to go on. . . . Look at the 'arness, MINNIE—pretty 'arness, ain't it? with their crest on it and all! . . . Well, I call it shabby givin' 'em a kerridge without even so much as a old moke to dror it. I'd ha' done it 'ansome, or not at all. . . .

Lor, look at the dust on all the furniture—it *will* want cleanin' up! . . . That's a beautiful gong, MINNIE; see, that's the thing they 'it it with. . . . Ain't that a comfortable looking chair in red moroccer? That'll be for the 'all porter to set in, I expect—there's a 'at in it. Lor no, my dear, it 'ud ha' been a better lookin' 'at than what that is, if it was one of the presents, depend on it! There's a weighin' machine. . . . Fancy goin' and givin' them a thing like that! Oh, I expect it's for them to weigh themselves with. Ah, 'ere come the *Jewels* now. Now we *shall* see somethink! . . . I don't see *our* present yet, do you, 'ARRIET? There's old Uncle BILL'S. See, that diamond and pearl necklace. Well, if they ain't gone and put it down as "Persented by six 'undred and fifty ladies of England!" And the old man savin' up his screw for weeks for it—he *will* be 'urt when he 'ears of it! Some bloke's gone and given 'em a pillar-post box. I thought of sendin' the one at our corner, on'y it wouldn't come out easy; and what with the copper bein' on his beat—why, I decided I'd give 'em somethink else. . . . Walking-sticks? Why, he wouldn't want more if he was a—*a centipede!* . . . I wonder where they'll *put* all the things, I'm sure! 'Ulo, a pearl and diamond tiarer, made o' card-board. I 'ope they thanked 'im nicely for *that!* Why, that's on'y a model, like. Well, and a very good model, too, what I call eckernomical. . . . Look at those *lovely* toast-racks! . . . LAVENDER, what a magnificent old mirror!—Elizabethan, I expect. I wonder who gave *that*? . . . Oh, me and 'ARRIET give 'er *that*, mum. . . . Oh, dear, I wish I was them, to have all these presents. . . . Why, my dear, it doesn't matter to *them*—they have everything lovely as it is! . . . 'ARRIET, when you and me git married, we'll 'ave a show of all *our* presents—not 'ere, there won't be no room. We'll take the Agricultural 'All, and have a catalogue and everything. "Set of Elizabethian sheep's trotters, from the Hearl of ALAMODE," eh? "Pound of Queen Anne saveloys, from 'the Markis o' MILE-END," "Yard o' flypaper, from the Dook o' SHOREDITCH," "Packet of 'airpins, persented by seven 'underd lydies of Whitechapel," "Donkey-barrer an' kerridge-rug, from the residents in the Ole Kent Road," Etcetera. . . . I do wish you wouldn't go on so foolish! Why, if someone hain't sent her a set o' straw soles to keep her shoes dry—what *next*, I wonder! . . . And a very sensible thing too. . . . Well, my dear, I'm sure nothing can't be too good for her, and they've certainly been set up with every blessing a young couple can require—and may they live long to enjoy them!

[And so says Mr. Punch.]

Parliamentary Declension.

Nominative—M.P. "named." *Genitive*—M.P. in possession of the House. *Dative*—Giving it hot to M.P. *Accusative*—Charge against M.P. *Vocative*—"O! O!" and (pro-vocative cries). *Ablative*—M.P. is removed in custody of Serjeant-at-Arms.

THE subject of conversation in the presence of Mrs. R. was the Darlington magistrates' decision in the palmistry case. "Yet," remarked our old friend, thoughtfully, "palmistry is very ancient, and practised professionally by most excellent and good people. Isn't DAVID always spoken of as 'The Palmist'?"



A SLAVE TO COURTESY.

He. "DO YOU MIND STOPPIN' A BIT NOW. I GET RATHER GIDDY, DON'TCHERKNOW."

She. "BUT IF YOU GET GIDDY, WHY DO YOU COME TO DANCES?"

He. "WELL, I'M A BACHELOR AND THAT SORT OF THING, AND IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN SEE OF REPAYIN' HOSPITALITY."

regretting the attractions of Wimbledon when you were in Surrey?

A. Certainly, because they lured me from work.

Q. Do you still regret them?

A. More than ever, because they were certainly pleasanter than the attractions of Bisley.

Q. And now, in conclusion, what do you think of this year's shooting?

A. The same as former years.

Q. What do you mean by that?

A. That those who win owe their good shots to flukes, and those who fail have to thank their rifles, and the state of the weather.

"SO LIKE THEM!"—Of all the numerous "memorials" of the Royal Wedding, Count WALERY'S "Wedding Number of Photographic Portraits" takes the wedding cake. It is priced at three shillings and sixpence, and for this you get one English sovereign and "royalties." If this isn't good value for money we don't know what is.

THE SKIRT-DANCER, OR UNLIMITED LOIRE-ABILITY.—When a theatre is doing "good business," and is crammed in every part, placards are exhibited, announcing "Pit Full, Stalls Full, Boxes Full," &c., &c. But at the Gaiety just now, where Miss LOIE FULLER is appearing, the management might simply put up outside the simple statement of fact—"FULLER EVERY EVENING!"

THE ECLIPSE RIDDLE.—Why didn't *La Fieche* win the Eclipse Stakes?—Because she wanted to keep out of Orme's way.

THE SONG OF THE SHOP-KEEPER.

Will the Season be long?
Will the Season be short?
Parliament's going strong!
Plenty of stir at Court!
Cholera rumours abroad,
Summer weather at home,
Us a chance may afford;
I only hope it may come!
Royal Marriage over!
Money remarkably "tight"!
Landlords *may* live in clover,
Shopkeepers' pull seems slight.
Will some of our Oracles clever
Tell a poor chap what he axes?
For three things go on for ever,
And those are Rents, Rates,
and Taxes!

THE VOLUNTEERS' VADE MECUM.

(For the Centre Weeks of July.)

Question. Do you prefer Bisley to Wimbledon?

Answer. Officially, yes; as a civilian, no.

Q. Why do you make the distinction?

A. Because I go to Bisley in a double capacity.

Q. Why do you prefer Bisley to Wimbledon officially?

A. Because there are no distractions, and the ranges are less subject to atmospheric interruption.

Q. Why do you prefer Wimbledon to Bisley as a civilian?

A. Because Wimbledon was an extremely cheery place, where you could entertain your friends to your heart's content, and have a generally good time of it.

Q. Can you not obtain the same advantages at Bisley?

A. Certainly not. You are in the neighbourhood of Woking Cemetery, and that melancholy spot influences its surroundings.

Q. But were you not always



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Sir Pompey (so much in earnest that he forgets his Grammar). "WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS THIS, THAT WHAT I GIVE IN CHARITY IS NOTHING TO NOBODY!"

MRS. NICKLEBY IN THE CHAIR.

A Song of Sympathetic Suggestion.

"Poor Mrs. NICKLEBY, who had at no time been remarkable for the possession of a very clear understanding, had been reduced by the late changes in affairs to a most complicated state of perplexity....

"I don't know what to think, one way or other, my dear," said Mrs. NICKLEBY; 'NICHOLAS is so violent, and your uncle has so much composure, that I can only hear what he says, and not what NICHOLAS does. Never mind—don't let us talk any more about it.'...

"Now Mrs. NICKLEBY was not the sort of person to be told anything in a hurry, or rather to comprehend anything of peculiar delicacy or importance on a short notice....

"Anybody who had come in upon us suddenly would have supposed that I was confusing and distracting, instead of making things plainer; upon my word they would.'...

"I am very sorry indeed," said Mrs. NICKLEBY. 'I am very sorry indeed for all this. I really don't know what would be the best to do, and that's the truth;... but if it could be settled in any friendly manner—and some fair arrangement was come to, so that we undertook to have fish twice a week, and a pudding once, or a dumpling, or something of that sort, I do think it might be very satisfactory and pleasant for all parties.'

"This compromise, which was proposed with abundance of tears and sighs, not exactly meeting the point at issue, nobody took any notice of it."

Dickens's "Nicholas Nickleby."

AIR—"Nickleby Nod."

Oh! where are we next to be carried,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD?
We're worried, and hurried, and harried!
In pickle has no one a rod?

Obstruction's becoming a bore;
We're victims of boor, clown, and ead.
It seems of our "noble six hundred"
A solid majority's mad!

DICKENS was surely prophetic,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD!
The plight of yourself is pathetic,
The state of the House appears odd.
Can't we live quiet and decent?
The shindy makes common sense sad:
It seems from occurrences recent
The mass of the House *must* be mad!

Whom should we ask to protect us,
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD?
A rowdy rot seems to infect us
And Nemesis looks leaden-shod.
Shouldn't we look to the Chair
To save us from garrulous fad,
When row-de-dow fills all the air,
And the bulk of the House is gone mad?

Cynics may find it amusing.
My own dear NICKLEBY NOD,
This venomous mutual abusing.
Thersites seems ranked as a god.
Billingsgate sways our big swells,
Talent plays Brummagem Cad.
'Tis worse than Sarcasm of Sadler's Wells.
You're mild—and your House is mad!

More is to come in the Autumn,
My own poor NICKLEBY NOD!
We trust by that time you'll have taught'em
Some decency—e'en by the rod.
"Not say any more about it?"
That will scarce answer, my lad!
Patience may soothe, but I doubt it
Much—when the culprits are mad!

"Settled in some friendly manner?"
My own poor NICKLEBY NOD,
CHAMBERLAIN, SEXTON, and TANNER
(Say) as "fair friends" would look odd.
GLADSTONE, and BALFOUR, and SAUNDERSON,
Might keep the peace, and be glad;
But while malignity maunders on
NICKLEBY policy's—mad!

"Some fair arrangement?"—with RUSSELL?
My own poor NICKLEBY NOD,
Hark how they howl, shriek, and hustle!
Nay; you must whip out the rod.
Wish you had brought it forth sooner.
NICKLEBY rôle, my dear lad,
Of mild, muddled, well-meaning mooner,
Won't work—with a House gone mad!

NEWS FROM UGANDA.—"A conference," so the *Times* special lately wrote, "took place between Bishop TUCKER and Monseigneur HIRTH," with a view to amicably arranging their respective missions. Monseigneur HIRTH wished to sing the old nigger melody of "*Out ob de way ole Dan Tucker*." Imperial Commissioner objected. Bishop TUCKER, lineal descendant of the celebrated little *Thomas* who "cried for his supper," wanted to have all the black and white bread to himself according to the ancient nursery tradition of the TUCKER family. Commissioner, quite a GALLIO in his way, wouldn't hear of it. Ultimately the two ecclesiastical antagonists came to terms, the Commissioner (Our Own) wisely observing that "as the object of both missions was a spiritual one, there ought to be no Hirthly ground for disagreement."



MRS. NICKLEBY IN THE CHAIR.

LAYS OF MODERN HOME.

THE FIRST COOK!

Oh! the first Cook, in that ambrosial, unwithering
Haleyon, rapturous, and honeymooning prime!—
She, who, aware of HELEN's babyish and blithering
Innocence, did a lot of mischief in her time.

Oh! for her soup, a weird, insuperable fearfulness,
Compound of arrowroot, and gelatine, and lard;
Hard, to reject it, when a bride besought, with tearfulness,
Hard, to accept, and to assimilate it, hard!



Oh! for her leather-like,
her nauseating ome-
lette,

Oh! for her cutlets and
potatoes black as ink!
Oft, of necessity, would I
the Buttons, TOMMY, let
Batten on luxuries that
bothered him, I think.

And she would mingle,
would that woman who
did *that* to me,
Proofs incontestable with
everything I ate,
Whereby the veriest be-
ginner of anatomy
Knew that she must be in
complexion a *brunette*.

Wild were her sauces, like
herself, devoid of rea-
soning;
Still I have never been
indubitably clear,

Why the invariable factor in her seasoning
Always reminded me so forcibly of Beer.

Why, when my darling sighed, "The weekly books are
ready, Ten,"

And I rejoined that *we* were thin while *they* were fat,—
Why, their increasing superfluities were credited
All to a manifestly unoffending cat.

Why, when a joint of whatsoever solid vastness
Quitted the dining-room, it never came again;
Why my allusions to her culinary nastiness
Only encouraged her, it beats me to explain.

True, for our wages, which where somewhere near the
"Twenty-ones,"

Great expectations would have been a trifle rash.
Still, as her perquisites, I know, were cent.-per-cent.-y ones,
Ah! how I wish a *Chef* had fed us for the cash!

Oh! my first Cook! A gem with so much rare and rich in her,
Irreconcilable, impenetrable soul,
How I exulted when she fell against the kitchener,
Urged by a Nemesis (and legs) beyond control.

How, when my fluttered pet, believing her immaculate,
Hied to her aid, and heard, "You ain't a *Lady, Mum!*"
How I was forced to rather brutally ejaculate,
"Rum! Very rum!—you see the cause of it is '*rum*.'"

Oh! that first year of married paradise! My attitude
Somehow, my sweet, on this our second Wedding-day,
Needs must be one of unadulterated gratitude,
Since we survive the Cook, you wept to send away!

"HAS LEFT BUT THE NAME."—The intention of the original
starters of the Aquarium was presumably to exhibit fish of all sorts,
all alive oh! and quite at home. Nowadays, very little about fish
is to be found in the advertisements. The fish are, it may be
supposed, "taken for granted." They are conspicuous by their
absence; but instead you read how "a human being dives," how
somebody conjures, how there are "miraculous feats," and "four-
legged dancers," and "baby elephants" waltzing and drum-playing;
how somebody of some importance "walks upside down in mid-air";
how there are "serpentine" dancers, "pantomimists," "duettists,"
and, finally, the "boxing kangaroo," so that altogether the
Aquarium may still congratulate itself on a show of about the
"queerest, oddest fish" in the world.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

["At the World's Fair, in Chicago, the other day, the REV. JOHN JAMESON,
of Virginia, smashed a stand containing an exhibit of Irish Whiskey."]

WHAT'S this? Am I dreaming? I fancy I am:

But no—it is printed without any flam.

"The Reverend gentleman stood by the stand,

With a hickory cudgel upraised in his hand.

Then, with fury and fire in his clerical eye,

This temperate priest on the bottles let fly."

Oh, the waste of good liquor; to think there should be

A man who with whiskey would dare to make free;

And to think—which but adds to the sin and the shame—

That the spoiler of whiskey should own such a name.

One might sooner expect that some learned Q. C.

Should abjure what he lives by, and welcomes—a fee;

That a judge should break laws, or a gaoler break chains,

Or a "guinea-pig" turn in disgust from his gains;

That a bookie should preach, or a bishop should bet,

That a slave of the Season should break etiquette;

A landlord proclaim his dislike of his rent,

Sleek Moses protest against eighty per cent;

That a priest should cast doubts on a stole or a cope,

Or PE*as hint a fault in the worth of his soap.

Such sights would be strange, but they cannot compare

With the sight that was seen t'other day at the Fair,

When JOHN JAMESON smashed (or the newspapers fib it)

With his hickory cudgel a whiskey-exhibit.

THE LATEST PARISIAN "ROMANCE."

(Translated from the original French Canard.)

THEY were hunting him down. They had traced him from spot
to spot. Now he was in the barracks bribing the Army, now in the
Ministerial Bureau offering gold to the Members of the Government,
now in the office of the leading newspaper arranging for back
pages in advertisements at double the scale price. His pernicious
influence was felt everywhere. The whole body was permeated with
a poisonous atmosphere of corruption.

"We shall have him now," said the first detective, as he looked
to the lock of his revolver.

"No doubt about it," returned the other, as he loosed his sword
in its scabbard. "He cannot escape us."

Then the force of cavalry, infantry and artillery in attendance
raised a stealthy cheer. It had been difficult to bring the charges
home to the accused, but they had succeeded. It seemed impossible
to prove his identity, but now they had surrounded him. It was
only a question of a few minutes, and he would be their prisoner.

The detectives entered the *café*. They looked around them. They
could see no one answering to his description. All who were there
had black beards, black shaggy hair. They could see no red tresses,
no yellow Dunderbary whiskers and prominent front teeth. Where
could he be?

"Yes, there is one diner who has ordered a singular meal," replied
a *garçon*, in reply to a question. "He has asked for turtle-soup,
raw herrings, raw beef, raw mutton chops, plum-pudding and a
barrel of porter-beer."

"It must be he," cried the detectives, in a breath; "only an
Englishman would want such a meal."

"And he asked for the *Times* and *Punch*," added the waiter.

"Proof conclusive of nationality;" and in a moment the man was
surrounded and seized.

"You dare not touch me," he shouted, battling with his captors.
"I am sacred, and if you offer violence you pledge your country to
a terrible war!"

Impressed by the stranger's vehemence, the detectives released him.
Once free, he threw off his black wig, took off his false nose, and put
on his blue spectacles. Then he gazed around him proudly.

"We ask your pardon, M. l'Ambassadeur," said the police.

"It is granted," returned their now-released prisoner, and he
entered his carriage. "I would have preferred to preserve my *incognito*,
but your interference has compelled me to reveal my identity. And
now, home."

And the coachman drove the Ambassador to a grand mansion in the
Rue Faubourg St. Honoré.

SEQUEL (from the original English).

And when the Ambassador read the above, he came back to his
native land, and observed, "I think I have had enough of this."
And everyone at home agreed with him.

BY OUR OUT-AND-OUT-EVERY-EVENING MAN.—*Mem.* The only
endurable "Squash" in this hot weather is "Lemon Squash."

QUEER ENGLISH.

WE are delighted—everyone is delighted, and that is much the same thing—to know that Mrs. BANCROFT is by this time on the high road to recovery from the effects of what might have been a serious accident. The “inimitable” was in a Hansom, when the horse suddenly fell. Had Mrs. BANCROFT been only what is professionally known as “A Walking Lady,” this could not have happened. The *Daily Telegraph's* account of it informed us that “Mr. BLAKELEY, now of the Criterion Theatre, and once a member of Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT's own company, who was happily passing immediately after the occurrence, was the means of having the lady taken to her private residence.” Mr. BLAKELEY is always “happy” in any part he undertakes, *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and no doubt he was “happily passing,” perhaps gaily whistling, lightly stepping, merrily twirling a stick, and walking along “thinking of nothing at all,” when he became aware of the danger to the popular ex-manageress, which at once changed his note from a tenner to an alto: in fact alto-gether altered it. [The above comment would have been impossible had the reporter stated that, “Happily for Mrs. BANCROFT, Mr. BLAKELEY, &c., &c., was passing at the moment, and, &c., &c.”]

“BEN TROVATO!”—Yes, found at last; this Ben is Mr. BEN DAVIES, who sang five songs before the QUEEN, that is—to avoid all appearance of rudeness—in Her Gracious Majesty's presence, one day last week. He is now “Big Ben Trovato-re” in chief, and long may he remain so.

A PROPER NAME.—That peculiar but not uncommon ornithological species known as “Gaul-birds” ought to be kept in a *Knave-iary*.



TOO CONSCIENTIOUS BY HALF.

“IS THAT ENOUGH, SIR?”
 “YES; THAT 'LL DO VERY WELL. AND NOW SHAVE ME, PLEASE.”
 “I OUGHT TO MENTION THAT SHAVING IS THREEPENCE EXTRA, SIR. DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S WORTH WHILE?”

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 10.—Glad the sitting's over; often get a little mixed here; never so magnificently as to-night. Reached 9th Clause Home-Rule Bill, which settles question of Irish Representation in Imperial Parliament. When Mr. G. brought in his Bill in 1886, he proposed to exclude Irish Members. Remember very well the cheer that filled the Chamber when that announcement made on introduction of Bill. Those were, as PAT O'BRIEN used to say, “the days of all-night sittings.” Irish Members stood in bitter implacable attitude of obstruction. At prospect of clearing them out, giving Great Britain some peace in its own Parliament, the hearts of Members leaped for joy. Seemed at moment as if this bribe would be enough to carry the Bill.

Then came time for reflection; chance of reviewing opportunities. JOSEPH's rapid insight perceived in this arrangement a stab at the Union. In phrase which SQUIRE OF MALWOOD to-night obligingly recalled he had written, “The key of the position is the maintenance of the full representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament.”

Mr. G., profiting by experience, proposes in present Bill to maintain Irish representation in slightly modified number. That would seem to cut ground from under JOSEPH's clinging feet. What he passionately, persistently demanded in 1886, is conceded in 1893. If he cannot abear other provisions of the Bill, he must surely defend the one that retains Irish Members at Westminster. Must he,

indeed? Those who think so, know not JOSEPH. For some men the fence might seem a hopelessly stiff one. JOSEPH takes it as an ordinary item in the day's work. No apology; no retraction; no explanation. Black was black in 1886. He, at risk of severing long friendships, said so, and was right. In 1893 black is white. He, anxious only for the prevalence of truth, says so, and is right again.

This would have been pretty picture for a July night; but anyone could have drawn it. In House of Commons it's as common as pastels on the pavement. JOSEPH went the step further that marks the wide gulf between genius and mediocrity. Having declared that in 1893 he, impelled by irresistible conscience and unfathomable love for his country, would vote against what in 1886 he (subject to same influence) described as the key of the position, JOEY C. turned upon his right hon. friends on the Treasury Bench, and with manly emotion that brought tears to the eyes of the Member for Sark, deplored their inconsistency.

“What I like about JOSEPH,” said the Member for Sark, “is his thoroughness. On finding himself in this new pit, he might have stopped at the bottom and said nothing till the storm had blown over. Or, thinking that a mean evasion, he might have defended the course he has adopted. Those are the alternatives presented to ordinary mankind: only to JOSEPH comes the idea of standing up and indignantly belabouring Mr. G. and JOHN MORLEY for indulgence in the unpardonable sin of inconsistency!”

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR, JOSEPH, SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, and JOHN REDMOND, unite their forces against Government. Mr. G. saved by skin of the teeth and majority of 14.

FROM PROFESSOR MUDDLE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Your poet (in this week's issue) reminds me of my own unfortunate experience. Ever since I read that inspired work, *Alice in Blunderland*, I do not seem to be able to give a correct version of any of the poems I have long been accustomed to repeat or sing. After dinner the other night I was asked to sing, and gave a well-known song as follows:—

Think of me only with thy nose,
 No words need then be said;
 Or kiss me sweetly with thine
 No lips are half so red. [ears,
 The thirst that in my body burns
 Demands both food and wine,
 So when I next shall call on thee
 You'll know I've come to dine.
 Thou sent'st me late a rose-bud
 fair,

Not so much honouring me
 As hoping near my heart I'd wear
 It all for love of thee.
 But I returned it through the
 post—

Forgive me, if you can—
 Since when I trow thou hast found
 out
 I'm not a marrying man.

DE TROP.—The last item of the *menu*, as given in the *World*, of the Royal Wedding Breakfast, after the sweets, was named in plain English,—all the previous dishes being given in French,—“cold roast fowls.” But how on earth after four courses and sweets, finishing with “*Pâtisserie assortie*,” could anyone have the conscience—we put it in this way—to ask for and to eat any portion of “cold roast fowls”?

“THIS IS A GOAK.”—The *Weekly Register*, recording the event of a Baronetcy being conferred on the present LORD MAYOR, remarks, “With him we know the honour will be no barren one.” Very good. *W. R.* The italics are ours, just to emphasize the pun.



A PARLIAMENTARY BEAR-GARDEN.

Tuesday.—TIM HEALY is an honest man and a loyal colleague. But we are all weak on some point. Temptation irresistible to TIM is to appropriate other people's rows. To-night's row distinctly and exclusively SEXTON'S. Yet TIM promptly came to the front, and remained there throughout the storm. The one clear impression amidst confusing uproar was that TIM was bobbing on top of the turbulence like a cork on the apex of a water-spout.

BRODRICK began it, and while storm raged sat silent, astonished at his own moderation. Had merely remarked that the Irish people were impecunious and garrulous. As an Irishman himself ought to know something on point. SAUNDERSON, another member of a gifted race, explained that, on the whole, he was inclined to regard remark as complimentary. SEXTON, taking a different view, retorted with observation that BRODRICK'S language was grossly impertinent. Chairman, appealed to on point of order, gave a nice ruling. It is now established among Parliamentary precedents that the phrase "grossly impertinent," if addressed to an individual, is rank blasphemy; when applied to a thing 'tis but a choleric word. Committee might usefully have applied itself to consideration of this delicate distinction. "Instead of which," as the magistrate once said, it went about roaring like a famished lion.

For some minutes everyone seemed on his legs. CARMARTHEN had advantage over most Members by reason of his more than six feet length; GRANDOLPH, feeling old emotions stirred within him, took prominent part in the fray; Mr. G., leaning across the table, fixed his glowing eyes on GRANDOLPH, and warned him that his conduct was not calculated to assist the Committee in its dilemma; the voice of T. W. RUSSELL was heard in the land; PRINCE ARTHUR had much to say; Dr. TANNER broke long silence with a shout; even JUSTIN MCCARTHY was seen on his feet, and was howled at as if he had been discovered in the act of stealing the Chairman's pocket-handkerchief. But TIM topped them all. They were intermittent; he continuous. Whenever there was approach to pause in the clamour, TIM'S strident voice filled it up with genial observation. "Name! Name!" they roared at him. "Drag him out," was the advice given by one forlorn legislator. In delirious delight of the rapturous hour TIM took no notice of these objurgations and interruptions. "It's not your funeral," an envious countryman snarled in his ear. Certainly not; but that should make no difference. TIM would improve the opportunity to whomsoever it might belong; and he did.

Business done.—None. But we had a cheerful row.

Thursday.—Some excellent speaking to-night, and a walking-match, in which, lap after lap, Government won. WALLACE led off with speech sparkling with point; the more effective by contrast with stolid manner. House crowded and applaudive; always grateful to have something fresh; get it from WALLACE, both in manner and matter. PRINCE ARTHUR, following later, unusually bitter; pegged away at Bill and Government for half an hour, and sat down with assertion that such a Government was not worth attacking. Mr. G., who had listened to WALLACE'S home-thrusts with face appreciative of their humour, was unaccountably disturbed by PRINCE ARTHUR'S commentaries. He sat immediately opposite, waiting to spring; meanwhile, with legs crossed and arms tightly folded, literally holding himself in. On his feet with catapultic force when PRINCE ARTHUR, gracefully gathering his skirts, sat down. A Government not worthy of attack. Ho! A Government that had failed to adhere to the main principles of its policy. Ha! But there was another Government which, in 1886, had denounced as dishonest a revision of judicial rents in Ireland, and a few months later had passed Bill revising them. Had PRINCE ARTHUR belonged to that Government? If so, how did he uplift this lofty standard of action, than which no Pharisee that ever lived in Judea carried it higher? This and much more Mr. G.



"Waiting to Spring."

declaimed at top of voice, with flashing eyes, and exuberant gestures, cheers and counter cheers filling House. Naturally JOSEPH followed with some kind words about "my right hon. friend." SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, long silent, could not resist temptation to plunge in. House went off to dinner exhausted by the tornado of bitter, brilliant speech.

Dull enough after dinner, when walking-match began. Performance announced for ten o'clock; began punctually; MELLOR acted as starter. Course, round the Division Lobbies and back to seats. Time, by Benson's chronometer, varied from 16 mins. 25 secs. to 18 mins 3 secs. Programme included eighteen races; numbered Clause 9 to 26 inclusive; betting 5 to 1 on Government to pull through; some uncertainty round first division; talk about plungers in Ministerial team; when made known that majority was 27, it was seen that Government were safe. Interest in subsequent races fell away as Government majority mounted up. For some of the events the Opposition did not appear at starting-post; Government walked over.

"Demmit, DOUGLAS," said Lord NOM TODDY, coming in mopping his brow, after eighth Division, "this is not good enough. Next Thursday I shall send my man down, and let him do the walking round. No use keeping a dog and barking yourself."

Business done.—Clauses 9 to 26 added to Home-Rule Bill.

Friday.—DON'T KEIR HARDIE made bold bid to-day for cheap advertisement. Motion for Address to QUEEN in congratulation on Royal Marriage. DON'T KEIR tacked himself on to performance with attempted Amendment on behalf of the poor and needy. Found no probability of anyone seconding his Amendment, which therefore could not be put. Still, served his purpose; suggested visions of portrait of Benefactor of the People (penny plain, twopence coloured) hung in all the cottage homes of England.

"Curious," says the Member for Sark, "how rapidly DON'T KEIR HARDIE has played himself out; perhaps rather notable than curious. House of Commons is the quickest machine ever invented for taking the measure of a man. Has looked at Member for West Ham, measured him, weighed him, and set him aside. When, less than a year ago, he came down, with his brass band and his trumpets tooting, he was DON'T KEIR HARDIE. Now, if I may say so, the boot's on the other leg; it's the House of Commons that Don't Keir for Hardie."

Business Done.—More about Home-Rule Scheme.

QUEER QUERIES.

A MUNICIPAL HALL.—I see the County Council are thinking of spending nearly a million of the ratepayers' money in buying a site for a municipal palace in Parliament Street, because the members—pending the time when they are all elected to the Legislature—want to be as close to it as possible. Why not let them be still closer, in Westminster Hall itself, which is now untenanted? Or if the members don't like that, why not make a working arrangement with the House of Commons to use that chamber in the mornings before the M.P.'s come down to it? This would be something like an "in-and-out" clause, and would save no end of money.

TRUE ECONOMIST.

REWARDS TO RACONTEURS.—I am considered a first-rate storyteller and conversationalist; indeed, few dinner parties (at Lower Tooting) can get on without me. Do you think I could get elected to the Reform Club without paying the entrance subscription? I see that some members of that club have been left £2000 each as a reward for "brightening the evenings" of a deceased member, and I feel certain that had the testator known me, he would have increased my legacy to £4000 at least. My sparkling powers of conversation are often called a "gift," but I don't want them to be a gift if I could get anything for them.

SYDNEY MACAULAY HAYWARD SMITH.

PRESENT! FIRE! BANG-KOK!—"Three Frenchmen killed, two wounded; twenty Siamese killed, and twelve wounded,"—such is the first result of French *Humann*-ising influence in Siam.

A NEW MARITIME RESORT.—"I'm sure," observed Mrs. R., "that a really pleasant thing to do in the summer holidays would be to take a trip to the Specific Islands."

THE GREATEST AUTHORITY ON THE WORKING OF THE "IN-AND-OUT" CLAUSES.—Mr. SEXTON, M.P.!

GOING AGAINST THE GREEN.—Refusing to patronise the Independent Theatre.

FRENCH BILLIARDS AT SIAM.—The Cannon Game.

MUSCULAR EDUCATION.

MR. PUNCH has much pleasure in recommending the following Prospectus to the notice of parents desirous of finding a thoroughly practical school where boys are educated according to the real requirements of modern life.

CLOANTHUS HOUSE, MARKET DREPANUM, OXON.

Mr. J. PEN-RULLOX, M.A. Cambs., and the Rev. WILFRID BAILS, B.A. Oxon, receive pupils to prepare for the great public schools and universities.

The well-known qualifications of Mr. PEN-RULLOX, who rowed stroke in his university boat in the celebrated race at Amwell in 1878, and of the Rev. Mr. BAILS, who played for Oxford in the famous university match in the Common Fields in 1882, will be sufficient guarantee that the boys will be thoroughly well instructed.

Besides Rowing, Cricket, and Football; Swimming, Racquets, Boxing, and Hockey, are specially attended to by competent Assistant-Masters, under the personal supervision of the Principals.

Billiards, Lawn-tennis, Poker, Nurr and Spell, and

some other minor games, now too frequently neglected in the education of youth, will find their due place in the curriculum of Cloanthus House.

It is in contemplation, should a sufficient number of boys show a marked inclination for such studies, to engage a Board-school Master, of approved competence, to direct literary and scientific work.

Terms, inclusive, £250 per annum, payable in advance: the only extras at present being Reading, Writing, Polo, and Arithmetic.

Reference is kindly permitted to the following:—The Right Rev. the Bishop of ISTMIA; the Editor of the *Sporting Life*; the Rev. R. E. D. HORGAN, M.A., Jesurum Col., Cambs; the Sports Editor of the *Field*; the Warden of Mortlake College, Putney; Dr. S. A. GRACE, LL.D.; the Hon. and Rev. HURLINGHAM PEEL.

THE BITTER CRY OF THE BROKEN-VOICED CHORISTER.

(A long way after Tennyson.)

BREAK, break, break,
O voice on that clear top C!
And I would that my throat could
utter
High notes as they used to be.
O well for old BUNDLECOOP'S boy
That he still shouts his full
round A!
O well for that tow-headed lad
That he sings in his old clear
way.

And the anthems still go on
With boy-trebles sharp and
shrill;
But O for my "compass," so high
and grand,
And the voice that I used to trill!
Break, break, break,
Like a creaky old gate, top C!
But the high treble notes of a
voice that is cracked,
Will never come back to me!

QUEER QUERIES.

THE WHITE CURRENCY QUESTION.—Can nothing be done to prevent the Indian VICEROY from carrying out his monstrous proposal about the Rupee? I was just off to Bombay (having recently completed a period of enforced seclusion in Devonshire, occasioned by a too successful competition with a monopolist Mint) on the strength of a newspaper paragraph that "Free Coining of Silver" was permitted in that happy land. Free Coining! In my opinion it beats "Free Education" hollow, and is just what I have always wanted. I felt that my fortune was made, when suddenly the news comes that the free coinage business is stopped! What an injustice! In the name of the down-trodden Hindoo, to whom my specially manufactured nickel-and-tin Rupee would have been quite a new revelation, I protest against this interference with the immemorial customs of our Oriental fellow-subjects.—JEREMIAH D'IDDLA.

CONTRIBUTED BY OUR OWN WELSH-HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—With the AP MORGANS, AP RHYS, AP JONES, and many others, Wales is the ideal "Appy Land."

SEASONABLE.

(By a future Lord Chancellor.)

THE close of the season, the close of the season,
It leaves a man rifled of rhino and reason;
And now, with hot rain and a westerly breeze on,
I don't opine racketing London agrees on
The whole with Society. "Kyrie Eleison"
I'll chaunt when I stand with my wife and my wee son
Some windy "Parade" or exuberant "Lees" on,
In the splash of the salt and the flash of the free sun,
And am garbed in a fashion that, sure, would be treason
To Bond Street; and ruminate, sprawling at ease on
The sands with their bands and extempore sprees on.—
"Table d'Hôte-ards," repair to your Homburgs or freeze on
Cosmopolitan Alps, and eat kickshaws to tease one;
But me let the niggers marine and the sea's un-
Translateable sing-song, and bathers with d—s on,
Delight, and bare children, their noses and knees on,
Till quite I forget Messrs. WELBY AND MEESON
(Those despots of law) and my failures, and fees un-
Liquidated as yet, and myself—and the season!

AT COVENT GARDEN LAST THURSDAY.

PRODUCTION of new Opera, *Amy Robsart*, arranged (and very well arranged, too) from Sir WALTER SCOTT'S novel, by Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS and PAUL MILLIET, the English adaptation by FREDERIC WEATHERLY, and music by ISIDORE DE LARA. CALVÉ in the title rôle, splendid; going through everything—three rather lengthy Acts, two impassioned love-duets, and the trap-door in the bridge—with unflinching spirit and charm.

In the Second Act, Kenilworth shown illuminated for the reception of *Elizabeth—Leicester* having evidently borrowed one of the band kiosks from Earl's Court. *Elizabeth*, according to stage directions, should have entered "seated upon a magnificent white horse," but preferred to walk in. Possibly her steed detained by business engagements. As represented by Madame ARMAND, an easy-going, sunny-tempered sovereign, with an amiable dislike of any "unpleasantness" among her courtiers. The *Earl of Sussex* the most impressive mute (next to his contemporary the *Earl of Burleigh* in *The Critic*) on the boards,—nothing to do but look haughty, and at last, at the Queen's command, consent to become reconciled to *Leicester*,—but the subtle suggestion in his "shake-hands" that he did so on compulsion, and reserved himself the right of punching *Leicester's* head at the first convenient opportunity, very artistically conveyed. Part most carefully thought out. The Revels cut short by the inconsiderate appearance of *Amy Robsart* when they were just beginning, which must have been annoying for the Lady of the Lake, who had just arrived to pay homage to the Queen, and found herself obliged to get upon her floating island again, and go home in the most ignominious manner, without waiting even for the "shower of stars," which were to have fallen over the water. *Elizabeth*, however, seemed quite unruffled by the interruption, perhaps thinking that anything was a relief which put an end to the revels. *Finale* to this Act dramatic, and well worked up. Third Act in two short *tableaux*, concluding with a duel and explanation (in two lines) between *Leicester* and *Tressilian*, after which the opera ends abruptly with *Varney's* highly ungentelemanly practical joke upon poor *Amy Robsart*, and *Leicester's* request to *Tressilian* to take his sword and run him through—which, however, he had no time to grant, as the curtain fell at that moment. After that, well-deserved floral tributes to Madame CALVÉ, and enthusiastic calls for singers, composer, manager, and carriages.



"FOLLOW ON!"

(A Cricketer's "Catch." AIR—"Come Follow!")

First Voice. Come follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow on!

Second Voice. Why then should I follow, follow, follow, why then must I follow, follow on?

Third Voice. When you're Eighty runs or more behind our score you follow on!

ACCOMMODATING.

G. O. M. (to Radical Member). My dear Sir, will you vote for this clause?

Rad. Mem. I will, Sir. What is it?



"TOO KIND BY HALF."

John Bull, A.B. "THE MAN WHO LAYS HIS HAND UPON A WOMAN—"

Jacques Bonhomme. "PARDON, MON AMI! 'SAVE IN THE WAY OF KINDNESS—'"



A NEW LANGUAGE.

Mamma (severely). "DON'T SQUINT, EFFIE, MY DEAR!"

Effie. "I WASN'T SQUINTING, MAMMA. I WAS ONLY MAKING 'DINNER EYES' AT MAJOR STUFFAM. I HEAR HE GIVES SUCH CHARMING DINNER PARTIES, AND I SHOULD SO MUCH LIKE TO BE ASKED!"

TOO KIND BY HALF.

["The independence and integrity of Siam . . . is a subject of great importance to the British, and more especially to the British Indian Empire."—Lord Rosebery. "We have in no way any intention of threatening the independence of Siam."—M. Develle.]

British Tar sings, somewhat after Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Tommy."

AIR—"Mandalay."

"By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a settin'," an' she takes 'er time from me.
But this Siam puss looks pooty, and I'm sorter bound to say
"You stand back, you sailor Frenchy! that's a game as two can play!"

"Twas my game at Mandalay,
And you seem on the same lay:
You can twig my Jack a-flaunting from the Nile to Mandalay;
But this I've got to say,
If your 'and on 'er you lay,
I shall ask you to take a 'and in a game as men can play!

'Er petticoat is yaller, and 'er little cap is green,
And—I shouldn't half object to interjuce 'er to my Queen!
I don't want to see 'er suckin' of a Paris cigarette,
And a-wastin' purchased kisses on French Bullyvards—you bet!
No, I wouldn't shed no blood,
But by Mekon's yaller mud,
I 'ave always felt it "bizness" to take care no rival stud
On my road to "far Cathay."

Wot? She's fired upon your gunboats? Well, I'd like to know, yersee,
If them gunboats was cavortin' where they didn't ought to be.
Your clutch upon 'er wrist, eh? Well, that's like your bloomin' cheek!

She shrinks from you, my Frenchy. No, yer know if she should
Give a reglar woman's squeak,
Though she looks carved out o' teak—
I should think o' my own womankind, my friend, and I should—speak
In the British sailor's way!

You'll "respect 'er Independence and Integrity," you say?
Well, a man who on a woman 'is 'and would dare to lay—
Hay? *Save in the way o' kyindness!* Why, you've capped me
there, I own,
Which I didn't think *that* sentiment to Frenchies was beknown.
It's a bit o' good old VIC!
But you've nicked it quick and slick.
Well, I 'ope you'll square it fairly, and not lay it on too thick,
In the brave old *Bismarck* way!

The idea o' wasting ivory, silk, and peacocks' tails, and such,
Upon merchants who're a trifle too much like GEORGE CANNING's
"Dutch."
When a fair and square Free Trader, like—well, not *unlike* myself,
Could stand by for to purtect 'er, and 'elp 'er—and 'im—pile pelf,
Well—I can quite understand
She may find your 'eavy 'and
Too *kyind* by half, my Frenchy, and prefer the British land,
And the British Tar's old way.

Yes; our ROSEBERY and your DEVELLE do agree—in words, no
doubt,
But, yer see, the Ten Commandments, in Bangkok, git turned
about!
"Independence and Integrity" for pooty dear Miss SIAM,
Is wot you're "interested in" my Frenchy,—and so I am!
Only—in the game we play,
Cards do turn up in a way
That would stagger sly AH SIN himself. If you git in my way
On my road to "Old Cathay,"
Or my aid this gyrl *should* pray,
I might p'raps come down like thunder,—as I did in Mandalay!

* "In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much."
Canning's "A Political Despatch."

AT THE WORLD'S WATER SHOW.

The performance has begun. Captain BOYTON has just descended the Chute in a boat, with a bevy of lightly-clad young ladies waving flags with shrill enthusiasm. Canadians, Indians, and Negroes row various craft containing Beauties of the Ballet about the Lake. An elderly Negress stands on an island, and waves a towel encouragingly at things in general. Two Clowns, accompanied by a futile individual disguised as a Frog, start to run round the margin of the Lake with a gallant determination to be funny, but abandon the attempt after making a quarter of the distance, and complete the circuit with a subdued and chastened demeanour.

Mr. Bravo (to Mr. BLAZZEY, enthusiastically). Capital show this—wonderfully well arranged!

Mr. BlazzeY (screwing up his eyes). Y—yes. Better if they'd had water running down the incline, though, and sent all the boats in that way.

Mr. Bravo. Don't see how they could pump up water enough for that, myself; and if they did, it would all run through at the sides!

Mr. BlazzeY (ignoring any hydraulic difficulties). Oh, they could have dodged that if they chose; anyway, that's how it ought to have been managed!

Miss Frivell (to Mr. Hoplight). I can hardly believe this is the same place where BUFFALO BILL gave his performance only last year, can you? It all looks so different!

Mr. Hopl. (after ponderous consideration). I find no difficulty in recognising it, myself. The difference you observe is due to the fact that the arena which was originally constructed for—er—displays of horsemanship requires to undergo some considerable—er—structural alterations before being equally well adapted to a performance in which—er—boat-ing and swimming form the—er—principal features.

Miss Friv. (with exemplary gravity). I see. You mean there must be water?

Mr. Hopl. Water is undoubtedly an—er—indispensable element in such an exhibition.

Miss Friv. How clever of you to know that! But perhaps someone told you?

Mr. Hopl. (modestly). I arrived at it by the—er—light of my own unassisted intelligence.

Miss Friv. Did you? Not really! "How far that little candle throws his beams!" (To herself.) I didn't mean to be so rude as that! But he's no business to be such a bore!

Mr. Bravo (after the Sculling-race between ROSS and BUREAR). That was a good race, eh? They're the champion scullers, you know.

Mr. BlazzeY. Don't see the point of setting 'em to race here, though. Rather like running the Derby in a riding-school!

A Sympathetic Lady (during the Swimming-race). How well those girls do swim! I suppose they go under first, and then come up again. But how damp they must get, to be sure, doing that twice a day! I daresay they never get their hair properly dry from one week's end to another. I should think that must be so uncomfortable for them, you know. However, they seem to be having plenty of fun among themselves. I wish we could hear what they are saying; but there's so much to look at, that one misses most of it!

[A Pontoon is moved out into the centre of the Lake, and three "Rocky Mountain Wonders" give an entertainment on board. The first Wonder constructs the letter A with himself and two high ladders, up which the other two run nimbly. They meet at the top with mutual surprise, and a touch of resentment, as if each had expected at least to find solitude there. The Second Wonder lies down on his back resignedly, and the Third, meanly availing himself of the opportunity, stands on his friend's stomach, and strikes an attitude. Both descend and bow, in recognition of applause, and then each starts up his ladder again—only to meet once more at the top, more surprised and annoyed than ever. The Third Wonder refuses to be appeased unless he is allowed to hold the Second head downwards by the ankles. After further amenities of this kind they come down, apparently reconciled, and are towed back to the shore.]

Miss Friv. Is that supposed to be an illustration of life on the Rocky Mountains?

Mr. Hopl. (bringing the full powers of his mind to bear on the

subject). I should be inclined to doubt myself whether it afforded any accurate idea of either the industry or the—er—relaxations peculiar to that region, which can hardly be favourable to such pursuits.

Miss Friv. They might find it useful for escaping from a grizzly, mightn't they?

Mr. Hopl. Hardly, if, as I have always been given to understand, the grizzly bear is an equally expert climber. I imagine their title of "Rocky Mountain Wonders" is merely indicative of their—er—origin, and that their performances would indeed excite more wonder in their native country than anywhere else. One should always guard against taking these things in too literal a spirit.

[Miss F. assents demurely, and is suddenly moved to mirth, as she is careful to explain, by the sight of a Nigger, which, Mr. H. very justly remarks, is scarcely a subject for so much amusement.]

Mr. Bravo (after the Corps de Ballet have performed various evolutions on a large raft). I call that uncommonly pretty, all those girls dancing there in the sunlight, eh?

Mr. BlazzeY. Pretty enough—in its proper place.

Mr. Bravo (losing his patience at last). Why, hang it all, you wouldn't have the Ballet danced under water, would you?

Mr. BlazzeY. Well, it would be more of a novelty, at any rate.

[Mr. BRAVO decides that "it was a mistake to come out with a chap like BLAZZEY."

IN THE SHILLING SEATS.

A Small Sharp Boy (with an admiring Father, Mother, and Grandmother). Father, why ha' them Injuns all got feathers stuck round their 'eds like shuttlecocks, eh? Is it to show as they're in the terbaccer line, eh, Father? Is the gentleman on the bicycle a real demon, eh, Father? Ain't he like what a real demon is? Why ain't you never seen one, Father? Think you'll ever see one, eh? Why's that man going right up atop of that pole for? Why is he goin' to jump off? Will he git drowned, eh, Father? Don't he ever git drowned? Could you dive off from as 'igh as that with your legs tied? Could Uncle BILL? Could Gran'ma, with 'er legs tied? [&c., &c.]

DURING THE WALRUS HUNT.

Shilling and Sixpenny Spectators. That's the police station on that boat where the two Bobbies are. . . . 'Ere's a rummy couple coming along in this boat! See the bloke with the bald 'ed, and the ole girl in a pink bonnet? . . . There, they've run slap into them

others, and the ole bloke's got his 'eels in the air. Oh, dear, oh, dear! . . . Look at the bobbies tryin' to run 'em in. Lor, they're all pourin' water on to each other's 'eds as 'ard as they can go! 'Ere's the ole walrus swimmin' up now, d'ye see? And the ole Clown a fishin' for 'im. 'E's bin an' dragged 'im 'in 'ed foremost! Look at the walrus a duckin' o' the ole woman. Hor, hor, if ever I see the like o' that! Is that like 'ow they 'unt walruses, Father, eh? Blost if the ole walrus ain't got into the station 'ouse after 'em. Look at 'em all gittin' out on the roof—in they jump! And the ole girl goin' in backards, hor, hor! And the other bloke any'ow. See the 'ole admiral in the cocked 'at a takin' sights through 'is spy-glors! Now they're gittin' the 'arpoon ready. There, they've copped 'im—it's all over! Well, that was a good lark, and no mistake!

AT THE LANDING-PLACE—AFTER SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

Oh, it was perfectly splendid! We put the rugs right over our heads, and didn't get wet a bit! . . . I don't know if you're aware of it, my dear, but you've got black streaks all down your face. Gracious! it's the dye from my veil. Do I look very dreadful, dear? Well, it shows, of course—but I wouldn't touch it, or you'll make it worse. . . . This lot got a ducking, and no mistake—look at 'em—ho, ho! . . . I say, dear old chap, you ought to have come too—it was ripping! Splashed? No, nothing to speak of. Eh? "My hat?" What's wrong with it? Oh, confound it all! I only took a front seat to oblige those two girls. Yes, I can see they're giggling at me as well as you can. Look here, old fellow, do you know if there's a place here where I can get my hat ironed, and buy a collar and tie? Because I've got to meet the CHAFFINGTONS here, and dine with 'em and that. "So have you?" Then that's why you backed out of going down the Chute! Why the deuce didn't you say so? Oh, if you're going to stand there laughing like a fool, I'm off! I may just have time to— Hang it; there are the CHAFFINGTON girls! Is my collar too beastly limp? you might tell a fellow!



TO A DROSHKY-DRIVER.

(By a Quondam Fare.)

HERE'S a health to you, GOSPODIN IVÁNOFF—
Or whatever your name may chance
to be—

Of vodka I'll toss you a full *stakán* off
(A tumbler, I mean, of *eau de vie*) ;
And I'll sing you *fortissimo con furore*
Your national hymn, in a cheerful key,
('Twill colour with local tone my story,
To start with your "*Bozhe Tsaryá khrańi*").

'Twas a lively morning, my hirsute Jehu,
In Petersburg once we together spent ;
And now in my sketch-book I still can see you
(The annexed for your portrait's humbly meant).
Your costume resembled in part a butcher's—
A dull blue gown of a vast extent,
With top-boots, like each of the other *kutschers*,
And shocking bad hat, all "bashed" and bent.



Ere long you called me your "little brother,"
Or else—your knowledge of Court to show—
(What one Russian "High Excellence" styles
another)

"*Vuisókoprevoskhoditelstvo*."
You wanted to learn how to greet an acquaintance

In English ; I said, to be *comme il faut*,
That "God save the Queen" was the proper sentence—

I own that my hoax was a trifle low.

A large percentage, my gay *izvostchik*,
I failed of your jokes to understand ;
But I safely say you displayed the *most* cheek
Of any I've met by sea or land.

When you pitched me clean out on the
Nevski pavement,

With syllable brief I loudly banned ;
But as *dam* in your lingo "I'll give" (you
knave!) meant,

You grinned, and for "tea-money" held
your hand.

I shall never forget that awful jolting
I got as you whirled me round about
In your backless car ; for your bumping,
bolting,

You really, my Vanka, deserved the
knout.

Well, I won't say "Good-bye," but "*Do
svidanya*"—

Though whether we'll meet again I doubt ;
If you ever should wander to far BRITANNIA,
I fear you will probably find me "Out."

MOTTO FOR PROFESSORS OF PALMISTRY.—
"*Palmas qui meruit ferat*," i.e., "Who has
paid his money may bare his palm."

It is proposed to establish a fire-station,
"with fifty men, on the Thames Embankment."
For what purpose? In case of
anybody setting the Thames on Fire?

MRS. R. says she never has toast for breakfast,
but always "fresh-airated bread."

THE MOAN OF A THEATRE-MANAGER.

WHO gets, by hook or crook, from me
Admittance free, though well knows he
That myriads turned away will be?
The Deadhead.

Who, while he for his programme pays
The smallest silver coin, inveighs
Against such fraud with eyes ablaze?
The Deadhead.

Who to his neighbour spins harangues,
On how he views with grievous pangs
The dust that on our hangings hangs?
The Deadhead.

Who, in a voice which rings afar,
Declares, while standing at the bar,
Our drinks most deleterious are?
The Deadhead.

Who aye withholds the claps and cheers
That others give? Who jeers and sneers
At all he sees and all he hears?
The Deadhead.

Who loudly, as the drama's plot
Unfolds, declares the tale a lot
Of balderdash and tommy-rot?
The Deadhead.

Who dubs the actors boorish hinds?
Who fault with all the scenery finds?
Who with disgust his molars grinds?
The Deadhead.

Who spreads dissatisfaction wide
'Mongst those who else with all they spied
Had been extremely satisfied?
The Deadhead.

Who runs us down for many a day,
And keeps no end of folks away
That else would for admittance pay?
The Deadhead.

Who keeps his reputation still,
For recompensing good with ill
With more than Pandemonium's skill?
The Deadhead.

Who makes the bankrupt's doleful doom
In all its blackness o'er me loom?
Who'll bring my grey head to the tomb?
The Deadhead.

"THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY."

(Adapted to the Requirements of the Army.)

"THERE was no doubt about it," queried
the Quartermaster to the Adjutant, "the
Chief certainly desired me to execute him?"

"That is unquestionably my impression,"
replied the Adjutant.

"Yes, and it never does to question his
orders," continued the Quartermaster; "it
makes him so wild if he fancies that you
are disobeying his commands."

"Quite so," admitted the Adjutant; "and
so the best thing is to carry them out. As
you know, obedience is 'the first law of a
soldier.'"

"Still, to shoot a man for nothing, does
seem a little hard."

"How do we know it's for nothing? You
may be sure the Chief has his own reasons
for everything."

And so the two warriors walked to the
barrack square and sent for the unfortunate
Private THOMAS ATKINS. As the order was
conveyed to the quarters of the rank and file,
men lounged out of the mess-room, and dis-
cussed the Colonel's orders. It seemed "a
bit strange," but it was not for them to
dispute the chief's command. And, as they
spoke, Private THOMAS ATKINS was produced.
He had a clean defaulter's sheet.

"On my word, I really trust that there
may be some mistake," said a Brigade-Sur-
geon-Lieutenant-Colonel M.D. "But, as I

am not now attached to the battalion, I have
no right to interfere."

Private THOMAS ATKINS was marched to a
wall, ordered to right-about turn, and then
(under the command of the Quartermaster)
shot.

Then the civil power, in the person of a
police-constable, thought it time to interfere,
and arrested the officer immediately in com-
mand.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Colonel, sub-
sequently; "how exceedingly absurd! I
wanted the Quartermaster to give him a new
suit, and he thought I asked him to shoot
him! You fellows really ought to be more
careful!"

But nothing could be done, because the
matter had passed into the hands of the civil
power.

And, all things taken into consideration, it
was just as well that they had.

THE BALLAD OF DEPARTED PIPPINS.

(Some Way after Villon and Rossetti.)

TELL me, now, where has it departed,

That fine old apple, the Ribstone Pippin,
The rosy-coated, and juicy-hearted,
I loved, when a "nipper," my teeth to
slip in?



Where is the Rus-
set we boys
thought rippin'?
(Though its sharp-
ness sometimes
started the
tears?)

Oh! such - like
often I've spent
my "tip" in—
But where are
the apples of
earlier years?

Where's the King
Pippin, the sun-
brown one?

And where is the
Catshead, light
Spring green?

(Which gave, while eating, such glorious fun,
If—after munching—some dule and teen?)

And where is the Golden Knob, whose sheen
Would draw the wasps all about our ears?
(Sometimes in our mouths, if they were not
seen)—

But where are the apples of earlier years?

White watery things from the land of the
Yankee,

And sugary shams from the Austral seas,
They sell us—at sixpence per pound! No,
thankee!

I have no palate for frauds like these.
There's not an apple that now could please
Poor EVE so much as to waken fears.

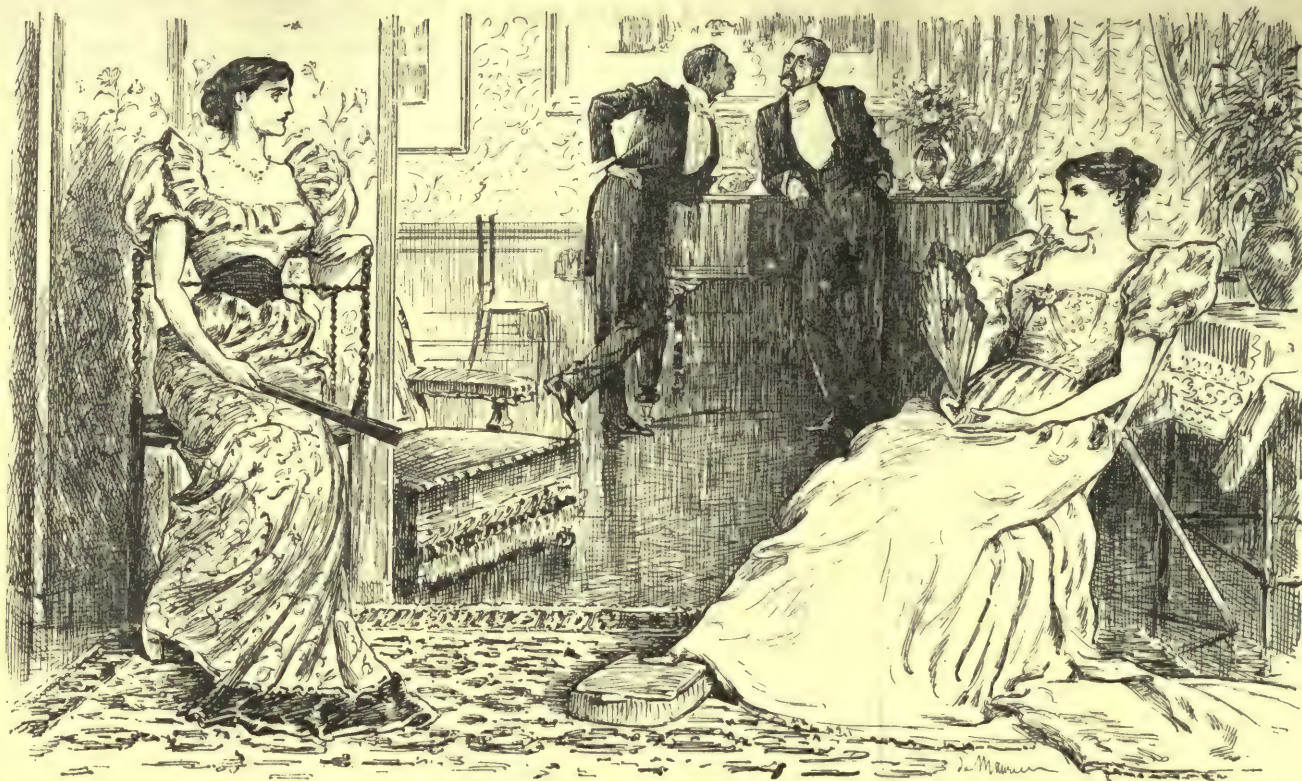
Ah, the luscious Pippins youth crunched
at ease!

But where are the apples of earlier years?

Nay, never ask if your fruiterer's heard
Of "a decent pippin" (the huckster
sneers!)

Except with this for an overword—
But where are the apples of earlier years?

RATHER MIXED.—In the sale of wines at
CHRISTIE'S last week, Lot 136 is described as
"3 dozen of sherry, 1842, been to West Indies,
more or less." Now, why this mystery? Why
not make a clean breast of it? Is it meant
that the sherry called in at only one or two
of the Indies? or did it only get half way on
the voyage to the group? We should learn
more or be told less.



FELINE AMENITIES.

Fair Visitor. "DO PLAY SOMETHING, DEAR! I LOVE TO HEAR YOUR MUSIC!"

Fair Hostess. "SORRY, DEAR, BUT THIS PIANO IS SO DREADFULLY OUT OF TUNE! THAT'S THE WORST OF LIVING IN APARTMENTS! MY MUSIC-MASTER SAYS THAT TO USE SUCH A PIANO AS THAT IS FATAL TO REAL PLAYING! BUT WON'T YOU PLAY SOMETHING, DEAR?"

THROUGH THE LOCK.

Grand Old Puntsmen pipes up:—

"*Lock! Lock! Lock!*"
Heaven be thanked, we're through it!
Spite of crush, and jam, and shock,
That's the way to do it!
Now for a fair "flowing tide,"
Verdurous banks and shady!
Yes, we're through. *I'm* glad, aren't you,
Eh, my little lady?

"*Lock! Lock! Lock.*"
Trim the punt, sweet, prythee!
You look nice in your new frock!
Fresh as osier withy.
How they strove your togs to tear;
Hinder, or capsize us!
But, hurroo! we've scrambled through!
Nought need now surprise us!

"*Lock! Lock! Lock!*"
Faint cry, far before us!
Lot of toffs my efforts mock;
Menace us in chorus.
Swear they'll swamp us at the weir.
Fate there's no controlling,
But the Grand Old River Hand
Puts his faith in pol(l)ing!

Sit tight, my dear, and as we drop down
with the tide towards the next lock, I'll sing
you a new river-song to an old air. [*Sings.*]

And did you ne'er hear of a jolly old punt-
ing man,

Who near Westminster his calling doth ply?
He handles his pole with such skill and
dexterity,
Winning each "No" and enchanting each
"Aye."

He looks so neat, he steers so steadily,
The ladies all flock to his punt so readily;
And he's so celebrated for courage and care,
That he's seldom in want of a freight or a
fare.

But o'er his last passenger rivals made merry,
She *did* look so feeble, and frightened
withal:

"A fair sample this of your fine Irish ladies!
In a Party like yours won't she kick up a
squall?"

Thus oft they'd be chaffing, and shouting
and jeering,

But 'twas all one to WILLY; he stuck to his
steering;
For hissing or hooting he little did care,
He handled his pole, and looked after his
fare.

And ah! just to think now how strangely
things happen!

He poled along, caring for no one at all;
By a crush in the lock, foes his fare meant
alarming,

And hoped in deep water she fainting
might fall.

But he bade the young damsel to banish all
sorrow,

"If they block us to-day, dear, we'll get
through to-morrow."

And now the old Puntsmen is through! But
they swear

They'll yet flammox the future of him and
his fare!

GOOD GRACIOUS!—Mrs. R. went to Lord's
the other day, to see Doctor GRACE play. She
says, "Until then I had no idea he was a man
of such splendid *physic*."

SYMPATHY.

*A Colloquy after the Eton and Harrow Cricket
Match.*

Old Buffer to Small Boy, solicitously:—

WHY are you hoarse, my little lad,
So husky and so hoarse?
Your voice is almost gone! 'Tis sad!
You'll seek advice, of course?
Diphtheria is much about!
And—well you know, there's cancer!!!
Dear me, you're choking now! Don't shout,
But write me down an answer.

Small Boy to Old Buffer, spasmodically:—

Cancer—be blowed!—*Cricket*—of course!
Harrow—for years—has beaten;
And—I've been howling till I'm hoarse
To see 'em—licked by Eton!!!
Hooray!!!

THE MOAN OF THE MINOR POET.

THIS (says Mr. JAMES PAYN) is what
TOM HOOD wrote about the treatment meted
out to the Minor Poet in his time:—

"What is a Modern Poet's fate?
To write his thoughts upon a slate—
The critic spits on what is done,
Gives it a wipe—and all is gone."

And this (says Mr. Punch) is the Minor
Poet's reply to-day:—

I write not on a slate, but foolscap fair:
It falls to the Waste-paper Basket's care.
If *not*, the Minor Poet's still ill-fated.
'Tis by some Minor Critic now he's "slated."
Far better than that stabber's spiteful lunge,
Were "a clean slate" and kind oblivion's
"sponge."



“THROUGH THE LOCK.”





QUITE A LITTLE PARABLE.

The Rector (returning from day's fishing—in reply to usual question). "SPORT? OH! WRETCHED!! WRETCHED!!! TRIED EVERY DODGE I COULD THINK OF, BUT NOTHING WOULD TEMPT 'EM."

Canny Scot (who rather suspects the Rector of a fondness for good living). "A—WEEL RECTOR, NA DOOT THEY SET SOME ON US A POORFUL EXAMPLE I' NO GIVIN' WAY TO THEIR CARNAL PROCLEEVITIES, AND REFUSIN' TO BE TA'EN IN BY THE FA'SE BLANDISHMENTS O' THE DEEVIL, I' THE SHAPE O' YER AWN ARTIFEECIAL FLEES."

THE VOICE OF THE THAMES.

LEAVE, dweller in the smoke-bound street,
Your native London's ceaseless noise.
With aching head and weary feet
Turn from the town's delusive joys.
On dusty terrace, grimy square,
A dismal pall seems settling down;
Be not the Season's slave, and dare,
Oh town-bred man, to leave the town.

The town can spare you; it may chance
The Park will fill without your aid;
And still at many a matron's dance
Moist man will whirl with panting maid.
Vast dinners still will be as slow,
The night will still be turned to day,
And all the giddy round will go
As wild and well with you away.

But here the days are passing fair,
The sun shines bright, the leaves are green;
Cool on your forehead breathes the air,
The very smoke seems fresh and clean.
And over all the winding miles,
Where erst his foaming torrents ran,
The clear, calm Thames breaks forth in smiles
Of welcome to the London man.

Bend to your oars, away, away!
Then rest awhile, or deftly steer
Where topped with rainbow clouds of spray
The waters tumble o'er the weir.
Nor scorn the man whom, moored for hours,
Nor failure daunts nor jeers affront,

Who sits, unheeding sun or showers,
A fishless angler in a punt.

Then, when at eve the ringdove's call
Is hushed upon the wooded hill,
And slowly lengthening shadows fall
On field and stream, and all is still,
Drift homewards, thanking Heaven that made
You free to dream awhile your dream
In this fair scene of sun and shade,
On gentle Thames's crystal stream.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR LADIES.

(To be set to Débutantes who have completed their first Season.)

1. WHAT do you think of London in comparison with the country?
2. Write a short Essay upon your initial ball, giving your impressions of (1) your partners, (2) your dances, and (3) the supper.
3. Given three dances a night six evenings a week, what will be the cost of bouquets a quarter?
4. Show how three dresses, with a clever ladiesmaid, and a deposit account at the Army and Navy Stores, can be made to do duty as a couple of dozen entirely different gowns.
5. Give a short history of the Opera Season, pointing out any special features of importance, and estimating the receipts of the Command Night.
6. Give a short biography of any two of the following Society lions: Signor MASCAGNI,

Lord ROBERTS, Mr. OSCAR WILDE, Captain BOXTON, and the Siamese Ambassador.

7. Supply the true stories associated with "the lost opera-glass at Ascot," "the sunshade at the garden party," "the ride to the horse-chestnuts," and "the interrupted honeymoon."

8. Show in a rough sketch the latest mode of shaking hands.

9. Give a brief account of any two of the following Society functions: (1) The Royal Wedding, (2) the Eton and Harrow match, (3) Sandown, (4) a first night at the Lyceum, (5) a wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and (6) Henley.

10. Correct the mistakes (if any) in the following passage:—"Mr. ALEXANDER, the Lessee of Drury Lane, appeared at the Haymarket as *Becket*, in Mr. PINERO's sparkling comedy of that name. He was supported by Miss ELLEN TERRY as the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and Lady MONCKTON as *Portia*—the woman of no importance. After a successful career of five hundred nights, *Becket* was transferred to Chicago, with the cast strengthened by Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE, who consented to accept, as a mark of respect to the management, the comparatively insignificant part of *Charley's Aunt*."

11. Give a list of the eligible *partis* of the season, with their rent-rolls, distinguishing idiots from sensible men.

12. In conclusion, after four months' hard work at Society functions, trace the benefit you have derived from your novel surroundings.

THE PROPRIETORS' VADE MECUM.

(A Supplement for the Newspaper Press.)

Question. What is the duty of a Newspaper Proprietor?

Answer. To use his periodical for the benefit of the public by obtaining and affording information.

Q. Is he expected to expose abuses?

A. Certainly, or he would be thought to be degrading the noble profession to which he has the honour to belong.

Q. What is the customary result of an *exposé*?

A. An action for libel.

Q. By whom is it frequently brought?

A. By a man of straw.

Q. And what is the alleged libel?

A. That the plaintiff was described as being manufactured of no more substantial material.

Q. If a man is made of straw, how can he obtain assistance from a solicitor?

A. By approaching a member of the junior branch of the legal profession who possesses no rooted objection to speculation.

Q. What is a speculative action?

A. It is an action brought to give a solicitor a chance of getting costs.

Q. Is the length of trial a matter of importance to the plaintiff?

A. Certainly not, because he stands to win one way and not to lose on the other.

Q. What does a long trial mean to the defendant?

A. Solicitor's fees by the score and "refreshers" by the dozen.

Q. What is the outcome of the proceedings?

A. After many days, a verdict.

Q. In whose favour?

A. The defendant's.

Q. Does the defendant benefit in consequence?

A. Not at all—the reverse. For after the finding of the jury, he is at liberty to pay his own costs.



A DELICATE SNUB.

Sir Pompey Bedell. "OH—ER—MOSSOO LE BARRONG, ESKER-VOO—ER—ESKER-VOO SAVVY—ER—ESKER-VOO SAVVY KER VOOS AVAY LE—LA—ER—ER—"

Monsieur le Baron. "DO NOT SIR POMPEY, DO NOT CONTINUE TO SPEAK FRENCH! YOU SPEAK IT SO WELL—AH! BUT SO WELL—ZAT YOU MAKE ME FEEL QUITE 'OME-SICK!'"

Q. Why does he pay his own costs?

A. Because his statement that the plaintiff is and was a man of straw is practically corroborated.

Q. But does not the *exposé* prove that he has done an action well-deserving of his country?

A. Certainly; but this consideration does not give him unmixed satisfaction.

Q. Why does it not give him unmixed satisfaction?

A. Because, although losing a huge sum of money may be patriotic and large-minded, it is scarcely business-like.

Q. Are not newspapers intended to benefit the public?

A. Unquestionably, but in that public the individuality of the proprietor should not be entirely overlooked.

Q. Then what would you recommend?

A. That instead of being regarded as prey, newspapers should be made to pay.

Q. And how can that be carried out?

A. By making a law calling upon a would-be plaintiff, in a questionable action for libel, to give security for costs.

O WISE YOUNG JUDGE!—Mr. Justice HAWKINS has scored over and over again during the first act of the *ZIERENBERG v. LABOUCHERE* trial. One witness in cross-examination said "he thought he could tell people who were overworked." So Mr. Justice HAWKINS asked him, "Do you see anybody in this court who looks like being overworked?" Of course the witness looked straight at the Judge, but Sir HENRY was ready with a very practical answer to his own question, as he instantly rose to the occasion and adjourned the case till next day, and from next day till next term.

AT THE T. R. H.—Mr. TREE substituted IBSEN for WILDE. Some evenings at the T. R. Haymarket may be pleasantly passed, i.e., "*Wilde*" away.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 17.—"Et tu, Bowley!" said GRANDOLPH, a tear glistening on his long eyelashes. Of course he should have said "*Brute*," but that is not Member for King's Lynn's name. Remark followed upon incident that ruffled unusually dull evening. TOMMY was making one of his rare speeches; instructing Chief Secretary on intricate point in Home-Rule Bill; complaining of an omission in Amendment under discussion. GRANDOLPH, turning round, explained to him the bearing of things. Audacious, it is true. "The attempt," as JEMMY LOWTHER said, "to instruct your grandmother in the art of imbibing light but nutritious refreshment a slight thing compared with the temerity of teaching TOMMY anything." When he detected GRANDOLPH in attempt, he for moment fixed him with surprised stare. Enough in ordinary circumstances to paralyse a rhinoceros. GRANDOLPH, who from precarious retreat in a tree-top in Central Africa has watched the noon slumbers of a horde of thirty lions, did not flinch. Then through

the startled House rang TOMMY's withering rebuke: "Pray hold your tongue!" an injunction which drew from GRANDOLPH the pained remark quoted above.

Coming from such a source it was doubly painful. Always understood that TOMMY founded his Parliamentary style upon GRANDOLPH's earlier manner. Whispered that Member for King's Lynn had dreamed a dream of a new Fourth Party. He of course would play the part of GRANDOLPH; HANBURY (selected chiefly on account of his height and slimness of his figure) would stand for ARTHUR BALFOUR before he came into his Princedom. The glories of GORST would live again in BARTLEY; and TOMMY had spent sleepless night in doubt as to whether he should enlist PARKER SMITH or AMBROSE in place of WOLFFY, who now, in distant Madrid, wears a sombrero, drapes his *svette* figure in a cloak, and interlards his conversation with cries of "*Carramba*!"

This point was decided by curious incident. One afternoon TOMMY came upon PARKER SMITH conversing with TOMLINSON.

"Don't you think PARKER SMITH's getting something of a bore?" TOMMY asked, when that eminent statesman moved away.



"ANGELS IN 'THE HOUSE.'"

"Now that's very odd indeed," said TOMLINSON. "Just as you came up PARKER SMITH said to me 'Here comes TOMMY BOWLES; good fellow; means well; but don't you think he's making himself something of a bore?'"

So PARKER SMITH lost his chance, and perhaps will never know how or why. Thinking of these things 'tis quaint to find TOMMY turning and biting the hand which, so to speak, held for him the Parliamentary bottle. "*Et tu, Bowles!*" GRANDOLPH sighed again, thinking of the days that are no more. "But I ought to have remembered that he who plays at BOWLES must expect rubbers."

Business done.—TOMMY declines to make room for his Uncle GRANDOLPH; even rudely repulses avuncular advances.

Tuesday.—SEXTON magnanimously relieved Mr. G., JOHN MORLEY, and, by implication, SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and other Members, from embarrassing imputation. Sometimes, when gentlemen in PRINCE ARTHUR'S suite have nothing nastier to say, they sketch lurid pictures of Mr. G. and the rest drawn at wheels of SEXTON'S chariot. All very well, they say, to talk of Cabinet Meetings, and statesmanship at Irish Office. The real boss, as TIM would put it, the arbiter of situation, is SEXTON. When these things are said, JOHN MORLEY smiles grimly; Mr. G. pretends not to hear; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD audibly raps fingers on his manly breast; Liberals cheer ironically; SEXTON blushes, and looks across to see if JOHN REDMOND is listening.

To-night he feels this thing has gone far enough. There may, perhaps, be some smattering of truth in it; but its disclosure cannot be pleasant to his right hon. friends on Treasury Bench. Accordingly SEXTON rose, and, taking Mr. G. by the hand, as it were, and giving a finger to JOHN MORLEY, declared that there was no foundation for the imputation. It was true he had from time to time offered suggestions, the appositeness and value of which it was not for him to determine. Occasionally they might have been accepted by the Government. That was due not to the pressure of dictation, but to the force of reason. Mr. MORLEY was a statesman not unacquainted with affairs, whilst Mr. G. had reached an age at which he might be trusted with some share in the conduct of a Bill. He could assure the House that he was not, in this matter, dictator. Such a charge was, he added, in burst of uncompromising self-abnegation, "imbecile."

"And they say," cried WEBSTER, for him unusually mixed, "that Irishmen have no sense of humour."

Business done.—SEXTON generously puts Mr. G. right in eyes of Universe.

Thursday Night.—Been remarked of late, in quarter behind Front Opposition Bench, that THEOBALD has appeared preternaturally preoccupied. Thought he was brooding over the drought, or the prospects of Home Rule. Secret out-to-night. Been concocting a joke; taken him some time; but, then, consider the quality. Some weeks ago order issued in Ireland prohibiting hoisting of flags on hotels, and other private buildings. THEOBALD diligently concentrating his thoughts upon this fresh iniquity, gradually worked out his joke. Appeared on paper to-night in shape of question addressed to JOHN MORLEY. Supposing (so it runs) HER MAJESTY should visit Ireland, and stay in an hotel, would the Government take measures to legalise the hoisting of the Royal Standard on the building?

Delightful to watch THEOBALD when he had fired this bolt; fixed his eye attentively on Mr. G., to see how he took it, the paper in his hand trembling with excitement. Didn't often make a joke; doesn't remember a former occasion. Work somewhat exhausting, especially in hot weather; but when he did take his coat off and set to it must be admitted he turned out a rare article. All very well for JOHN MORLEY to affect to make light of the business. Not very probable that when the QUEEN visited Ireland she would put up at an hotel; a hypothetical question; deal with the question when it arises, and all the rest of Ministerial commonplaces. THEOBALD'S shaft had gone home, and when he saw Mr. G. wince, and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD grow pale, he felt that the continuous labour of nights and days was rewarded.

"Didn't think I could do it," he said when I warmly congratulated him. "Not used to that sort of thing, you know. Never know what you can do till you try. A little hard at first. The thing is to keep pegging away. Still, I'm glad it's over. Shan't try

another this year. Shall go away now for a bit of a holiday to recruit."

Business done.—Got through Clauses Home-Rule Bill. Shall begin now to pick up dropped threads.

Friday.—Not heard much lately of HENNIKER-HEATON. Compared with what my dear old friend RAIKES used to suffer from this quarter, ARNOLD MORLEY'S withers are unwrung. "You've not given up the crusade, have you?" I asked HENNIKER, meeting him in the Lobby just now.

"No," he said; "I do not mean to rest till not only I get Ocean Penny Postage, but have introduced at home a smaller but much-needed reform. Custom here at Christmas is, as I daresay you

know, to give postman present. That I hold to be a criminal reversal of natural course of events. It's the Post-Office should give its customers a Christmas-box, as in some places doth the grocer and eke the milkman. This tax upon the general public on behalf of a department of the State is another evidence of the grasping disposition of St. Martin's-le-Grand. I'll be up and at 'em again soon. Fact is, of late I've had my own troubles. Have mentioned them in letter to *Times*, so don't mind talking to you on a subject that has brought me from unknown admirers many expressions of sympathy, the comfort of which has, it is true, been somewhat lessened by the fact that postage was unpaid. It's this Australian Bank business. You know the proud motto of that great Colony beyond the Sea, 'Advance, Australia!' Well,

having lived there sometime, I thought it only polite to fall in with the suggestion. I advanced Australia a good deal of money in the way of purchase of bank stock, which has melted away like snow on the river. CURRAN'S in the same box: but we shall get over this, and you may bet a shilling postage-stamp to a halfpenny newspaper-cover we'll Advance Australia no more."

Business done.—Entered last compartment Home-Rule Bill.

"VOCES STELLARUM."

A GREAT crowd of theatrical astronomers and star-gazers assembled at the Lyceum Observatory last Saturday night for the purpose of watching the movements of the brilliant Lyceum group. HENRY IRVING of the first magnitude, ELLEN TERRY one of the brightest of the astral bodies, and the Mars-like TERRIS, with the other lesser brilliancies, all of whom we shall be unable to reckon as among the "Fixed Stars" until next Spring, when they shall have returned from their American tour. Enthusiastic reception from all parts of the House of IRVING-BECKET'S parting address, which he delivered, standing before the Curtain, in his monk's habit (one of the old "Orders," "not admitted after seven"), and wearing the *pallium*, which is the special and peculiar "property" of the Lyceum See. *Mr. Punch* wishes them "*Bon voyage*," and many happy "returns" after every performance, ending with the happiest return of all, their re-appearance at the Lyceum.

CONS. FOR THE CHAIR.

On very Old Models.

Q. WHY should a MELLOR put on a "considering cap"?—A. To keep his head cool. Q. When is a "Chair" not a "Chair"?—A. When it is "sat upon." Q. When does the Closure a Premier surprise?—A. When he finds the "Noes" above the "Ayes." Q. Where was PEEL when he put the SEXTON out?—A. In a passion. Q. Why does an angry Party "cross" the House?—A. To get on the other side.

An Unpleasant Paradox.

THAT "great conflagration" at "Simmery Axe" Brings woe to the burthened with Rate and Tax, For it tells him that Rating must still go higher—He must "raise the Wind" to keep down the Fire!

GOOD LEGAL SECURITIES.—De-Benchers of Lincoln's Inn.



"He declared that there was no foundation for the imputation."

THE DIRECTOR'S VADE MECUM.

Question. What is your duty as a Director?

Answer. To give my name to a prospectus.

Q. Is there any necessary formality before making this donation?

A. Yes; I am to accept a certain number of qualifying shares in the company obtaining the advantage of my directorial services.

Q. Need you pay for these shares?

A. With proper manipulation, certainly not.

Q. What other advantages would you secure by becoming a Director?

A. A guinea an attendance.

Q. Anything else?

A. A glass of sherry and a sandwich.

Q. What are your duties at a Board Meeting?

A. To shake hands with the Secretary, and to sign an attendance book.

Q. What are your nominal duties?

A. Have not the faintest idea.

Q. Would it be right to include in your nominal duties the protection of the interests of the shareholders?

A. As likely as not.

Q. Would it be overstating the case to say that thousands and thousands of needy persons are absolutely ruined by the selfish inattention of a company's direction?

A. Not at all—possibly understating it.

Q. I suppose you never read a prospectus to which you put your name?



DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Stern Parent. "NO WONDER YOU LOOK SO SEEDY AND FIT FOR NOTHING. I HEAR YOU CAME HOME SO VERY LATE LAST NIGHT!"

Youth (who is having his fling). "BEG YOUR PARDON, DAD, I DID NOTHING OF THE SORT. I CAME HOME VERY EARLY!"

MUSIC FOR THE MULTITUDE;

OR, BELMONT ON THE EMBANKMENT.

A Morality (adapted from the "Merchant of Venice") for Men in Municipal Authority.

"The music on the Embankment during the pressman's dinner-hour is a much more important matter than it seems to be. It would be a most beneficial institution for all indoor labourers; for it is not the long hours of labour—though they are bad enough—so much as its monotony that makes it so wearisome."—*Mr. James Payn in "Our Note Book."*

Lorenzo. . . . A Journeyman Printer.
Jessica. . . . His "Young Woman."

SCENE—*The Thames Embankment Garden.*

Lorenzo. Sweetheart, let's in; they may expect our coming.

And yet no matter:—why should we go in? The Toffs at last, have had compassion on us, Within the house, or office, mewed too long, And bring our music forth into the air.

[They take a seat.]

How bright the sunshine gleams on this Embankment!

Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music Creep in our ears: soft green and Summer sunlight

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, JESSICA: look, how this green town-garden

Is thickly crowded with the young and old:

There's not the smallest child which thou behold'st

But by his movements shows his young heart sings,

As though poor kids were young eye'd cherubim:

Such love of music lives in simple souls; But whilst grim pedants and fanatics sour

Have power to stop, they will not let us hear it! *[Musicians tune up.]*

Hullo! The *Intermezzo*! Like a hymn With sweeter touches charming to the ear,

The soul's drawn home by music. *[Music.]*

Jessica. I'm always soothed like when I hear nice music.

Lorenzo. The reason is your spirits are responsive.

For do but note a wild and wanton mob Of rough young rascals, like unbroken colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and blaring loud,

Which shows the hot condition of their blood;

If they, perchance, but hear a brass-band sound,

Or harp and fiddle duet touch their ears,

Or even *Punch's* pan-pipe, or shrill "squeaker,"

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,

Their wandering eyes turned to an earnest gaze,

By the sweet power of music: therefore poets

Tell us old Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods,

Since naught so blockish, hard, insensible, But music for the time doth change his nature.

The man who would keep music to himself, Grudging the mob all concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for Bedlam, not the County Council! The motions of his spirit are dull as night,

And his affections cold as Arctic bergs. Let no such man be trusted!—Mark the music!

(Left marking it attentively.)

A Northern Light.

(Dr. JOHN RAE, the venerable and valiant Arctic Explorer, is dead.)

THE Arctic Circle and far Hudson's Bay Bear witness to the glories of JOHN RAE.

The darkened world, with deep regret, will own

Another RAE of Light and Leading gone!

MRS. R. thinks she will not go abroad for a holiday tour. "You see, my dear," she says, "I don't mind owning that I am not well up in French and German, and I should not like to have always to be travelling about with an Interrupter."



LINLEY SAMBOURNE, DEL.

"THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FOR WESTMINSTER, BY W. E. G.

["Would his right hon. friend excuse his suggesting an analogy of the character which he bore with that which was systematically assumed, he believed, under ancient rules, in the Court of Rome . . . when it was proposed, in consequence of the peculiar excellence of some happy human being who had departed this life, to raise him . . . to the order of the saints . . . there was always brought into the Court a gentleman who went . . . under the name of devil's advocate. His peculiar function was to go through the career of the proposed saint, to seize upon and magnify every human failing or error, to misconstrue everything that was capable of misconstruction. . . . That was the case of his right hon. friend."—*Mr. Gladstone on Mr. Chamberlain.*]



A TRIAL OF FAITH.

Bertie (at intervals). "I USED TO—WHAT THE—DO A LOT OF—CONF—ROWING, ONE TIME!"

"THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

Old Parliamentary Pictor soliloquiseth:—

"As when a painter, poring on a face,
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man
Behind it, and so paints him that his face,
The shape and colour of a mind and life,
Lives for his children, ever at its best
And fullest."

AYE, my ALFRED, there you hit
The portrait-painter's function to a hair;
And here I hit the essential inner JOE.
And so he'll live. But "ever at his best,
And fullest?" Humph! His Brummagem
retinue
Will scarce acknowledge *that*. Some call
him "JUDAS,"
But that is rude, and leads to shameful rows.
Chaff is one thing and insolence another;
E'en caricature may pass, so that it's impulse
Be humorous not malevolent; but coarse
spleen,
Taking crude shape in truthless graphic
slander,
Is boyish work,—bad manners and bad art!
And so TAY PAY transgressed the bounds of
taste,
And led to shameful shindy. HEROD?
Humph!
That flout "lacked finish," as great DIZZY
said,
He pricked, not stabbed, was fencer, not
brute-bruiser,
But he of Brummagem hath much to learn
In gentlemanly sword-play.
"Devil's Advocate!"
That hits him off, I think! Not Devil,—no!

(Though angry blunderheads will twist it that way)

But ruthless slater of the pseudo-saint!
The pseudo-saint, I own, looks limp and floppy,
Half-fledged and awkward at the cherub rôle.
Poor saint! He's had much mauling, must
have more,
Ere he assumes the nimbus, and I would
That he looked less lop-sided. Yes, my JOE!
You'll spot some "human failings" I've no
doubt.

To exercise your "double million magnifyin'
Gas microscopes of hextra power" upon.
Your "vision" is not "limited" by "deal
doors"

Or "flights o' stairs," or friends, or facts, or
fairness,

You hardly need suggestions diabolic
From that hook-nosed attorney at your elbow
To urge you to the attack; erect, alert,
Orchid-adorned, and eye-glass-armed, you
stand

The sharpest, shrewdest, most acidulous,
Dapper and dauntless "Devil's Advocate"
That ever blackened a poor "saint" all over
Othello-wise, or robbed a postulant
For canonisation of a hopeful chance
Of full apotheosis, and the right
Of putting on the nimbus.

There, 'tis finished;

And—on the whole—'twere well I had not
limned it!

'Twas tempting, yes, and pleasant in the
painting,
But—well, I've paid for it, and much mis-
doubt

If it was worth the price. Followers applaud,
I—suffer. Oh, that mob of scuffling men,
Clawing and cursing, while the gallery hissed!

Hissed—not a pothouse outpour in full fight,
Not clamorous larrikins, or rowdy roughs
By prize-ring or on race-course fired with
drink,
But England's Commons settling—with their
fists
A Constitutional Contest! Shame, O shame!
And much I fear my Art must somewhat
share the blame! [Left lamenting.]

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

"Mrs. Tanqueray has left town."

THEY talk of ALEXANDER
And Mrs. Tanque-ray,
Now who would raise my dander
Will just abuse that play.
For few there are
That can compare—
Well,—if so, give their names,—
With Mrs. Tanque-ray
Who has just gone away
From the Theatre of St. James.

Mrs. R. says that of all SHAKESPEARE'S
plays produced at the Lyceum, she liked
Henry the Eighth the best, because of the
character of Cardinal Bullseye, which Mr.
IRVING played so sweetly.

STATUES OF THE TWO NEW PARLIAMENTARY
GIANTS TO BE ERRECTED AS GUARDING THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Gag and Maygag.

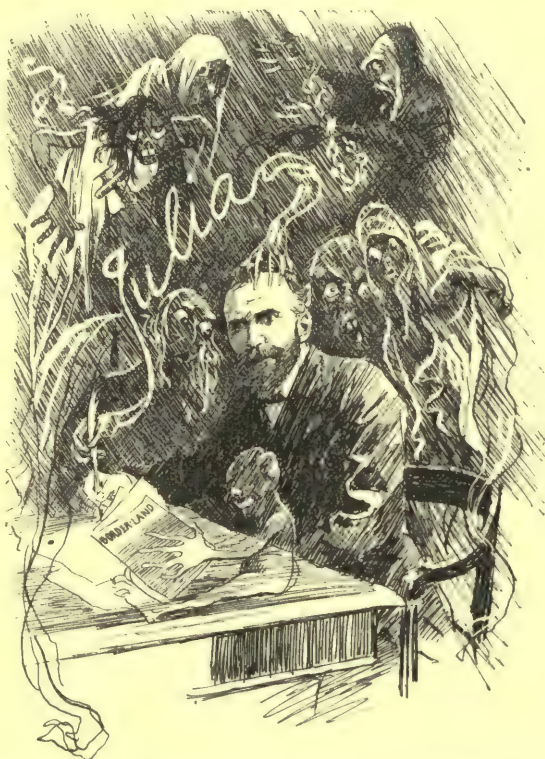
THEATRICAL PEDESTRIAN MATCH.—Match
between two "Walking Gentlemen." Date not
yet fixed. Stake-holder "Walker, London."

A VISIT TO BORDERLAND.

I CALLED on Mr. STEAD last week, at least I seemed to call, For in this "visionary" world one can't be sure at all; And when I reached the great man's house he shook me by the hand, And talked, as only STEAD can talk, of Spooks and *Borderland*. I own that I was tired of men who live upon the earth, They hadn't recognised, I felt, my full and proper worth; "They'll judge me much more fairly," I reflected, "when they're dead,—

So I'll go and seek an interview with WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD."

The reason why I went to STEAD is this: the great and good Has lately found that English ghosts are much misunderstood; Substantial man may swagger free, but, spite of all his boasts, STEAD holds there is a future, and a splendid one, for ghosts. And so he has an office, a sort of ghostly Cook's, Where tours may be contracted for to *Borderland* and Spooks; And those who yearn to mix with ghosts have only got to go And talk, as I conversed, with STEAD for half an hour or so.



The ghosts have got a paper too, the *Borderland* I spoke of, Where raps and taps are registered that scoffers make a joke of: A medium's magazine it is, a ghostly gazetteer Produced by WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD, the Julianic seer. And everything that dead men do to help the men who live, The chains they clank, the sighs they heave, the warnings that they give,

The coffin-lids they lift at night when folk are tucked in bed, Are all set down in black and white by WILLIAM THOMAS STEAD.

While wide-awake he sees such shapes as others merely dream on; For instance there is JULIA, a sort of female daemon; Like some tame hawk she stoops to him, she perches on his wrist—In life she was a promising, a lady journalist; And now that death has cut her off she leaves the ghostly strand, And turns her weekly copy out by guiding WILLIAM's hand. Yet, oh, it makes me writhe like one who sits him down on tin tacks To note that happy ghost's contempt for grammar and for syntax.

Well, well, I called on STEAD, you know; a doctor's talk of diet is, And STEAD's was of his psychic food as cure for my anxieties. I thought I'd take a chair to sit (it looked to me quite common) on, "You can't sit there," observed the Sage; "that's merely a phenomenon."

Two ladies, as I entered, seemed expressing of their gratuities For help received to Mr. STEAD in sentimental attitudes; They saw me, pirouetted twice, then vanished with a high kick. "It's nothing," said the Editor; "they are not real, but psychic."

These things, I own, surprised me much; I fidgetted uneasily; "Why, bless the man, he's had a shock!" said Mr. STEAD, quite breezily.

"We do these things the whole year round, it's merely knack to do them;

A man who does them every day gets quite accustomed to them. This room of mine is full of ghosts,"—it sounded most funereal—"I've only got to say the word to make them all material.

I'll say it promptly, if you wish; they cannot well refuse me." But my eagerness had vanished, and I begged him to excuse me.

"Now JULIA," he continued, "is in many ways a rum one. But, whatever else they say of her, they can't say she's a dumb one. She speaks—she's speaking now," he said. "I wonder what she'll tell us.

What's that? She says she likes your looks; she wants to make me jealous."

That gave me pause, and made me think 'twas fully time I went; it is A fearful thing to fascinate these bodiless non-entities.

Of course when people go to Rome they act like folk at Rome, you know,

But flirting didn't suit my book—I've got a wife at home, you know.

Well, next I felt a gust of wind, "That's Colonel BONES," my host said;

"He's dropped his helmet" (think of that, a helmet on a ghost's head).

"I don't much care," he whispered this, "in fact, I can't endure him;

Dragoons do use such awful words; I've tried in vain to cure him."

I ventured to suggest to STEAD that rather than be bluffed I

Would make this cursing soldier-ghost turn out in psychic mufti;

He couldn't drop his helmet then, nor threaten with his sabre.

"I've tried to," said the Editor, "it's only wasted labour.

"I've sought advice," continued STEAD, "from CANTUAR and EBOR, They hinted that they couldn't stand a she-ghost and a he-bore.

I tried to get a word or two from men of arts and letters,

They said they drew the line at Spooks who made a noise with fetters.

And when I talked of bringing men and ghostly shapes together The Bishops tapped their foreheads and conversed about the weather.

In fact"—he grew quite petulant—"in all this world's immensity I'd back the Bench of Bishops to beat the rest in density."

And so he talked, till suddenly—(perhaps he's talking still;

In talking of his own affairs, he has a wondrous skill)—

There came a noise, as if Old BONES had let off all his blanks at once,

As if a thousand theorists were turning all their cranks at once;

It seemed to lift me off my legs, and seize me by the hair.

And sweep me mute but terrified through all the spook-filled air.

And, when I got my senses back, I vowed no more to tread The paths that lead to *Borderland*, nor ask advice of STEAD.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Pietro Ghisleri is another success for that charming writer MARION CRAWFORD. The style is everything. The story is not of so thrilling a nature as to be absorbing, but it is sufficiently interesting—for the Baron, at least, with whom M. C.—"Master of his Craft"—is a great favourite. "Odd, though," murmurs the Baron to himself, and he seldom murmurs about anything; "odd that a writer like our MARION should, in Vol. II., p. 35, pen such a sentence as this: "There are plenty of others whom you may care for more than I." Of course the author intends *Maddalena del' Armi*, who utters these words, to convey to her listener and to the reader that "There are plenty of others for whom you may care more than (you care) for me." How does "than I" get into this sentence, unless it is to mean "There are plenty of others for whom you may care more than I care for them"—*quod est absurdum*. It is unfortunate that the pivot on which the plot turns is so highly improbable as to be almost impossible, for is it not most unlikely that any Catholic, educated or uneducated, should ever write her confession to her confessor, and send it by post, instead of going to him, and making it by word of mouth? She must have known that, in so doing, she was making no confession at all, i.e., in the restricted religious sense of the word. While she was about it, she might as well have inclosed a stamped and addressed envelope for the absolution to be sent by return. This is the hinge of the story; and it is a very weak one. Mr. CRAWFORD recognises this when his other characters casually discuss the probability of *Adèle's* having done such a thing. However, grant this, which is almost as easily done as granting superhuman strength to a Ouidaesque hero, and the book—in three of MACMILLAN's blue volumes—is fascinating. Such is the candid opinion of THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



THE SPIRIT LEVEL.

Relentless Youth. "ULLO 'ERE, GUV'NOR, WHAT 'YER UP TO NAOW? TYKIN' A HORDNANCE SURVEY O' THE DISTRICT, I SUPPOSE!!"

TO A PARISIENNE.

["Paris est le centre du bon goût."—*Les Précieuses Ridicules*, Scène X.]

By Jove, what festive tints you wear, *chère Madame!*
These *fin-de-siècle* furbelows of *la dame*
Would scare the very simply dressed *Père ADAM*.

On you they're charming;
But when the fashion spreads to distant quarters,
And far across the Channel's choppy waters
They glow on England's humble, tasteless daughters,
They'll be alarming.

Bright blue, gay green, loud lilac, yelling yellow—
Yelling for *criard*, pray forgive a fellow
For using words that time has not turned mellow—

Must not be worse made
Than in your costumes, gracefully assorted.
Think what these tints will be, transposed, distorted,
By English laundress, flower-girl, and sported
By cook or nursemaid!

Our eyes! Oh, save them then with shades or goggles!
For reason totters on its throne, which joggles.
In choosing tints the Englishwoman boggles;

"*Chacun à son goût.*"
You're always *comme il faut* from boots to bonnet.
For Paris, praised in song, and ode, and sonnet,
Is still, as when *les Précieuses* doated on it,
"Le centre du bon goût."

"MERRY MARGIT!"—"I was at Margate last July," sang THOMAS BARHAM, when telling of the *Little Vulgar Boy*, and so were we, this July, for the purpose of passing a few happy hours at the renovated Cliftonville Hotel under the government of Mr. HOLLAND, vice-regent for Messrs. GORDON & Co. No need now to quit the shores of England for Antwerp, Rotterdam, or any other of the Rotterdamering Cycle, as visitors to Margate will, on our own shore, find HOLLAND. In the *menu* Sauce Hollandaise is avoided, and Politesse Hollandaise is substituted, to the satisfaction of everybody.

"Voilà ce que l'on dit de moi
Dans la Gazette de Hollande!"

Which couplet the Manageress might sing, as they are words from *The Grand Dutchess*.

THE MAN MAKES THE TAILOR.

(Fragment from a Seasonable Romance.)

It was towards the close of the London season of 1893 that a man in a strange garb was seen at an early hour in the East End of London. He attracted considerable attention. It was a rough part of the City, still, those who lived there were conventional in their costume. They wore black coats, and there was a certain respectability about their hats. But the man to whom we refer was eccentric in the extreme. His straw hat was worn at the back of his head, his cut-away coat was thrown open, showing a huge, collarless coloured cotton shirt. He had flannel trousers tucked into digger's boots. No one knew whence he came, whither he was going.

"Have you noticed him?" asked the Inspector.

"Yes, Sir," replied the Police Constable, "he's got white hands, so if he belongs to the dangerous classes, he is a smasher, or a forger, or something genteel in that line."

"Well, keep your eye upon him."

"I will, Sir."

And the strange-looking person continued his way. As he walked through the City, the merchants regarded him with surprise, but there were those amongst the stockbrokers who seemed to receive him with recognition.

"I fancy I have seen the Johnnie somewhere before," observed one Member of the House to another. "I am almost sure I know the cut of his suit."

And the man walked on until he reached Knightsbridge. There he was stopped by an elderly, well-dressed, well-to-do individual, who had evidently just come up from the country. The two pedestrians started back when they met face to face.

"What are you doing in that hideous disguise?" asked the senior of the junior.

"It is no disguise, father," was the reply; "it is only the customary get up of a young man of fashion between the hours of nine and eleven when he proposes to walk in the park."

And, with these words, the strange apparition crossed over the road, and entered Rotten Row. And here he was soon lost in a crowd quite as eccentrically garbed as himself.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE CITY.

SCENE—Board-room of a Public Company. TIME—A few minutes after the close of a General Meeting. PRESENT—Chairman of Directors and Secretary.

Chairman. Well, I think I got in all that was wanted?

Secretary. Could not have been better, Sir. You had the figures at your fingers' ends.

Chair. (laughing). You mean on a sheet of paper in front of me.

Sec. And everyone was satisfied, Sir.

Chair. As they should have been, considering my flaming account of the prosperity of the undertaking. By the way, is it flourishing?

Sec. Well, Sir, that is scarcely in my department. You must ask the auditors.

Chair. Oh, never mind; it is a matter of no importance.

Sec. I daresay if you wanted any information, Sir, I could get it for you.

Chair. No, thanks, I don't want to increase my work. I am sure I do quite enough for my wretched two or three hundred a year—don't you think so?

Sec. Certainly, Sir. You do a great deal more than some Chairmen.

Chair. Yes, I suppose I do. Come here once a year, and preside over an Annual Meeting, and draw my fees. What more can I do?

Sec. I'm sure I don't know, Sir. A knowledge of the duties of a Chairman of Directors comes scarcely within the scope of my required services.

Chair. Quite so; and now I will say Good-bye!

Sec. See you again next year, Sir?

Chair. Certainly. If I don't sell out in the meantime. And now I must be off. I am due at another meeting, and have to get up the necessary figures in five minutes. Do you think I shall do it in the time?

Sec. Certainly, Sir. You managed the task in less here.

[Scene closes in upon the valuable pair—and the security of the Public.]

"FRIENDLY RIFLERY."—"MELLISH has followed his miss with an inner and two bullseyes." Very kind of MELLISH. We hope "his Miss" accepted the two bullseyes. "BOYD and GIBBS got magpies." Whatever sort of pies these may be, it is evident that, with "pies" and "bullseyes," our riflemen are fond of sweets.



MAGNA EST VERITAS.

"MY DAUGHTER WILL NEVER GET ANOTHER PLACE WITH THE CHARACTER YOU'VE BEEN GIVING HER, MY LADY!"
 "I'VE ONLY TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT YOUR DAUGHTER, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH!"
 "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE THE TRUTH, AND NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, TOLD ABOUT YOU, MY LADY?"

THE FRENCH WOLF AND THE
SIAMESE LAMB.

An Old Fable with a New Setting.

A LITTLE lamb lived by a flowing stream.
 A great temptation, when the heat was
 torrid,
 To thirsty souls that water's limpid gleam.
 At least so thought a Wolf, of aspect
 horrid,
 Who, having for some time abstained and
 fasted,
 Desired to learn how lamb—and water—
 tasted.
 He felt with pinching want his paunch was
 pining,
 Early he'd lunched, so longed the more for
 dining.
 A Cochin China rooster, lank and thin,
 Or something indigestible from Tonquin,
 For a big, sharp-set Wolf, are snacks, not
 meals;
 So down the sparkling river Lupus steals,
 Quite uninvited, but intent on forage,
 Fronting the fleecy flocks with wondrous
 courage;
 For whether in the Southdowns, or Siam,
 By the near Medway, or the far Menam,
 Your Wolf is most courageous—with your
 Lamb!
 With joy the Lamb he spied, then, growling,
 said,
 "Sirrah! how dare you thus disturb my
 drink?"
 The Lamb, in answer, meekly bowed its
 head—
 "I trouble not the water, Sir, I think,

Particularly as I'm sure you'll see
 It flows—observe the drift—from you to
 me!
 You're welcome in the stream to slake
 your thirst,
 But, may I just observe, *I was here first!*"
 "Oh! you chop logic!" cried the angry
 brute.
 "I can chop, too:—you've done me other
 wrong.
 Young Mutton, best with *me* not to dispute!
 You've given me already too much tongue.
 Are you the home-born boss of all Siam,
 Offleet Mekong, and many-creek'd Menam?"
 Mildly young woolly-face replied, "I am!"
 His optics orientally oblique,
 Rolling in manner sheepish, soft, and meek.
 "Oh, are you?" snarled the Wolf. "*We* 'll
 see about it!"
 'Twixt Western Wolf and Oriental Lamb
 Equality is a preposterous flam:
 Do you—as Tonquin did—presume to doubt
 it?
 Fraternity? Well, I'm your elder
 brother;
 And Liberty—to you—means nought but
 bother.
 See, silly-face?" "Well, no," the Lamb
 replied,
 "Such reciprocity seems all one side.
 Not six o' one and half a dozen o' tother!"
 "Pooh!" snapped the Wolf. "Logic's
 clear *terra firma*
 Is not for Lambkin, but for Wolf or Lion.
 If you such little games with me should
 try on,
 I'd treat you—well, as Bull did little
 Burmah.

I have imperative claims; I'm going to state
 With lupine brevity in an ultimatum. [em
 That—after some two days—must stand as
 Law;
 If after that you give me any jaw,
 My little Mutton—well, beware my maw!"

MORAL.

This truth my simple Fable doth attest,
 He who has strongest jaw argues the best!

AT DALY'S.—The Comedy *Love in Tandem*
 ought to have been in three shorter Acts.
 Mr. LEWIS excellent, so is Mrs. GILBERT, who
 has not more than ten words to say, but a lot to
 act. Spanish widow also good. Mr. BOUR-
 CHIER is a marvellous example of the
 "Walking Gentleman," being perpetually
 on the move. It is gratifying to see him sit
 down for even a few seconds. Like the en-
 gineer of the penny steamboat in the burlesque
 of *Kenilworth*, he "has very much to larn";
 but this fact need not discourage him, any
 more than it did Mr. HENRY IRVING, accord-
 ing to Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD's recently
 published book of Irvingite Recollections, at
 the commencement of his career. Miss
 REHAN is, *par excellence*, the life and soul of
 the piece; and when there has been, in her
 absence, a dull moment or two, she re-enters
 and reanimates the whole.

"SWIMMING has been much neglected in
 the British Navy," observed Mr. PHLOOLY.
 "When there's a Parliament in Dublin we'll
 pass a law that not a sailor shall leave *terra*
firma till he can swim."



THE FRENCH WOLF AND THE SIAMESE LAMB.



THE SCHOPENHAUER BALLADS.

No. I.—THE AQUARIUM OCTOPUS.

THE world is full of pretty things
That everyone admires,
And beauty, even though skin-deep,
Is what the world desires.
I'm handicapped I feel in life,
For very obvious reasons,
And yet my family always think
I'm lovely in all seasons!

My time is principally passed
In caverns under water,
My family are mostly sharks,
Except a mermaid daughter;
She sings her songs and combs her hair
To tempt unwary whalers,
And when we lure them down below
It's bad for those poor sailors.

I cannot say I like the sea,
The bottom, top, or middle,
It's always asking, night and day,
The same confounded riddle:
"Why was I made, except to drown
The surplus population?"
This is the sad sea wave's remark
At every sea-side station.

It makes me think about myself—
Octopus too unsightly—
Which are my arms and which my legs
I never can tell rightly;
I frighten children—old and young—
Without the least intention,
I saved a school from drowning once,
But that I mustn't mention!

I'm now at the Aquarium,
A "side-show" much belauded,
My antics, shown three times a day,
Are very much applauded;
The pay is not extremely large—
A weekly bare subsistence;
I take it meekly, for it breaks
The boredom of existence.

BALLADE OF EARLSCOURT.

I've really been extremely gay—
I've done most things (I mean, in reason)—
And, though "it is not always May,"
It has been, during my first season.
At balls and parties I've had fun;
I've listened to Home-Rule disputes;
There's only one thing I've not done—
Alas! I've not been down "the Chutes!"

With screams and laughter from the height
I saw men splash their nice new suits;
It seemed to cause them great delight;
But still—I have not shot the Chutes.

I've been to all the good first nights,
I've cried at DUSÉ, laughed at PENLEY,
I have seen all the London sights,
I've been to Sandown, Lord's, and Henley.
At INSEN I've serenely smiled,
While suffering torture from new boots;
GLADSTONE I've met, and OSCAR WILDE—
But ah! I've not been down the Chutes!

Envoi.

Prince, one regret I feel on leaving
For country air, and flowers, and fruits—
I quit gay London only grieving
To think I have not shot the Chutes!

"A DEUCE of a mess between France and Siam," observed a Bow-window Politician of Clubland. "A deuce of a mess?" repeated the other Bow-window man. "You mean, as far as France is concerned, it's the very DEVELLE!"

WHY ELINOR IS EVER YOUNG.

(By a Fiancé à la Mode.)

"... The women they might have married—
the girls whom they danced with when they were
youths—have grown too old for our middle-aged
suitors."—*Standard*.]

I'm just engaged: I'm forty-five—
Our modern prime for wedded blisses.
The age *par excellence* to wife
With blooming *fin-de-siècle* Misses;
I'm very happy; so's my Love;
I don't regret that long I've tarried;—
And yet I can't help thinking of
The damozels I might have married.



Yes; there was JANET, slim and pert;
I took her in last night to dinner,
And cannot honestly assert
That years conspire to make her thinner;
Yet once we cooed o'er tea and buns;
She quite forgets how on we carried,
Nor owns, with undergraduate sons,
That *she* was one I might have married.

And LILLIAN, emanation soft,
Fair widow of the latter Sixties,
Ideal of the faith that oft
With earliest homage intermixt is;
I used to dream her, oh! so young;
She's wrinkled now and bent and arid;
It almost desecrates my tongue,
But *she* was one I might have married.

A truce to recollection sore;
I'm still considered smart and youthful;
And trusting, darling ELINOR
Assures me so with passion truthful;
In my fond eyes she'll wither ne'er,
Because—the fact can scarce be parried—
I shan't survive to see her share
The fate of those I might have married!

Mixed.

I'm Chargé d'Affaires—"Siam?" *Oui*.
Pour England je don't care one "d."
Je prig le Mekong,
Si je keep it not long—
They call me "Brigand!"—*Je le suis*.

MIND YOUR PEASE AND Q.'S.—Q. "Why did Sir DONALD CURRIE pair with Sir JOSEPH PEASE?"—No; we are not going to say anything about "PEASE and CURRIE" going together—we scorn getting a rice out of you that way—besides, this dish has been overdone. But the simple answer is, that as Sir DONALD couldn't get any other pair this one was a "*Pease aller*." [We're better now. "Pax!"]

THE RULE OF THE SEA.

(For the Use of Admirers of the Admiralty.)

Question. What is your duty as a sailor in Her Majesty's Fleet?

Answer. To carry out the orders of my superiors.

Q. If you were told that black was white what would you say?

A. That white was black.

Q. If you were informed that two and two made five would you believe it?

A. Certainly, and insist that those who thought four was the proper answer had been gravely misinformed.

Q. Would you believe a captain to be always in the right?

A. Yes, from a lieutenant's point of view. Although, of course, I should consider him the weakest of authorities in the presence of an admiral.

Q. Would you ever act upon your own responsibility?

A. Never; as such a course would be destructive to good discipline.

Q. Then, if you were told to perform an impossible manoeuvre you would attempt to do it?

A. Certainly.

Q. Even if you saw that the result must be disaster?

A. Yes. I should choose the lesser of two evils.

Q. To what two evils do you refer?

A. Loss of life by my obedience, and loss of discipline by my disobedience.

Q. Which would be the smaller of the two disasters?

A. The loss of life.

Q. But did not NELSON solve a problem of a somewhat similar character by using his blind eye?

A. Yes; but then NELSON was unique.

AN AUSTRALIAN A B C.

A is Australia, the land of their birth,
B for BRUCE, BANNERMAN, batsmen of worth.
C is young CONINGHAM, more than a learner,
D is the Demon, once SPOFFORTH, now TURNER.
E the Excitement to see them all play,
F is the Four on the ground all the way.
G is for GRAHAM, the GIFFENS, and GREGORY,
H is a Hit that's maybe in the leg or eye.
I is the Interest that's caused in the cricket,
J is for JARVIS, who sometimes keeps wicket.
K is the Kangaroo, bold and defiant,
L is JACK LYONS, who hits like a giant.
M is McLEOD, and was MURDOCH of yore,
N are the Nets, where they practice before.
O their Opponents, delighted to meet them,
P for the People, so ready to greet them.
Q is the Question, "How's that?"—Out or Not?
R is that terror of batsmen—a Rot.
S their success, making Englishmen humble,
T is for TROTT, and stands also for TRUMBLE.
U is the Umpire, to whom they all shout,
V is the Voice, in which he cries "Out!"
W the Wickets, our land does not lack 'em,
X is their Xcellent keeper—friend BLACK-HAM.
Y is the Yorker, that's fatal to some,
And Z shows the ending has really come.

THE Great Ferris Wheel at Chicago Exhibition can "complete a revolution in seven minutes." Valuable this in Paris. No military required.



FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

SCENE—Editor's Sanctum, "The Halfpenny Slater."

Critic. "WHAT A PITY SHAKESPEARE'S DEAD! IT WOULD BE SUCH A SCORE TO PITCH INTO HIM AS AN OVER-RATED OLD IDIOT! IT'S NEVER BEEN DONE YET THAT I KNOW OF!"

Editor. "AH! CAPITAL IDEA! I DON'T SEE THAT HIS BEING DEAD MAKES ANY ODDS!"

Critic. "OH YES—FOR THE READER! DEAD 'UNS DON'T FEEL, YOU KNOW, AND THERE'S NOBODY BIG ENOUGH LIVING NOW TO BE WORTH POWDER AND SHOT, CONFOUND IT!"

FROM OUR ISLAND SPECIAL.

"I come to Cowes," quoth the German Emperor right merrily, "as the greatest compliment I can pay to JOHN BULL. But where are the Royal carriages and Royal personages to receive me?" Admiral COMMERELL steered himself along the main roads, and played the part of the look-out man to perfection. "Nothing in the offing," he reported to the Emperor. "I hope," returned His Imperial Majesty, with a smile, "that this sort of thing doesn't offing happen." Everybody in convulsions of laughter, which just filled up the time till the appearance on the scene of the Duke of CONNAUGHT on the top of the cabin, in the full uniform of a General of the Horse Marines. "You're too punctual by half a minute," called out the Duke to the Admiral. Then the Admiral piped his eye, and the Royalties lighted cigarettes. "Here are the carriages! step in!" quoth the Duke. "Aha!" cried the Emperor gaily, in his perfect English. "Here is the carriage and the 'oss, so now we shall be borne by the 'oss to Os-borne!" Every one in convulsions, and amid roars of laughter the Duke and the Emperor drove off.

CURIOUS CRICKET ANOMALY.

WHEN a batsman has piled up a hundred, or more, Though five twenties he's hit, he has made but "a score."

JUST SUE!

WHEN a smart cove "sues" a sweet girl, for her hand,
Then suing is soft and as sweet as a peach.
But e'en suing comes bitter, you'll all understand.
When he bolts, and she sues him—"for Breach!"
A true suitor may suit her, but, faithless, the brute
Deserves what he'll get, a complete change of suit!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, July 24.—Haven't heard much of House of Lords this Session. Will take the floor presently, and show Commons how Legislation should be conducted. For weeks and months they've been slaving round Home-Rule Bill. Noble Lords, with fuller experience, and heaven-born aptitude, undertake to polish it off in a week. Meanwhile have had less work than usual to do. Might even have made long Summer holiday. Patriotically insisted upon meeting four times a week, to show, to whom it may concern, that at least they are ready for work.

To-night suddenly blazed forth with amazing vigour. Old friend EVELYN BARING, taking his seat under new style, Lord CROMER, agreeably surprised; House almost full; Opposition in high feather; cheered CADOGAN and the MARKISS with rare enthusiasm.

"I suppose the question is either the Church or the Land?" said CROMER, looking up his Orders of the Day. "Heard in Egypt those were only subjects that made you sit up."

"There's one other," said CARRINGTON, to whom remark was addressed; "though you will say it practically comes to the same thing. It's Mr. G. Anything connected with him ruffles House with sudden storm. Mr. G. made HOUGHTON Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. HOUGHTON a charming fellow; popular in both camps; but being Mr. G.'s selection for the Viceroyalty, we—I mean they—are bound to go for him."

Went for him to-night hammer and tongues. CADOGAN, not usually a peer of bloodthirsty aspect, clenched his teeth with ominous vigour when he discovered HOUGHTON was not present. Had sent him special invitation, he explained. Had even gone so far as to leave to him choice of date for his execution. "And now," cried CADOGAN, glaring round the appalled House, "his Excellency is not here!"

His absence commented on with towering vigour. Lord Lieutenant's procedure, in his dealing with addresses, "dishonest, dishonourable, discreditable to all concerned," said CADOGAN, by way of final shot, intended to sink whole Ministerial Bench.

MARKISS, not to be outdone, denounced Mr. G. as "a despot," and his colleagues in the Government "a well-trained company of mutes." As for something Lord SPENCER had said, MARKISS described it as "a pure invention," which is much politer than Mr. MANTALINI's way of referring to similar lapse as "a demnation lie." House sat as late as half-past six, and went off home in high good humour. "Quite a long time since we wet our spears," said the MARKISS. "Just as well sometime, dear TOBY, to show you fellows in the Commons what we can do."

Business done.—In Commons Financial Clause to Home-Rule Bill passed Second Reading.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—DON'T KEIR HARDIE on again with fresh inquiry as to misadventure to one ARTHUR WALKER on day of Royal Wedding. Mr. WALKER (of London) it appears had difficulty with mounted officer in command of company of troops. Officer says that when ordered to fall back WALKER seized his horse's rein. ARTHUR says "Walker!"; didn't do anything of the sort. That remains in dispute. What is clear is that WALKER got slight scalp wound, inflicted by the warrior's sword. DON'T KEIR HARDIE wants sworn inquiry into case. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN puts whole case in nutshell. "An accident," he says, "a regrettable accident; entirely owing to fact of the sharp edge of the sword meeting the man's head, instead of the flat edge."

That was all; but WALKER seems to think it was enough. Carried out on a larger scale, before and since Waterloo, similar accidents have had even more direful results. But CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, by voice and manner, succeeded in throwing into explanation an amount of conviction that communicated itself to House, and even quietened DON'T KEIR HARDIE. The choice of the word "meeting" was perhaps most exquisite touch in answer. Without venturing upon assertion, it conveyed impression that responsibility for regrettable occurrence was fully shared by Mr. WALKER. Meeting implies advance from either side. To accomplish the contact, Mr. WALKER's head must have advanced in the direction of the sword, which at the moment happened to be going the other way, unfortunately with the sharp edge to the front. Hence, between the two, the abrasion of Mr. WALKER's skull.

CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN did not add another word, but everyone



VIEW OF "COMMITTEE STAGE OF THE HOME-RULE BILL." "CALL" FOR THE AUTHOR AND MANAGER.

who knows his kindness of heart will understand his unuttered wish that when in future WALKER takes his walks abroad he will be more careful. At least, if his head insists upon meeting swords going the other way, he may be expected to note whether it is the sharp edge or the flat that is out for the day.

Business done.—Financial Clause Home-Rule Bill in Committee. A long dull night, flashing forth at end in encounter between JOSEPH and his "right hon. friend." Mr. G. in tremendous force and vigour. In its way it was CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN's story over again, JOSEPH's blameless head meeting the sharp edge of Mr. G.'s sword. Where difference came in was in circumstance that no one seemed to regard accident as regrettable. On contrary, whilst the Home-Rulers whooped in wild delight, the Opposition crowded the benches to watch the fun.

Friday, 120 A.M.—If there is in the world at this moment a thoroughly astonished man it is JOHN WILLIAM LOGAN, Member of Parliament for the South (Harborough) division of Leicestershire. Just now LOGAN's mind is disturbed and his collar ruffled by an incident in the passage of Home-Rule Bill; but he is capable of giving perfectly coherent account of events. At ten o'clock MELLOR rose as usual to set in motion machinery of guillotine. Question at moment before Committee peremptorily put. LOGAN, unquarrelingly descending from serene atmosphere of side gallery, reached floor of House; was passing between table and Front Opposition Bench

forty lashes, hit high or hit low he couldn't please them. The scene that followed has no parallel since similar disturbance took place in Dotheboys Hall when *Nicholas Nickleby* revolted and "took it out" of *Squeers*. HAYES FISHER leaning over clutched LOGAN by the back of the neck and thrust him forth. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, seeing opportunity of winning his knightly spurs, firmly fixed his eyeglass, and felt for LOGAN in the front.

That the table and front Opposition Bench were not "steeped" in LOGAN's gore, as were the forms and benches at Dotheboys Hall in that of *Fanny Squeers's* Pa, was due to diversion raised from another quarter. Irish members below Gangway, seeing the scrimmage, and noting CARSON had something to do with it, moved down in body with wild "whirroo!" SAUNDERSON, providentially in his place, sprang up and advanced to intercept the rolling flood. CREAN being on crest of advancing wave found his face, by what CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN would describe as a "regrettable accident," in contact with the Colonel's fist. Moreover, it was the knuckly end, scarcely less hurtful than the sharp edge of the sword which laid WALKER (of London) low. CREAN drew back, but only *pour mieux reculer*, as they say in Cork. Whilst the Colonel was standing in the attitude of pacific impartiality he later described to the SPEAKER, CREAN dealt him an uncommonly nasty one on the chops; the thud distinctly heard amid the Babel of cries in the miniature Donnybrook below Gangway. Amid moving, struggling mass,



AFTER THE FALL OF THE CURTAIN. EXPLANATIONS.

towards division lobby when he beheld vision of VICARY GIBBS skipping down gangway steps shouting and waving his arms. LOGAN, a man of philosophical temperament and inquiring mind, halted to watch course of events. Something apparently wrong in the City; things either gone up or gone down; VICARY GIBBS certainly come down; was now seated beside PRINCE ARTHUR, with hat fiercely pressed over brow, excitedly shouting at Chairman. As everybody else was shouting at same moment, Chairman wrung his hands, and spasmodically cried "Order! Order!" LOGAN had presence of mind to note that whilst VICARY in any pause in the storm cried aloud, "Mr. MELLOR, I rise to order," he was sitting down all the time with his hat on.

That was LOGAN's last collected idea before personal affairs entirely engrossed his attention. HAYES FISHER, in ordinary times mildest-mannered man that ever helped to govern Ireland, took note of LOGAN still standing in passage between Front Bench and table; effect upon him miraculous.

"Yah, LOGAN!" he yelled; "get out. Bah! bah! go to the Bar." Contagion of fury touched CARSON, who had hitherto been shouting at large. He now turned on LOGAN. "Gag! gag!" he yelled. "Gang of gaggers." Then, in heat of moment, he cried above the uproar, "Gag of gaggers."

This too much for LOGAN. Hitherto stood everything; now sat down in contiguity to CARSON. Here is where the surprise came in. Front Opposition Bench not his usual place, but was nearest available seat. His standing up objected to; it was certainly against rules of law and order that prevail in the House of Commons. Very well then, he would sit down. This he did, taking vacant place by CARSON. But, like the bo'sun and the sailor strung up for

SAUNDERSON's white waistcoat flashed to and fro like flag of truce, to which, alas! there was no response. What became of LOGAN in this crisis not quite clear. Fancy I saw WALROND extricating him from the embraces of FANNY-SQUEERS-ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. Mr. G. looked on with troubled face from Treasury Bench. BARTLEY standing up on edge of scrimmage, pointed accusatory forefinger at him, was saying something, probably opprobrious but at the moment inaudible.

"So like BARTLEY to go to root of matter," said GEORGE RUSSELL, who surveyed scene from sanctuary of Speaker's chair. "Others might accuse JOSEPH of being responsible for disturbance by likening his old colleague and chief to iniquitous King HEROD at the epoch when the worms were waiting to make an end of him. VICARY GIBBS and good Conservatives generally are sure it was TAY PAY's retort of 'JUDAS! JUDAS!' that dropped the fat into the fire. Only BARTLEY has cool judgment and presence of mind to point the moral of the moving scene. A striking figure in the inextricable *mêlée*. When his statue is added to that of great Parliamentarians in St. Stephen's Hall, the sculptor should seize this attitude."

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill through Committee; but first a real taste of Donnybrook.

Friday Night.—House a little languid after excitement of last night. Attendance small; subject at morning sitting, Scotch Education; at night, Agriculture. Dr. HUNTER thinks it would be nice to have Committee of Inquiry into origin and progress of last night's row. Nobody else takes that view; general impression is, we'd better forget it as soon as possible.

Business done.—TREVELYAN explains Scotch Education Vote.

THE ANGEL (IN THE HOUSE)'S ADVOCATE.—MR. WOODALL.

THE CLOSURE AT HOME.

PATERFAMILIAS entered the drawing-room at ten minutes to six o'clock, and found the family still undecided. There was a pause in the conversation when he made his appearance.

"Where are we to go?" he asked, taking out his watch. "You have been quarrelling for the last week, and I have given you till this hour. So get through your amendments as fast as you can."

"I prefer Paris," said Materfamilias, "and I am supported by all the girls. We are decidedly in a majority."

"Paris is simply awful at the end of July!" cried the eldest son. "Give you my word, mother, the place is impossible."

"Venice would certainly be better," said his younger brother. "Charming place, and you get a very decent table d'hôte at DANIEL'S."

"Oh, Venice is too dreadful just now!" exclaimed Aunt MATILDA. "If we are to go with you, we certainly can't travel there. Besides, there's the cholera all over the Continent. Now Oban would be nice."

"Are you speaking seriously?" asked Cousin JANE. "Scotland never agrees with me, but Cairo would be perfect."



THE TEST OF TRUE GENIUS.

Pictor Ignotus Number One. "YES; I RATHER FLATTER MYSELF THERE ARE PRECIOUS FEW OF MY CONTEMPORARIES WHO CARE ABOUT MY WORK!"
Pictor Ignotus Number Two (not to be beaten). "BY JOVE! I RATHER FLATTER MYSELF I'VE GOT THE PULL OF YOU THERE, OLD MAN! WHY, THERE'S NOBODY CARES ABOUT MINE!"

"Do you think so, my dear girl?" put in Uncle JOHN. "I fancy you are making a mistake. Egypt is very well in the winter, but it is fearfully hot in August. Now they tell me Killarney is simply delightful at this season."

"Ireland! No, thank you!" exclaimed REGINALD. "We have had enough of Home Rule on this side of the Channel to go across to find it on the other. No; give me Spain, or even Russia."

The hands of the clock were close upon the hour, but still there was a minute or so to spare.

"Russia indeed!" snapped out PRISCILLA. "Who ever would go to Russia? But people do tell me that Chicago is well worth seeing, and—"

At this moment the clock struck six.

"Time's up," cried Paterfamilias. "We will all go to Herne Bay."

And they did.

The New Atomic Theory.

(According to the New Journalism).

MANKIND are debtors to two mighty creditors, Omniscient Science, and infallible Editors.

Nature is summed in principles and particles;

The moral world in Laws and Leading Articles!

CRICKET ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

We believe that our lively neighbours, the French, having seen that there is a chance of some alteration being made in the rules of cricket in England, have determined to suggest some changes on their own account. We give the first list of proposals:—



1. The ball in future is to be made of india-rubber.

2. Armour to be allowed to the striker, so as to prevent accidents from the ball.

3. The umpires to be henceforth experienced surgeons, so that their medical services may be available for the wounded.

4. Camp-stools to be permitted to the long-stop, and other hard-worked members of the field.

5. Fielders expected to run after a rapidly-driven ball, to be allowed to follow the object on bicycles.

6. The wicket-keeper to have a small portable fortress in front of him to keep him out of danger.

7. The bats to be made of the same materials as those used in lawn-tennis.

8. The game to commence with the "luncheon interval," to be employed in discussing a *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

9. The uniform of the cricketer in future to consist of a horn, a hunting-knife, jockey-cap and fishing-boots, in fact the costume of the earliest French exponent of the game.

10. The outside to have the right to declare the game closed when fatigued.

11. A band of music to be engaged to play a popular programme. A flourish of trumpets to announce the triumph of the striker when he succeeds in hitting the ball.

12. Those who take part in the great game to be decorated with a medal. All future matches to be commemorated with clasps, to denote the player's bravery.

Should these reforms be adopted by the M. C. C., there seems little doubt that the national game of England will receive a fresh lease of popularity in the land that faces Albion.

THE LATEST CRISIS.

[Mr. BARTLEY protested in the House of Commons against Mr. W. O'BRIEN's conduct in dining in the House with strangers at a table reserved for Members. Mr. O'BRIEN explained that Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN had taken a table which he (Mr. O'BRIEN) had previously reserved. The question is under the consideration of the Kitchen Committee.]

A CRISIS! A crisis! The man is a fool
 Who desires at this moment to talk of Home Rule.
 Though we know that in Egypt a something is rotten,
 The intrigues of young ABBAS are straightway forgotten;
 And we think just as much of the woes of Siam
 As we care for that coin of small value—a *dam*.
 For a crisis has come, and the House is unable
 To detach its attention from questions of table.
 Their tongues and their brains all the Members exhaust in
 Discussing the rights of O'BRIEN and AUSTEN.
 They debate in an access of anger and gloom
 As to who took from which what was kept, and for whom.
 The letters they wrote, the retorts they made tartly
 Are detailed—gracious Powers preserve us—by BARTLEY,
 Who can bend—only statesmen are formed for such
 feats—

His mind, which is massive, to questions of seats,
 And discuss with a zest which is equal to TANNER'S,
 The absorbing details of a matter of manners.
 Mr. BARTLEY you like to be heard than to hear
 Far more, but, forgive me, a word in your ear.
 Though we greatly rejoice when all records are cut
 By your steam-hammer mind in thus smashing a nut,
 Yet we think it were well if the Kitchen could settle
 In private this question of pot *versus* kettle.
 And in future, when dog-like men fight for a bone,
 Take a hint, Mr. BARTLEY, and leave them alone.

LATEST FROM THE NATIONAL BOXING SALOON (with the kind regards of the SPEAKER).—"The nose has it, and so have the eyes!"

SAINT IZAAK AND HIS VOTARIES.

Mr. Punch's Tercentenary Tribute to the Author of "The Compleat Angler."

[August 9th this year is the 300th anniversary of the birth, in the ancient house at Stafford, of IZAAK WALTON.]



GOOD IZAAK of the diction quaint,
 The calendar holds many a fellow
 Less worthy to be dubbed a saint
 (For gentle heart and wisdom mellow)
 Than thou, the Angler's genial guide
 By wandering brook and river wide.

"I care not, I, to fish in seas," [singer,
 So chirped WILL BASSE, thy favourite
 "Fresh rivers best my mind do please."
 Bard-loving quoter, brave back-bringer
 Of England's pastoral scenes and songs,
 All England's praise to thee belongs.

Thy Book bewitches more than those
 Who are sworn "Brothers of the Angle."
 Scents of fresh pastures, wilding rose,
 All trailing flowers that intertangle
 In England's hedgerows, seem to fill
 Its pages and our pulses thrill.



GUESSES AT TRUTH.

Mr. Laidlaw. "HANDSOME WOMAN OUR HOSTESS—DON'T YOU THINK? BY THE BYE, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HER AGE IS?"
Miss St. Cyr. "WELL, I SHOULD FANCY, WHAT THE ILLUSTRATED BIOGRAPHIES CALL 'PRESENT DAY!'"

We see the stretch "up Totnam Hil,"
 Toward the "Thatcht House" that fresh
 May morning;

We hear VIATOR praise the skill
 That he was first inclined to scorning;
 We mark the Master's friendly proffer
 Change him to votary from scoffer.

Those "many grave and serious men,"
 He chid as "men of sower complexions,"
 If they resist his graphic pen,
 His pastorals sweet, his quaint reflections,
 Must have indeed mere souls of earth,
 To beauty blind, untuned to mirth.

The "poor-rih-men" he pitied so
 All Anglers, and wise hearts, must pity.
 His song's queer "trollie lollie loe,"
 Sounds cheerily as the blackbird's ditty,
 To men in populous city pent,
 Who know the Angler's calm content.

And even those who know it not,
 Nor care—poor innocents!—to know it,
 Whom ne'er the Fisher's favoured lot
 Has thrilled as sportsman, fired as poet,
 May love to turn the leaves, and halt on
 The quaint conceits of honest WALTON.

The man whose only "quill" 's a pen,
 Who keeps no rod and tackle handy,
 May hear thy "merry river" when
 "It bubbles, dances, and grows sandy."
 May sit beneath thy beech, and wish
 To catch thy voice, if not thy fish:

May love to sit or stroll with thee,
 Amidst the grassy water-meadows;
 The culverkeys and cowslips see,
 Dancing in summer's lights and shadows;

And watch yon youngster gathering stocks
 Of lilies and of lady-smocks:

To hear thy milkmaid, MAUDLIN, troll
 Choice morsels from KIT MARLOW sweetly;
 And MAUDLIN's mother,—honest soul,
 Whose "golden age" has fled so fleetly!—
 Respond with RALEIGH's answering rhyme
 Of wisdom past its active prime:

To take a draught of sound old ale—
 What tittle wholesomer or sweeter?—
 At the old ale-house in the vale,
 With CORYDON and brother PETER;
 And share the "Musick"'s mellow bout,
 As they at supper shared the trout.

Then to that cleanly room and sweet—
 After a gay good night to all—
 Lavender scent about the sheet,
 And "ballads stuck about the wall,"
 And fall on sleep devoid of sorrow,
 With fair dreams filled of sport to-morrow.

What wonder WALTON's work has charmed
 Three centuries? That his bait has cap-
 tured

The grey recluse, the boy switch-armed,
 The sage, the statesman, bard enraptured,
 Gay girl—are fish her only spoil?—
 And grave Thames-haunting son of toil!

Thy votaries, good Saint IZAAK, are
 "All who love quietness, and virtue."
 Is there on whom such praises jar?
 Well, join for once—it scarce can hurt
 you—
 In *Punch's* Tribute; fortune-wishing
 To gentle souls who "go a-fishing!"

"HERE'S TO THE CLIENT."

HERE's to the client who makes his own
 will,
 And here's to his friends who dispute it;
 Here's to the case which is drawn up with
 skill,
 And the time that it takes to refute it.

Here's to the felon whose crimes are a
 score,
 And here's to the wretch with but one,
 Sirs;
 Fraudulent trustees, directors galore,
 And the various things that they've done,
 Sirs.

Here's to the costs which will mount up
 apace,
 When the action comes on for a hearing,
 "Retainers," "refreshers," and all of their
 race,
 Which they lavish on us for appearing.

Here's to the Law, with its hand just and
 strong,
 Which has grown from the earliest
 ages;
 And here's to this lay, which we hope's not
 too long
 For *Punch* to put into his pages.

NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SAYING (adapted
 for exclusive swells who cannot enjoy even a
 Sport when it becomes "so common, don't-
 cha!").—What is Everybody's pleasure is
 Nobody's pleasure!

TO A SWISS BAROMETER.

Oh, optimistic instrument,
No other ever seeks
To raise one's hopes—benevolent
You always show *Beau fixe*!

Though meteorologic swells
Predict wet days for weeks,
Your well-intentioned pointer tells
Of nothing but *Beau fixe*.

How sweet, when in the dewy
morn—
So dewy!—up the peaks
We start through drizzle all for-
lorn,
To read again *Beau fixe*.

It makes us think of sunny lands,
Where weather has no freaks,
To see, they're always so, your
hands

Both point to that *Beau fixe*.
And though we're sodden to the
skin, [breeks,
Through coat and vest and
You did not mean to take us in
In spite of your *Beau fixe*.

We tramp, expecting soon to see
In that grey sky some streaks;
Ah no, it's fixed as fixed can be,
As fixed as your *Beau fixe*.

No matter, we get used to rain,
And mop our streaming cheeks,
Quite sure, when we get home
again,
You cannot say *Beau fixe*.

At last, all soaked, we stagger
in—
One's clothing simply leaks—
And still you say, through thick
and thin,
Unchangeably *Beau fixe*.

We change, although you don't;
no thread
Is dry on us; small creeks



AN AUTHORITY ON THE THEORY AND PRACTICE
OF THE "BUFFER STATE"!!

Form where we stand, all drenched
from head
To foot. Blow your *Beau fixe*!
This beastly weather might have
riled
The philosophic Greeks;
It makes us simple Britons wild,
Combined with your *Beau fixe*.
We tell the landlord we must
go—
Poor man, he rather piques
Himself upon the weather, so
Incessantly *Beau fixe*.
"Ah, non, ça va changer ce
soir!"
Thus hopefully he speaks,
"Si Monsieur voulait bien voir
—Le barometre—*Beau fixe*!"

Adapted.

(To the Unionist Needs of the
Moment.)

OTHER men have many faults,
Mr. GLADSTONE has but two;
There's nothing wise that he can
say, and nothing right that
he can do.

IN a recent case, Mr. LANE,
the magistrate, is reported to
have informed an inquiring
husband, "If your wife turns
you out she is not bound to find
you a home; but if you turn
your wife out you are bound to
find her a home." This suggests
a new Charity, "The Home for
Turned-out Wives." These ladies
would be seen driving out in
well-appointed traps, and gain
a new status in Society as being
"uncommonly well-turned-out"
wives.

ANOTHER SCENE AT THE PLAY.

(That never should be tolerated.)

SCENE—Auditorium of a Fashionable Theatre. Vast majority of
the audience deeply interested in the action and dialogue of an
excellent piece. Enter a party of Lady Emptyheads into a
Private Box.

First Emptyhead (taking off her wraps). I told you there was no
necessity to hurry away from dinner. You see they are getting on
very well without us.

Second Empty. (seating herself in front of the box). Yes. And it's
so much pleasanter to chat than to listen. This piece, they tell me,
is full of clever dialogue—so satisfactory to people who like that sort
of thing.

Third Empty. (looking round the house with an opera-glass). Why
scarcely a soul in the place we know. Well, I suppose everybody is
leaving town. Stay, is that Mrs. EVERGREEN TOFFY?

Fourth Empty. (also using her glasses). Why, yes. I wish we
could make her see us.

First Empty. Haven't you noticed that you never can attract
attention when you want to? Isn't it provoking?

Second Empty. Oh, terribly; and there is Captain DASHALONG.
Why, I thought he was at Aldershot.

Third Empty. Oh, they always give them leave about this time of
the year.

Rest of Audience (sternly). Hush! S-s-s-h-s-h!

Fourth Empty. I wonder what's the piece about.

Third Empty. Oh, it doesn't in the least matter. Sure to be
sparkling. Do you like that woman's hair?

Fourth Empty. Scarcely. It's the wrong shade. How can people
make such frights of themselves!

First Empty. I wonder if this is the Second Act, or the First!

Third Empty. What does it matter! I never worry about a
piece, for I know I shall see all about it afterwards in the
papers.

Rest of Audience (with increased sternness). Hush! S-s-s-h-s-h!

Second Empty. I always come to this theatre because the chairs are

comfortable. What is the good of going to the play unless you can
enjoy yourself?

Third Empty. Quite so. And it's much better fun without one's
husband, isn't it?

First Empty. Of course. I never bring mine, because he always
goes to sleep! So disrespectful to the actresses and actors!

Second Empty. Yes. Of course, one ought to listen to what's going
on, even if you don't care what it's all about.

Fourth Empty. Quite so. Not that it isn't pleasant to look round
the house.

Rest of Audience (angrier than ever). Hush! S-s-s-h-s-h!

Third Empty. Yes, I often think that this side of the curtain is
quite as amusing as the other.

Fourth Empty. I wonder what they are doing on the stage? Oh, I
see that the Act is nearly over! Well, I daresay it has been very
amusing.

Rest of Audience (furious). Hush! Hush! Hush!

First Empty. There descends the curtain! By the way, what a
noise those people in the pit have been making! I wonder what it
was all about?

Second Empty. I haven't the faintest notion. However, when the
play begins again, I hope they won't make any more noise. It is so
disrespectful to the Audience.

First Empty. And the Company. Why can't people behave them-
selves in a theatre?

Second, Third, and Fourth Empty. (in chorus). Ah yes! Why
can't they?

[Scene closes in upon a renewal of chatter upon the raising of the
Curtain on another Act.]

"GIVE A DAY A BAD NAME AND—."—It is stated that the day
of the disgraceful Donnybrook in the House of Commons has been
nicknamed "Collar Day," because Mr. HAYES FISHER seized
Mr. LOGAN by the collar, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN "collared"
Mr. O'BRIEN's table in the dining-room. This is all very well in
its way, but would not "Choler Day" be more appropriate and
intelligible?

A DREAM-BOOK

For Would-be Travellers.

If you dream of—

Antwerp. Remember the Reubens and forget the passage over.*Boulogne.* Remember the Casino and forget the Port.*Calais.* Remember the Restaurant at the station and forget the dull surroundings.*Dieppe.* Remember the Plage and forget the occasional gales.*Etretat.* Remember the sands and forget the prices.*Florence.* Remember the pictures and forget the heat.*Geneva.* Remember the lake and forget the city.*Heidelberg.* Remember the castle and forget the climbing.*Interlachen.* Remember the Jung Frau and forget the tourists.*Japan.* Remember the interesting associations and forget the length of the journey.*Lisburn.* Remember that it is little known and forget that it is not worth seeing.*Madrid.* Remember that you can get there in two days and forget that you will regret the time you spend upon the trip.*Naples.* Remember that you should see the Bay and forget that you are expected to die immediately afterwards.*Paris.* Remember that it is always pleasant and forget that the exception is during August.*Quebec.* Remember it's in Canada and forget that it's the least pleasing place in America.*Rome.* Remember its objects of interest and forget its fever.*Strasbourg.* Remember that it has a Cathedral and forget that the clock is a fraud.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS.

Blenkinsop (on a Friend's Yacht) soliloquises. "I KNOW ONE THING, IF EVER I'M RICH ENOUGH TO KEEP A YACHT, I SHALL SPEND THE MONEY IN HORSES."

TIMON ON BIMETALLISM.

(Adapted from Shakspeare.)

["He advocates bimetalism with the passionate ardour of a prophet promulgating a new revelation. On most subjects he is cool, analytical, and perhaps a little cynical; but on this subject he is an enthusiast."—*The Times on Mr. Balfour's Speech about Bimetalism.*]

Timon of London, loquiter:—

The learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool; all is oblique;
There's nothing level in our currency
But monometallism! Gold doth lord
Great lands, societies, and throngs of men.
That the sun rounds the earth, that earth's
a disc,
Are foolish fads that TIMON much disdains
As dapping dull mankind. But will they
rank
My fad—Bimetalism—along with such?
I seek a dual standard; gold alone
Is a most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, precious, glittering gold?
No, gods,
I am no aureate votarist. Silver seems

To me, and to wise WALSH, a fair twin-
standard
Fit to set up, that variable values
May find stability in dual change,
With a fixed ratio, which the world must
find,
Or our one standard, like a pirate's flag,
Will lead us to disaster. Monometallism
Is—Monomania. This yellow slave
Will break, not knit, our Commerce. I
can be
Cool, analytical, even cynical
On trifles—such as Separatism's sin,
Or County Council Crime; but this thing
stirs
My tepid blood, e'en as Statistics warm
The chilly soul of GOSCHEN. Come, curst
gold,
Thou common ore of mankind, that putt'st
odds
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
Take thy right place! Thou mak'st my
heart beat quick,
But yet I'll bury thee: thou'lt go, strong
thief,
Orthodox keepers of thee cannot stand
Against a passionate prophet's promulga-
tion

Of a new economic revelation.
"Put up your gold!" But put up silver,
too,
(As WALSH, and GRENFELL, and Sage CHAP-
LIN urge),
Or banded Europe—some day—shall smash up
Our City to financial chaos. Aye!
I may talk lightly about trivial things,
And cynically smile on twaddle's trifles,—
Union of hearts, optimist ecstasies,
Fervours, and faiths, the brecks of prisoned
Pats,
Coercion's bondage and such bagatelles—
But on this Titan theme—Bimetalism—
TIMON is in hot earnest!

A Short Way with Wasps.

A PLAGUE of wasps infests the South
In consequence of the hot season!—
Humph! Is it torrid heat and drouth
Deprive our Commons of cool reason?
A plague of wasps infests the House!
Its managers the matter mull, for
They have not (like poor HODGE) the nous
To smoke pests out with (moral) sulphur!
To check HAYES FISHER's style, or TIM's tone,
MELLOR tries treacle; he needs brimstone.



A LESSON.

Father (on receiving Bill for Luncheon at one of our very modern London Restaurants). "HALLO! WHAT!! OVER TWO GUINEAS FOR MERELY——! WHY, HANG IT——!"

His Son (small Etonian). "OH, WELL NEVER MIND, FATHER. IT'S A THING TO DO ONCE, AND WE WON'T DO IT AGAIN!"

THE STORMY PETREL.

["This bird has long been celebrated for the manner in which it passes over the waves, pattering with its webbed feet and flapping its wings so as to keep itself just above the surface. It thus traverses the ocean with wonderful ease, the billows rolling beneath its feet and passing away under the bird without in the least disturbing it."]
—*Wood's Popular Natural History.*]

ONLY a Petrel, I,
Telling the storm is nigh;
Fleet o'er the waves I fly,
When skies look stormy.
When things are calm and slow,
I 'midst Brum rocks lie low;
But when wild breezes blow
Men may look for me.

Lured from my Midland home,
When gales begin to roam
Proudly I skim the foam,
Flapping and pattering!
I with the airiest ease
Traverse the angriest seas
Round the wild Hebrides
Bellowing and battering.

But the wild Irish coast
Suits my strong flight the most.
Breeze-baffling wings I boast,
Nothing disturbs me.
Cool 'midst the tempest's crash,
Swift through the foam I daah,
Wind flout or lightning flash
Scares not, nor curbs me.

Sea-birds are silly things,
Squat bodies, stunted wings.
Where is the bard who sings
Penguin or puffin,

Grebe, guillemot, or gull?
Oh, the winged noodles, null,
In timid flocks and dull,
Squattin' and stuffin'!

I, like the albatross,
Love on the winds to toss,
Where gales and currents cross
My fodder finding.
Let Gulls and Boobies rest
Safe in a sheltered nest,
I'm bold the breeze to breast
Tamer fowl blinding.

Only a Petrel, I,
Calm in a calm I lie,
But when 'neath darkening sky
Strife lifteth her face,
When the red lightnings glare,
Then, from my rocky lair
Darting, I cleave the air,
Skimming sea's surface.

Some swear the storm I raise;
That's superstition's craze;
But on tempestuous days,
Wild, wet, and windy,
Herald of storm I fly.
Only a Petrel, I,
But when my form you spy,—
Look out for shindy.

"BENEFITS FORGOT."—This is the title of a serial in *Scribners'*. Many over-strict persons will not read it, being under the impression that the story is essentially theatrical. A natural mistake. Nothing in an actor's life could give occasion for more bitter reflection than the memory of "Benefits Forgot," especially after they had been got up and advertised at great personal expense.

TO A FINE WOMAN.

(By a Little Man.)

"CAN my eyes reach thy size?"
Asked the Lilliputian poet,
As I've read. Can my head
Reach your shoulder? It's below it.

Women all are so tall
Nowadays, but you're gigantic;
One so vast, sweeping past,
Makes my five feet four feel frantic.

Each girl tries exercise,
Rows, rides, runs, golf, cricket, tennis,
Games for an Olympian—
Greek Olympia, not "Venice."

Stalks and shoots, climbs in boots
Like a navy's not a dandy's,
Ice-axe takes, records breaks—
If not neck—on Alps or Andes.

Alps in height, girls affright
Men, like me, of puny figure;
They are too tall, but you
Are preposterously bigger.

At this dance, if I glance
Round the room, I see I'm smallest;
You instead are a head
Over girls and men, you're tallest.

As a pair, at a fair,
Any showman might produce us;
Dwarf I'd do, giant you—
What! They want to introduce us?

Can I whirl such a girl?
Calisthenics could not teach it.
I, effaced, clasp your waist?
I'll be hanged if I can reach it!



THE STORMY PETREL!

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

No. I.—THE BISHOP'S CRIME.

I WAS sitting alone in my room at 10.29 on the night of the 14th of last November. I had been doing a good deal of work lately, and I was tired. Moreover, I had had more than one touch of that old Afghan fever, which always seemed to be much more inclined to touch than to go. However, we can't have everything here to please us; and as I had only the other day attended two bankers and a Lord Mayor for meases, I had no real cause to complain of my prospects. I had drawn the old armchair in which I was sitting close to the fire, and, not having any bread handy, I was occupied in toasting my feet at the blaze when suddenly the clock on the mantelpiece struck the half hour, and PICKLOCK HOLES stood by my side. I was too much accustomed to his proceedings to express any surprise at seeing him thus, but I own that I was itching to ask him how he had managed to get into my house without ringing the bell. However, I refrained, and motioned him to a chair.

"My friend," said this extraordinary man, without the least preface, "you've been smoking again. You know you have; it's not the least use denying it." I absolutely gasped with astonishment, and gazed at him almost in terror. How had he guessed my secret? He read my thoughts, and smiled.

"Oh, simply enough. That spot on your shirt-cuff is black. But it might have been yellow, or green, or blue, or brown, or rainbow-coloured. But I know you smoke Rainbow mixture, and as your canary there in the corner has just gone blind, I know further that bird's-eye is one of the component parts of the mixture."

"HOLES," I cried, dropping my old meerschau out of my mouth in my amazement; "I don't believe you're a man at all—you're a devil."

"Thank you for the compliment," he replied, without moving a single muscle of his marble face. "You ought not to sup—" He was going to have added "pose," but the first syllable seemed to suggest a new train of thought (in which, I may add, there was no second class whatever) to my inexplicable friend.

"No," he said; "the devilled bones were not good. Don't interrupt me; you had devilled bones for supper, or rather you would have had them, only you didn't like them. Do you see that match? A small piece is broken off the bottom, but enough is left to show it was once a lucifer—in other words, a devil. It is lying at the feet of the skeleton which you use for your anatomical investigations, and therefore I naturally conclude that you had devilled bones for supper. You didn't eat them, for not a single bone of the skeleton is missing. Do I make myself clear?"

"You do," I said, marvelling more than ever at the extraordinary perspicacity of the man. As a matter of fact, my supper had consisted of bread and cheese; but I felt that it would be in extremely bad taste for a struggling medical practitioner like myself to contradict a detective whose fame had extended to the ends of the earth. I picked up my pipe, and relit it, and, for a few moments, we sat in silence. At last I ventured to address him.

"Anything new?" I said.

"No, not exactly new," he said, wearily, passing his sinewy hand over his expressionless brow. "Have you a special *Evening Standard*? I conclude you have, as I see no other evening papers here. Do you mind handing it to me?"

There was no deceiving this weird creature. I took the paper he mentioned from my study table, and handed it to him.

"Now listen," said HOLES, and then read, in a voice devoid of any sign of emotion, the following paragraph:—"This morning, as Mrs. DRABLEY, a lady of independent means, was walking in Piccadilly, she inadvertently stepped on a piece of orange-peel, and fell heavily on the pavement. She was carried into the shop of Messrs. SALVER AND TANKARD, the well-known silversmiths, and it was at first thought she had broken her right leg. However, on being examined by a medical man who happened to be passing, she was pronounced to be suffering from nothing worse than a severe bruise, and, in the course of half-an-hour, she recovered sufficiently to be able to proceed on her business. This is the fifth accident caused by orange-peel at the same place within the last week."

"It is scandalous!" I broke in. "This mania for dropping orange-

peel is decimating London. Curiously enough I happen to be the medical man who—"

"Yes, I know; you are the medical man who was passing."

"HOLES," I ejaculated, "you are a magician."

"No, not a magician; only a humble seeker after truth, who uses as a basis for his deduction some slight point that others are too blind to grasp. Now you think the matter ends there. I don't. I mean to discover who dropped that orange-peel. Will you help me?"

"Of course I will, but how do you mean to proceed? There must be thousands of people who eat oranges every day in London."

"Be accurate, my dear fellow, whatever you do. There are 78,965, not counting girls. But this piece was not dropped by a girl."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Never mind; it is sufficient that I do know it. Read this," he continued, pointing to another column of the paper. This is what I read:—

"MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.—A great conference of American and Colonial Bishops was held in Exeter Hall this afternoon. The proceedings opened with an impassioned speech from the Bishop of FLORIDA—"

"Never mind the rest," said HOLES, "that's quite enough. Now read this":—

"The magnificent silver bowl to be presented to the Bishop of FLORIDA by some of his English friends is now on view at Messrs. SALVER AND TANKARD'S in Piccadilly. It is a noble specimen of the British silversmith's art." An elaborate description followed.

"These paragraphs," continued HOLES, in his usual impassive manner, "give me the clue I want. Florida is an orange-growing country. Let us call on the Bishop."

In a moment we had put on our hats, and in another moment we were in a Hansom on our way to the Bishop's lodgings in Church Street, Soho. HOLES gained admittance by means of his skeleton key. We passed noiselessly up the stairs, and, without knocking, entered the Bishop's bedroom. He was in his night-gown, and the sight of two strangers visibly alarmed him.

"I am a detective," began HOLES.

"Oh," said the Bishop, turning pale. "Then I presume you have called about that curate who disappeared in an alligator swamp close to my episcopal palace to say?"

"Tush," said HOLES, "we are come about weightier matters. This morning at half-past eleven your lordship was standing outside the shop of SALVER AND TANKARD looking at your presentation bowl. You were eating an orange. You stowed the greater part of the peel in your coat-tail pocket, but you dropped, maliciously dropped, one piece on the pavement. Shortly afterwards a stout lady passing by trod on it and fell. Have you anything to say?"

The Bishop made a movement, but HOLES was before-hand with him. He dashed to a long black coat that hung behind the door, inserted his hand deftly in the pocket, and pulled out the fragmentary remains of a large Florida orange.

"As I supposed," he said, "a piece is missing."

But the miserable prelate had fallen senseless on the floor, where we left him.

"HOLES," I said, "this is one of your very best. How on earth did you know you would find that orange-peel in his coat?"

"I didn't find it there," replied my friend; "I brought it with me, and had it in my hand when I put it in his pocket. I knew I should have to use strong measures with so desperate a character. My dear fellow, all these matters require tact and imagination."

And that was how we brought home the orange-peel to the Bishop.

Ben Trovato.

A PENNY-A-LINER heard—with a not unnatural choler—

That he of all invention was apparently bereft;

And so he up and told them that a smart left-handed bowler,

"Manipulates the leather with the left!"

That's a very chaste and novel, and alliterative too;

As a sham Swinburnian poet we should think that man might do!



"The Bishop was in his night-gown, and the sight of two strangers visibly alarmed him."



EDUCATED.

(From a Yorkshire Moor.)

Keeper (to the Captain, who has missed again, and is letting off steam in consequence). "OH DEAR! OH DEAR! IT'S HAWFUL TO SEE YER MISSIN' OF 'EM, SIR; BUT"—(with admiration)—"YE 'RE A SCHOLARD I' LANGWIDGE, SIR!"

CRICKET CONGRATULATIONS.

843! Well done! Well played! Well hit!
It opens *Mr. Punch's* eyes a bit
To see our friends of the Antipodes
Pile up their hundreds with the utmost ease.
BRUCE leads the way, and shows Blues—Dark and Light—
Left-handed men may play the game aright.
Then BANNERMAN, safe as a GUNN is he,
Exceeds the Century by thirty-three,
While five more than a hundred runs are due
To TRUMBLE, whom his friends call simply "HUGH."
Well played, Australia! Banks may fail—they do,
And, truth to tell, you *have* lost one or two,
But this at any rate's a clear deduction—
Your Cricket Team can need no reconstruction!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 31.—No one who chanced last Thursday to see HAYES FISHER and LOGAN engaged in controversy on Front Opposition Bench would suspect them of essentially retiring disposition. This conclusively proved to-night. Decided on further consideration that something must really be done in direction of modifying effects of Thursday's riot. Someone must apologise. This put to HAYES FISHER, who delighted WALROND with swiftness, even enthusiasm, of acquiescence.

"Right you are, dear boy," he cried. "I have thought so from the first. Indeed I have publicly placed the matter in its true light. Daresay you read my little affidavit written within an hour of what I quite agree with the SPEAKER in alluding to as 'the regrettable incident.' Here's what I said: 'To put a stop to his (LOGAN'S) aggressive conduct, I immediately seized him by the neck and forcibly ejected him on to the floor of the House. That began the scrimmage.' Then I go on to point the moral, though indeed it points itself. This is where you and I particularly agree. 'In my opinion the responsibility for the discreditable scene rests even more with Mr. GLADSTONE than with Mr. LOGAN.' Yes, WALROND, you

are quite right in what you are about to say. I have shown clearly that Mr. G. was at the bottom of the whole business, and he should apologise. Don't you think he'd better be brought in at the Bar? And if he spent a night or two in the Clock Tower it would have most wholesome effect, vindicate dignity of House, and prevent recurrence of these regrettable scenes."

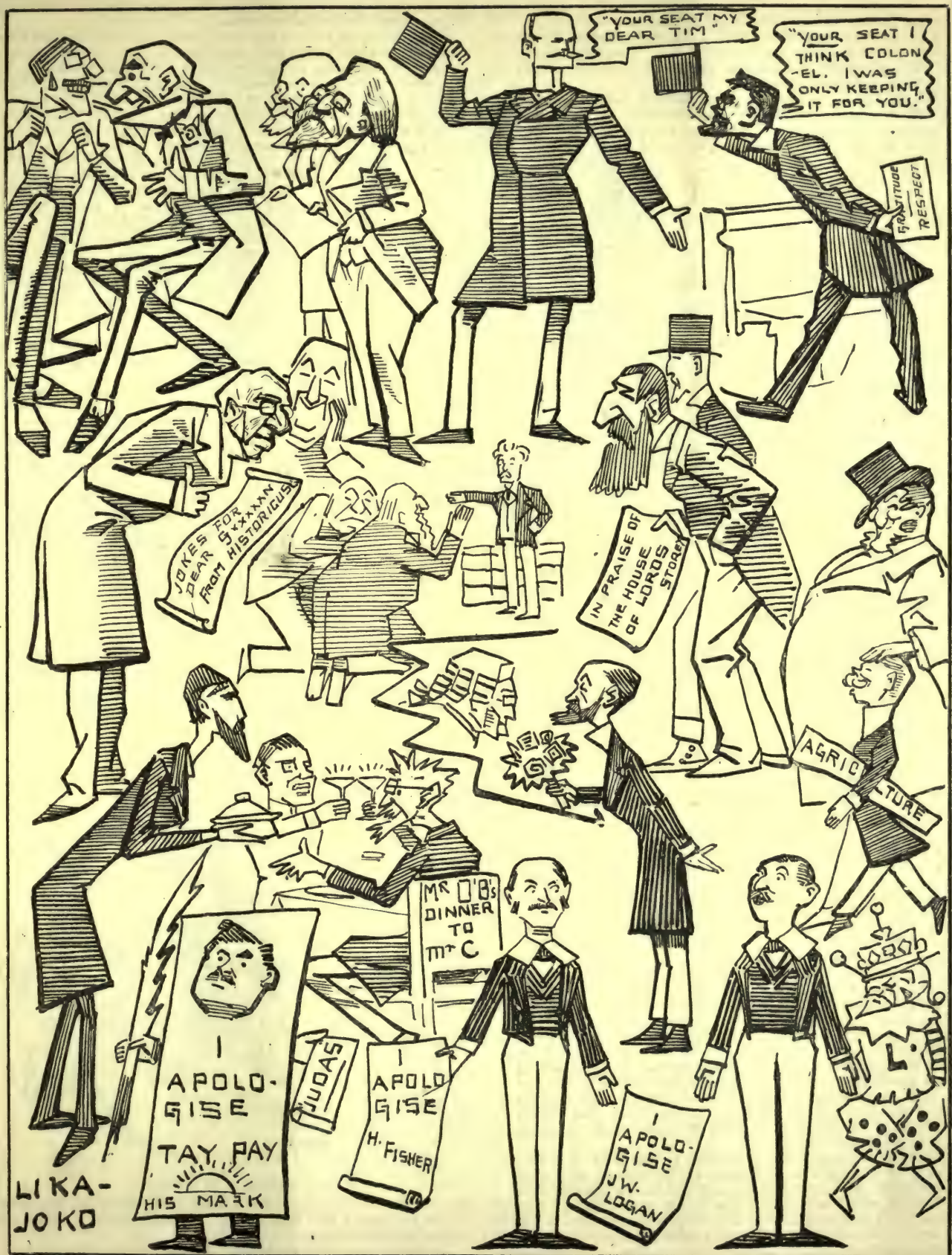
WALROND's face a study, whilst HAYES FISHER, carried away by enthusiasm of moment, rubbed his hands and smiled in anticipation of the scene.

The Opposition Whip had tough job in hand. To FISHER's logical mind the proposal that he should apologise was a *non sequitur*. Why, what had he done? As he told House later, seeing LOGAN come up and sit down on bench below him, he thought he was going to strike him. Natural attitude for a man, meaning to let out straight from the shoulder at another is to sit down with back turned towards intended victim. FISHER's quick intelligence taking whole situation in at glance, he promptly proceeded to take in as much as his hands would hold of the back of LOGAN's neck, with intent to thrust him forth. That, as he wrote, "began the scrimmage." In other words, Mr. GLADSTONE was responsible for the whole business, even more so than LOGAN, who had wantonly brought the back of his neck within reach of FISHER's hand.

However, there were reasons of State why the guilty should go unpunished. Not the first time Innocency has been sacrificed that Guilt might stalk through the land unfettered. FISHER would apologise; but here again the untameably logical mind asserted itself. LOGAN must apologise first. It was he who had been forcibly ejected. On Thursday night FISHER had come up behind him; *argal*, he must follow him now. Thus it was settled, or so understood. But when critical moment arrived, House waiting for someone to speak, hitch occurred. FISHER waited for LOGAN; LOGAN, in excess of politeness, hung back. Awkward pause. SPEAKER observed he had certainly understood something might be said by the two gentlemen. Another pause. LOGAN and FISHER eyed each other across the floor.

Lord CHATHAM, with his sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir RICHARD STRACHAN;
Sir RICHARD, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of CHATHAM.

At length PRINCE ARTHUR interposed; gently, but firmly, drew



"THE HAPPY FAMILY."

(By Our Artist in Fret-Work.)

the coy FISHER to the front. His apology followed by one from the lingering LOGAN. Scene ended amid mutual tears.

"Yes, it's all very well," said FISHER, wringing his pocket-handkerchief and glaring angrily at Mr. G. "But, after all, the real criminal has escaped, and logic, as applicable to events of daily life, has received a staggering blow."

Business done.—ACLAND explained English Education Estimates in speech admirable alike in matter and manner.

Tuesday.—Some men are born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards. Of these is WILLIAM O'BRIEN. It would seem that fate had

the almanack this is so; according to appearances an eternity and a hemisphere divide the two scenes.

In Committee on Vote on Account; average attendance from twenty to thirty. Orders bristle with amendments; papers read in support of them; occasionally a Member follows with observations on topic suggested; sometimes he doesn't; then next gentleman who has prepared paper takes the floor; the audience turns over; goes to sleep again; awakened by Chairman putting question "that Amendment be withdrawn." Isn't even vigour sufficient to induce a division.

Only person free from somnolent influence of hour is Mr. G. Has nothing to do in this galley; looks on wistfully whilst LOWTHER (not JIMMY) talks about Vitu and the Pamirs; JIMMY (*lui même*) is sarcastic on subject of Board of Trade engaging in experiments in journalism; and DICKY TEMPLE wants to know all about reported modifications in constitution of St. Paul's School by the Charity Commissioners. Mr. G. liked to have offered few remarks on one or all these subjects. TOMMY BOWLES nearly succeeded in drawing him. Dropping lightly out of Siam, *via* Morocco, upon question of Collisions at Sea, TOMMY brought MUNDELLA into full focus and fairly floored him with a problem.

"Suppose," he said, "the right hon. gentleman were at sea, and the whole fleet bore down upon him on the weather bow. What would he do?"

MUNDELLA nonplussed. Mr. G. knew all about it; would have answered right off and probably silenced even TOMMY with proposition of counter manœuvre. But MARJORIBANKS kept relentless eye on him. Vote on Account must be got through Committee to-night. The less speaking the better; so with profound sigh Mr. G. resisted the temptation and composed himself to listen to LENE's paper on the prohibition of importation of live cattle from Canada. Here was opportunity of learning something which Mr. G. gratefully welcomed. Gradually, as the new knight went on reading extract after extract in level voice, remorse-

lessly deliberate, Mr. G.'s eyes closed, his head drooped, and in full view of the crowded Strangers' Gallery he fell into peaceful, childlike slumber.

Business done. Vote on Account passed Committee.

Friday.—Morning sitting devoted to miscellaneous talk around Ireland. Evening, a long STOREY about iniquities of House of Lords. The evening and the morning a dull day. Had time to look over Mr. G.'s letter about retention of Irish Members. "What do you think of it?" I asked the Member for Sark. "Haven't read it," he said. "When I saw it was a column long, I knew



Another Injustice to Ireland.

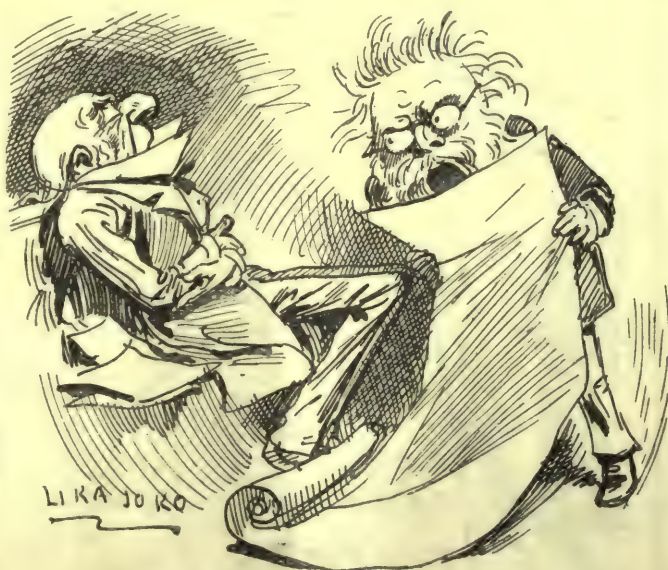
expended its malignity when PRINCE ARTHUR deprived him of his breeches. Now JOSEPH has appropriated his dinner-table. The lynx eye of BARTLEY detected the irregularity which disclosed existence of this fresh outrage. BARTLEY favourably known in House as guardian of its honour and dignity. From time to time spirit moves him suddenly to rise and point fat forefinger at astonished Mr. G., whom he has discovered in some fresh design upon stability of the Empire or symmetry of the Constitution. At stated hours, formerly on Thursdays ten o'clock now generally on stroke of midnight, he is seen and heard shouting "Gag! gag!"

"Odd," says Member for Sark, "how phrases change in similar circumstances though at different epochs. When Closure first invented, put in motion by dear OLD MORALITY, and supported by BARTLEY, HANBURY, JIMMY LOWTHER, and the rest, it used to be spoken resentfully of as 'pouncing.' Now it is 'gag-ging.' But it is precisely the same, inasmuch as the minority of the day, against whom it is enforced, denounce it as iniquitous, whilst the majority, who took that view when they were on other side of House, now regard it as indispensable to conduct of public business. BARTLEY having lived through both epochs is useful illustration of this tendency. When OLD MORALITY pounced on Irish members his lusty shout of approval used to echo through House with only less volume than now his roar of anguish goes up to glass roof when OLD MORALITY's original thumbscrews are fitted on him and his friends. A quaint, mad world, my TOBY."

To-night BARTLEY not so well-informed on subject as usual. Thought it was JOHN DILLON, who, acting the part of AMPHITRYON, piloted his guests within preserves of members' private dining-room. Turned out it wasn't DILLON at all, but WILLIAM O'BRIEN, who in most tragic manner tells how, having secured in advance a table for his guests, found when the dinner-hour struck JOSEPH and his Brethren seated thereat, merrily profiting by his forethought. Straightway O'BRIEN led his guests to the table in members' room which Unionist Leaders have marked for their own. This he appropriated, and there, regardless of surprised looks from ex-ministers at adjoining table, he truculently dined.

"Well, at any rate," said TIM HEALY, that Man of Peace, "I'm glad it wasn't mere English or Orangemen who were thus treated. If JOSEPH had appropriated SAUNDERSON's table, the Colonel would have taken him in his arms, dropped him outside on the Terrace, and, returning to his seat, ordered a fresh plate of soup." *Business done.*—BARTLEY adds fresh dignity to Parliamentary debate.

Thursday.—Was it this day week the House was in volcanic upheaval, with HAYES FISHER—or was it Mr. GLADSTONE?—clutching LOGAN by the back of the neck, a mad mob mauling each other round the white waistcoat of EDWARD OF ARMAGH? According to



Reading the G. O. M. to sleep. :

Mr. G. didn't want to say anything that would be understood. When he does, a few lines suffice; when he doesn't, nothing less than a column of print will serve."

Business done.—Vote on Account through Report Stage.

FRANCE AND SIAM.—The situation at Bangkok will probably result in further Devellopments.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG. "BLAZY BILL; OR, THE BICYCLE CAD."

AIR—"Daisy Bell; or, a Bicycle made for Two."

"THE churl in nature up and down" is perennial and ubiquitous. Like the god Vishnu, he has many avatars. Every new development of popular pastime (for instance) develops its own particular species of "Cad." LEECH's "Galloping Snob" of a quarter of a century ago has been succeeded by that Jehu of the "Bike," the Cycling Cad, to whose endearing manners and customs in the Queen's highway, and elsewhere, the long-suffering pedestrian is persuaded a laggard Law will shortly have to find its attention urgently directed. *Mr. Punch*, who is of the same opinion, adapts Mr. HARRY DACRE's popular song to what he is convinced will be a popular purpose.

Perturbed Pedestrian sings:—

There is a fear within my heart,
BLAZY! BLAZY!
Planted one day with a demon
dart,
Planted by BLAZY BILL.
Whether he'll kill me, or kill me
Smash me or only spill, [not,
Little I know, but I'd give a lot
To be rescued from BLAZY BILL.

Chorus—

BLAZY! BLAZY!
Give me a chance, Sir, do!
I'm half crazy,
All for the fear of you.
You haven't a stylish way, Sir,
I can't admire that "blazer"
(Which you think sweet).
The curse of the street
Is the Bicycle Cad—like you!



You rattle along as though for your life,
BLAZY! BLAZY!
Pedalling madly, with mischief rife,
Blundering BLAZY BILL!

When the road's dark we need
Argus sight,
Your bell and your lamp do nil
But dazzle our eyes and our ears
affright,
Blustering BLAZY BILL!

Chorus—

BLAZY! BLAZY!
Bother your "biking" crew!
I'm half crazy,
All for sheer dread of you.
I can't afford a carriage,
If I walk—in Brixton or
Harwich—
The curse of the street,
I am sure to meet
In a Bicycle Cad like you!

Why should we stand this wheel-
bred woe?
BLAZY! BLAZY!
Yes, your vile bell you will ring,
I know,
Suddenly, BLAZY BILL,
When you're close on my heels,
and a trip I make,
And, unless I skeddaddle with
skill,
I'm over before you have put on
the break,
Half-fuddled BLAZY BILL!

Chorus—

BLAZY! BLAZY!
Turn up wild wheeling, do!
I'm half crazy,
All in blue funk of you.
The Galloping Snob was a curse,
Sir,
But the Walloping Wheelman's a worser.
I'd subscribe my rid
To be thoroughly rid
Of all Bicycle Cads like you!

SHOOTING THE CHUTES.

(After Southey.)

A VISION OF EARL'S COURT.

HERE they go hurrying,
Up the steps sourrying,
Pushing and jostling,
Elbowing, hustling,
Squeezing and wheezing they rush to the top.
Puffing and panting,
Tearing and ranting,
(First-rate for Banting,) onward they climb.
Up on the landing,
Scarce room for standing.
Man is commanding, "There you must stop!
Don't cross the railing,
Keep to the paling;
Place for two more, Sirs,
Go on before, Sirs;
List to the roar, Sirs—ain't it sublime!
Tuck in the mackintosh,
Hold tight, Sir!" "Oh, what bosh!"
Side by side seated,
Breathless and heated,
Freezing and sneezing.
Down the Chute shooting,
Yelling and hooting,
'ARRY and 'ARRIET, Princess and Peer,
White man and black man and Injun to steer.
"You're sure there's no danger?" "There's
nothing to fear."
"Are babies admitted?" "O no, mum, not
ere."

And waving and raving,
And beaming and steaming,
And laughing and chaffing,
And thumping and bumping,

And plumping and jumping,
And spinning and grinning,
And chattering and clattering,
And blushing and gushing and rushing and
flushing,
And bawling and sprawling and hauling
and calling,
And foaming, bemoaning a bonnet dropped
off,
Not hearing the jeering of people who scoff,
The peril of spilling delightfully thrilling,
Tho' incivil devil's instilling cavilling;
And screaming, not dreaming of being
upset,
And splashing and dashing and dripping
with wet,
And screeching and reaching for hat blown
away,
Excited, affrighted, delighted, benighted,
And calling and bawling Hurrah and
Hurray!
"And so never ending but always
descending
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are
blending;"
All at once all is o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And drenched and bedraggled they land on
the shore.

"LETHE HAD PASSED HER LIPS."—Mrs. R.
had often come across the name of this
classic stream in the course of her reading.
She pronounced it as one syllable, and said
that "as this celebrated river was in Scotland
—she knew the name quite well—what she
wanted to know was, why weren't these
waters bottled by a Company?"

AT THE SEASIDE CHURCH PARADE.

(A Conversation à la Mode.)

He. So very glad to see you. *(Aside.)*
Hope she won't shut me up, she's so sharp!
She. Quite pleased to have met. *(Aside.)*
Can't stand much of him, he's so stupid!
He. I suppose when you were in town you
went to the Academy?
She. Yes, and saw all the pictures—and
didn't like them.
He. And went to the Opera?
She. Yes, every night—and am tired of
talking about it.
He. And of course you went to Henley?
She. Yes, and to the Eton and Harrow
Match, and to Ascot, and to Wimbledon to
see the Lawn Tennis finals.
He. But perhaps you never went to the
House of Commons?
She. Oh, yes, I did—on the Terrace, and
also to the Ladies' Gallery. The rows were
most amusing—saw them all.
He. And did you go to many parties?
She. To every party of any consequence,
and all the really nice dinners.
He. Were you at the Royal Wedding?
She. Oh, don't talk of that. The subject
is quite exhausted. *(After a pause.)* Pray,
have you no conversation?
He. Well, I don't know. I suppose you
went to church this morning, and heard the
Dean preach?
She. Oh, I really must beg your pardon.
If you can't find anything better to talk
about on a Sunday than the points of a ser-
mon you had far better say nothing at all.

[Scene closes in upon an unbroken silence.]

NEW KING COAL.

(A new Mining-Capitalist Version of an old Nursery Rhyme, dedicated and commended to the thoughtful consideration of the colliers on strike in Northumberland and Durham.)



[PUTTING it in the form of a conundrum, Mr. Punch would ask the Colliers who may read this rhyme the following question, the answer to which may throw a light upon the meaning of New King Coal's jubilant doggerel ditty:—

"When prices rise—even in the midst of the Dog Days—and the output of first-class coal falls, who reaps the advantage of the enhanced value and readier sale of accumulated stocks of small and slaggy 'rubbish'?"

O our New King COAL
Is an artful old soul,
And an artful old soul is he;
And a jolly good Strike
Is a game he must like—
When it pulls in the £ s. d.

He calls for his "weed" and
he calls for his "fizz,"
And he calls for his—Fiddle-
de-dee!
Every fiddler has his own
little fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle has he.
"£ s. d., £ s. d.," sings King
COAL, "Fiddle-de-dee!
Oh! an opportune Strike is
the thing for me!"
O, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King COAL and his
Fiddle-de-dee!

ROBERT AT GILDALL.

AH, wot a change has sud-
denly cum over the hold Cop-
peration! From sitch reecep-
shuns of Kings and Queens,
and Princes and Princesses,
and Royal Dooks and Dutche-
esses, and Zarrowitthes and
setterer, and all in their werry
best clothes, too! as I never
witnessed before nor since, to
cum suddenly upon nuffin but
Gog and Magog, is a strikin
fac indeed. As the Rite
onerabel LORD MARE werry
properly said, "Ah wot a
fall is here my Country-
men!"

And what a blooming stag-
gerer it was to finish off with
the King and Queen of DEN-
MARK! of all people in the
World! Why I has allers
been tort to bleeve, from what
I have seen at the Play, that
neether on em wornt not werry
great things as regards be-
haviour to the poor *Prince
Hamblet*, but BROWN says as
that's all over long, long ago,
and isn't to be spoke of no



AN UNEARNED INCREMENT.

Our Irish Curate (persuasively). "NOW, DOCTOR DEAR, HERE'S THE
VERY THING. YE'VE BEEN GIVING A TENTH OF YOUR INCOME, LIKE A MAN.
WELL, NOW, TIMES ARE BAD. DOUBLE IT, AND GIVE A TWENTIETH!"

more, no, not for ever! and
so we must drop it. I think,
upon the hole, as I likes the
Prince of WALES the best of
all on em, he does allers seem
to enjoy hisself so much.

We had him in the City
wunce at Church, and twice at
Gildall to dinner, all in about
a munth, and that ain't so
bad for a near apparrent.
And he does seem allers so
much atome. Why I acshally
overherd him say to our
Blushing Town Clark, after
dining the King of DENMARK,
"How well you have dun it
all, but you allers do it well
at Gildall!"

I wonder how many hundred
sentries it will be before he
says ditto to the Cheerman
of the Country Counsel, poor
feller! after sitch a dinner to
sitch a company? Praps about
another 700! ROBERT.

OFF AND ON.—She had been
longing for a new dress. At
last the extra money was saved,
and she bought it. "It's off
my mind now," she exclaimed,
"and, which pleases me more,
it's on my body."

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE.
—The advertisement of an
hotel in Germany concludes,
after praising everything
highly, with this sentence
—"Accomplished drinks, cap-
tivating meats."

FRENCH TRANSLATION OF
AN OLD PLAY CALLED "LOVE'S
LAST SHIFT."—"La dernière
Chemise de l'Amour."

THE TOUR THAT NEVER WAS.

(By an Undecided Man.)

BETWEEN now and my holidays there but remain two solid days,
And thinking where I'll spend my "vac" has driven me wild
with worry;

In vain have I surveyed acres of plans and maps and Bædekens,
And purchased a small library of "Handy Guides" of MURRAY.

Shall I, for want of better, say I'll view the Vierwaldstättersee,
Or watch the Staubbach fall in mist like web of an arachnid?
Or else, the dawn to see, get up o'ernight upon the Righi-top—
But no, I feel that Jödel-land is now a trifle hackneyed!

For a flutter at *chemin-de-fer* I might (the place is handy) fare
To Trouville, and along the *plage* a "Milor" on the spree be;
I could in Teuton *musikhaus* (till I of WAGNER grew sick) souse
In "Hofbräu," and essay to flirt with each *biergarten* Hebe.

But then, if I to Norway turn, as Ibsenite I'd more weight earn—
And salmon-fishing mid the Kvæns is certainly high-class sport;
Or rumble in a tarantass o'er Russia? No, an arrant ass [port]!
I were, to go where night and day you're badgered for your pass—

I'd like (my programme's large), a panoramic glimpse of far Japan.
From Fuji, and round Biwa Lake I'd in a jinrickshaw go;
Or even—for a hasty bet—I'd (like Miss TAYLOR) pace Thibet,
Or "blue" my surplus cash at what the Yankees call "Shecawgo."

Look here! I'll have to sham a tour (though but a humble amateur
At yarning), as this sort of thing is giving me the fidgets!
I'll—since I've eased my intellect by tripping thus in print—elect
To stay at home and twiddle (for the sake of rhyme) my digits!

THE PLACE FOR LAWN TENNIS.—"Way down in Tennessee."

THE TWO POTS.

(A Morality for Mammon.)

WHEN Mammon in commerce has "made a big pot,"
He is free to "retire upon what he has got,"
And what need he care for the children of toil
Who have helped in their hundreds that "big pot" to boil?
Pot! Pot! Gushers talk rot;
But Demas "retires upon what he has got."

How did he get it, that pot full of gold?
That is a story that's yet to be told.
Children of Gibeon helped, 'tis well known,
At filling his pot—barely boiling their own!
Pot! Pot! How to keep hot—
That is the problem—the poor man's pot!

Poor pot-au-feu! 'Tis to keep you a-boil
Hewers and Drawers so ceaselessly toil;
But when they've filled Wealth's big pot full of gold,
What does he care if their pot becomes cold.
Pot! Pot! Let the poor go—to pot.
Mammon—"retires upon what he has got!"

MRS. R.—She is very tender-hearted. "Of course," she says,
"it's very nice of what they call 'The Forsters' parents—though
why 'Forster' I don't know. But certainly, even when they're
brought up as one of the family of the Forsters, yet it does make
me feel very sad when I see an adapted child."

MORAL AND SOCIAL QUERIES.—When a man has lost his own
character, is he justified in taking away anybody else's? At a
party if somebody has taken away your hat, aren't you justified in
taking somebody else's?

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

No. II.—THE DUKE'S FEATHER.

Two months had passed without my hearing a word of HOLES. I knew he had been summoned to Irkoutsk by the CZAR of Russia in order to help in investigating the extraordinary theft of one of the Government silver mines, which had completely and mysteriously disappeared in one night. All the best intellects of the terrible secret police, the third section of the Government of the Russian Empire, had exhausted themselves in the vain endeavour to probe this mystery to the bottom. Their failure had produced a dangerous commotion in the Empire of the CZAR; there were rumours of a vast Nihilist plot, which was to shake the Autocracy to its foundations, and, as a last resource, the CZAR, who had been introduced to HOLES by OLGA FIASKOFFSKAYA, the well-known Russian Secret Agent at the Court of Lisbon, had appealed to the famous detective to lend his aid in discovering the authors of a crime which was beginning to turn the great white CZAR into ridicule in all the bazaars of Central Asia. HOLES, whose great mind had been lying fallow for some little time, had immediately consented; and the last I had seen of him was two months before the period at which this story opens, when I had said good-bye to him at Charing-Cross Station.

As for myself, I was spending a week in a farmhouse situated close to the village of Blobley-in-the-Marsh. Three miles from the gates of the farmhouse lay Fourcastle Towers, the ancestral mansion of Rear-Admiral the Duke of DUMPSHIRE, the largest and strangest landowner of the surrounding district. I had a nodding acquaintance with His Grace, whom I had once attended for scarlatina when he was a midshipman. Since that time, however, I had seen very little of him, and, to tell the truth, I had made no great effort to improve the acquaintance. The Duke, one of the haughtiest members of our blue-blooded aristocracy, had been called by his naval duties to all parts of the habitable globe; I had steadily pursued my medical studies, and, except for the biennial visit which etiquette demanded, I had seen little or nothing of the Duke. My stay at the farmhouse was for purposes of rest. I had been overworked, that old tulwar wound, the only memento of the Afghan Campaign, had been troubling me, and I was glad to be able to throw off my cares and my black coat, and to revel for a week in the rustic and unconventional simplicity of Wurzelby Farm.

One evening, two days after my arrival, I was sitting in the kitchen close to the fire, which, like myself, was smoking. For greater comfort I had put on my old mess-jacket. The winter wind was whistling outside, but besides that only the ticking of the kitchen clock disturbed my meditations. I was just thinking how I should begin my article on Modern Medicine for the *Fortnightly Review*, when a slight cough at my elbow caused me to turn round. Beside me stood PICKLOCK HOLES, wrapped in a heavy, close-fitting fur *moujik*. He was the first to speak.

"You seem surprised to see me," he said. "Well, perhaps that is natural; but really, my dear fellow, you might employ your time to better purpose than in trying to guess the number of words in the first leading article in the *Times* of the day before yesterday."

I was about to protest when he stopped me.

"I know perfectly well what you are going to say, but it is useless to urge that the country is dull, and that a man must employ his brain somehow. That kind of employment is the merest wool-gathering."

He plucked a small piece of Berlin worsted—I had been darning my socks—off my left trouser, and examined it curiously. My admiration for the man knew no bounds.

"Is that how you know?" I asked. "Do you mean to tell me that merely by seeing that small piece of fancy wool on my trousers you guessed I had been trying to calculate the number of words in the *Times* leader? HOLES, HOLES, will you never cease from astounding me?"

He did not answer me, but bared his muscular arm and injected into it a strong dose of morphia with a richly-chased little gold instrument tipped with a ruby.

"A gift from the CZAR," said HOLES, in answer to my unspoken thoughts. "When I discovered the missing silver-mine on board the yacht of the Grand Duke IVANOFF, his Imperial Majesty first offered me the Chancellorship of his dominions, but I begged him

to excuse me, and asked for this pretty toy. Bah, the Russian police are bunglers."

As he made this remark the door opened and Sergeant BLUFF of the Dumpsshire Constabulary entered hurriedly.

"I beg your pardon, Sir," he said, addressing me, with evident perturbation; "but would you step outside with me for a moment. There's been some strange work down at—"

HOLES interrupted him.

"Don't say any more," he broke in. "You've come to tell us about the dreadful poaching affray in Hagley Wood. I know all about it, and tired as I am I'll help you to find the criminals."

It was amusing to watch the Sergeant's face. He was ordinarily an unemotional man, but as HOLES spoke to him he grew purple with astonishment.

"Beggin' your pardon, Sir," he said; "I didn't know about no—"

"My name is HOLES," said my friend calmly.

"What, Mr. PICKLOCK HOLES, the famous detective?"

"The same, at your service; but we are wasting time. Let us be off."

The night was cold, and a few drops of rain were falling. As we walked along the lane HOLES drew from the Sergeant all the information he wanted as to the number of pheasants on the Duke's estate, the extent of his cellars, his rent-roll, and the name of his London tailor. BLUFF dropped behind after this cross-examination with a puzzled expression, and whispered to me:

"A wonderful man that Mister HOLES. Now how did he know about this 'ere poaching business? I knew nothing about it. Why I come to you, Sir, to talk about that retriever dog you lost."

"Hush," I said; "say nothing. It would only annoy HOLES, and interfere with his inductions. He knows his own business best." Sergeant BLUFF gave a grumbling assent, and in another moment we entered the great gate of Fourcastle Towers, and were ushered into the hall, where the Duke was waiting to receive us.

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" said his Grace, with all the courtly politeness of one in whose veins ran the blood of the Crusaders. Then, changing his tone, he spoke in fierce sailor-language: "Shiver my timbers! what makes you three stand there like that? Why, blank my eyes, you ought to—"

What he was going to say will never be known, for HOLES dashed forward.

"Silence, Duke," he said, sternly. "We come to tell you that there has been a desperate poaching affray. The leader of the gang lies insensible in Hagley Wood. Do you wish to know who he was?" So saying, he held up to the now terrified eyes of the Duke the tail-feather of a golden pheasant. "I found it in his waistcoat pocket," he said, simply.

"My son, my son!" shrieked the unfortunate Duke. "Oh ALURED, ALURED, that it should have come to this!" and he fell to the floor in convulsions.

"You will find Earl MOUNTRAVERS at the cross-roads in Hagley Wood," said HOLES to the Sergeant. "He is insensible."

The Earl was convicted at the following Assizes, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. His ducal father has never recovered from the disgrace. HOLES, as usual, made light of the matter and of his own share in it.

"I met the Earl," he told me afterwards, "as I was walking to your farmhouse. When he ventured to doubt one of my stories, I felled him to the earth. The rest was easy enough. Poachers? Oh dear no, there were none. But it is precisely in these cases that ingenuity comes in."

"HOLES," I said, "I admire you more and more every day."

JOKE FOR JOKE.—A ruffian at Walsall, "for a joke," dropped a little boy over the bridge into the river. The inhabitants of that town took the cowardly brute to the same bridge, and dropped him over in the same place. Bravo men (and women) of Walsall! If the *lex talionis*, in the same spirit of impartial jocularity, could be applied as efficaciously to all "practical jokers," civilised Society might soon be rid of one of its most intolerable pests.

"So much depends on how you take things," as the thief remarked after a dexterous performance while the policeman's back was turned.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF A COMIC BALLET D'ACTION.—"Too funny for words."

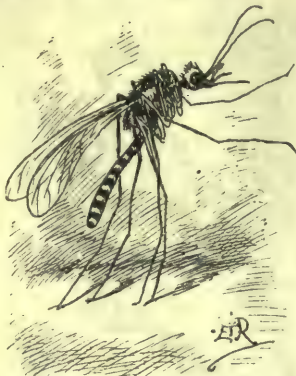


"Beside me stood Picklock Holes, wrapped in a heavy, close-fitting fur *moujik*."

THE SCHOPENHAUER BALLADS.

No. II.—THE MOSQUITO.

I AM a restless Mosquito,
Well hated by the world, I know,
For faults that are not mine;



I bite to live (some live to bite),
I sting from sheer necessity, not spite,—
I would my lot were thine.

I'd take thy bites, you'd love my sting,
And bear the petty pains they bring
Just like a Hindoo Saint;
I would not blame you, 'bottle fly,
You have to live the same as I—
A beauty without paint.

We cannot all be butterflies,
Or larks that carol in the skies,—
Take life for what it's worth;
We've all our wretched aches and pains,
Our losses now—and now our gains—
A little while on earth.

And when we get our final call—
Mosquito, pole-cat, skunk, and all
The vermin meek or bold—
We shall not for the verdict quake,
We've lived our lives for Nature's sake,
And done what we were told.

CONNECTED WITH THE PRESS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that some of your contemporaries have got up a "Press Band" which plays on the Thames Embankment between one and two o'clock every day (save Saturday) for the benefit of compositors out for their dinner-hour. I must confess that I think the idea excellent, but could it not be extended? A newspaper consists of more than "setters up at ease." Could not some entertainment be contrived for the amusement of editors, theatrical critics, and city correspondents?

For instance, there are generally a number of ladies and gentlemen hanging about Fleet Street in the vain hope of obtaining interviews with the powers that are in the world journalistic. A really talented would-be contributor (especially if a lady) might "get at" an editor when he was most at his ease and least on his guard.

I will suppose that the *Rédacteur en chef* of the *Imperial Universe* is seated beside the Fountain in the Temple, quietly smoking his cigar. The authoress of "*Tiger Songs*" (adapted from the original Norwegian) may see the Editor from afar off, and come dancing towards him with the airy gaiety of a *Morgiana*. She executes a *pas de fuscination*, and, when he is completely captivated by the exquisite grace of her movements, causes him to seize a bundle of MS. When she has retired, and the Editor gradually resumes his normal composure, he discovers that the authoress of "*Tiger Songs*"

has left him an article upon "Voyages to the North Pole." Subjugated by the poetry of motion, and further moved (almost to tears) by the soft, sweet strains of the Press Band, he reads the contribution, and accepts it.

Then recreation, combined with instruction, might be found for special correspondents by erecting steam roundabouts on the Thames Embankment. The "special" might mount his wooden steed, and career round and round until he has done a good twenty miles. Then he would be prepared to give his experiences, which should (if written in the proper spirit) be of exceptional value as "copy."

A thousand details will occur to those who take an interest in the matter, and may be filled in at leisure. I merely throw out the idea, leaving its development to others more worthy of the task than one who signs himself, in all humility, A PEN PLUS A LYRE.

THE WALKING ENGLISHWOMAN ON THE ALPS.

You who look, at home, so charming—
Angel, goddess, nothing less—
Do you know you're quite alarming
In that dress?



Such a garb should be forbidden;

Where's the grace an artist loves?
Think of dainty fingers hidden
In those gloves!

Gloves! A housemaid would not wear them,
Shapeless, brown and rough as sacks,
Thick! And yet you often tear them
With that axe!

Worst of all, unblackened, unshiny—
Greet them with derisive boots—
Clumsy, huge! For feet so tiny!
Oh, those boots!

THE ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

O "ENGLISHMAN in Paris," do not think
That I refer to your amusing book;
I write of those who do not care "a tink-
-er's cuss" for look!



Not you who dress in Paris as at home,
Because the Frenchman is as good as you,
Top-hat, frock-coat—in fact do all in Rome
As Rome would do.

But you, attired in such eccentric ways,
Who travelled here with tickets which you
Perhaps from enterprising Mr. GAZE, [took
Or Mr. COOK.

And from some stupid, slow, suburban spot,
Or prim provincial parish, come arrayed
In clothes which your own gardener would
not Wear for his trade.

Oh why offend the Frenchman's cultured
sight
With such a 'ARRY's outin' sort of air?
Do you consider knickerbockers quite
The thing to wear?

The Frenchman, just as sensible as we,
Calls "toppers" hateful, horrid, heavy,
In Paris, as in London, still you see [hot;
The chimney-pot.

A linen collar hygiene abhors.
And yet he wears it. You don't care a rap;
You sport your flannel-shirt, and, out of
doors, Your tourist cap.

Magnificent contempt for foreign lands!
"Frog-eating Frenchy dress!" you say,
and smile,
"He imitates, but never understands
True London style."

Unconquered Briton, you are right no doubt!
Descendant of the woad-clad ones, that's
And yet he never imitates a lout, [true!
A cad, like you.

HER PARLIAMENTARY KNOWLEDGE.—Mrs. R. is an intelligent student of the Parliamentary Reports in the *Times*. On Tuesday, in last week, her niece read this aloud—"8.30. On the return of the *SPEAKER*, after the usual interval"—"That," observed the worthy lady, interrupting, explaining it to her niece, "is the interval allowed for refreshment—ten minutes I believe,—go on, my dear." Then her niece continued—"Sir T. LEA, who was interrupted by a count"—"Stop, my dear!" exclaimed our old friend, indignantly. "What I want to know is how did that Count come there? Was he in the Strangers' Gallery? And if he interrupted why wasn't he at once turned out of the House? On second thoughts," she added "he must have been a foreigner, and so they made some excuse for him."



SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN.

Country House Hostess. "SO GLAD YOU COULD COME, MR. VANDYKE! I'M AFRAID YOU'LL FIND US RATHER DULL. WE'RE QUITE A SMALL PARTY!"
Mr. Vandyke. "OH NO. I SHALL BE OUT NEARLY ALL DAY, YOU KNOW!"

"A SAIL! A SAIL!"

(Extracts from a New (Parliamentary) Version of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.")

An Ancient Mariner meeteth a sorely-pressed M.P. hurrying to a Division, and stoppeth him.

It is an Ancient Mariner,
 And he stoppeth an M.P.
 "By thy scant white hair and glittering eye,
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The lobby doors are open wide,
 And if I don't get in,
 But give the slip to our stern Whip,
 Just won't there be a din!"

He holds him with his skinny hand.
 "There was a Ship!" quoth he.
 The Member pressed he beat his breast,
 Suppressing a big, big D!

He holds him with his glittering eye;
 The Member pressed stands still.
 And listens, though exceeding wild—
 The Mariner hath his will.

The Member pressed sits on a post,
 He cannot choose but hear;
 And thus speaks out that Grand Old Man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner—

The Ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
 Merrily did we drop,
 Laden with many a blessed Bill
 From kelson to orlop.

The Sun of hope had left the left,
 Out in the cold they be.
 But it shone bright on the (SPEAKER'S) right
 When we put forth to sea.

And now the Storm-blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong:
 He struck with his opposing wings,
 And set our course all wrong.

The sorely-pressed M.P. is spell-bound by the eye of the Grand Old Seafaring Man, and constrained to hear his tale.

The Mariner tells how the good ship *H.M. Government* sailed for Ireland with a good wind and fair weather till she reached a certain Line.

Where the Ship is driven by a storm (of Opposition) toward the Poll.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the coat-tail of his foe
 And feeleth for his head,
 The Ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
 And Winterward we fled.

At length did cross an Albatross:
 Through fog and frost it came;
 A noisy, rude, Obstructive bird;
 Devoid of sense or shame.

Day after day it blocked our way,
 As round and round it flew.
 In spite of it, by patient wit,
 Our helmsman steered us through.

When a fair wind sprang up behind,
 The Albatross did fellow,
 And every day hindered our way,
 Despite the Mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud it strove to shroud
 Our course athwart the brine,
 Night after night it led to fight,
 And kicking up of shine.

"God help thee, Ancient Mariner!
 From the fiends that plague thee thus!
 What did'st thou do?" With my closure—
 I shot the Albatross!!! [bow]

Now round and red, like a Scotchman's
 The glorious Sun uprist: [head,
 Then all averred I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist.
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay
 That brought the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the gag-saved crew,
 Were from Obstruction free;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea!

Till a great lolloping, hindering, inopportune sea-bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality—by our opponents.

And lo! the Albatross proveth a bird of ill-omen, impeding the progress of the Ship in most aggravating fashion.

The Ancient Mariner incontinently killeth the bird of ill-omen.

When the fog cleared his shipmates justified the same, and thus make themselves accomplices therein.

The fair breeze continues; the Ship enters the Sea of Silence by the Straits of Gag.



“A SAIL! A SAIL!”

(“*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.*”)



JUSTIFIABLE DECEPTION.

Nervous Old Party (who has been making himself rather a nuisance all the way). "A—A—SURELY, MY DEAR SIR, THIS GALLOPING UP THESE HILLS IS EXTREMELY A—A—TO SAY THE LEAST, RECKLESS!"

Jack Highflyer (Proprietor and Coachman, who has been spurring his Team up several short rises). "GALLOP! CALL THIS GALLOPING? BY GEORGE, JUST YOU WAIT TILL RETURN STAGE—SEE ME GO DOWN 'EM! GREASED LIGHTNING A FOOL TO IT!"

[Result as desired. Old Gentleman clears out shortly, for purpose of writing to "Times," and so makes way for Fair Passenger behind.

The Ship is suddenly becalmed, and findeth that enforced silence means not peaceful progress.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
With flopping sail of what avail
The silence of the sea?

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

The Spirit of Obstruction had followed in spook-like silent, sub-marine secrecy.

And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us,
From the land of mist and snow.

If this be so, my shipmates said,
What use that bird to shoot?
We make no way, no more than if
We were shackled hand and foot.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, are tempted to throw the blame on the Ancient Mariner.

Ah! well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
My gain seemed loss, the Albatross
Around my neck was hung.

II.

The Ancient Mariner beholdeth a long-hoped-for sign in the element afar off.

There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a dreary time!
(Devoted to "Supply,")
When, looking westward, I beheld
A Something in the sky!

It groweth and assumeth substantial shape.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape I wist!
And still it neared and neared:

As if it dodged some awkward question
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
We scarce could laugh or wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my tongue—it did me good—
And cried "A Sail! A Sail!!!"

At its nearer approach it seemeth to him to be a ship, bearing the hopeful name of *Autumn Session*.

With throats unslaked, with black lips
baked,
Agahe they heard me call.
Gramercy! They for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were whistling all.

A flash of joy among his shipmates,

Our fierce foes' faces went aflame,
They felt that they were done!
Their thoughts were of the western main,
Of moor, and dog, and gun,
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And of anger amidst their foes.

* * * * *
Ah, Member pressed, I'll leave the rest
Until—say next December!
Whether that Sail did bring us aid,
Or with my shipmate's wishes played:
Whether it made them welcome Autumn,
Or Tales of Hope to question taught 'em;
Whether (as spook) that Albatross
Appeared again our path to cross;
If it portended gain or loss
(Uncertain these, as pitch-and-toss!)
I'll tell you when again we meet,
On this same post, in this same street—
Oh, Member pressed—remember!

The Ancient Mariner post-poneth the sequel of his strange story to a more convenient occasion.

THE BRITISH ATHLETE'S VADE-MECUM.

Question. What is the *specialité* of a Briton?

Answer. That given him by belonging to a race of born athletes.

Q. Can any member of the human family outside the British Isles do anything in the shape of sport?

A. Only imperfectly. However, Australians are good at cricket, and Americans have been known to adequately train racehorses.

Q. Can you give any reason for their partial success?

A. Yes. Australians are our first-cousins, and Americans our first-cousins once removed.

Q. Then you consider them of the same stock as the true Briton?

A. Quite so. Hence their prowess in the field.

Q. What do you think of foreigners?

A. That they are typified by "Moosoo."

Q. When you speak of "Moosoo," to whom do you refer?

A. To the average French duffer, who has about as much knowledge of sport as a baby in arms.

Q. Are all foreigners duffers?

A. All; without exception.



DECIDEDLY PLEASANT.

Genial Youth. "I SAY, GUBBY, OLD CHAP, IS THIS REALLY TRUE ABOUT YOUR GOING TO MARRY MY SISTER EDIE?"

Gubbins. "YES, TOMMY. IT'S ALL SETTLED. BUT WHY DO YOU ASK?"

G. Y. "OH! ONLY BECAUSE I SHALL HAVE SUCH A JOLLY SLACK TIME NOW! YOU KNOW I'VE PULLED OFF NEARLY ALL HER ENGAGEMENTS SO FAR, ONLY YOU'BE THE FIRST ONE WHO'S BEEN A REAL STAYER!!"

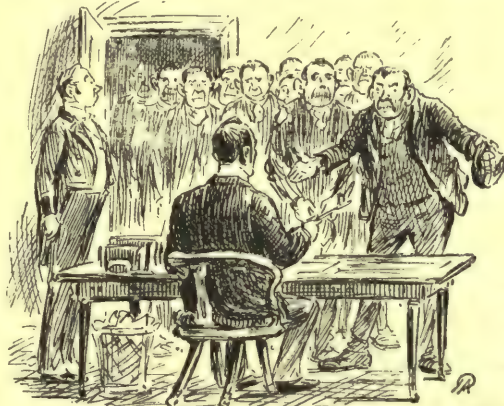
A DECAYED INDUSTRY.

(From the Note-book of Our Prophet-Reporter.)

THE HOME SECRETARY was seated in his room awaiting the arrival of the Deputation:—

"Well, I suppose I was right to allow them to interview me," he murmured. "The submerged Tenth have not the franchise to-day. Ah! but they may have it to-morrow!"

The HOME SECRETARY'S exclamation was caused by the appearance of a



ance of a number of half-starved ragamuffins, who had lounged into the room, and were now standing respectfully before him.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said the spokesman of this strange-looking deputation, "but are you the OME SECKKERTERRY?"

"That is my position," replied the Cabinet Minister. "And now that you are here, what do you want?"

"Well, Guv'nor, truth to tell, we are out of employment. Our trade has gone to the dogs. Our business was a removin' of superfluous cash from the pockets of the more inattentive of the public."

"Burglars!" exclaimed the HOME SECRETARY, in some alarm, and he hastily approached the handle of the bell communicating with the Messenger's Room.

"Stow it!" cried the spokesman roughly, then hurriedly lowering his tone, he apologised, and said he spoke from force of habit. "Twenty years ago our purfession was worth something. We could

make a tidy living out of silk pocket-handkerchiefs, and sich like. But nowadays it's all changed. It wants capital, Guv'nor; that's where it is, it wants capital!"

"What wants capital?" queried the Minister.

"Why, our purfession, to be sure. Nowadays everythink's done on scientific principuls. A burglar must know something of chemistry, and be up in things generally. Besides, all the real good things are worked by syndicates. Unless you can put in a 'under pounds or so, why, you are nowhere. What are we to do?"

The HOME SECRETARY sat in deep thought.

"Look 'ere, Guv'nor," continued the spokesman, "'ere's a noshun. As we can't afford to be thieves, and haven't sufficient education to become burglars, why shouldn't we assist the Civil Power? Make us Peelers, Sir, you know—Coppers."

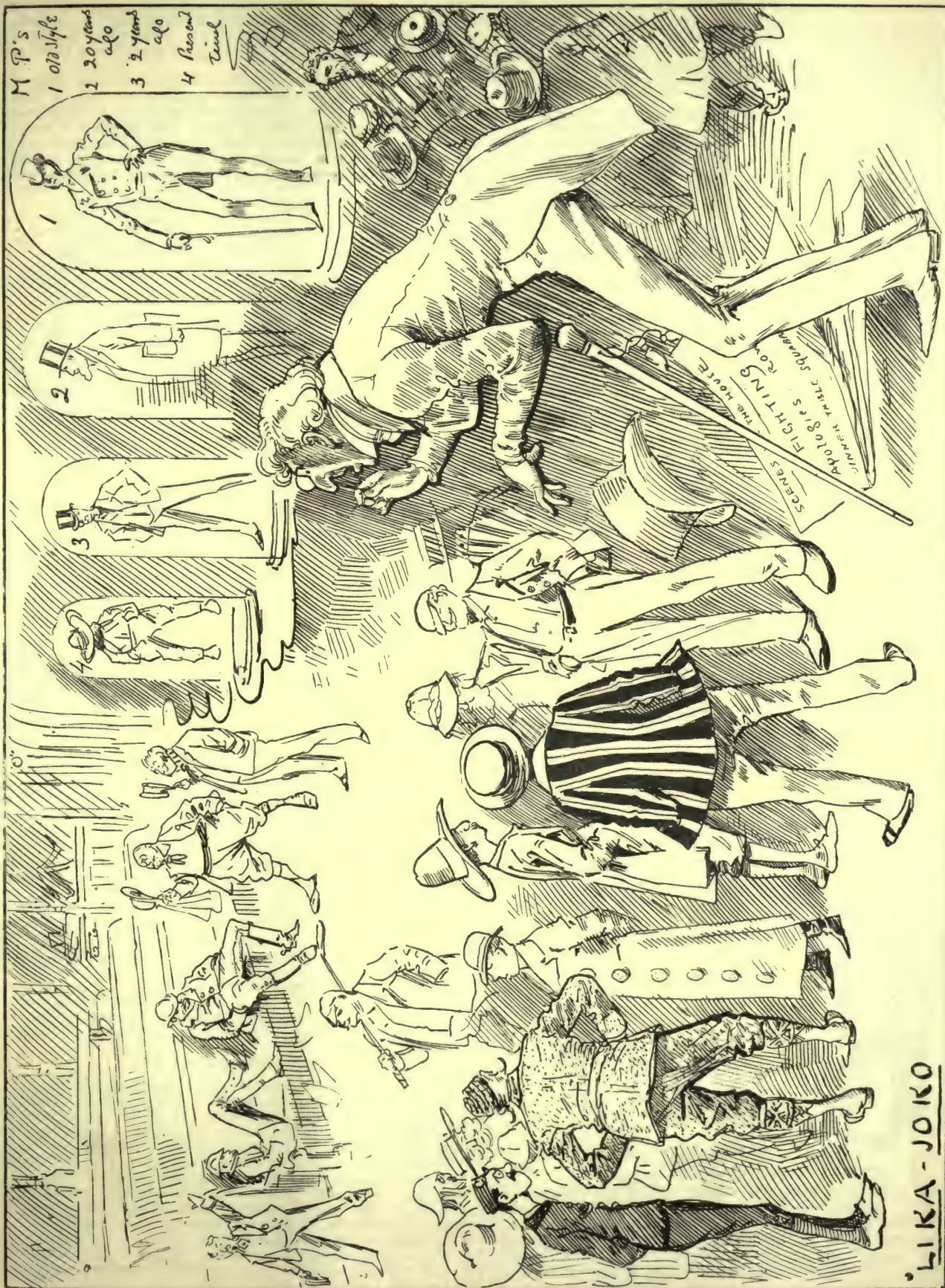
A month later the Police received some new recruits, and the title of the Force was officially changed to "The Unemployed."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 7.—House brisked up to-day on approaching Report Stage Home-Rule Bill; over three hundred Members present, including JOSEPH, fresh from Birmingham; on whole, a melancholy gathering. At outset every appearance of collapse. Influence of Bank Holiday over it all. Ministers who should have been in places to answer questions not arrived. Worse still when Home-Rule Bill reached, and new Clauses called on. Turned out PRINCE ARTHUR was still dallying at Dulwich, HENEAGE 'appy at 'Ampstead, WOLMER tarrying by the giddy swing on Peckham Rye. BARTLEY, ever ready to sacrifice himself in interests of Empire, proposed to move new Clauses for absentees, but SPEAKER wouldn't have it; so passed on to PARKER SMITH. P. S., as sometimes happens in correspondence, proved most important part of letter. He had quite a cluster of Clauses; moved them in succession through long and dreary night.

Incidentally provided TIM HEALY with opportunity for making speech quite in old (of late unfamiliar) form. One of P. S.'s clauses designed for appointment of Boundary Commissioners, with view of



HOLIDAY TIME—AS SHOWN BY MEMBERS' DRESS IN THE HOUSE.

what T. W. RUSSELL described as "ojus jerrymandering." TIM declared that scheme proposed by Bill would give Unionists a much larger representation than they were entitled to, leaving them, with exception of disfranchisement of Dublin University, in very much same numbers as they now stand. Demonstrating this, TIM cited in detail the constituencies affected. Totted them up to reach the total he had affirmed—certainly eighteen, possibly twenty-one.

"There's Armagh two," he said, "and Antrim four. Four and two are six," he added, turning with defiant look upon the placid figure of T. W. RUSSELL. Paused for a moment to give full opportunity for anyone getting up to deny this proposition. No response; TIM proceeded; "Very well, six. There's Belfast four. Six and four are ten!" he shouted triumphantly, looking across at JOSEPH. "Very well, ten," he added, in low growl; evidently disappointed at lack of spirit in camp opposite. "Down—North, East and West Down you'll have, I suppose? That's three. Three and ten's thirteen. Thirteen!" he shouted, turning with quick flush of hope in direction of seat of EDWARD OF ARMAGH. But Colonel not there. In fact not been seen in House since he went out after the great fight, holding bunch of keys to his bruised cheek.

Things looking desperate; still TIM plodded on. Surely age of chivalry not so finally gone that there was not left in an Irish bosom sufficient courage to deny to a political adversary that two and two made four? Perhaps TIM had been piling on the units too high. He would continue on a lower scale. "Very well, that's thirteen. Now North Fermanagh's one. Thirteen and one's fourteen." No pen can describe the acrimony TIM threw into this proposition. Still the craven blood did not stir. "Londonderry, North, South, and City—I suppose you expect to collar them all? That's three; fourteen and three are seventeen."

It was terrible. The SPEAKER, fearing bloodshed, interposed, ruling TIM out of order; only just in time. One could see by flush on MACARTNEY's cheek that one step more would have been fatal, and that the proposition "Seventeen and two are nineteen" would have led to outbreak beside which the "regrettable incident" would have been meretriciously mild.

Business done.—Took up Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill.

Tuesday.—The Squires had regular set-to to-night. He of Blankney began it; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, never loath for a tussle, cheerfully stepping into the ring. Order of the day was Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill. Members, though in languid mood, prepared once more to tread the dreary round, to pass a summer night

In dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.

SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY ordered matters otherwise. Has for some time had by him paper on Bimetallism, which he desired to read to House. Thought event might have come off on Vote on Account; ruled out of order; would fit in equally well on Indian Budget.



"Bimetallism."

But when will Indian Budget be taken? GORST and Echo answer "When?" SQUIRE, whilst willing to sacrifice all personal considerations on the altar of public interest, feels that duty to his Queen and country call him away for an interval of rest. He might leave his paper for DICKY TEMPLE to read; or he might have it printed and circulated with the votes. Whilst pondering on these alternatives, happy thought came to him. Why not move adjournment of House, and so work off speech? Of course wouldn't do to

put the matter bluntly, and "ask leave to move the adjournment for the purpose of discussing a definite matter of urgent public importance, namely, HARRY CHAPLIN's desire to get out of town." But for "HARRY CHAPLIN's desire," &c., substitute "the closing of the Indian mints to the free coinage of silver," and there you are.

There we were indeed. Opposition didn't show up with the enthusiasm that might have been expected in such a cause. Question was indeed raised whether the necessary forty Members had risen to support application for leave. SPEAKER said it was all right, so SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY brought out his treasured manuscript and reeled off his speech. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD exceedingly angry that he should have occupied nearly an hour for the purpose.

So angry that he took almost precisely same time in replying. Drew a lurid picture of the other Squire going about "endeavouring to make mischief in Hindustan." The poor SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY! No such fell design had filled his manly breast. He was guilty of no more direful purpose than that of availing himself of forms of the House to read a paper on Bimetallism prepared for a lapsed occasion, which might have been out of date had he kept it in his drawer till he came back from his holiday. It led to appropriation of four hours of the sitting; but if they had not been wasted in this way, they would have been squandered in some other, and House would have lost spectacle of this set-to between the MALWOOD MAULER and the BLANKNEY PET.

Business done.—None to speak of.

Thursday.—Seems BRODRICK didn't say at Farnham those naughty things about Mr. G. 'Tis true he had referred to failure of a popular local donkey to win a race owing to increasing infirmities, adding "it is quite time some of us should be turned out to grass." But he was not thinking of Mr. G. Of whom then was the Young Man thinking? Could it have been ———? But no, a thousand times no.

Certainly nothing in Mr. G.'s appearance to-night suggestive of desire or necessity for knocking-off work. Others may tire and turn fondly to contemplation of moor, river, or sea. Mr. G. thinks there's no place like London in mid-August, no scene so healthful or invigorating as House of Commons. Plunged in to-night on one of the interminable Amendments. A difficult job in hand. Had to accept Amendment which SOLICITOR-GENERAL and ATTORNEY-GENERAL had an hour earlier been put up to show was impossible. Began by pummeling PRINCE ARTHUR; proceeded to make little of HENRY JAMES; turned aside to pink JOSEPH with sarcastic reference to inveterate love with which he is cherished in the bosom of his new friends the Tories; finished by throwing over ATTORNEY-GENERAL with grace and dexterity that made experience rather pleasant than otherwise; and at a quarter to eight accepted an Amendment that had been moved at a quarter to six.

It was in conversation round this Debate that SOLICITOR-GENERAL, accused by CARSON of knowing all about a certain point of law, delighted House by taking off wig, pitching it ceiling-high, deftly catching it, and observing with a wink at SPEAKER, "No, I'm hanged if I do."

Business done.—Report Stage Home-Rule Bill.

Friday Night.—Grouse to-morrow, Home-Rule Bill to-night. As BORTHWICK says, Home-Rule Bill is like partridge, at least to this extent, that, in course of a few months, its daily appearance on the table leads to sensation of palled palate. Truly, *toujours perdrix* is endurable by comparison with Always Home Rule. Members who remain bear up pretty bravely, but glance wistfully at the door through which have disappeared so many friends and companions dear, bound Northward. The holiday, even when it comes for us—the mere residuum, tasting grouse only from the bounty of our friends, who are not dead but gone before—will be but an interval in a prodigiously long Session. "I suppose you find the Autumn Session very popular," I said to MARJORIE BANKS, who still wears a smile. "Yes," he said; "more especially with Members who have paired up to Christmas."

Business done.—Still harping on Home Rule.



The Government Humorist.

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

No. III.—LADY HILDA'S MYSTERY.

A DAY or two after the stirring events which I have related as taking place at Blobley-in-the-Marsh, and of which, it will be remembered, I was myself an astonished spectator, I happened to be travelling, partly for business, partly for pleasure, through one of the most precipitous of the inaccessible mountain-ranges of Bokhara. It is unnecessary for me to state in detail the reasons that had induced me once more to go so far a-field. One of the primary elements in a physician's success in his career is, that he should be able to guard, under a veil of impenetrable silence, the secrets confided to his care. It cannot, therefore, be expected of me that I should reveal why his Eminence the Cardinal DACAPPO, one of the most illustrious of the Princes of the Church, desired that I should set off to Bokhara. When the memoirs of the present time come to be published, it is possible that no chapter of them will give rise to bitterer discussion than that which narrates the interview of the redoubtable Cardinal with the humble author of this story. Enough, however, of this, at present. On some future occasion much more will have to be said about it. I cannot endure to be for ever the scape-goat of the great, and, if the Cardinal persists in his refusal to do me justice, I shall have, in the last resort, to tell the whole truth about one of the strangest affairs that ever furnished gossip for all the most brilliant and aristocratic tea-tables of the Metropolis.

I was walking along the narrow mountain path that leads from Balkh to Samarcand. In my right hand I held my trusty kirghiz, which I had sharpened only that very morning. My head was shaded from the blazing sun by a broad native mollah, presented to me by the Khan of Bokhara, with whom I had spent the previous day in his Highness's magnificent marble and alabaster palace. As I walked I could not but be sensible of a curiously strained and tense feeling in the air—the sort of atmosphere that seems to be, to me at least, the invariable concomitant of country-house guessing-games. I was at a loss to account for this most curious phenomenon, when, looking up suddenly, I saw on the top of an elevated crag in front of me the solitary and impassive figure of PICKLOCK HOLES, who was at that moment engaged on one of his most brilliant feats of induction. He evinced no surprise whatever at seeing me. A cold smile lingered for a moment on his firm and secretive lips, and he laid the tips of his fingers together in his favourite attitude of deep consideration.

"How are you, my dear POTSON?" he began. "What? not well? Dear me, dear me, what can it mean? And yet I don't think it can have been the fifth glass of sherbet which you took with the fourteenth wife of the KHAN. No, I don't think it can have been that."

"HOLES, you extraordinary creature," I broke in; "what on earth made you think that I drank five glasses of sherbert with the KHAN's fourteenth wife?"

"Nothing simpler, my dear fellow. Just before I saw you a native Bokharan goose ran past this rock, making, as it passed, a strange hissing noise, exactly like the noise made by sherbert when immersed in water. Five minutes elapsed, and then you appeared. I watched you carefully. Your lips moved, as lips move only when they pronounce the word fourteen. You then smiled and scratched your face, from which I immediately concluded you were thinking of a wife or wives. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, I do, perfectly," I answered, overjoyed to be able to say so without deviating from the truth; for in following his reasoning I did not admit its accuracy. As to that I said nothing, for I had drunk sherbert with no one, and consequently had not taken five glasses with the fourteenth wife of the KHAN. Still, it was a glorious piece of guess-work on the part of my matchless friend, and I expressed my admiration for his powers in no measured terms.

"Perhaps," said HOLES, after a pause, "you are wondering

why I am here. I will tell you. You know Lady HILDA CARDAMUMS?"

"What, the third and loveliest daughter of the Marquis of SASSAFRAS?"

"The same. Two days ago she left her boudoir at Sassafra Court, saying that she would return in a quarter of an hour. A quarter of an hour elapsed, the Lady HILDA was still absent. The whole household was plunged in grief, and every kind of surmise was indulged in to account for the lovely girl's disappearance. Under these circumstances the Marquis sent for me, and that," said HOLES, "is why I am here."

"But," I ventured to remark, "do you really expect to find Lady HILDA here in Bokhara, on these inhospitable precipices, where even the wandering Bactrian finds his footing insecure? Surely it cannot be that you have tracked the Lady HILDA hither?"

"Tush," said HOLES, smiling in spite of himself at my vehemence. "Why should she not be here? Listen. She was not at Sassafra Court. Therefore, she must have been outside Sassafra Court. Now in Bokhara is outside Sassafra Court, or, to put it algebraically,

in Bokhara = outside Sassafra Court.
Substitute 'in Bokhara' for 'outside Sassafra Court,' and you get this result—

'She must have been in Bokhara.'

Do you see any flaw in my reasoning?"

For a moment I was unable to answer. The boldness and originality of this master-mind had as usual taken my breath away. HOLES observed my emotion with sympathy.

"Come, come, my dear fellow!" he said; "try not to be too much overcome. Of course, I know it is not everybody who could track the mazes of a mystery so promptly; but, after all, by this time you of all people in the world ought to have grown accustomed to my ways. However, we must not linger here any longer. It is time for us to restore Lady HILDA to her parents."

As HOLES uttered these words a remarkable thing happened. Round the corner of the crag on which we were standing came a little native Bokharan telegraph boy. He approached HOLES, salaamed deferentially, and handed him a telegram. HOLES opened it, and read it without moving a muscle, and then handed it to me. This is what I read:—

"To HOLES, Bokhara.

"HILDA returned five minutes after you left. Her watch had stopped. Deeply grateful to you for all your trouble. SASSAFRAS."

There was a moment's silence, broken by HOLES.

"No," he said, "we must not blame the Lady HILDA for being at Sassafra Court and not in Bokhara. After all, she is young and necessarily thoughtless."

"Still, HOLES," I retorted, with some natural indignation, "I cannot understand how, after your convincing induction, a girl of any delicacy of feeling can have remained away from Bokhara."

"I knew she would do so," said my friend, calmly.

"HOLES, you are more wonderful than ever," was all that I could murmur. So that is the true story of Lady HILDA CARDAMUMS' return to her family.

DANGER!

In our London streets, for native or stranger, We ought to have notice-boards warning of "Danger!" Like those on the Thames near the weirs and locks. When Premiers collide, and when Princes get shocks, In cabs or in carriages, King Street way driving, 'Tis time that street warnings the wise were contriving. For now it is clear that you might as well try To steer a balloon through a thundery sky, Or take a stroll near the setting of sun In a suburb where cads upon bicycles run; Or command—or serve in—an ironclad fleet, As—take a drive down St. James's Street!



"Holes opened it, and read it."

THE LITTLE OLD (PARLIAMENTARY) WOMAN, HER (NEWCASTLE PROGRAMME) SHOE, AND HER IMPORTUNATE CHILDREN.

(An old Nursery Rhyme Re-adapted.)



THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN HER SHOE,
SHE HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO;
SO SHE GAVE THEM SOME BROTH WITHOUT ANY BREAD,
THEN "WHIPPED" THEM ALL UP, AND—SENT THEM TO BED!

[“Inspired, as it may be presumed, by the more or less remote prospect of the termination of the Home-Rule debate, the political creditors of the Government are vying with one another in urging their respective claims to priority of payment.”—*Morning Post*.
“Their bills are the promises of the Newcastle Programme.”—*Times*.]

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

MY ANGELINA once enjoyed
The mild lawn-tennis all the day,
And did not scorn to be employed
In croquet's unexciting fray;
O truly happy seasons, when
I think of you, I wish you back,
For ANGELINA had not then
Become a golfing maniac!
But now of none of these she thinks,
All such pursuits she reckons “slow,”

And spends the days upon the links,
Where nevermore I mean to go:
For I recall the heartless snubs,
Which those enchanting lips let
fall,
When I demolished several clubs,
And lost my temper, and the ball.
To-day the fickle maid prefers
With young MACDUFF to pass her
time,
Because his “putting,” she avers—
Whatever that be—“is sublime;”

And when I get a chance to state
The deep affection felt by me,
She interrupts me to relate
How well she did that hole in three!
I love my ANGELINA still,
Yet he who chose her as a wife
Would be expected to fulfil
A caddie's duties all his life;
So, if I turn away instead,
You will not hold me much to blame?
How can I woo her? She is wed
Already—to this awful game!



EXPERTO CREDE.

Corporal M' Taggart, of the Nairn and Elgin Highlanders (to Photographer). "HECH MON, YE'LL NEEVER HIT US THAT GAIT,—YE'RE NO ALLOWIN' FOR WINDAGE!"

CROQUET.

O FEEBLEST game, how strange if you should
To favour, *vice* tennis superseded! [rise
And yet beneath such glowing summer skies,
When wildest energy is invalidated,
Mere hitting balls through little hoops
Seems work enough. One merely stoops,
And lounges round, no other toil is needed.

Upon a breezy lawn beneath the shade
Of rustling trees that hide the sky so sunny,
I'll play, no steady game as would be played
By solemn, earnest folks as though for
money—

For love is better. Simply stoop,
And hit the ball. It's through the hoop!
My partner smiles; she seems to think it
funny.

My pretty partner, whose bright, laughing eyes
Gaze at me while I aim another blow; lo,
I've missed because I looked at her! With
I murmur an apologetic solo. [sighs
The proudest athlete here might stoop,
To hit a ball just through a hoop,
And say the game—with her—beats golf
and polo.

TRUMPS FOR TRAMPS.

(From the Story of a Much-considered Nothing.)

THE Tramp was distinctly one of the Un-employed. He had no money, no friends, no home. He had obtained some work a short while since. The labour, of course, had been unskilled, and then there had come a strike, and the Tramp and his mates had turned out

with the rest. The Tramp was a little annoyed, as he had been fairly satisfied to earn bread and butter and meat, and above all, and before all, beer. But the leaders of the strike had



satisfied him that it was entirely for his benefit. That as the Tramp could not work up to their standard, it was their duty to work down to his—and yet get paid at the same rate of

wages belonging to the higher scale. This seemed to the Tramp pleasant enough. But while he waited, he starved; so he was not sure that the notion of the strike was so excellent after all. But then his brain might have been clearer—it had not been fed (in common with the rest of his body) for several days.

So the Tramp—worn, ragged, and tanned—wandered to the spot where Labour was holding her Congress. The last meeting had been held, and the final squabble settled when he reached his destination. There were a couple of well-fed, healthy-looking men, dressed in good strong broad-cloth, standing outside the meeting-place. They regarded the Tramp with some surprise.

"Surely not a Member?" said the first.
"And of course not a Delegate?" hinted the second.

The tramp shook his head. He knew nothing about Members and Delegates.

"I thought not," said Number One. "All our Members and Delegates are quite of respectable appearance."

"Got nothing to do," replied the Tramp, laconically.

"Why don't you try the Colonies?" asked Number Two. "There has been an immense fall in the value of land in Australia. You would get it cheap just now. Why not emigrate? Why not acquire some land?"

"I don't want land, I want food!" returned the Tramp.

"Well, when we have a vacancy, you shall become one of us. We eat, drink, and talk; but we don't work. It's the best employment out." And the Tramp found it so.

'ARRIET ON LABOUR.

DEAR POLLY,—These are pooty times, and don't you make no horror. They gives me twists, though I am called the Tottenham Court Road Terror.

Along of quantities of pluck, and being such a dasher;
But now the papers bring hus news as spiles yer mornin' rasher.

"Labour is looking up, you bet!" So sez SAM JONES, our neighbour.
"I'm glad to 'ear it, SAM," sez I. "But, SAMMY, wot is Labour?"

SAM gives his greasy curl a twist,
and looks seven ways for Sunday.

Bit bosky. SAM, thick in the clear,
as usual on Saint Monday.

"Labour!" I sez, "Oh, shoo fly,
SAM! You 'orny-'anded codgers—

Your palm's as soft as putty,
SAM—arereglar Artful Dodgers.
Yer Labour, with a capital L,
looks mighty fine in print, SAM.
But *work* with a small w—ah! I
see yer takes the 'int, SAM."

That shut him up, the lolloper!
He know'd I'd took his measure,

And squelching 'umbugs always
do give me pertikler pleasure.
JONES sorter set 'is cap at me; I
earn good money I do;
But love as follows L.S.D.'s all
fol-der-riddle-dido!

"Bashing a knobstick's ripping
fun, no doubt—for them as
bashes;

But this here new petroleum
game won't work." Here
JONES's lashes—

They're stubby, ginger, sly-fox
ones—got kinder tangle-
twinkle.

I 'ad my eye on 'im, the worm,
while working out my wrinkle.

(I'd got a pennorth in a bag;
they're things to which I'm
partial.)

"We *must* bust up Mernopoly,"
sez SAM, a-looking martial.

"The 'Oly Cause o' Labour can't
be stayed by trifles, 'ARRIET!
JUDAS must 'ang, 'twere weakness
to show mercy to ISCARIOT!"

"Bit o' yer platform gag," sez I.
"You keep it for the club, SAM.

'Twon't comfort me, nor your old
mother toiling at the tub, SAM.
The 'Oly Cause o' Labour, SAM's,
a splendid thing to spout about,
But it's a thing as skulkers makes
the most tremenjus rout about."

I'm only just a work-girl, POLL,
one of the larky drudges

As swarm acrost the bridge at
night and 'omeward gaily
trudges,

A tootling "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay,"
a chaffing of the fellers,

And flourishing their feathered 'ats bright reds, and blues and
yellers.

As vulgar as they make 'em, POLL. Leastways the chaps whose
trade is

To write and dror in Comics, call hus "anythink but ladies."

Ladies? O lor! On thirteen bob a week, less sundry tanners
For fines, it's none so easy, POLL, to keep up style and manners.

But work-girls *work*, and that is more than SAM and 'is sort—drat
'em!

When I see shirks platforming, POLL, I'm longing to get at 'em.

When Women's Rights include the charnce of gettin' a fair 'earing
For Women's Wrongs—wy then there'll be less bashing and less
beering.

As for the Vote—well, I dunno. It seems pertikler curious
That politics makes a man a hass, they drives the fellers furious.

If Votes sets women by the ears, as they does men, my winky!
I guess 'twill make domestic life even more crabbed and kinky.

Wy my young man—you know 'im, POLL—whose temper's real
milky,

Whose 'art is soft as 'is merstarche—and that is simply silky—
Got that rouged up on polling day, along of a young Tory
As called him names. I 'ad to 'ug 'im off to stop the gory.

The chap was in the 'atting line, and thought BALFOUR a 'ero;
Whereas my MICK 'as Hirish blood, and calls 'im "Niminy Nero."

I don't a bit know what they
meant, but if them votes should
send hus

As fairly off our chumps as men,
the shine *will* be tremendous!

We *shall* 'ave a fair beano then!

Well, I'm not nuts on voting.

Your 'ARRIET's lay is—better
pay! That's not wot they're
promoting.

Them spouting Labour Candi-
dates. Of women's work they're
jealous;

They light the fire to warm hus?
Bah! they're only good at
bellows!

Their Eight 'Ours Day, and such-
like rot, gives me the 'ump,
dear POLLY—

Wouldn't some women like it,
though? Well, 'oping for it's
folly,

Like longing for a seal-skin *sweet*,
or a Marquise for a lover.

Man's work may be too long
sometimes, a woman's *never*
over.

Leastways, a *married* woman's,
POLL. MICK's 'ot on me to
'settle,"

But eighteen bob a week—his
screw—ain't much to bile the
kettle;

And I ain't 'ad my fling, not yet.
MICK's reglar smart and sparky,
But—when a woman's fairly
spliced, it's U. P. with the
larky.

And oh my, POLL, I *do* love
larks! Theaters, 'ops, and
houtings

Warm a girl's 'art a rare sight
more than politics and spout-
ings.

MICK says he 'as his eye upon a
"flat," neat and commejus.

MICK's a good sort, but tied for
life to toil—at eighteen? Ojus!

'Ard Labour, and for life, with-
out the hoption! That's a
sentence

As 'ot as 'ARRY 'ORKINS's, and
no place for repentance.

Ah, POLL, my girl, a woman's
work *is* Labour, and no skulk-
ing.

It must go on though yer old
man's out of a job or sulking.

Mothers can't strike, or unionise, or make demonstrations.

The bloke 'as got the bulge on a chance. Now girls in situations,
Like you and me, POLL, 'as a chance of larky nights and jolly days,
Along of arter bizness 'ours, and, now and then, the 'olidays.

But 'twixt the cradle and the tub, the old man and 'er needle,
A married woman's tied up tight. Yus, MICK may spoon and
wheedle,

But when a woman's got four kids, bad 'ealth, and toke for tiffin,
Then marriage *is* a failure, POLL, I give yer the straight griffin.

The goodies slate us shop-girls sharp, say married life or service
Are more *respectabler*. Oh lor! Just look at poor JANE JARVIS!

She were a dasher, JENNY were, 'er fringe and feathers took it,
And now—'er only 'ope's that BILL may tire of 'er and 'ook it.

You know that purple hostrich plume she were so proud of, POLLY!
I bought it on 'er for five bob larst week, and it looks jolly



In my new 'at. But as she sat a 'nivellin' o'er that dollar,
Thinks I if this is married life 'ARRIET's not game for collar.

She looked so suety and sad, and all them golden tresses
She was so proud of when it ran to smart new 'ats and dresses,
Was all tight knotted round 'er knob like oakum on a mop, POLL.
Her bright blue eyes in mourning, and—well, there, I couldn't stop,
POLL.

Labour? Well yus, the best of hus must work; yer can't git
quit of it;

And you and me, POLL, like the rest, must do our little bit of it.
But oh, I loves my freedom, POLL, my hevenings hoffs is 'eaven;
But wives and slaves ain't allowed even one day in seven.

Jigger the men! SAM spouts and shouts about the 'Onest Worker.
That always means a Man, of course—he's a smart Man, the
shirker! [diggings,

But when a Man lives upon his wife, and skulks around his
Who is the "'Onest Worker" then?—Yours truly,

'ARRIET 'IGGINGS.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY; OR, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

DASH BLANK was a genius. He had been an immense success at school, and had done admirably at the University. He then came up to town and tried many things. He was a poet, a musician, an artist, an inventor. And everyone he knew, said it was absolutely wonderful, and that he should make a fortune. But just at the moment he had a fair income, which had been left to him by his deceased relative, and there was no occasion to augment his means. On the contrary, if anything, his accomplishments were rather a loss to him than a gain. So the situation existed for a time.

Then came a crash in the City, and poor DASH BLANK found himself penniless. It was then he tried to turn his talents to account, but found that their market value was *nil*, or even less.

But, fortunately, he was "such a genius," and to persons of that class often come what may be termed happy thoughts.

DASH BLANK disappeared—completely. His absence remained unnoticed for some time, and then, of a sudden, his death got into the papers. It was copied from one journal to another, until the intelligence was conveyed from one end of the Empire to the other. Then some one made the discovery that DASH BLANK had not been appreciated. Immediately all his brilliant failures were unearthed, and advertised into popularity. His poems on republication realised hundreds, and his pictures thousands; his wonderful invention was patented, turned into a Company of Limited Liability, and quickly realised a fortune. DASH BLANK was a name to conjure with—it was typical of success.

At length a statue was erected to his memory, and the unveiling became an important function. All sorts of smart people were present, and the finest things imaginable were said about his career. When it was all over, the Sculptor was left alone with what had been recently termed his "masterpiece."

"No," said he; "it is not a bit like poor DASH. I never could get his expression."

"It's not bad," observed a man in a cloak, who had come up while he was murmuring, and who now stood beside him; "not at all bad, considering he never gave you a sitting."

"That's true enough," replied the Sculptor; "but how did you know it?"

"Because I happen to be DASH BLANK himself!" and then the man in the cloak threw off that covering, and revealed his identity.

After this came an explanation. The genius noticing that when a clever man dies there is always a run upon his works, died himself. At any rate that was the impression in the minds of everyone save a friendly executor, who collected the money for his estate. Then the friendly executor paid the proceeds to the imaginary deceased.

"And shall you resume work?" asked the Sculptor, after he had recovered from his astonishment.

"Not I. You need be under no alarm that anyone will compare your portrait with the original. I have had enough of work, and



with my recently accumulated capital, shall try my hand at speculation. Good bye, if you are in my neighbourhood, look me up. You will find me anywhere between the Arctic and Antarctic Zones." And then he went over to America, put his money into wooden nutmegs, and promptly became a millionaire.

THE "ONE-HORSE" HOUSEHOLDER.

(A Solemn Social Ditty.)

In a region where freshly-built suburbs lie ending
'Mid plots of the glum market-gardener's ground,—
Its bare, tenantless frontages gloomily blending

With grime and neglect that are rampant all round,
Runs the street, so forlorn it could not be forlornier,

Where, looking straight down a "no thoroughfare" road,

With the blaze of a new public-house at the corner,
The sad "One-horse" Householder finds his abode!

'Tis a wilderness wild of dread dilapidations,

Where one feeble gas-light illumines the street,

While right over the way
fourteen kitchen founda-
tions

Of houses unfinished the
aching eye greet!

How he first chanced to find
it his friends often wonder.

No omnibus runs within
miles of his door,—

Nor a train, be it either
above-ground or under,

Wakes life with its thrice
welcome whistle and roar.

If you call at that house,
you'll be knocking and
ringing,

Till, with forcible language,
you're leaving the place,

When a slavey, who comes
up the hall gaily singing,

Flings open the door, with a
smut on her face.

You ask "if they're in,"
and she looks you all
over,—

It's clear she's quite new
to an afternoon call,—

Praps takes you for Turpin,
Bill Sikes, the Red Rover;

But she says that she'll
"see," and leaves you in
the hall.

You are ushered upstairs, which a Dutch carpet graces,

To a drawing-room, curtained at threepence a yard,

Where Japanese gimeracks appear in odd places,

Though ASPINALL clearly has proved their trump card;

For here it envelopes a plain kitchen-table,

There a weak wicker lounge which invites not repose;

And at length you are seated, as well as you're able,

On a folding arm-chair that half threatens to close.

But they offer you tea, made with unboiling water,

A syrupy Souchong at tenpence a pound,

Which a simpering, weebegone, elderly daughter,

With stale bread rancid buttered, is handing around.

And you think you'll be off: as your talk halts and flounders,

For you feel most distinctly, *they're not in your line*,

And you say to yourself, "Yes, these JOHNSONS are bounders,"

But before you can go, *you have promised to dine!*

That same dinner will take you some seasons forgetting!

The claret was sour, the "tinned" oysters, Blue Point;

And moreover 'tis really a little upsetting,

For the cook to come up very drunk with the joint!

And when to crown this you are asked to expel her,

And find a Policeman,—that is, if you could.

It may soothe you to hear yourself called "a good feller,"

But can you admit that the dinner was good?

And so when you meet JOHNSON going up to the City,

It somehow to-day does not strike you as odd,

That with feelings of scorn not unmingled with pity,

You hurry on fast with a stiff little nod.

Be his craze "speculation," "a crush," "a small dinner,"

A christening, marriage, a death or a birth,—

There's a limpness of purpose that shows, though no sinner.

Why the dim "One-horse" Householder cumbers the earth!





A LIVELY PROSPECT.

Jones (who has come, for the first time, to spend a week at Prigglesly Manor). "SMITH, OF BALLIOL, WAS HERE; WASN'T HE, MRS. PRIGGLESLEY?"

Mrs. Prigglesley. "YES; FOR A WEEK. HE'S JUST LEFT. HE WAS QUITE NICE. BUT I ASSURE YOU I DON'T FEEL A BIT THE WISER OR THE BETTER FOR ANY SINGLE THING HE SAID THE WHOLE TIME!" [Jones wishes himself anywhere else.]

MAKING THEM USEFUL.

SEE in the papers that school-children at Whissendine and elsewhere are taught gardening. Excellent idea, this. Small Holdings for Small Boys! Decide to try it at my "Select Academy for the Sons of Gentlemen," as kitchen garden certainly *does* want attending to, and I can't afford a gardener. Tell the boys about it. They want to know if the hour a day which I purpose to devote to Agriculture is to take the place of *Bradley's Latin Exercises*. On hearing that it is, boys seem relieved, and SMITH JUNIOR pronounces the scheme a "jolly lark." I confess I am pleased to find this appreciation of my new arrangement on the part of the most troublesome urchin in the school.

Next Day.—All the boys are now provided with separate plots, spades, rakes, and hoes. Youth, in fact, is at the Plough, and Myself at the Helm, so we ought to get on all right. I purchase for them some young cabbage-plants and cucumber-seeds, which will go down as "extras" in the bills at the end of Term. Boys very active first day. SMITH JUNIOR breaks his spade, and gets fifty lines. JONES astonishes me by talking about "Three Acres and a Cow." Find that his father is a strong Radical. Must be careful what I say to JONES. The general opinion seems to be that Gardening is better than *Bradley's Exercises* "by long chalks." Encouraging.

Week Later.—In order to gain my prize for best cabbages, boys have been stimulating their growth with a guano made of chopped

bones, slate-pencil dust, and ink! Surprisingly fine specimens in young DODGER's allotment. Too good to be true. Go out to inspect, take up one of his cabbages, and find it has no roots. DODGER admits that he bought them from village greengrocer. I remark humorously to boys—"This is DODGER's plot!" Boys cheer me, and, being indignant at DODGER's cheating, make him—so I hear afterwards—"run the gauntlet" in the dormitory the same evening. Hope it will do the little sneak good. SMITH JUNIOR tries to do circus trick on garden roller. Nearly killed. Two hundred lines, and a page of *Bradley's Exercises*. Hear him saying that "he wishes OLD SWATS (that's me) would do his gardening himself, and see how he likes it!" No, thanks.

End of the Experiment.—Kitchen garden a wreck! There has been a battle royal between FLASHBOYITES and SMITH JUNIORITES. FLASHBOY stole all the spades, and entrenched himself in an earthwork, which the other side stormed. SMITH JUNIOR bleeding but triumphant. Says "gardening is much better far than *Bradley's Exercises*." Cucumbers (bought as missiles) and potatoes lying all about. Several have got through school-room windows! Letters arrive from parents. Thought they would like the new agricultural departure as teaching their boys something really useful. But they don't. Quite indignant. Say their sons are "not intended for market-gardeners." SMITH JUNIOR's parent says his boy is "meant for the Church." Didn't know this before. SMITH JUNIOR will be an ornament of the Church Militant at any rate. Drop the gardening, and go back to *Bradley*.

"THE USUAL CHANNEL."

To what snug refuge do I fly
When glass is low, and billows high,
And goodness knows what fate is nigh?—
My Cabin!

Who soothes me when in sickness' grip,
Brings a consolatory "nip,"
And earns my blessing, and his tip?—
The Steward!

When persons blessed with fancy rich
Declare "she" does not roll, or pitch,
What say—"The case is hardly sich"?—
My Senses!

What makes me long for *real* Free Trade,
When no Douaniers could invade,
Nor keys, when wanted, be mislaid?—
My Luggage!

What force myself, perhaps another,
To think (such thoughts we try to smother)
"The donkey-engine is our brother"?—
Our Feelings!

And what, besides a wobbling funnel,
Screw-throb, oil-smell, unstable gunwale,
Converts me to a Channel Tunnel?—
My Crossing!

COOKED AT HEREFORD.

THE strongest always rule the roast.
Yes! we believe it fully;
So what's the natural result,
When COOKE's opposed by PULLEY?
Vain contest—vain the gallant fight!
The winner's safely booked,
And forty-four good witnesses
Affirm the *poulet's* cooked.



THE POOR VICTIM!

JOHN. "HM! GOOD; MIGHT BE BETTER!"

JONATHAN. "HM! BAD; MIGHT BE WORSE!"

THE SEAL. "THREE MONTHS' CLOSE-TIME! HM! MIGHT HA' MADE IT TWELVE!"

ONLY FANCY!

ONLY fancy if the Earth were flat—
As most of those who live upon it are—
And you went too near the edge of it, and
toppled from the ledge of it,
And landed on a distant star!
Only fancy, if you fell upon your feet,
And recovered pretty quickly from the jar,



And you understood the lingo
which the people
speak and sing,
oh,

Who dwell upon
a distant star!
Only fancy, only
fancy, what a
lot of things
there are

Very likely to be
met with on a
distant star.

A goodish many things would prove
Not exactly quite the same as here, I guess;
P'raps the ladies *all* are pretty, and the men
all smart and witty,
And marriage an unqualified success.
P'raps, like WASHINGTON, they cannot tell
a lie,
And gossip is excluded from their talk;
P'raps with them a thing of course is that
beef isn't made of horses,
And the milkmen haven't even heard of
chalk!

Only fancy, &c.

Perhaps they've no occasion for police,
Though they may keep just a few to spoon
the cooks;
If they do, no doubt they're wary whom they
make Home Secretary,
And the Chief Commissioner's chosen for
his looks.
Very likely, if they ever play a farce,
It contains a pretty moral for the young,
And perhaps their panorama has a mission,
and their drama
To the tune of the Old Hundredth's "said
or sung."

Only fancy, &c.

Very likely they have guns that will not
burst,
And machinery that won't get out of gear;
P'raps they've even ammunition in respect-
able condition,
And vessels that are guaranteed to steer.
And it's possible they have Vestries who
refrain [meet;
From swearing at each other when they
And, though *this* isn't probable, they may
have Boards "unjobable,"
And Contractors who will neither bribe
nor cheat.

Only fancy, &c.

A Parliament perhaps they may require,
But its Members very likely don't obstruct,
And each Government proposition just
delights the Opposition,
And anyone who makes a noise is "chucked."
Very possibly they do not care for speech,
But if indeed they've got a Grand Old Man
In whom the fancy lingers, why, he talks
upon his fingers,
And they answer on the self-same plan!
Only fancy, &c.

Mrs. R. says there is such a scare now
about typhoid that she always takes a tin
of dis-connecting fluid about with her. She
also says, a bottle of automatic vinegar is
very refreshing in church.

MY GARDENERESS.

["Lady CARLISLE is training an entire staff of
women gardeners, who, she hopes, will keep the
grounds of her Yorkshire home in as perfect a
condition as their male predecessors have done."—
Pall Mall Gazette.]

COME into the garden, MAUD,
Why has not the grass been mown?
Come into the garden, MAUD,
Those seeds have never been sown;
I fear you've been taking your walks abroad—
You blush like a rose full-blown.

When the early snail first moves,
Before the sun is on high,
Beginning to gnaw the leaves he loves
On the beds, you should always try
To pick him off with your garden gloves,
And stamp on him—he must die.

You can't touch snails? Let that pass,
I will smash each one in his shell;
But when it rains you can roll the grass,
When dry can water it well.
You say you can't wet your boots—alas!—
Nor work when it's warm, *ma belle*?

And yet your wages you claim;
I should like to know what you do.
In truth I can't bear to blame
Such a sweet pretty girl as you;
So stop as my gardener all the same—
I'll be master and workman too.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Rough work should never be done
By delicate hands as white as pearls,
You only began for fun;
So sit, with your parasol over your curls,
Whilst I dig like mad in the sun



IMPROVED COSTUME FOR THE METRO-
POLITAN POLICE DURING THE GREAT
HEAT OF 1893.

WHO IS IT?

*A Political Enigma. Compounded from the
Press of the Period.*

He's hopeless of heaven, he's too bad
for —,
(So say Unionist bards, and they ought to
know well.)
He is JUDAS-cum-CAIN with a *soupçon* of
OATES,
An imperious despot,
who grovels for
votes;
A mean truckling
tyrant, an auto-
crat slave;
A Knave who plays
King, and a
King who plays
Knave.
A haughty Com-
mander, the tool
of his troops,
A swayer of "items,"
nose-led by his
dupes;
A Dog-despot, wagged by the tip of his
tail,
A Conspirator potent, whose plot's bound to
fail;
The land's greatest danger, because such a
dolt;
As ruler a scourge, because breeding revolt;
As political guide ever banefully strong,
Because the majority sees he is wrong.
A prolix *Polonius* who proves his senility
By taking the shine out of youth and
ability:
A veteran lagging superfluous, whose age
Puts him "out of it" so, that he fills the
whole stage:
So old that his age gives him every claim,
Save to decent respect, which, of course, is a
shame,
And absurd "fetish-worship." As Lucifer
proud
And imperious, yet supple of knee to the
crowd;
A CORIOLANUS who plays the JACK CADE;
A coward of nothing and no one afraid;
A blundering batsman whom none can bowl
out;
A craven who staggers opponents most stout;
A traitor who gives his whole life to the
State,
Whose zeal proves his spite, and his service
his hate.
A truckler to treason and trickster for
place,
Whose stubbornness oft throws him out of the
race;
A lover of power and public applause,
Who dares to oppose the most popular cause.
A talkative sophist who will *not* explain;
A bad-tempered man, ever bland and urbane:
A casuist no one can half understand,
But whose sinister purpose is plain as your
hand;
A vituperative and venomous foe,
Whose speeches with calm magnanimity
glow.
In short, an old dolt, who inflicts dire defeat
On the smartest young foes he can manage to
meet;
A powerless provoker of dreadful disasters,
A master of slaves whose mere slaves are his
masters;
A voluble sphinx, and a simple chimæra
The Age's conundrum, the *crux* of his era!

Mem.:

If you can't give a guess at the theme of
these rhymes,
Why, peruse all the papers, and move with
the times!



AUSTRALIA THE (WITHOUT) GOLDEN.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that, with a view to economy, the Victorian Legislature have cut down the salary of their future Governors to a reasonable sum. Every one will applaud an act inspired by so worthy a motive. Still, as the officials who have been thus deprived of some of their emoluments have a certain state to keep up, I think it would be only fair were that state also to undergo revision. With a view to assisting in so desirable a programme, I jot down a few suggestions.

Uniform.—Future Governors not to be required to wear gold lace. Yellow braid to be sparingly used in decorating their frock-coats. Dirks to be substituted for swords. Cocked-hats no longer to be trimmed with feathers.

Official Entertainments.—Governors no longer to be required to ask Colonials to dinner. Luncheons with chops and steaks and boiled potatoes to be substituted for extensive menus. Balls to be given only occasionally, and guests to be served with the lightest of light refreshments (sandwiches and lemonade); and if dancing be required, dancers to supply their own orchestras.

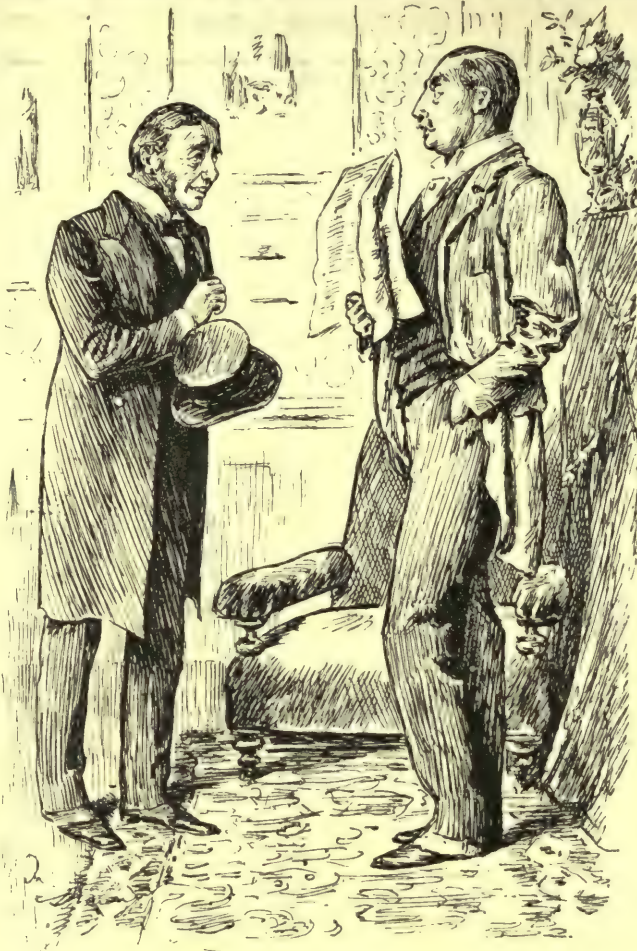
Attending State Functions.—Governors no longer to be expected to appear in carriage and pair. Their Excellencies to be entitled to use trams, omnibuses, and bicycles. When laying a foundation-stone, the Governors to be permitted to wear double-soled boots, and carry umbrellas.

Miscellaneous.—To avoid expense, salutes will be dispensed with as much as possible. When guns are fired, tubes to be used without cartridges. Flags not to be flown in wet weather, and Chairs of State always to be covered with brown holland. Gaslights to be sparingly lighted, and wax-candles abolished.

There, my dear Sir, this should be a relief both to the goose and the gander. It is quite right to economise, but it is a little strange to find that we get our first hint in this direction from the Antipodes.

Yours truly,

GAY WITHOUT PAY.



A SLIGHT CONFUSION OF IDEAS.

Local Hatter. "I 'OPE YOU 'LL EXCUSE MY CALLING, SIR GEORGE; BUT I 'EARD AS HER LADYSHIP WAS GOING TO GIVE A PLAY IN THE GROUNDS—A PASTORAL PLAY, THEY TOLD ME—SO I MADE SO BOLD AS JEST TO COME ROUND AND SAY AS I 'D GOT A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF CLERICAL 'ATS, AND THAT I SHOULD BE MOST 'APPY TO PUT 'EM AT HER LADYSHIP'S DISPOSAL!"

Puppet Number Two. Truth is nothing if not respectable.

Puppet Number One. Remember, respectability is an affectation, of cynics, dramatic authors—and other people of no importance generally.

Mrs. R. observes, "it is only too true that Summer pleasures, as the poet says, are nearly always effervescent."

STILL WILDER IDEAS.

(Possibilities for the next O Wilde Play.)

Puppet Number One. Let's come into the garden, MAUDLE. I adore the garden. Don't you know that the book of at least one good play begins with some epigrams in the garden, and ends with—

Puppet Number Two. Recitations—strictly puritanical. Well, let's go into the garden: there's nothing but Nature to look at there, so we will discuss—

Puppet Number One. The picture shows. It seems to me there are two principles in modern art. The first is—give a picture a good name, and they'll hang it.

Puppet Number Two. What's—ahem!—what is in a name?

Puppet Number One. Usually a good deal more than is in the picture.

Puppet Number Two. And the second principle?

Puppet Number One. Art is short, and the life (of the average Academician) is long.

Puppet Number Two. Ah, well. I suppose I shall have to ask you sooner or later to define Art.

Puppet Number One. Certainly. Art is that which invariably goes one better than Nature.

Puppet Number Two (with a sigh). And what is Nature?

Puppet Number One. Nature is that which is not so natural as it is painted.

Puppet Number Two (with a groan). What about truth in Art then?

Puppet Number One. Ah! Truth is that one infirmity of a noble mind.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 14.—Quite shocked to see ASHER to-day. Strong constitution and a happy disposition united to make him a picture of buoyant health. Observing him walk up floor of House just now, hardly knew him. Shoulders bowed; arms hanging limp; cheeks sallow; an unspeakable sorrow in his dimmed eyes.

"What's the matter, Mr. SOLICITOR?" I asked, instinctively falling into the whispering tone proper in sick rooms. "Is it the state of Scotch business that weighs upon your mind? or is it true, as whispered, that necessity has been discovered for bringing in Bill amending the Borough Police and Health Act, 1892, with its 435 clauses?"

"No," said ASHER; "I'm thinking of neither. My thoughts tend in quite another direction. My heart is at Deeside, my heart is not here. I have a moor there; you understand me—not a person of dark complexion, who, after much conversation, disposes of his wife with the assistance of a pillow. But a stretch of moorland, gorse-scented, grouse-haunted. I awoke early on Saturday morning

hearing the popping of the guns in far-off Aboyne. Mere fancy, of course. You remember CHARLES LAMB's story about supping with some Scotchmen, and incidentally observing he only wished, to make the joy complete, that BURNS were there? One by one the Scotchmen got up and explained to him that BURNS had been dead for ever so many years, and that it was practically impossible, in view of the circumstances, that he could have been present; even, one of them added, supposing they knew BURNS, and it had occurred to them to invite him. So you will say that Deeside, being hundreds of miles away, I could not hear the birds on the wing, or the pottering of the guns. In a sense, that is true; but I heard them all the same; worse still, heard them when I was in church yesterday, and should have been hearing something else. I wouldn't mind missing a day, a week, or, in the service of my QUEEN and country, a fortnight. What I see, and what gars me greet, is the endless vista of nights and days we shall spend here. If we get any shooting at all we shall begin with the pheasants.

O my BARTLEY, shallow-pated! O my TOMMY, such a bore!

O, my dear beloved moorland, shall I see thee evermore?"

ASHER's case representative of many; only his despair is the more eloquent.

Business done.—Marking time in Home-Rule debate.



FATHER THAMES PURIFIED AND GLORIFIED, AS PROMISED BY L. C. C.

Tuesday.—Just before eight bells, when all hands were piped below, Admiral FIELD turned up in favourite character as the honest British sailor. Rather modelled on transpontine style; a little unnecessarily noisy; too humorously aggressive; hopelessly obvious. But in present circumstances House grateful for anything; gleefully laughed whilst the Admiral shivered his timbers,



Admiral Field as the honest British Sailor.

talked about losing his soundings in a fog, declared against all shams, referred to himself as "honest and modest sailor who believed in straightforward action, and refused to have his eyes blinded by abstract proposals."

That last phrase didn't sound seafaring, but, as another honest sailor was accustomed to say, its bearings lay in the application of it. Motion before House was to eliminate Second Chamber from Home-Rule scheme; brought forward by Radicals; situation difficult for Opposition. If they voted against the Government they would be declaring against principle of House of Lords. If they voted with them they would be approving a proposition of the hated Bill. JOSEPH judiciously got out of difficulty by declining to vote at all. PRINCE ARTHUR elaborately explained that in going into Lobby with the Radicals he was voting against a concrete proposal and in favour of an abstract principle. This too subtle for COURTNEY, who announced his intention of voting with Government who happened to agree with him in approving principle of Second Chamber. It was amid these cross blades that the Admiral, hitching up his trousers, danced a hornpipe. TOMLINSON attempting to bring House back to more serious views, Members with one accord rushed into Lobby, and Government came out with majority of 83.

Business done.—Seventh night in Report Stage Home-Rule Bill.

Thursday.—"Whew!" said the Member for SARK. "I don't know what will become of us if things go on much longer like this. With a PREMIER over eighty, and the thermometer over 90, the situation is at least unusual. Even JOSEPH not able to maintain his favourite attitude, grafted on the iced cucumber. Just now Mr. G. made a passing remark, quite mild compared with JOEY's own sly hits. J. C. up on instant, with boding brow and angry plaint that Mr. G. had attempted to slay him with a sneer."

"Yes," said PLUNKET, "times are hot. I don't know what we

should do without TOMMY BOWLES. The spectacle of his white ducks is to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. They talk about an army of men in the basement working machinery that keeps the temperature ten degrees below what it is marked on the Terrace. Also there is, it seems, a ton and a half of ice melting in ventilating chambers at the taxpayers' expense for our comfort. But I don't think ice is in it with TOMMY's ducks. Even if they were stationary it would be something. But observe how, coming and going, TOMMY's brain an argosy of great thoughts, the ducks seem to skim over our prosaic floor, calling up even to the unimaginative mind a vision of deep, tree-shaded, quietly-rippling Broad, over which the wild duck swiftly moves, waving white wings."

Only PLUNKET, I fancy, could evolve poesy out of to-night's scene; hot above precedent, dull beyond endurance.

"PLUNKET's duck picture cool and refreshing. But," said EDWARD OF ARMAGH, drawing on his military experiences, "what we're doing just now may be much more accurately described as the goose step."

Quite so. We sit all afternoon and far into the night, always talking, sometimes dividing; every appearance of motion, no advance; feet lifted with due sign of walking, but when midnight strikes and parade dismissed we are found posted exactly at the same spot as that on which we took our stand at half-past three in the afternoon.

If Mr. G. means business the sooner he gets about it the better.

Business done.—None.

Friday.—Mr. G. does mean business. Commences on Monday, when Motion will be made to close Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill. Mere reference to it set House bubbling with excitement. Mr. G.'s proposed Resolution not yet drafted. "You know how it is," he said, smiling blandly at PRINCE ARTHUR; "you've had a good deal of experience in drawing Resolutions of this nature." But if Ministers not ready with their Resolution, JOSEPH prepared with Amendment. Read it out amid lively interruption.

Conversation later conducted with much vigour across the Gangway, where, a fortnight ago, GUNTER received an Irish Member (not iced) full in pit of stomach. Once the Blameless BARTLEY signalled out Member for South Donegal, mentioning him by name as respon-



Swift MacNeill refuses to be named.

sible for particular excolemations. "Don't presume to mention my name," said MACNEILL, leaning across gangway.

"Look here, BARTLEY," said TOMMY BOWLES, "if you're going on that tack, you must come and sit at this side. When I saw MACNEILL open his mouth to speak, I confess I thought I was going to be swallowed whole. You sit here; there's more of you."

Business done.—Notice given that business is about to commence.

LETTERS TO ABSTRACTIONS.

TO FAILURE

Ecco iterum! Well, why not? So long as I do not exanimate you with my letters, I remain content. Besides, I have not yet fully-developed all my theories. Let us, therefore, continue to chat together for a little.

I cannot proceed for ever by the negative method. No doubt I might in the end, exhaust the list of those who are not your subjects, but the process would be long, and, I fear, tedious. No; I must come to the point and produce my cases. What shall we say of them, then? Hoop declares that—

"There is a silence where hath been no sound,
There is a silence where no sound may be,
In the cold grave, under the deep, deep sea."

and so forth; doubtless you remember the sonnet. Not there, however, is the true silence—

"But in green ruins, in the desolate walls
Of antique palaces, where Man hath been,
Though the dun fox, or wild hyena calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,—
There the true Silence is, self-conscious and alone."

As with silence, so with failure, say I. The man who has never felt the spur of ambition nor the intoxication of a success, who has travelled always upon the level tracts of an unsparking satisfaction, on him, surely, failure sets no mark, and disappointment has for him no stings. But the poor souls who soar only to sink, who melt their waxen wings in the fierce heat of the sun, and fall crashing to earth, theirs is the lot for pity. And yet it is not well to be too sure. For in the eyes of the world a man may be cheated of his purpose, and yet gain for himself the peace, the sober, contented joy, which is more to him than the flaunting trophies of open success. And some clasp the goddess in their arms, only to wither and decay in the embrace they sought with so eager a passion. But I tarry, while time creeps on.

From the mist of memory rises a scene. A knot of laughing Freshmen is gathered in the ancient Court outside the lecture-room staircase. It wants a minute or two to the hour. They are jesting and chaffing with all the delightful unconcern of emancipated youth, and their cheerful faces shine brighter in the October sunshine. Some thirty yards away from them a strange figure, in dingy cap and gown, paces wearily along. It is that of a prematurely aged man, his back bent, his head sunk upon his chest. The Freshmen begin to knock one another about; there is what we used to call a "rag," and one of them, seizing a small lump of turf, throws it at a companion. It misses him, and strikes the old, weary figure on the back of the neck. He totters forward with outstretched hands, just saves himself from falling, and turns round. There is a terrible, hunted, despairing look on the face, made more pitiful by the grey, straggling beard. The Freshman has darted forward with an apology. The old man mutters, half to himself, "What was it? Did some one call for me? I am quite alone, and I scarcely remember—" and then shuffles away quickly, without listening to the words of apology. The adventure chills the laughter of the young men, the clock strikes, and they vanish to the lecture-room.

This poor, rambling, distraught wreck of a man, was all that was left in those days of a great and brilliant scholar, whose fame a quarter of a century before had been alive in the mouths of Cambridge men. From the moment that he entered at St. Mark's, HENRY ARKWRIGHT began a glorious career of prize-winning. Scholarships were to him a part of his daily bread. He swallowed them as other men swallow rolls for breakfast. A magic influence seemed to smooth for him the rough and rocky paths of learning. While his comrades stumbled along with bruised limbs, he marched with firm and triumphant step to the summit. And he had other advantages. He was handsome, his manner was frank and winning, he was an athlete of distinction, he spoke with fiery and epigrammatic eloquence at the Union. It is needless to add that his popularity was unbounded amongst his companions. He took the best degree of his year, and was made a Fellow of his College.

There was no lack of glowing prophecies about his future. The only doubt was whether the Lord Chancellorship or the post of Prime Minister would more attract his genius. Nobody supposed that he

would stay on at Cambridge. But he did. A few years after taking his degree he published a monumental edition of a Greek classic, which is still one of the fountain-heads of authority, even amongst the severe scholars of the Fatherland. And after that there was an end of him. Nobody quite knew what had happened to him, and as the years rolled on fewer and fewer cared to inquire. He went to hall, he sat silent in the Combination-room, he withdrew himself gradually from all intercourse with friends. His whole appearance changed, he became dishevelled, his face grew old and wrinkled, and his hair turned grey before his time. And thus dwindling and shrinking he had come to be the pitiable shadow who, as I have related, faded dismally across the College Court before a knot of cheerful Undergraduates on an October morning many years ago. What was the reason? I have often wondered. Did his labours over his book displace by a hair's-breadth some minute particle of matter in his brain? Or was there in his nature a lack of the genuine manly fibre, unsuspected even by himself until he felt himself fatally recoiling from the larger life of which the triumphs seemed to be within his grasp, if only he would stretch out his hand and seize them? I know not. Somebody once hinted that there was a woman at the bottom of it. There may have been, but it is a canon of criticism to reject the easier solution. When he died a few years ago, it appeared to be a shock to all but a few to remember that he had not died ages before.

And as I write this, I am reminded, I scarce know why, of poor Mrs. HIGHFLYER. Poor Mrs. HIGHFLYER! I hear somebody exclaim in astonishment. Why is she poor? Why must we pity her? Is she not rich? Do not the great and the titled throng to her parties during the London Season? Has she not entertained Princes in the country? What lot can be more enviable? Granted, I reply, as to the riches and the parties. But can it be seriously supposed that a life spent in a feverish struggle for recognition, its days and nights devoted to schemes for social advancement, to little plots by which Lady MOTTING, the wife of the millionaire Member of Parliament, shall be outwitted; or Mrs. FURBER, the wife of the returned Australian, shall be made to pale her ineffectual fires; to conspiracies which shall end in a higher rung of the giddy ladder of party-giving ambition—can such a life, I ask, with all its petty miseries, its desperations, its snubs, and its successes no less perilous than desperation, be considered an enviable one? Ask Mrs. HIGHFLYER herself. Visit that poor lady, as she is laying her parallels for her tenth attempt to capture some stout and red-faced royalty for her dance or her country-house, and see for yourself how she feels. She may bear aloft a smiling face, but there is unhappiness in her heart, and all her glories are as nothing to her, because she has read in the *Weekly Treadmill* that Lady MOTTING's latest party was attended

by a Royal Duke, two Ambassadors, and a Kamtchatkan Chieftain. There is failure in the meanest shape. Was I right to pity her?

Are there not, moreover, critics and literary celebrities who—but I dare too much, my pen refuses its office, so tremendous is the subject on which I have rashly entered. And with that, farewell.

D. R.

EFFEMINACY OF THE AGE.

MR. JAMES PAYN says that "some boys are really missed at home." Well, *Mr. Punch* has observed that some fond and foolish parents tog and tittivate their boys till they look behind like girls. But to "miss" them, as though they were maidens or barmaids is too bad. To adapt Ko-Ko's celebrated song, he would say:—

A boy may wear his hair in curls, or bear a pudding face,

Some mothers, as you wist, that folly can't resist!

Of true boy in dress and manners they may leave him scarce a trace,

But he never should be "missed"—he never should be "missed."

Maternal idiots molly-coddle little lads they own,

Till they're girlish in demeanour, and effeminate in tone,

But the *mater* who her "TOMMY" spoils, and dresses like a guy,

Till he doesn't think he crickets, and has no desire to try;

Is a silly, weak anomaly who ought to be well hissed;

Boys never should be "missy," and they never should be "missed."

MRS. R. is delighted. "My youngest niece," she says, "has lately become engaged to a very illegible young man."



THE DIVER.

(Fragments of a Modern Parliamentary Version. A very long way after SCHILLER.)

"Oh! where is the youth or man so bold
To dive mid yon billowy din?
There's a cup of the purest (Hibernian) gold,
Lo! how the whirlpool has sucked it in!
'Tis a crown of glory, that golden cup,
To the venturous hand that shall bear it
up!"

They listened, that goodly Company,
And were mute both squire and knight;
For they liked not the look of that wild
(Irish) sea, [strom's might,
And they funk'd a fight with that mael-
And a Voice, for the second time, loudly
spake, [sake p"]
"Will no man dive for Ould Oireland's

But silently still they gaze and stand,
Till a grey-pate grand and old
Steps lightly forth from the shuddering
band.
Oh, the glances that greet him are stern
and cold!
And a whispered warning around doth pass:
"Now, Grand Old Diver, don't be an ass!"

And lo! as he stands on the uttermost verge,
He sees, in the dark seas rushing,
Obstructive monsters that swell and surge
From the depths of the muttering
whirlpool rushing,
And their sound is the sound of hoot
and hiss.
And they leap in foam from the black abyss.

Then quick, ere his fellows were half awake,
That old man grand and grey
Plunged headlong! Ah! it made them quake
As he whirled in the whirling stream away;
And they cried. "'Tis pity the land
should suffer
This suicide of the Grand Old Duffer!"

Down! down he shot like a lightning flash!
When lo! from the depth of the rocky ground,
Did a thundering torrent to meet him dash.
Like a child's frail top he span around,
Powerless and pale; for how should he fight
With the double stream in its banded might?

The obstructive darkness of the deep
Lay all beneath him, above, about;
And goggle-eyed monsters that made him creep,
Glared at him there in a menacing rout;
For the dismal depths of those waters
Seemed alive with the kraken, the sword-fish, the shark.

There, there they clustered in grisly swarm,
Curled up into many a labyrinth
The octopus with its horrible arms,
And the sea-snake fierce, with a mouth like a slot;
And the glassy-eyed dog-fish with threatening teeth,
Hyena fierce of the sea beneath.

And the Grand Old Diver he felt half-choked,
And he mused to himself, "Must I give it up?"
In ledge and rock-cranny he peered and poked,
Till he caught the glint of that golden cup
Hung on a rock, as though it had grown
In the depth which the sea-snake calls her own.

But see! What shines from the dark flood there
As a swan's soft plumage white?
A thin, wan face, scant, wave-washed hair,
And arms that move with a summer's might.
It is he, and lo! in his left hand high
He waveth the goblet exultingly!
He is breathing deep, he is gasping long,
As he clings to a rock—for his strength half fails.
"By Jove, he has got it!" yelled forth the throng,
"He lives! he is safe!" But he pants, he pales!
The Grand Old Diver the goblet grips!
Will he live to lift it wine-brimmed to his lips?



"SUNT LACHRYMÆ RERUM—NOS ET
MUTAMUR IN ILLIS!"

Old Adonis (gazing at his bust, which was done in the early Fifties). "AH! IT NEVER DID ME JUSTICE! AND IT GETS LESS AND LESS LIKE ME EVERY DAY!"

CURE-IOUS!

SAW advertisement to-day, "Wanted, a few hopeless Drunkards," from a person who has a new Patent Remedy for Dipso-mania. Fancy that I answer the description. Why should I not apply? Funds rather low just at present, and I might get the price of a few bottles of gin out of this Anti-Alcoholic Enthusiast. He asks us to "apply by letter." Better to see if it's all a hoax or not. Shall go in person.

Have just made my application. Four other inebriates had also gone in person. They were in the waiting-room when I arrived, in advanced stage of delirium

tremens. Scandalous! All of them had fiery serpents coming out of their boots, too, which they set at me directly I appeared. What the police are about in allowing such people at large I cannot understand. Obligated to defend myself against the serpents. I believe a shindy ensued, and I was accused—most unjustly—of being intoxicated, whereas I had purposely abstained from taking more than half a bottle of neat Cognac that morning, in order to have my head quite clear for the interview. However, had a chat with the Enthusiast, who said he thought I would "do very well." Wants me to get a couple of "good testimonials" from my friends, saying that I have "really made a hopeless beast of myself for at least two years past." Rather awkward this, as most of my old chums refuse to see me now. Such is friendship!

Testimonials secured at last. Had to create a slight disturbance outside the houses of my friends before I could get them to do what I wanted. When they *did* really understand what was expected, they gave me the highest character for inebriety. One says that he "has good reason for knowing that I have not been really sober for more than a day at a time for the last five years." The other "willingly certifies" that "a more absolutely besotted specimen of gin-soddened humanity" it would be impossible to find. Sent the replies off to the Enthusiast, who returns me some of the Patent Remedy in a bottle, "to be taken as directed," but no money! What a swindle! Pawnbroker round the corner declines to advance a farthing on the Remedy. Nothing left but to try it!

Have tried it! Awfully good stuff! Must have gin in it, I think. Leave off my nightly potation of spirits, and drink half the bottle instead. Refreshing sleep. Haven't had such a night for ages. Enthusiast calls to see how I am getting on. Immensely pleased. Leaves me another bottle of the Remedy, and—on my threatening to strike unless he gives me some money—half a sovereign. Get in more gin.

Extraordinary thing has happened. Gin seems positively nasty to me now! Forced myself to drink a little. Deadly sick! There must be something very unwholesome about the Remedy. Pitch rest of it out of window.

Glad to say that my taste for gin has come back. Was able to finish half a bottle at a sitting. Go round to Enthusiast's office, to tell him about dangerous effect of his alleged Remedy. He says "the sickness and the distaste for gin was just what he wanted to produce." The inhuman

monster! Give him a little of my mind, and he retreats into an inner room, and his Clerk comes out to try and remove me from the premises. Curiously enough, the Clerk's front teeth all suddenly drop out and turn into green and red dragons, which writhe about the floor. Some sort of disturbance happens—believe Clerk tries to kill me—forget all the rest.

Later.—Appear to be in a Police cell! Why don't they shut up the keyhole to prevent those gamboge-coloured elephants getting through? Why has the Warder fifteen heads? Shall complain to the Home Secretary. Also shall make it hot for that Enthusiast when I get out.

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By *Cunnin Toil*.)

No. IV.—THE ESCAPE OF THE BULL-DOG.

I THINK I have mentioned that the vast intellect of my friend HOLES took as great a delight in unravelling the petty complexities of some slight secret as in tracing back to its source the turbid torrent of a crime that had set all Europe ablaze. Nothing, in fact, was too small for this great man; he lived only to unravel; his days and nights were spent in deciphering criminal cryptograms. Many and many a time have I said to him, "HOLES, you ought to marry, and train up an offspring of detective marvels. It is a sin to allow such a genius as yours to remain unreproduced." But he only smiled at me in his calm, impassive, unmuscular, and unemotional manner, and put me off with some such phrase as, "I am wedded to my art," or, "Detection is my wife; she loves, honours, and obeys me—qualities I could never find in a mate of flesh and blood." I merely mention these trifles in order to give my readers some further insight into the character of a remarkable man with whom it was my privilege to be associated on more than one occasion during those investigations of which the mere account has astonished innumerable Continents.

During the early Summer of the year before last a matter of scientific research took me to Cambridge. It will be remembered that at that time an obscure disease had appeared in London, and had claimed many victims. Careful study had convinced me that this illness, the symptoms of which were sudden fear, followed by an inclination to run away, and ending in complete prostration, were due to the presence in the blood of what is now known as the Proctor Bacillus, so called on account of two white patches on its chest, which had all the appearance of the bands worn by the Proctor during the discharge of his unpleasant constabulary functions in the streets and purlieus of University towns. In order to carry on my investigations at the very fountain-head, as it were, I had accepted a long-standing invitation from my old friend Colonel the Reverend HENRY BAGNET, who not only commanded the Cambridge University Volunteers, but was, in addition, one of the most distinguished scholarly ornaments of the great College of St. Baldred's.

On the evening to which my story relates we had dined together in the gorgeous mess-room which custom and the liberality of the University authorities have consecrated to the use of the gallant corps whose motto of "*Quis jaculatur scarabæum?*" has been borne triumphantly in the van of many a review on the Downs of Brighton and elsewhere. The countless delicacies appropriate to the season, the brilliant array of grey uniforms, the heavy gold plate which loaded the oak side-board, the choice vintages of France and Germany, all these had combined with the clank of swords, the jingle of spurs, the emphatic military words of command uttered by light-hearted undergraduates, and the delightful semi-military, semi-clerical anecdotes of that old war-dog, Colonel BAGNET, to make up a memorable evening in the experience of a careworn medical practitioner who had left the best part of his health and his regulation overalls on the bloody battle-field of Tania-Tee, in the Afghan jungle.

Colonel BAGNET had just ordered the head mess-waiter to produce six more bottles of the famous "die-hard" port, laid down by his predecessor in the command during the great town and gown riots of 1870. In these terrible civic disturbances the University Volunteers, as most men of middle age will remember, specially distinguished themselves by the capture and immediate execution of the truculent Mayor of Cambridge, who was the prime mover in the commotion. The wine was circulating freely, and conversation was flowing with all the *verve* and *abandon* that mark the intercourse of undergraduates with dons. Just as I was congratulating the Colonel on the excellence of his port the door opened, and a man of forbidding aspect, clothed in the heavy garments of a mathematical moderator, entered the mess-room.

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," said the new arrival, bringing his hand to his college cap with an awkward imitation of the military salute. "I am sorry to disturb the harmony of the evening, but I have the Vice-Chancellor's orders to inform you that the largest and fiercest of our pack of bull-dogs has escaped from his kennel. I am to request you to send a detachment after him immediately. He was last heard barking on the Newmarket Road."

In a moment all was confusion. Colonel BAGNET brandished an empty champagne bottle, and in a voice broken with emotion ordered the regiment to form in half-sections, an intricate manoeuvre, which was fortunately carried out without bloodshed. What might have happened next I know not. Everybody was dangerously excited, and it needed but a spark to kindle an explosion. Suddenly I heard a well-known voice behind me.

"One moment, Colonel," said PICKLOCK HOLES, for it was none other, though how he had obtained an entrance I have never discovered; "you desire to find your lost canine assistant? I can help you, but first tell me why a soldier of your age and experience should insist on wearing a lamb's-wool undervest."

The guests were speechless. Colonel BAGNET was blue with suppressed rage.

"How now, Sirrah?" he replied; "how dare you insinuate that—"

"Tush, Colonel BAGNET," said my wonderful friend, pointing to the furious warrior's mess-waistcoat; "it is impossible to deceive me. That stain of mint-sauce extending across your chest can be explained only on the hypothesis that you wear under-clothing manufactured from lamb. That," he continued, smiling coldly at me, "must be obvious to the meanest capacity." For once in his life the Colonel had no retort handy.

"I am at your orders," he said, shortly. "The man who can prove that I wear lamb's-wool when I am actually wearing silk is the man for my money." In another moment HOLES had organised the pursuit.

"It would be as well," he remarked, "to have an accurate description of the animal we are in search of. He was—"

Here the impatient Colonel interrupted. "A brindled bull, very deep in the chest, with two kinks in his tail; has lost one of his front teeth, and snores violently."

"Quite right," said HOLES; "the description tallies."

"But, HOLES," I ventured to say, "this is most extraordinary. You, who have never been in Cambridge before, know all the details of the dog. It is wonderful."

HOLES waved me off with as near an approach to impatience as I have ever seen him exhibit. Having

done this, he once more addressed the Colonel.

"Your best plan," he said, "will be to scour the King's Parade. You will not find him there. Next you must visit the Esquire BRIDELL, and thoroughly search his palace from basement to attic. The dog will not be there, but the search will give you several valuable clues. You will then proceed to the University Library, and in the fifth gallery, devoted to Chinese manuscripts, you will find—"

As HOLES uttered these words the mathematical moderator again entered. "Sir," he said to the Colonel, "it was all a mistake. The dog is quite safe. He has never been out of his kennel."

"That," said HOLES, "is exactly what I was coming to. In the fifth gallery, devoted to Chinese manuscripts, you will find no readers. Hurrying on thence, and guiding your steps by the all-pervasive odour of meat-fibrine biscuits, you will eventually arrive at the kennel, and find the dog."

"Zounds! Mr. HOLES," said the admiring Colonel, in the midst of the laugh that followed on HOLES's last words, "you are an astounding fellow." And that is why, at the last Cambridge Commencement, the degree of LL.D. honoris causa was conferred on PICKLOCK HOLES, together with a Fellowship at St. Baldred's, worth £800 a year. But my friend is modesty itself. "It is not," he said, "the honorary degree that I value half so much as the consciousness that I did my duty, and helped a Colonel in the hour of his need." And with these simple words Dr. PICKLOCK HOLES dismissed one of his finest achievements.



"How now, Sirrah?" he replied; "how dare you insinuate that—"

THE LAY OF THE "ANCIENT."

As I sit in my chambers, old and bare,
That look on the busy street,
And hear the roar of the town below,
And the tramp of hurrying feet,
I think, as I smoke my well-worn pipe,
Enseoned in my old arm-chair,
Of the days that have passed, like the sigh
of the blast,
When the world was fresh and fair.



Of the joyous time when I joined the inn,
Nearly forty years ago,
When the fire of youth was in my veins,
Where the blood now runs so slow.
'Twas well in that far off happy time,
That I could not see before,
When we flirted and gambled, and some-
times worked,
In the student days of yore.

When all was common to him in need,
And nothing we called our own.
Gone are those days, and can never return—
We reap the crop we have sown.
Each of us thought that we should succeed,
Though others of course might fail;
And we went with the tide in our youthful
pride,
Like a ship without a sail.

Where are they now all these friends of our
youth?
Scattered abroad o'er the earth.
Some few are famous and some are dead,
And the world knew not their worth.
Some, like myself, are still found in "Hall,"
Pitied by those we meet,
And who pray that their end it may never be
To sit in the ancients' seat.

NO GOT!

REICHEMBERG and GOT declare
La Maison de Molière
They'll resign and leave for ever.
Ah! SUZANNE, the sparkling, clever,
Long the *Comédie's* pride and pet,
Don't desert your votaries—yet.
Try a quarter-century longer,
Years but make you brighter, stronger;
And GOT's "go" we can't spare. No,
Chaos comes if GOT should go!

PEDESTRIAN POETRY.—"The pleasures that
lie about our feet"—Comfortable slippers
after a long walk.

HAUNTED!

THE quarter where I linger,
My square, is Fashion's acme;
I'm conscious that the finger
Of scorn may well attack me;
At number six a Viscount
Resides, in proper season;
No wonder, then, that I count
As vulgar now, with reason.
To stay in London, here too!—
This neighbourhood majestic!
Oh! what must it appear to
A nobleman's domestic?
I feel, I can't help stating,
Each morn I feel (it tries me),
His Lordship's lords-in-waiting
Both pity and despise me.
His blinds are drawn sedately;
Mine blazon low disaster;
How desolate, how stately,
That mansion mourns its master!
His Lordship is at Como—
At least so folks are saying;
His Lordship's Major-Domo
Reproaches me for staying.
But, prowling, like a Polar
Bear, up and down the pavement
Last eve, and grinding molar
Teeth over forced enslavement,
A miracle I noted,
A "spook," deserving quires
Of commentaries quoted
By "psychic" Mr. MYERS.
Upon his Lordship's hinges
Revolved his Lordship's portal,
Till thence, with stealthy twinges,
Emerg'd what seemed a mortal;
A lamp was nigh to show him,—
I'd not been quaffing toddy,—
I'm privileged to know him,—
It was—His Lordship's Body.



Now, if his Major-Domo
Told truth—and who can doubt him?
His Lordship was at Como,
And number six without him.
His Lordship, I reflected,
Can earthly trammels o'erstep,
And, "astrally projected"
From Como, reach his doorstep
'Twas very odd—I know that;
But then the "spook"—deriding
Must undertake to show that
His Lordship was in hiding;

That London still detained him—
Him one of Britain's leaders!
And frank avowal pained him.—
Well, you must judge, my readers.

HER SAILOR HAT.

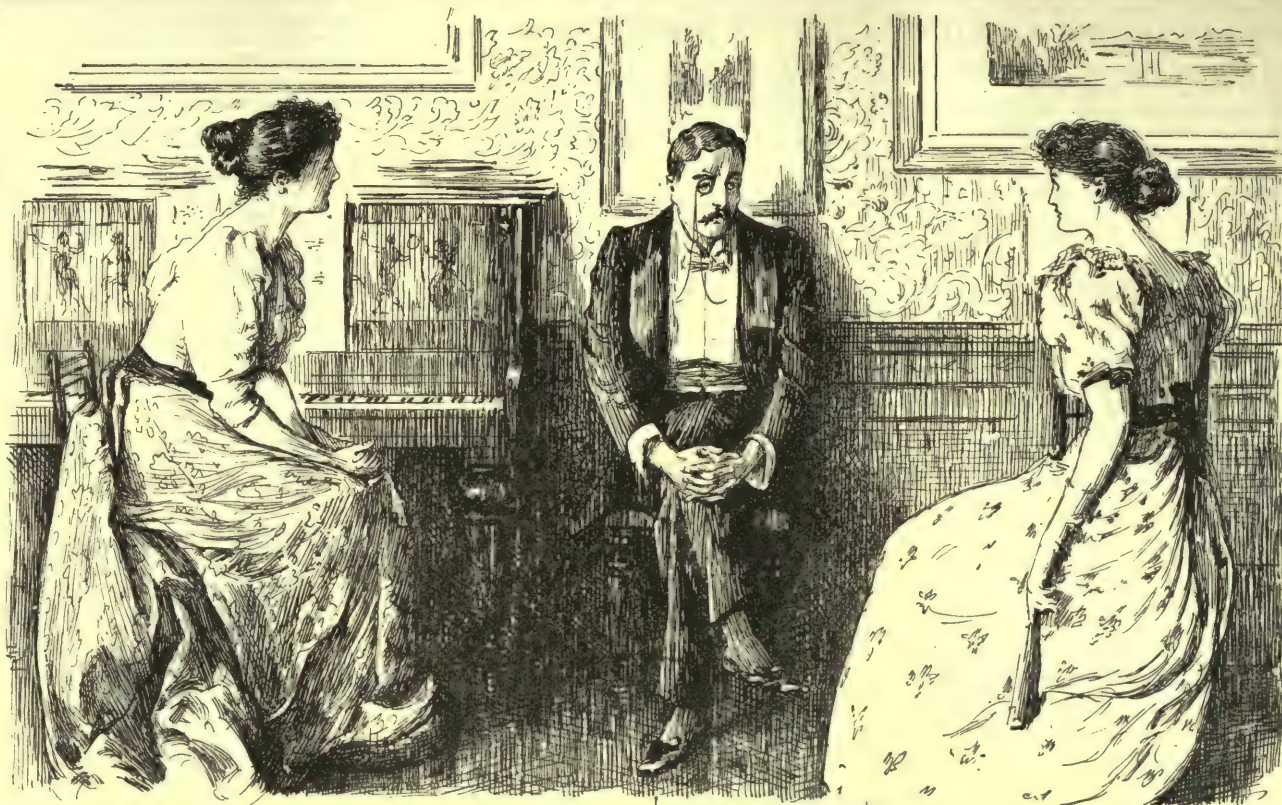


OH, AMARYLLIS, in the shade
Of Rotten Row, with ribbons, feather,
And wide-spread brim your hat is made!
Down by the sea, in windy weather,
A sailor hat,
So small and flat,
Is far more natty altogether.
Down by, or on, the waves where swim
The tribes which poets christen "finny,"
This hat might not, with narrow brim,
Become a spinster sear and skinny—
Some say "old cat"—
Nor one too fat,
Nor little brat, small piceaninny.
But, with it fixed upon your hair,
When breezes blow your flapping dresses,
You look, if possible, more fair;
There's one beholder who confesses
He dotes on that
Sweet sailor hat,
When gazing at those sweeter tresses.

BALFOUR'S BOON.

(By an admiring M.P.)

AFTER hours of dullard, rasper, ranter.
Sweet an interlude of BALFOUR's banter!
JOSEPH's venom, HARCOURT's heavy clowning,
Tired us, in a sea of dulness drowning;
When, hillo! here is PRINCE ARTHUR chaffing
Mr. G. and all the House is laughing!
Never were such light artistic raillery,
Nothing spiteful, naught played to the
gallery;
Finished fun, *ad unguem*, poignant, polished.
Fled fatigue, and dulness was demolished.
Even the great victim chortled merrily.
That short speech should be "selected,"
verily,
For the next edition of the *Speaker*.
No coarse slogger, and no crude nose-tweaker
Is PRINCE ARTHUR. GLADSTONE first is
reckoned
At gay chaff, but BALFOUR's a good second.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Miss Bessy. "WON'T YOU SING SOMETHING, CAPTAIN BELSIZE?"

Captain Belsize. "OH! I NO LONGER SING NOW. DO I, MISS CAROLINE?"

Miss Caroline. "I'M AFRAID YOU DO, CAPTAIN BELSIZE!"

TRYING HER STRENGTH.

[“The one certain result of the elections will be to give increased stability to the Republic.”—*Daily Chronicle.*]

Madame La République loquitur:—

OUF! What a pull! Who said my muscularity
Was dwindling? It is truly Amazonian!
Ma foi! Phraseurs are not all blessed with
clarity,
Even when their eloquence is Ciceronian.
How now, MILLEVOYE? How now, mad
DÉROULEDE?
And what of the grim prophecies you made?
Both out of it—as prophets and as Strong-
Men!
Discredited, disqualified, defeated!
The *Ralliés* too! Results prove them the
wrong men.
How the *Gazette de France* has blared and
bleated!
What lots of foes have I left in the lurch!—
Thanks largely to “the attitude of the
Church”!

“*Cléricalisme, voilà l’ennemi!*” *Non!*
That phrase, oft-quoted, comes not now so
readily.
Perennially beautiful as NIXON,
I’ve proved my claim to power of pulling
steadily;
Just like my rowing lads upon the Seine,
Who’ve shown big BULL that strength can go
with brain.
From Revolution round to firm Stability!!
Upon my word, I think that pull is splendid.

Les dames, long pooh-poohed, now display
ability

To do—most things as well as ever men did.
Because I’m *gai* and witty, fools—of course—
Fancied me destitute of sinewy force.

Ah, DELAHAYE, DRUMONT, and ANDRIEUX,
verily

You’ve found the game was hardly worth
the—scandal!

My firebrand foes played up that game right
merrily;

Against me *anything* would serve as handle;
Yet, after WILSON, PANAMA, (and Siam),
They find that if there is an athlete, I am.

Babblers of “British Gold,” *canard-con-*
coeters,

Reactionaries, *Ralliés*, Rowdies, Royalists—
All who would act as my exclusive doctors—
You find the Voters are the real loyalists,
And, spite of partial failures in the past,
I’ve pulled this State Machine right round—
at last!

BRUTUS OF BRUMMAGEM.

ON a “False Foe” my venom I may spend,
But what of my “Right Honourable
Friend”?
Ask “the ironic fiend.” He’ll give an
answer,
Neatly combining Scorpio with Cancer.
As “Right” I’ll prove him ever in the
wrong;
As “Honourable,” trickiest of the throng;
While as “my friend,” well there, I would
not swaggar,
But CÉSAR sharpest found the “friendly”
dagger!

WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!

(*By an Unpaired M.P., who has “Sat it Out.”*)
M.P.’s gagged? Why, tongues have wagged
Seventy days, or eighty.

Little said on any head
Has been wise or weighty.

Gag’s all hum! How shall we sum
Seven long weeks’ oration?—

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation!

BARTLEY, BOWLES—loquacious souls!—

HANBURY and RUSSELL,
Have kept going, seldom “slowing”
In the talky tussle.

SAUNDERSON went sparring on,
JOE pursued jobation.—

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation!

Righteous causes, wicked clauses,
All meant bleats and blethers.

Beaming BOLTON had to moult on,
Gone his old Rad feathers.

“Yaller Jaunders” seized on SAUNDERS.
All drew “explanation!”

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation!

Grim MACGREGOR—dogged beggar!—

Had “ideas”—and told them;
So had bores in tens and scores,

Why should *they* withhold them?
What result from all this cult

Of roundaboutation?—

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation

With composure I the Closure

Welcome—our sole saviour

From the gabble of the rabble,

And their bad behaviour.

The Front Benches? Well, one blenches

E’en from their “oration”—

Polyphrasticcontinomemegalondulation!



TRYING HER STRENGTH.

MADAME LA RÉPUBLIQUE. "AHA!—I HAVE PULLED 'IM NOW—AT LAST!!".



THE LOWER CREATION—SEEKING FOR A JOB.

MEETING OF THE ANTI-BIOGRAPHERS.

(From Notes supplied by Superhuman Reporters.)

A MEETING was recently held in the early dawn to consider "Biographies in General, and the lives of British Celebrities in Particular." The site chosen for the gathering was so indefinite, that it is impossible to give it accurate geographical expression. There was a large number of shades present, and Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON was unanimously voted to the chair.

The President, in thanking those who had done him the favour of thus honouring him, observed that, although he appreciated the compliment that had been bestowed upon him, he could not express any particular esteem for the intelligence of those who had been the cause of his occupying his present position. (*Laughter.*) He did not understand the reason which had prompted merriment as a fitting recognition of his remarks. If they were satisfied, he was content. He had been called to take the chair, he supposed, because he had nothing to do with his own biography. That had been written by a Scottish gentleman, with whom he had no sympathy.

Mr. BOSWELL: I hope, Sir, you do not mean what you say.

The President (with great severity): Yes, Sir, I do. I think that the man who would write the life of another without his sanction is unworthy— (*Cries of "Agreed."*) The learned Doctor continued. He did not wish to force his sentiments upon any one. No doubt his opinions were considered behind the time. Everything had changed nowadays, and even his Dictionary was, more or less, superseded by an American Lexicon. He called upon the Emperor NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE to move the first resolution.

The Emperor NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE expressed his satisfaction that he should have been allowed to take the lead in this matter. It reminded him of old times, when he took the lead in everything. (*Hear, hear.*) He represented, he supposed, "Biographies in General,"—as he had not much sympathy with British worthies. He wished by-gones to be by-gones (*"Hear, hear,"*), but he must say that the conduct of Sir HUDSON LOWE was— (*Interruption.*) Well, he did not wish to press the matter further. (*Hear, hear.*) There was no doubt that unless a man wrote his autobiography he was always misrepresented. (*Cheers.*) It was high time that some control should

be put upon the publication of the lives of those who had joined the majority. He had much pleasure in proposing the following resolution: "It is the opinion of this meeting of Shades assembled in council in Elysium that steps should be taken to prevent the dissemination of false information about their prior existences."

Sir WALTER SCOTT said that it gave him great pleasure to second a resolution moved with such admirable discretion by his imperial and heroic friend the last speaker. He had the greater satisfaction in doing this as it might lead to a new and amended edition of his own "*Life of Napoleon.*"

A Shade, who refused to give either his name or address, begged to oppose the motion. In his opinion modern biographies were a great deal better than work of the same kind of an earlier date. (*"No, no."*) But he said "Yes, yes." It was now quite the fashion to whitewash everyone. He would testify that he recently read a biography of himself without recognising the subject. Since then his self esteem had increased a hundred fold. (*Laughter.*) He thought it would be a great mistake to interfere. They had much better leave things as they were.

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (who was received with applause) asked permission to offer a practical suggestion. Although he was a poet, he was also a man of business. (*Laughter.*) He spoke smarting under a personal grievance. It was common knowledge that only a short while ago the bulk of his works was declared to have been written by BACON. (*Cries of "Shame."*) However, it was no use to pass resolutions unless they could carry them into effect. He would therefore move an amendment to the resolution already before them, to the following effect: "That to carry out any arrangement that may be considered necessary, those present pledge themselves to subscribe a crown a piece." He proposed this under the impression that, granted the requisite funds, it would be possible to communicate with the mundane authorities.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON had much pleasure in seconding the amendment. He might add, that it was quite within the resources of science to do all that was required. He would explain in detail how it could be done.

The learned gentleman then began a lecture, with the effect that the meeting rapidly dissolved. After he had been speaking for an hour and a quarter, he discovered that he had no auditors.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Ernest. "I SEE YOU ARE GETTING ON, FOREMAN." *Foreman.* "YES, SIR; WE SHALL HAVE THE WALLS PLASTERED TO-MORROW."
Agatha. "OH, ERNEST, DON'T LET'S HAVE PLASTER! YOU NEVER SEE IT NOW; EVERYBODY HAS WALL-PAPERS, AND YOU CAN GET LOVELY ONES QUITE CHEAP!"

"BALLADE JOYEUSE."

(*Nor by Théodore de Banville.*)

THOUGH you're pent up in town
 While you pant for the breeze
 Upon moorland and down,
 For the whispers of trees,
 And the hum of the bees
 Winging home to the hive,
 Drain your cup to the lees—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?

Though you miss the renown
 Yonder dolt wins with ease,
 And you're mooked by the clown
 You've a fancy to squeeze.
 Though your blood boil and freeze
 When folk say he will wive
 With the maid you would please—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?

Though with pout, or with frown,
 Or in shrillest of keys,
 Madam seek a new gown,
 And no less will appease,
 While your creditors tease,
 Or by dozens arrive,
 And behave like Pawnees—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?

Though your argosies drown
 In the deepest of seas,
 And you lose your last crown,
 Not to say bread and cheese;
 Though you cough and you wheeze
 Till you barely survive,
 At existence don't sneeze—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?

Envoy.

O my friends, paying fees,
 The physicians still thrive,
 For your motto is "spes"—
 Aren't you glad you're alive?

TEA AND TWADDLE.

[*"A somewhat mawkish sentimentalism, of which Germany is still the fountain-head in Art, and perhaps also in Letters."*—*Illustrated London News, in obituary notice of Professor Carl Müller of the Düsseldorf School.*]

A FOUNTAIN-HEAD—of weak and tepid tea,
 Æsthetic catlap, "bleat"—infused Bohea!
 A strange Pierian Spring for the stark
 Teuton!
 God Phœbus cannot play the German flute
 on.
 MARS-BISMARCK, TITAN-WAGNER, stalwarts
 these,
 Who would not twaddle at "Æsthetic
 Teas;"
 HERACLES-VIRCHOW is a valorous slayer,
 And JOVIAN GOETHE proves a splendid
 stayer;
 But the mild, mawkish, modern German
 muse
 Olympian nectar will for "slops" refuse.
 Submerged in sentimentalism utter,
 Asked for Art-bread she proffers—Bread-
 and-butter!

"HEAVY MARCHING ORDER" (IN AUGUST).
 —"Shirt-sleeves and Sherbet."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, August 21.—
 Some excellent speaking to-night. SQUIRE
 OF MALWOOD in fine form. Opportunity made
 to his hand. With JOSEPH, friend and ally of
 Conservative Ministry that had invented and
 applied Guillotine Closure, indignantly pro-
 testing against the "gag," there was room
 for obvious remark. Then there was J. C.'s
 article in monthly magazine of so recent date
 as 1890, in which, in his forcible manner, he
 had, with circumstance, demanded applica-
 tion of gag not only to successive stages in
 important measures, but to Supply.

"Oh that mine enemy would write an
 article in the *Nineteenth Century!*" exclaimed
 GEORGE CURZON. "Anyone could make a
 speech with such opportunity as the SQUIRE
 has."

"Exactly," said the Member for SARK;
 "but perhaps they mightn't do it so
 well."

Another good speech from unexpected
 quarter was WHITBREAD'S. WHITBREAD is
 the Serious Person of the Liberal Party.
 Whenever Mr. G. gets into difficulties on
 constitutional questions or points of Parlia-
 mentary practice, WHITBREAD solemnly
 marches to front, and says nothing particular
 with imposing air that carries conviction.
 To-day came out quite in new style; almost
 epigrammatic, certainly pointed. Quite a
 model of Parliamentary speech of the old
 stately, yet flexible style now little known.



THE TOURIST SEASON. HOTEL BRIGANDAGE.

Best of all, PRINCE ARTHUR. Never heard him to greater advantage. As a former Leader once said, the House of Commons, above all things, likes to be shown sport. PRINCE ARTHUR showed the way to-night, crowded House merrily following. It was ticklish ground, for he was chaffing Mr. G. Not a good subject upon which to expend wit or satire. The PRINCE did it so daintily, with such



Prince Arthur the Jester.

light, graceful touch, such shining absence of acerbity, such brimming over with contagious good humour, that the cloud vanished from the brow of Jove. Beginning to listen with a frown, Mr. G. presently beamed into a laugh. As for his colleagues on either hand, their merriment was as unrestrained as it was on remoter benches. Only MUNDELLA managed to keep a Ministerial countenance. The play was good, but the theme too sacred to be lightly handled. To him, seated on the left, Mr. G. gratefully turned in earlier stages of the speech and whispered his scathing comment. MUNDELLA behaved nobly. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who had his share in the genial roasting, might roar with Homeric laughter. MUNDELLA gravely shook his head in response to Mr. G.'s whispered remarks. Fancy, however, he was grateful when Mr. G. began to laugh and the President of the Board of Trade was

free to smile. Speech as useful as it was delightful. Showed to whom it may concern that venerable age may be criticised without discourtesy, and high position attacked without insolence.

Business done.—Settled that Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill shall close on Friday.

Wednesday.—"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir. One or two ideas occur to me." It was the voice of MACGREGOR uplifted from back bench, where a retiring disposition (he retired from medical practice some years ago) leads him to take his seat. Moment critical; debate long proceeding on Amendment moved by NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY, which had called down on Imperial head a fearsome whack from hand of Mr. G.; House growing impatient for Division; SPEAKER risen to put question, when THE MACGREGOR interposed. Evidently in for long clinical lecture. Hand partly extended, palm downwards; eyes half closed; head thrown back, and the voice impressively intoned.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir, a few ideas have occurred to me."

THE MACGREGOR got no further; a shout of hilarious laughter broke in upon his reverie. Opened his eyes, and looked hastily round. He, DONALD MACGREGOR, First Prizeman in Chemistry and Surgery; Second Prizeman in Physiology and Midwifery; Licentiate of both the Royal Colleges of Physicians and of Surgeons, Edinburgh; practised at Penrith, Cumberland, and in London; formerly Medical Officer and Public Vaccinator for Penrith and district; Resident Physician at the Peebles Hydropathic Institute; Medical Superintendent of the Barnhill Hospital and Asylum, Glasgow—yes, all this, and House of Commons was laughing at him!

"What—what," he gasped, making motion as if he would feel the SPEAKER's pulse. "I don't understand. I very rarely speak; have said nothing before on this Bill. Now, when something occurs to me hon. members laugh."

House touched by this appeal; generously cheered. Doctor, resuming his oratorical attitude, proceeded.

"I think," he remarked, with hand again outstretched, eyes half closed, and head thrown back as before, "it was SYDNEY SMITH who said, When doctors differ who shall decide."

The Doctor was awakened out of his oratorical trance by another shout of laughter. What on earth was the matter now? Perhaps if he kept his eyes open he would see better where the joke came in. Took the precaution, but had not proceeded more than two minutes before SPEAKER down on him; after which he thought it best to resume his seat.

"I give it up, TOBY," he said; "as ASQUITH yesterday gave up that conundrum I put to him as to why, if repeated breaches of

the vaccination law justify the remission of penalties, the same practice should not apply in case of breaches of the land laws. The House of Commons for pleasure, I suppose; but for ordinary sanity give me Peebles and its Hydropathic Institute."

Business done.—Report Stage of Home-Rule Bill



"All's well that ends well."

Thursday.—"Been up to see Fulham," said Member for SARK, hurrying in just in time to miss Division. "The place fascinates me. No lions there, and no necessity for getting up a lamp-post; so would not interest GRANDOLPH. But HAYES FISHER is Member for Fulham, and he, you know, is the man who discovered, after (as he said) he had taken LOGAN by the scruff of the neck and 'so begun the scrimmage,' that Mr. G. was more criminally responsible for what followed 'even than LOGAN.' That is delightful. Fulham not to be outdone by its Member. Last night indignation meeting held in Town Hall to protest against conduct of HAYES FISHER and 'proceedings in House of Commons on Thursday, July 27.' Hall crowded; indignation seething; gentlemen of Fulham could hardly contain themselves in contemplation of iniquity of a man who, differing from another on matter of opinion, took him by the coat-collar and shook him. Meeting summoned at instance of Fulham Liberal and Radical Association. Seemed at first that all in room were good Radicals. As evening advanced, presence of one or two gentlemen of another way of thinking manifested. One called out, 'Three cheers for Fisher!' and what, my TOBY, did these men of Fulham do—these gentlemen met in solemn conclave with avowed object of denouncing physical outrage and clearing fair name of Fulham from slur brought upon it by athletic proceedings of HAYES FISHER? Why, they up and at the Fisherites, with the result, as I read in the papers, 'that a struggle ensued, one man being seized and violently hustled from the Hall.' After this the meeting settled down, and unanimously passed a resolution expressing its condemnation of 'the disorderly and disgraceful scene in the House of Commons on Thursday, July 27.' Don't know how it strikes you. But to me that is most delightful incident in the day's news. Felt constrained to make pilgrimage to Fulham, to see a place where Member and Constituency are so rarely matched. Don't suppose I've missed much here?"

No, nothing; just filling up time; waiting for to-morrow night, and Closure to come.

Business done.—None.

Friday midnight.—Report Stage Home-Rule Bill just agreed to; a dull evening till the last quarter of an hour, when TIM HEALY took the floor and thoroughly enjoyed himself. Everyone concerned, more especially those concerned in prolonging debate, glad it's over. DONALD CRAWFORD so excited at prospect of approaching holidays that on first Division he got into wrong Lobby; voted against one of JOHN MORLEY's new Clauses, reducing Ministerial majority to 36. On two subsequent Divisions was carefully watched into right Lobby, and majority maintained at 38.

Business done.—Report Stage Home-Rule Bill passed.

GREAT FALL IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.—The dropping of the Guillotine.

A BROWN STUDY IN AUTUMN TINTS.

(Being a Fragment from a Matter-of-fact Romance.)

AND he walked along the deserted streets and could see no one. Here and there would be a pile of stones and wooden blocks, telling of an impeded thoroughfare, but the place itself was empty. There were seemingly no inhabitants in this deserted city. They had vanished into thin, or, rather, murky air.

Then he looked at what appeared to be a playhouse. The doors were closed, and the bill-boards were pasted over with blue paper. Evidently the portals of the theatre had not been open for weeks, perchance for months.

And it was the same in the parks. Only the leaves moved, and then only when the wind agitated them. There were a few sparrows in the trees, but they seemed to be ashamed of themselves, and chirruped (so to speak) with bated breath. Oh it was indeed a scene of desolation.

And the shops, too! Many of them were closed, and those which were open seemed to be tenantless. There were no customers; no counter attendants. Trade seemed to be as dead as the proverbial door-nail.

And the hoardings too! Even they had suffered. Old posters, manifestly out of date, fluttered in tatters; it had been no one's business to restore the rotting paper, and it had gone the way of other grass. The placards were worse than useless; they could not be deciphered.

And yet again he marched on. There were exhibitions, and no one to see them; museums, and no visitors to inspect them; and churches, and no one to fill them. At length he came upon a guardian of the public peace who was lazily gazing into the sluggish river over the parapet of an embankment.

"Good sir," said he, "can you tell me if this dreadful, lonely, deserted place is the City of the Dead?"

"Go along with you!" cried the policeman, good-humouredly; "it's only London in September!"

And then he felt that he had been deceived by appearances!

History Repeats Itself Again.

["The alleged unemployed who assemble on Tower Hill are becoming worse even than mountebanks. One of the speakers declared yesterday that 'The secret societies of London are going to-night to wait on Mr. GLADSTONE, to ask what he is going to do. If the PRIME MINISTER does not give a definite reply, they will take him on their backs and throw him into the Thames.'"]—*The Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 1.]

THE genius loci haunts
Historic Tower Hill,
For judging by their vaunts,
Men lose their heads there still.



THE MINOR ILLS OF LIFE.

PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN ATTEMPTING TO REGAIN HIS TENT AFTER THE MORNING BATH.

JABEZWOCKY.

["In the House of Lords a Bill strengthening the power of making Directors liable in respect of misconduct or neglect in the winding-up of Companies passed its second reading."]—*Daily Paper*.]

'Twas Ruin! And the Small Invest-
-Ors gyred and gimbled in despair;
Common as dirt were Shareholders,
But assets very rare!

"Beware the Jabezwock, my Lord!
The jaws that bite, the claws that dig;
Beware the Hobbs-hobbs bird, and shun
The saintly Guinea-pig!"

The Peer set out, his Bill in hand;
He had to be extremely leary
In tackling such an artful foe,
Whose weapon was *Suppressio Veri*!

And as he mused o'er blighted lives,
The Jabezwock, as yet unfloored,
Came snuffling piously to join
A meeting of its Board.

One, two! One, two! And through and
through

All stages passed the Bill like winking;
And this is what the Peers just then
Most probably were thinking:—

"And have we scotched the Jabezwock,
And spoiled him of his false Prospectus!
O frabjous day! What Rad will say
That from this House he'd now eject us?"

'Twas Ruin ruined! And the dupes
Quite chortled such a sight to see;
The smug Director brought to book
Near to the Dividend Tree!

NEW NURSERY RHYME.

(By a Sporting M.P.)

["Official opinion will be, and indeed has been, brought to bear upon Mr. HANBURY and his small knot of obstructionists to avert an unreasonable discussion of the Estimates."]—*Daily Chronicle*.]

AUTUMN Session? Of course!

Isn't HANBURY cross
To see the Grand Old Man
So ride the high horse?
But why should we linger
Afar from the grouse,
To help the obstructives
Discredit the House?

BARNETT OF BRISTOL CITY.

A Song of St. Jude's.

[The Rev. S. A. BARNETT, late Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, has been promoted to the Canonry of Bristol.]

AIR—"Nancy of Bristol City."

BARNETT is Canon of Bristol City!

Pass the news around, my boys!

To leave Whitechapel seems half a pity;
Sorrow will go round, my boys!

St. Jude's, and thy great Hall, Toynbee,
Some right good Christians doubtless see;

But they're all small shakes along o' he!

Pass his health around, my boys!

BARNETT! BARNETT!

Well did he "arn" it—
That Bristol Canonree!

And when he gets to Bristol City,

Pass the cheers around, my boys!;

He'll draw the wise, the kind, the pretty;

They must gather round, my boys.

The slum he sweetened in London's east,

With Charity's boon, and Fine Arts' feast,

Will miss this good, sage, gentle priest;

Pass his health around, my boys!

BARNETT! BARNETT!

Your loss we'll larn it.

You were the Man for we!

Your health, where'er you be!

NOUS AND NERVES.

[It is said by some of his friends that Dr. CHARCOT, lately dead, who spent a considerable part of his life in the study of neurosis, found this disease everywhere at last, especially in the naturalistic school of French writers.]

If this Neurosis,
As some suppose, is
The *causa causans* of Naturalism,
The spring ubiquitous
Of aught iniquitous
That puts 'twixt genius and sense a schism;
Then must we pray
For the dawn of a day
When the Glorious Gift that the world so
serves
May out chlorosis,
And shun neurosis;
In fact, that Genius may have no "nerves."

"READY, AYE READY!"

(A Sailor Song Up to Date.)



Master John Bull. 'JUST YOU WAIT TWO OR THREE YEARS, TILL I MAKE HER SWIM,—THEN I'LL SHOW YOU!'

[Sir EDWARD REED said] that with the armoured citadel intact, and an unarmoured end destroyed, the ship is in imminent danger of upsetting. The *Victoria* was bound to capsize with the injury she received. There were other ships that were equally bound to capsize, when they were injured in

the same manner; the reason being that instead of the armed citadel being the major part of the structure, and the unarmoured ends the minor portion, we had chosen to make the unarmoured ends the major part, measuring more than half the entire length of the ship. The ships likely to capsize in a



PART II. THE LOWER CREATION—SEEKING FOR A JOB.

similar manner, if they received like injury in peace or in action, were the *Agamemnon*, *Ajax*, *Anson*, *Benbow*, *Camperdown*, *Collingwood*, *Colossus*, *Edinburgh*, *Howe*, *Inflexible*, *Rodney*, and *Sans Pareil*.]

AIR—"Hearts of Oak."

COME, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to Davy we steer!
(We add to his Locker 'bout one ship per year.)
To capsizing we call you in cheeriest staves,
For what is so certain as death 'neath the waves?

Iron coffins our ships,
Death-doomed tars are our men.
Our ships are unsteady!
Ready, aye ready!

We'll sink or turn turtle again and again!

We ne'er see our ships (for which millions they pay),
The *Ajax*, the *Anson*, and such, but we say,
"Will they ram, or capsizes, or but run slap ashore?"
When we go to the bottom JOHN BULL must—build more!"
Iron coffins our ships, &c.

Our *Camperdowns*, *Collingwoods*, *Rodneys*, *Benbows*,
REED says are all "dangerous"—not to our foes!
If struck in their unarmoured ends they turn o'er,
And go to the bottom! How DAVY must roar!
Iron coffins our ships, &c.

The Frenchy and Rooshian must laugh as they look,
And see JOHN BULL trying, by hook or by crook,
To get his tin-kettles to keep right side up,
Agin touch of a ram. agin tap of a Krupp!
Iron coffins our ships, &c.

"Just wait two or three years," grumbles JOHN, "and I'll show,
If my ships will but swim, I can still whop the foe.
Stop a bit—whilst my big-wigs build, blunder, debate!"
Ah! that's all mighty fine, but, my JOHN, will they wait?
Iron coffins our ships, &c.

Britannia triumphant we all wish to see,
Quite equal to two foreign fleets, perhaps three;
So cheer up, my hearties, and banish your fears!
They will build us a ship as will float—in three years!

(Meanwhile, my lads, "chorus as before," if you please, until
further orders from our Naval Oracles!)

Iron coffins our ships,
DAVY's victims our men;
In wessels unsteady,
We're ready, aye ready,

To sink or turn turtle again and again!

SONNET.

(By a Failure.)

WHY
Long,
Strong
Sigh?
I
Wrong
Song
Try!
Ne'er
Muse
Dare
Use
Worse
Verse!!

FROM COLCHESTER.—
The oysters are trem-
bling in their beds. On
October 6th the Duke
of CAMBRIDGE is ex-
pected to attack the
natives at Colchester in
full force. Last year,
when Sir D. EVANS was
in the chair at the ban-
quet, 20,000 oysters
were consumed! Good
EVANS!!

A VERY ANNOYING
STREAM.—The River
Tees.

LETTERS FOR THE SILLY SEASON.

(Apparently intended for some of our Contemporaries.)

SIR,—Of course I do not wish to be frivolous, but do you not
think that "lovely," "too sweet," "quite too darling," and other
expressions in italics are miss-used words? At any rate, they are
constantly in the mouths of my daughters and nieces.

Yours truly, PATERFAMILIAS.

SIR,—I give a list of misused words that have occurred to me during
a month on the Continent. I put the words I consider inappropri-
ately applied in italics. Paris is *inexpensive*, Boulogne is *beautiful*,
Cologne is *inodorous*, German cookery is *good*, 'ARRY on his travels is
pleasant, garlic is *agreeable*, hotel charges in Italy are *moderate*,
railway travelling in Belgium is *expeditious*, washing-basins in Swiss
hotels are *large*, a rough passage across the Channel is *delightful*,
and the Continent is *like* home.

I could extend the list indefinitely, but have written enough to
show how imperfect the English language really is to convey accu-
rately one's most ordinary ideas. I may add that when I have used
and not misused words, I have been told that I have no right to
swear—so what can I do? Yours truly, COMMON SENSE.

SIR,—I am glad to see that there is a correspondence upon mis-
used words. However, I can say that such words as "excellent,"
"admirable," "wonderful," "splendid," and "glorious," are not
misused when applied to —. * Thanking you in advance,

I remain, yours truly, PUFF PUFF.

* Editorially suppressed. Applications for insertion of advertisements
should be addressed to another quarter.

AN OLD DOGGEREL COUPLET RE-DRESSED.

[M. ZOLA is understood to have accepted an invitation to the Institute of
Journalists' Conference in London.]

FAIRER subject never rose our graphic pens to task all,
Than the presence (and paper) amidst the Children of Letters, the
new Grub Street geniuses, the Poets and Press-men and penny-
a-liners, the Sages and "all the rages," the Naturalistic Novelists
and New Humourists, the literary "Strong Men" and Anti-
Sentimentalists, the Impressionists and Symbolists, and Stylists,
and Superior Sniffers, and "Manly" Muse-hunters, and Man-
despising Mugwumps, and Minor Minstrels and Minor-Minstrel-
flouters, and would-be Laureates, and would-be-laureate-exten-
minators, and Mummer-Idolators and Mummer-Iconoclasts, and
Up-to-date Oracles, and *Fin-de-siècle* obscurantists, of the
pyramidal author of *Dr. Pascal*!

MOTTO OF OUR MILITARY AUTHORITIES.—"Put up your Dukes!"

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE I.—A decorously-furnished Drawing-room at Hornbeam Lodge, Clapham, the residence of THEOPHILUS TOOVEY, Esq. It is Sunday evening. Mr. TOOVEY, an elderly Gentleman with a high forehead, a rabbit mouth, and a long but somewhat wispy beard, is discovered sitting alone with a suitable book, upon which he is endeavouring to fix his thoughts, apparently without success.

Mr. Tovey (reading). "With what a mixture of indescribable emotions did I find myself actually standing upon the very brink—" (To himself, as he puts the volume down.) It's no use, I can't concentrate my mind on Palestine to-night, I can't forget this horrible "Eldorado." Ever since I got that official warrant, or demand, or whatever it was, yesterday, I've been haunted by the name. It seems to meet me everywhere; even on the very boardings! Why, why didn't I invest Aunt ELIZA's legacy in consols, as CORNELIA told me, instead of putting it into a gold-mine? I think LARKINS said it was a gold-mine. If only I had never met him that day last year—but he seemed to think he was doing me such a favour in letting me have some of his shares at all; he'd been allotted more than he wanted, he told me, and he was so confident the Company was going to be a success that I—and now, after hearing nothing all this time, I'm suddenly called upon to pay a hundred and seventy-five pounds, and that's only for one half year, as far as I can make out. . . . How can I draw a cheque for all that without CORNELIA finding out? I never dared tell her, and she overlooks all my accounts. Why did I, who have never been a follower after Mammon, fall so easily into that accursed mine? I am no business man. All the time I was a partner in that floorcloth factory, I never interfered in the conduct of it, beyond signing my name occasionally—which was all they allowed me to do—and they took the earliest opportunity of buying me out. And yet I must needs go and speculate with Aunt ELIZA's five hundred pounds, and—what is worse—lose every penny, and more! I, a Churchwarden, looked up to by every member of an Evangelical congregation, the head of a household like this! . . . How shall I ever tell CORNELIA? And yet I must—I never had a secret from her in my life. I shall know no peace till I have confessed all. I will confess—this very night—when we are alone. If I could speak to CHARLES first, or to that young Mr. CURPHEW—they will both be here to supper—and CHARLES is in a Solicitor's office. But my nephew is too young, and Mr. CURPHEW, though he is a journalist, is wise and serious beyond his years—and if, as CORNELIA thinks, he is beginning to feel a tenderness for ALTHEA, why, it might cause him to reconsider his— No, I can't tell anyone but my wife. (Sounds are heard in the hall.) There they are!—they are back from Church—already! (He catches up his book.) I must try to be calm. She must not notice anything at present!

Mrs. T. (outside). I've left my things downstairs, PHEBE; you can take them up to my room. (Entering.) Well, Pa, I hope you feel less poorly than you did, after your quiet evening at home?

Mr. T. (flurried). Yes, my love, yes. I—I've had a peaceful time with *Peregrinations in Palestine*. A—a most absorbing book, my love.

Mrs. T. You would find it more absorbing, Pa, if you held it the right way up. You've been asleep!

Mr. T. No, indeed, I only wish I—that is—I may have dropped off for a moment.

Charles (who has followed his Aunt). You wouldn't have had much chance of doing that if you'd been at Church, Uncle!

Mrs. T. No, indeed. Mr. POWLES preached a most awakening discourse, which I am glad to find CHARLES appreciated.

Charles. I meant the cushion in your pew, Uncle; you ought to have it restuffed. It's like sitting on a bag of mixed biscuits!

Mrs. T. We do not go to Church to be comfortable, CHARLES. Pa, Mr. POWLES alluded very powerfully, from the pulpit, to the

recent commercial disasters, and the sinfulness of speculation in professing Christians. I wish you could have heard him.

Mr. T. (squirring). A—a deprivation indeed, my love. But I was better at home—better at home.

Mrs. T. You will have other opportunities; he announces a course of weekday addresses, at the Mission Rooms, on "The Thin End of the Wedge of Achan." CHARLES, I gave you one of the circulars to carry for me. Where is it?

Charles. In my overcoat, I think, Aunt. Shall I go and get it?

[ALTHEA enters.] Mrs. T. Not now; I haven't my spectacles by me. THEA, did you tell PHEBE to pack your trunk the first thing to-morrow?

Althea. Yes, Mamma; but there is plenty of time. CECILIA doesn't expect me till the afternoon.

Charles. So THEA's going up to town for a few days' spree, eh, Aunt CORNELIA?

Mrs. T. (severely). Your cousin is going on a visit to a married schoolfellow, who is her senior by two or three years, and who, I understand, was the most exemplary pupil Miss PRUINS ever had. I have no doubt Mrs. MERRIDEW will take ALTHEA to such entertainments as are fit and proper for her—

picture—galleries, museums, concerts, possibly a lecture—but I should not describe that myself as a "spree."

Charles. No more should I, Aunt, not by any means.

Mrs. T. I never met this Mrs. MERRIDEW, but I was favourably impressed by the way she wrote. A very sensible letter.

Alth. (to herself). Except the postscript. But I didn't like to show Mamma that!

Charles. But you'll go to a theatre or two, or a dance, or something, while you're with her, won't you?

[ALTHEA tries to signal to him to be silent.]

Mrs. T. CHARLES, you forget where you are. A daughter of ours set foot in a playhouse! Surely you know your Uncle's objection to anything in the nature of a theatrical entertainment? Did he not write and threaten to resign the Vice-Presidency of the Lower Clapham Athenæum at the mere hint of a performance of scenes from some play by that dissolute writer SHERIDAN—even without costumes and scenery? His protest was most admirably worded. I remember I drafted it myself.

Mr. T. (with some complacency). Yes, yes, I've always been extremely firm on that subject, and also on the dangers of dancing—indeed, I have almost succeeded in putting an entire stop to the children dancing to piano-organs in the streets of this neighbourhood—a most reprehensible custom!

Mrs. T. Yes, THEOPHILUS, and you might have stopped it long before you did, if you had taken my suggestion earlier. I hope I am not to infer, from your manner, that you are yourself addicted to these so-called pleasures, CHARLES?

Charles. Dancing in the street to a piano-organ, Aunt? Never did such a thing in my life!

Mrs. T. That was not my meaning, CHARLES, as you very well know. I hope you employ your evenings in improving your knowledge of your profession. I should be sorry to think you frequented theatres.

Charles (demurely). Theatres? rather not, Aunt, never go near 'em. (To himself.) Catch me going where I can't smoke! (Aloud.) You see, when a fellow has lodgings in a nice cheerful street in Bloomsbury, it isn't likely he'd want to turn out of an evening after sticking hard at the office all day!

Mrs. T. I am glad to hear you say so, CHARLES. It is quite a mistake for a young man to think he cannot do without amusement. Your Uncle never thought of amusing himself when he was young—or our married life would not be what it is. And look at Mr. CURPHEW, who is coming in to supper to-night, see how hard he works—up to town every afternoon, and not back till long after midnight.

[The bell rings.] Charles. Rather queer hours to work, Aunt. Are you sure he doesn't go up just to read the paper?

Althea (with a slight flush). He goes up to write it, CHARLES. Mr. CURPHEW is on the press, and has taken rooms here for the air of



"How shall I ever tell Cornelia?"

the Common. And—and he is very clever, and works very hard indeed; you can see that from his looks.

Phoebe (announcing). Mr. CURPHEW.

[A tall slim young man enters, with a pale, smooth-shaven face, and rather melancholy eyes, which light up as he greets ALTHEA.]

Mrs. T. How do you do, Mr. CURPHEW? You are a little late—but some services last longer than others. Oh, PHOEBE, now I think of it, just bring me a paper you will find in one of the pockets of Mr. COLLIMORE'S overcoat; it's hanging up in the hall—the drab one with grey velvet on the collar. (PHOEBE goes.) It's a circular, Mr. CURPHEW, which was given out in our Church this evening, and may interest you to see.

Phoebe (returning). If you please, m'm, this is the only paper I could find.

Mrs. T. (taking it from the salver, without looking at it). Quite right, Phoebe—we shall be ready for supper when I ring. (When PHOEBE has gone.) I can't see anything without my—ALTHEA, just go and see if I have left my spectacle-case in my room, my dear. It's astonishing how they're always getting mislaid, and I'm so helpless without them. (ALTHEA goes.) Mr. CURPHEW, perhaps you will read this aloud for me; I want my husband to hear.

Curpew (suppressing a slight start). May I ask if they distribute papers of this sort at your Church—and—and why you think it is likely to interest me in particular? (To himself.) Wonder if this can be a trap!

Mrs. T. (taking back the document, and holding it close to her nose). Gracious goodness! this isn't the—CHARLES, perhaps you will explain how you come to have a paper in your pocket covered with pictures of females in shamelessly short skirts?

Charles (to himself). In for a pie-jaw this time! What an owl that girl is! (Aloud.) It's only a programme, Aunt; thing they give you at a music-hall, you know.

Mrs. T. (in an awful voice). Only a programme! Pa, tell this unhappy boy your opinion of his conduct!

Mr. T. (rising magisterially). CHARLES, am I to understand that a nephew of mine allows himself to be seen in a disreputable resort such as—

Charles. Oh come, Uncle, you can't know much about the Eldorado, if—

Mr. T. (with a bound). The Eldorado. How dare you bring that name up here, Sir? What do you mean by it?

Charles (surprised). Why, you must have heard of it—it's one of the leading music-halls.

Mr. T. (gasping). A music-hall? the Eldorado! (To himself.) If it should turn out to be—but no, my nerves are upset, it can't be—and yet—what am I to say to him?

[He falls back into his chair with a groan.]

Mrs. T. CHARLES, if you can stand there and feel no shame when you see how disturbed and disgusted even Mr. CURPHEW looks, and the agitated state to which you have reduced your poor Uncle, you must indeed be hardened!

[CURPHEW has considerably walked to the window; Mr. TOOVEY endeavours to collect his faculties; CHARLES looks from one to the other in bewilderment.]

END OF SCENE I.



SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

September 1. Partridge Shooting.

Old Twentystun (reviewing his symptoms). "DEAR ME! MOS' 'STRAORDINARY, THIS SHORTNESS O' BREATH. LE' ME SEE—'GOOD PLAIN FOOD AND BEST QUALITY O' DRINK,' DOCTOR SAID. 'THA'S ALL RIGHT—NEVER STINTED MYSELF FOR EITHER. 'NEVER OVERDO YOURSELF,' SAYS HE. 'HAVEN'T. NEVER WALKED A STEP IF I COULD HELP IT SINCE LAST SEASON. 'GO TO BED EARLY.' SO I HAVE, AND NEVER HURRIED UP EITHER. MOS' 'STRAORDINARY! MOS' 'STRAORDINARY!" [Goes home to consult Doctor again.]

actually says, "The best hope of the regeneration of London is in the County Council"!!! He thinks "it is a mistake" to distrust them, and would hand over to them (says the *Daily Chronicle*) most of the machinery and material of our municipal life. Quite so. And as the Gryphon (which is much the same thing as Griffin) said to the Mock Turtle (suggestive this of the Civic Corporation), in *Alice in Wonderland*, Punch would say to Sir LEPEL or his problematic COPHETUA, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!"

When ALICE ventured to say she had never heard of "Uglification," the Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "What! Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"—"Yes," said ALICE, doubtfully; "it means—to make—anything—prettier."—"Well, then," the GRYPHON (who must have been a Postprandial Philosopher, surely) went on. "if you don't know what to uglify is, you must be a simpleton."

By the way, why should not Sir LEPEL himself essay the rôle of King COPHETUA, L.C.C., and help to beautify the modern Babylonian beggar-maid? He says that "the general administration of London is infinitely mean and inefficient," adding that "vested interests are chiefly to blame for the national disgrace." Very well. Let Sir LEPEL help to give those same Vested Interests "run in the veskit," squelch the Jerry Builder, and arrest the march of "Uglification," and then—why then London will, as in duty bound, erect his statue in place, and on the site of, that other, and very different "Griffin," which is the very incarnation of Uglification, and material embodiment of Boetian Bumbledom!

NOT THE GIRL FOR HOT WEATHER.—One who "makes sunshine in a shady place."

YORKSHIRE VICTOR.

FAREWELL to eminence attained of yore, Great Surrey heads the County list no more!

For though you give a RICHARDSON or HAYWARD, Dame Fortune still will be a trifle wayward;

Though one was sorely missed, and surely no man Cantell where they'd have been if they'd had LOHMANN.

Surrey has had (like every dog) its day,

In 1893, perforce, makes way For sturdy Yorkshire. Mr.

Punch admires This famous county of the Northern Shires.

For many a season past the worst of luck

Has dogged their steps, though not decreased their pluck; And though each cricketer may have his likes,

There's not a man who'll not say—Well-played, Tykes!

COPHETUA, L.C.C.

MR. GRANT ALLEN charges London with being "a squalid village." Sir LEPEL GRIFFIN suggests that the "Postprandial Philosopher" must have been dining badly. He—Sir LEPEL—contends that "Like the beggar-maid in Mr. BURNE-JONES'S picture, London is a beautiful woman, fair of face and noble of form, and only needs the transforming hand of some future King COPHETUA to strip her of her sordid rags, and clothe her in the lustrous raiment which befits her." This is what 'ARRY would call "the straight Griffin"! By all means make COPHETUA Chairman of the London County Council—as soon as you find him! Sir LEPEL, instead of joining in the parrot-chorus of disparagement,

LITTLE BILL-EE.

(Latest House of Lords' Version of Thackeray's Song.)

THERE were three sailors of London City,
Who took a boat and went to sea:

There was guzzling BOB and gorging HARTY,
And the youngest—he was Little BILL-EE!

Poor Little BILL-EE was but a sailor-boy,
And a very hard time in sooth had he.

With a rope's-end he was fully familiar.
And a marline-spike he shuddered to see.

He had sailed in the ship of one Captain WILLYUM.

Who had taught him sailing, and algebre,
The use of the sextant, and navigation,
Likewise the hornpipe, and fiddle-de-dee.

The Captain's pet for a long, long voyage

Had been this sailor-boy Little BILL-EE;

Though some of the crew of the same were jealous,
And larruped him sore—on the strict Q. T.

But being paid off from WILLYUM's wessel,

The kid was kidnapped, and taken to sea

By guzzling BOB and gorging HARTY.

Who had long had their eye on poor Little BILL-EE.

For guzzling BOB hated Captain WILLYUM,

While gorging HARTY—well, there, you see,

He'd been WILLYUM's mate, but had cut the connection,
And he couldn't abide poor Little BILL-EE.

Poor Little BILL-EE, he shrank and shuddered

At going aboard; for he says, says he—

"When they get me aloft they will spifflicate me,
And there'll be an end of poor Little BILL-EE!"

Which same seemed a sad foregone conclusion,
Though Captain WILLYUM he skipped with glee,

And cried, "Little BILL-EE, keep up your pecker!
You shall yet be the Captain of a Seventy-three!"

Now, to keep up your pecker with naught to peck at

Is mighty hard, as a fool may see;
And BOB and HARTY (who loved not short commons)

Cast eager eyes upon Little BILL-EE.

Says guzzling BOB to gorging HARTY,
"I am extremely hungaree,"

To guzzling BOB says gorging HARTY,

"Let's make a breakfast of Little BILL-EE.

"He's got no friends—that are worth the mention;

He'll never be missed by his countaree.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

WHY NOT IMPORT A BRIGADE OF RESPECTABLE "CHIFFONNIERS" FROM PARIS, AND LET THEM LOOSE ON HAMPSHIRE HEATH AFTER A BANK HOLIDAY?

He is a noosance, he'll be a riddance,
And we'll both get thanked for devouring he."

To guzzling BOB says gorging HARTY,
"On this here pint we both agree—
This precious BILL must be spifflicated,
And we're both hungry, so let's eat he!"

"Oh, BILL-EE! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie!"
When BILL received this information,
He used his pocket-handkerchie.

First let me say my Apologia,
Which Capting WILLYUM taught to me!
"Make haste, make haste!" says gorging HARTY;
While BOB pulled out his snickersee.

It's "a horrible tale," and I scarce feel equal
To telling it all as 'twas told to me.
Some other day you may learn the sequel
Of the sorrowful story of Little BILL-EE!

TRUE FRENCH POLITENESS.

(A Conversation not entirely Imaginary in Siamese Territory.)

SCENE—A Palace. Present, a swarthy Sovereign and Smiling Negotiator.

Negotiator. Sorry to trouble you again, your Majesty, but there are just a few supplementary matters that require settlement.

Sovereign. Why, surely your ultimatum has deprived me of everything?

Neg. Oh, dear no! For instance, you have foreign advisers.

Sov. And I presume I may act upon their advice?

Neg. Well, yes; only it will be necessary to send them back to Europe, and then stop their letters.

Sov. But this will be exceedingly arbitrary treatment.

Neg. Do you think so? Well, at any rate it will be better than a bombardment of your capital.

Sov. Have you any other demand to make?

Neg. Scarcely worth mentioning. But we must insist that in future all work must be given to artisans of our nationality.

Sov. And every other kind of contract?

Neg. That follows as a natural sequence.

Sov. Would you like anything more?

Neg. Not only like, but insist upon having it. You must surrender your forts, disband your army, and dispose of your fleet.

Sov. Come, that's impossible!

Neg. Not at all. It is a course I would strongly recommend if you want to keep your throne, and your subjects desire to preserve their lives.

Sov. Can you suggest anything else?

Neg. We never suggest. We order. Well, yes, you will do nothing without our approval, or it will be the worse for you.

Sov. Why, this is absolute bullying!

Neg. Pray don't say that, your Majesty. Although I speak plainly, I wish to treat you with every respect.

Sov. But if you have left me nothing, I may as well abdicate in your favour. Shall I?

Neg. You will do as you like, your Majesty. My instructions are to treat your will as law. I have no wish to control your actions, as I accept you as the constitutional sovereign of an independent state. Do what you please, and what pleases you will please me also. My instructions are to give you entire freedom of action—so long as that freedom chimes in with our requirements!

[Scene closes upon the pleasing proceedings.]

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.—MR. BIGG STUFFER writes to us, "I see the Princess and her daughters visited the grandest gorge in Norway. Well, after a day's touring with my friend GRUBBER, I think the pair of us will show any traveller about the biggest gorge anywhere."



LITTLE BILL-EE!

(After Thackeray.)

"OH, BILL-EE! WE'RE GOING TO KILL AND EAT YOU,
SO UNDO THE BUTTON OF YOUR CHEMIE."
WHEN BILL RECEIVED THIS INFORMATION,
HE USED HIS POCKET-HANDKERCHIE.



THE ABSTRACT AND THE CONCRETE.

Mamma (solemnly).

"BUT HE LAY LIKE A WARRIOR TAKING HIS REST,
WITH HIS MARTIAL CLOAK AROUND HIM."

Small Child. "AND DID HE REALLY GET IT FROM MARSHALL AND
SNELGROVE'S, MUMMY?"

AN OLD "ADELPHI TRIUMPH!"

PASSING through town from one country place to another. Sparse attendance at club. Am regarded with surprise by the few members present, all anxious to explain why it is they are not out of London. "Autumn Session" splendid excuse for everybody generally. "Compelled to stop in town, dear boy. Autumn Session, dash it!" "But you're not in the House." "No," is the ready rejoinder, "if I were I would 'pair' and fly to the moors. But business connected with the House" (this given with that mysterious nod and wink which together, or apart, are accounted as equally intelligible to a blind horse), "business, my dear chap, detains me." Great chance for the club bore to get an audience of one. The Ancient Mariner's time is in the dead season, when he can stop the shootist *en route*. I am wary, and avoid him. I will dine earlyish, and go to—let me see, what hospitable house of theatrical entertainment is open? The Adelphi. Here I can see *A Woman's Revenge*, as written by HENRY PATTITT. Quite so. Dine at 6.30, and see it all out, as I hear the final scene, an Old Bailey Trial, realistic to the last degree, is the great attraction. Clearly to understand the pleadings on behalf of the prisoner at the Bar I must be conversant with the details of the entire story. By 8.10 I am in my seat, regretting the loss of ten minutes' worth of the plot. Regret soon ceases on finding that I am among old friends acting a story more or less familiar to every playgoer. The house is literally crowded in every part, and this, too, on a far from cold night at the very end of August. Town may be empty, but the Adelphi is full, and "The Heavenly Twins," the Messrs. GATTI, must be rejoicing greatly.

For a cool, calm, calculating villain, recommend me to Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, the very best of gentlemanly scoundrels of modern melodrama. He is admirable: but directly the honest, outspoken Adelphi audience nose his villainy he has a bad time of it, as no matter what he may say or do, no matter whether he speaks slowly or quickly, runs off, saunters off, lounges in or hurries in, he is at once met, and so to speak "countered," by a storm of fiercely indignant hisses. Surely an actor whose *rôle* is sheer villainy of the deepest dye must be able to command enormous terms, seeing what a long training it must require to arrive at taking cursing for com-

pliments! An Adelphi audience personally hate and detest the stage villain, but for all that, they couldn't do without him, any more than can the melodramatic author or the Messrs. GATTI.

After the villain, who certainly holds the first place in popular unpopularity, comes the Heroic Boy, CHARLES WARNER, all heartiness and simplicity, a very "bounding Achilles;" and next to him, the suffering heroine who defends herself with a revolver, who is finally charged with murder, and gallantly defended by the Heroic Boy, who, attired in wig, gown, and bands, appears in the last scene of all that ends this eventful history as Counsel for the Defence, pleading for his wife before a full court, much less crowded than is the Old Bailey generally, and apparently far loftier, and much better ventilated. The case does not attract considerable public attention, as there is only a sparse attendance of nobodies in the gallery. Throughout the drama Mr. GARDINER and Miss FANNY BROUGH capitally represent the comic interest, which is brightly written, and "goes" uncommonly well.

The other scoundrel is only young in his villainy—a mere amateur as compared with Mr. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, and were it not for the things he does and says, he might at any moment be taken for a comedian neither light nor eccentric, but a fairly all-round and superior sort of "CHARLES his friend," whose lines fall in pleasant places as feeders. Poor Junior Scoundrel! from the first he has no chance of appearing either gay or light-hearted, as he is invariably at the mercy of the Senior Rascal, and is finally shot by his own revolver which, after being used against him on several occasions, for the poor Junior Rascal never has a chance with it himself, falls into the hands of aforementioned Senior Rascal, and so he goes to his dramatic grave without having had one solitary opportunity of making a light and airy speech, or doing anything to bring down the house. He comes in for his share of the hissing, poor fellow! as does also Miss ALMA STANLEY, in the costume of a kind of Madame Mephistopheles—a female villain of the deepest scarlet and black dye. She, too, is one of the trio only created to be hooted at by an enthusiastically virtuous public. This monster of female depravity, however, is not a bad sort, and shows some signs of repentance—a repentance not too late, though it is deferred till 10.50, when it just comes in time to assist the plot and unite two loving hearts.

There is a clever child in the story; far and away the best child I remember to have seen, since the child in *A Man's Shadow* at the Haymarket, who also figured in a trial and gave evidence against a father (or mother, I forget which). There was another wise child who did much the same sort of thing and got its own father convicted in *Proof*, also at the Adelphi. As to the trial scene (which seems to lack SULLIVAN'S setting of GILBERT'S words), it seemed to me that Mr. WARNER was counsel, witnesses, prosecutor, and defender, all in one, and, even considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, anyone, from a purely professional point of view, would be inclined to blame the presiding judge, Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL, for such an exhibition of Job-like patience, and for his quite unexampled toleration of an advocate's irregularities. However, his summing up was a model of conciseness and brevity, as it took for granted the jury's perfect knowledge of facts and law, and its delivery occupied just about a couple of minutes. Had Mr. WARNER been the judge, and Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL the counsel, the above-mentioned allotment of time would, probably, have been reversed. The jury, an intelligent-looking set of men, utterly belied their appearance by acquitting the prisoner in face of the most damning circumstantial evidence. But as it was close on ten minutes past eleven, and as the author had provided no sensational incident to follow, and had given no Fifth Act to finish with, the decision of the Jury was much applauded by the crowded audience in the auditorium, which then began to clear out, highly satisfied with the excellent bill of fare provided for them by Messieurs GATTI, the worthy restaurateurs of the old Adelphi Drama.

AN M. P-ERRUQUIER.—M. CHAUVIN, the theatrical perruquier, the CLARKSON of the Théâtre Français, has been recently elected Deputy for St. Denis. He will not neglect his business, but will get up all the heads of his parliamentary discourses in the afternoon, and be ready to "get up" the heads of the house of MOLIERE in the evening. To those who oppose him in political matters he is prepared, without any hair-splitting, to give a regular good wiggling all round. Should "our Mr. CLARKSON" stand for some constituency and be elected, he would of course appear in the House as the representative of the old Whigs.

HIS TWO RELIGIONS.—Though "Mr. G." is a sound Church-of-England man, yet has he recently shown himself an uncommonly strict Muzzle-man.

JOHN BULL'S NAVAL VADE MECUM.

(Prepared for his use by the Authorities at the Admiralty.)

Question. Does not England possess the best possible fleet?

Answer. Certainly, and always has enjoyed that advantage.

Q. But do not the ironclads comprising this fleet frequently turn turtle?

A. Assuredly. In fact, whenever they have the smallest opportunity.

Q. And do not the guns with which the ships are armed occasionally burst?

A. Not only occasionally, but frequently.

Q. And are not the commanders of the fleet sometimes guilty of errors of judgment?

A. To be sure, and sometimes these errors of judgment lead to absolute disaster.

Q. And are not the ships considerably undermanned, and some of the companies of inferior material?

A. Quite so. In fact, when there is a special strain—manœuvres on a large scale, or for a kindred reason—crews have to be obtained from here, there, and everywhere.

Q. And is it not quite a question whether some dozen of our first-rate men-of-war are practically valueless?

A. Well, scarcely a question, because it is all but certain that they are practically valueless.

Q. And isn't there bullying in the *Britannia*, and



A PROMISING WITNESS!

Scotch Counsel (addressing an Old Woman in a case before Judge and Jury).
 "PRAY, MY GOOD WOMAN, DO YOU KEEP A DIARY?"
Witness. "NAW, SIR, I KUPS A WHUSKEY SHOP!"

a general laxity in the training of young officers to take important commands?

A. Yes, but this is a matter of small importance, as all naval officers are merely machines, and have no right to think or act on their own responsibility.

Q. And does not a commander-in-chief sometimes make a grave and obvious mistake, and do not all his subordinates, knowing the consequences, implicitly obey him?

A. Of course, for this is the rule of the service.

Q. And is it not a fact that the navy is in want of the appliances to repair ships that have suffered damage abroad?

A. Assuredly.

Q. And is not our officers' acquaintance with the characteristics of the sea rather indefinite and distinctly limited?

A. It is bound to be with defective charts and other false guides to naval knowledge.

Q. Then may it be justly assumed that we cannot count upon our ships, guns, and commanders?

A. Why, certainly.

Q. And yet you declare that England possesses the best possible fleet?

A. I do, and the little drawbacks I have admitted have no force in qualifying the assertion.

Q. Why have they not?

A. Because all the drawbacks exist in the piping times of peace, and consequently the British navy will prove its superiority in the more dangerous days of war.

NEW KING COAL CORRECTED.

In the sub-heading of *Mr. Punch's Up-to-Date Nursery Rhyme, "New King Coal"* (August 19, p. 74), a very obvious error was made in speaking of the colliers of Northumberland and Durham as "on strike," when in fact they were only "considering the advisability" of joining their Welsh "brothers" and Midland "mates" in a collective stand against the coal-owners. Since then, *Mr. Punch* is glad to know, they have "thought better of it," and have not joined the strike—having, perhaps, given "thoughtful consideration" to *Mr. Punch's* friendly conundrum. "The bearings" of the New Nursery Rhyme "lie in its application," and are not altered by the writer's slip of the pen, to which, however, *Mr. Punch* thanks various vigilant readers for, very properly, calling his attention.

To the men's Federation 'twas *Punchius* spoke:

"The Capitalist can drink fizz and can smoke;
 And why should a lad who has eyes and can see,
 Follow fools like a lamb, and lose much £ s. d.
 Northumberland, Durham decline to come forth.
 When strikes suit the south they may not suit the north;
 So let every man who loves honour and right,
 Essay *Arbitration* in lieu of brute fight!"

NO DOUBT OF IT.—Of course the admission detracts from our "LIKA JOKO'S" artistic skill, but evidently *MR. SWIFT-TO-AVENGE MACNEILL* is a person very easily "drawn."

COAL Mine Owners have no big difficulties to contend with; in this life they have only to meet *miner* troubles.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday.—In Committee of Supply at last; Home-Rule Bill laid aside for day or two awaiting Third Reading. Meanwhile trifle of ten millions to be voted for the Navy. Members generally, taking into account the long grind of the Session, regard opportunity as favourable for making little holiday. Benches occupied chiefly with Admirals, Captains, Secretaries to the Admiralty and ex-Secretaries, with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his predecessor thrown in; also ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS, silent through debate on Home-Rule Bill, has a few words to say. Imposing demonstration on bench behind ex-Ministers. HANBURY in corner seat representing Youth at the Prow; at the other end sits Experience at the Helm, the part taken (not for this time only) by TOMMY BOWLES. Midway sits the Blameless Blushing BARTLEY. Always blameless. To-night blushing, since Mr. G., accidentally as casual observers take it, with prophetic soul as one of his hearers well knows, referred to him just now as "the honourable baronet." Effect upon BARTLEY striking and wholesome. Did not once thereafter, up till stroke of midnight, open his lips. Sat in pleased meditation, brooding over the prospect of a censorious world, some day in the near future, hailing him as B. B. K., a title assumed by the Unhappy Nobleman who long ago languished from the public ken.

After midnight spell broken; BARTLEY, Bart., woke up, vigorously and indiscriminately objecting to progress with any business on paper. Meantime HANBURY and TOMMY had made up for any remissness on part of their esteemed colleague. TOMMY arrived early on the scene, deck-laden with cargo of Blue Books and Reports; sufficient in weight and bulk to sink a less trim-built wherry.



DOOMED!

Piled them up on either side of him. "In laager," as UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH ruefully said, glancing across the table at his adversary.

"Have looked forward to this day with keen anticipation," said TOMMY. "Have dropped a word in season occasionally in debate on Home-Rule Bill, I admit. But it's to Committee of Supply I have looked forward for full opportunity of serving my QUEEN and country. Now here we are in Supply, and here we rest for a week or two. I feel like the Walrus."



Bowles as the Walrus.

"How's that?" I asked, fearing for a moment that much talking had made TOMMY mad.

"Don't you remember? Haven't you been *Through a Looking-Glass*?"

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
'To talk of many things:
Of shoes, and sticks, and sealing-wax,
Of cabbages, and kings.
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings.'

You bet that somewhere in the icy north that Walrus had been accustomed to sit on the Opposition benches in Committee of Supply.

Couldn't otherwise have so accurately described situation."

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

Tuesday.—BURNIE burning with curiosity to know whether 'tis true, as boldly rumoured, that DUKE OF CONNAUGHT has been appointed to chief command of Army at Aldershot? If so, on what grounds? CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN with strategic brevity answered that appointment had been made in accordance with principle of selection of the fittest. House, moderately full at moment, received the explanation with much less enthusiasm than might have been expected. This encouraged gentlemen below gangway to persist in divers enquiries designed to illustrate, and perchance establish, C.-B.'s position. ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS joined in hunt; particularly anxious to know what experience in real fighting the new Commander had enjoyed? "He was in command of brigade in Egyptian expedition," said C.-B., making an involuntary sword-pass at ALPHEUS.

"Yes," persisted that matter-of-fact person; "but will the right hon. gentleman tell us how near or how far away from the real fighting the Duke of CONNAUGHT stood?"

No authentic record being in archives of War Office, SECRETARY OF STATE declined to commit himself to reply. Later, in Committee, ALPHEUS staggered Civil Lord of the Admiralty with enquiry as to steam-launch built at Portsmouth dockyard for Duke of CONNAUGHT "at the expense of the people." "What has become of that launch?" ALPHEUS asked, fixing ROBERTSON with gleaming eye, as if he suspected he might have it concealed somewhere about his person. ROBERTSON tremblingly answered that he knew nothing about it. ALPHEUS not by any means mollified; means to bring up whole subject in Committee on Army Estimates.

Business done.—Over four millions voted on Navy Estimates by some twenty or thirty Members representing House of Commons.

Wednesday.—Mr. G. made fine speech to-day, moving Third Reading of Home-Rule Bill. Benefited immensely by compression; only an hour long; but full of meat and matter. Long grown accustomed to these supreme efforts of Perennial Youth. A series this Session which, in respect of eloquence, vitality, and force, will stand comparison with any equal number delivered in what was (erroneously it now turns out) regarded as his prime.

More interesting as an episode was the reappearance on the Parliamentary stage of a DISRAELI. CONINGSBY has sat in House for full Session; wisely abstained from imprudence of young Member of to-day, who takes the oath at four o'clock and catches the SPEAKER'S eye at ten. Now, in these closing days of Session, on seventy-ninth day debate Home-Rule Bill, CONINGSBY modestly thinks "the time has come when they shall hear me."

House did so with pleasure. Only a small gathering. Mr. G. absent, which was a pity. On the 7th of December, 1837, Mr. G., sitting on back bench on Conservative side, lifted up "a fine head of jet-black hair, always carefully parted from the crown downward to his brow," to listen to an earlier maiden speech delivered by an elderly young man, "ringed and curled like an Assyrian bull," his violet velvet waistcoat garlanded with gold chains. Across the bridge of fifty-six years a marvellous memory might have recalled this figure had the ex-Member for Newark to-day been in his place to look across the House at the dapper young man, with quiet self-possessed manner, who, having considered this Government Bill, had

come to the conclusion that it is "a measure born in deceit, nurtured in concealment, saddled in the gag, and thrust upon the country without the sanction of the people." The old Disraelian ring about that phrase. House sees again D'ISRAELI the Younger; only Younger than ever. But that is a reproach CONINGSBY may outlive.

Business done.—Third Reading of Home-Rule Bill moved.

Saturday, 1.30 A.M.—Eighty-second day of debate on Home-Rule Bill. After being "gagged" through all those days and nights of ruthless talk, a House crowded on every Bench, filling galleries and thronging Bar,

opens wide its mouth and cheers announcement that Third Reading been carried by 301 votes against 267. When House is unanimous, its unanimity wonderful. Everybody agreed to shout for joy—Ministerialists because majority was 34, Opposition because it isn't 38.

"Thank you, TOBY," said Mr. G., when I congratulated him on the end of the long job; "I expect we're all glad it's over. Excuse me, but I just want to drop the Bill in the post for the Lords."

Crowd waiting outside Palace Yard caught sight of him as he tripped along. A ringing cheer woke echoes of the stilly night; Mr. G. escorted home in triumph to Downing Street.

"Dear me!" said the Member for SARK. "Now I wonder how many of those who are now cheering Mr. G. helped fifteen years ago to break his windows?"

The Member for Sark always thinks of cheerful things.

Business done.—Home-Rule Bill read Third Time.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

(By another Sporting M.P.)

We have talked and divided and sat till we're ill,
At the mercy of every pestiferous bore.
It's a WILDE kind of thing to be saying, but still
Now like *Oliver Twist* we keep "asking for moor."

There are some who think politics naught but a game
'Twixt the Ins and the Outs that is played in the House,
But the game that we sigh for (and are we to blame!)
Is the covey of partridge or moor-loving grouse.

Now we're well in September, and work nearly finished,
I'm off, whilst the Commons get lost in the bogs
Of Supply and stay on with their zeal undiminished,
For the Country may go—like myself—to the dogs!

LEGAL PROMOTION (Comment by an Indignant Radical).—Lord Justice BOWEN made a Lord of Appeal, *vice* Lord HANNEN, resigned. Very natural—there's no "Justice" in the House of Lords!

Love and Time; or, The Three Stages of Passion.

["The question whether gifts bestowed during an engagement should be returned when it is broken off has always been a debated one."—James Payn.]

Debated? Sentiment must surely weep!
If passion, hot at first, should cool at last,
How should a loveless Future stoop to keep
The Present of the Past?

WHY is a man who has dined a little too well at the "Star and Garter" like RICHARD THE THIRD?—Because he sees "six Richmonds in the field."



Finished at Last!



A CROWDED HOUSE.

Angry Voice (from a back seat). "EARS OFF IN FRONT THERE, PLEASE!"

A NOVEL SHOW.

[“A popular place of entertainment is arranging a Burglars’ Exhibition.”—*Daily Telegraph*.]

Oh, gladly will the public pay
Its shillings for admission,
To study in a careful way
This most original display,
The Burglars’ Exhibition.

Professor SIKES will here explain,
With practical instruction,
How best to break a window-pane,
Through which his classic form may gain
Judicious introduction.

The jemmies, and revolvers, too,
Will doubtless prove enthralling,
And all the implements we’ll view
With which these scientists pursue
Their fascinating calling;

The most efficient type of gag
To silence all intrusion,
The latest kind of carpet-bag
Wherein to bear the bulky “swag”
To some remote seclusion.

Then, by this exhibition’s aid,
The art will spread to others,
And those who ply this busy trade
Will, in a year or two, be made
A noble band of brothers.

The thief of olden time we’ll see
As seldom as the dodo;
The burglar’s future aim will be
To join the fortiter in re
And *suaviter in modo*!

THE MOST UNPARDONABLE “MISUSE OF WORDS.”—Making after-dinner speeches.

CONVERSION À LA MODE.

SCENE—A Government Office. A Government Official discovered.

To him enter a Petitioner.

Petitioner. I really think, Sir, that the time has arrived for a grant.

Official. Impossible, my dear Sir, impossible. I can assure you the reports are greatly exaggerated.

Pet. But do you know that the ports cannot properly be guarded without further financial assistance?

Off. Very likely; at least, that may be the general opinion.

Pet. And Science could be far more certain did the funds permit—you are aware of that?

Off. Faddists never consider the cost of anything.

Pet. And I suppose you are aware that it is marching towards the metropolis?

Off. When it gets there it will be time to consider the situation.

Pet. Then you have not heard of the recent affair in Westminster?

Off. In Westminster! Why that is close to the Houses of Parliament!

Pet. And if I tell you that it has been traced to the Lobby of the Commons.

Off. Don’t say another word, my dear Sir, not another word. What, appeared in the House of Commons! Why, several millions shall be granted at once!

[Scene closes in upon preparations of the most active character.]

ANNOUNCEMENT. — *The Heavenly Twins* has had a success. It will be followed by a treatise on gout by Mrs. SARAH GAMP, M.D., to be entitled *The Uneavenly Twinge*.

THE STRIKER’S VADE MECUM.

Question. You think it is a good thing to strike?

Answer. Yes, when there is no other remedy.

Q. Is there ever any other remedy?

A. Never. At least, so say the secretaries.

Q. Then you stand by the opinions of the officials?

A. Why, of course; because they are paid to give them.

Q. But have not the employers any interests?

A. Lots, but they are not worthy the working-man’s consideration.

Q. But are not their interests yours?

A. Yes, and that is the way we guard over them.

Q. But surely it is the case of cutting off the nose to spite the mouth?

A. And why not, if the mouth is too well fed.

Q. But are not arguments better than bludgeons?

A. No, and bludgeons are less effective than revolvers.

Q. But may not the use of revolvers produce the military?

A. Yes, but they can do nothing without a magistrate reading the Riot Act.

Q. But, the Riot Act read, does not the work become serious?

A. Probably. But at any rate the work is lawful, because unremunerative.

Q. But how are the wives and children of strikers to live if their husbands and fathers earn no wages?

A. On strike money.

Q. But does all the strike money go to the maintenance of the hearth and the home?

A. Of course not, for a good share of it is wanted for the baccy-shop and the public-house.

Q. But if strikes continue will not trade suffer?

A. Very likely, but trade represents the masters.

Q. And if trade is driven away from the country will it come back?

A. Most likely not, but that is a matter for the future.

Q. But is not the future of equal importance to the present?

A. Not at all, for a day’s thought is quite enough for a day’s work.

Q. Then a strike represents either nothing or idleness?

A. Yes, bludgeons or beer.

Q. And what is the value of reason?

A. Why, something less than smoke.

“SOCIAL TEST-WORDS.”

[An American writer in *The Critic* has an article on this subject.]

Two “social questions” soon, we may expect,
Will, in two continents, raise a social storm:—

“Is it *correct* to say a thing’s ‘correct’?”

“Is it *good form* to use the phrase ‘good form’?”

Or will both go, with those who finely feel,
The way of “gentlemanly,” and “genteel”?
Shall *Punch* attempt to settle it? No,
thankee!

He rather thinks he’ll leave it to the Yankee.
What matters it about *our* played-out tongue?
(In which some good things *have* been said
and sung.)

Let those the war of “Saxon *versus* Slang”
wage,

Who have the charge of “the American
Language.”

That *has* a future (HOWELL’s law, and Fate’s!)
“The language of the Great United States”
(Unless through cant and coarseness it goes
rotten)

The world will speak when “English” is
forgotten.

The Coming Fall.

THE Autumn comes. We welcome it—
A change from Summer heat appalling.
The birds once more begin to flit
To warmer climes, the leaves are falling.

But portent clear as clear can be,
We know that Autumn comes by
reasoning
“Look all the papers that we see
Are daily stuffed with silly seasoning.”

"A QUIET PIPE."

"ONE touch of nature" kins
To-day
With classical Arcadia.
This faun-like "nipper,"
Tree-perched, is tootling, toot-
ling on,
Though Pan be dead, Arcadia
gone,
And wild "Kazoos" are played
upon
By the cheap tripper.

Half imp, half animal, behold
The 'ARRY of the Age of Gold
In this young satyr!
Lover of pleasure and of "lush"
(Silenus at the slang might
blush),
Of haunted Nature's holy hush
Irreverent hater.

Mischief and music, mockery.
Swift eyes oblique in goblin
glee,
And nimble finger;
Sardonic lips that slide with
speed
Athwart the rangéd pastoral
reed;
Upon these things [will] fancy
feed,
And memory linger.

Imp-urehin of the budding
horn,
Native to Nature's nascent
morn,
The same quaint pranks
You played 'midst the Arcadian
shade,

By satyrs of to-day are played;
Their nether limbs in "tweeds" arrayed
Not shaggy shanks.

Not cheap tan kids and KINO's best
Can hide the frolic faun confest,
Or coarse Silenus;
Like SPENSER's satyrs, they attack us,



With rompings rouse, with noises rack
us,
Brutes in the train of beery Bacchus,
And vulgar Venus.

'ARRY's mouth-organ is, indeed,
Far shriekier than your shrilling reed,
Pan-fathered piper;

While his tin-whistle—a wood-
god,
Whose tympanum *that* sound
should prod,
Would start, and 'shriek, as
though he trod
Upon a viper.

Ah, yes, my little satyr-friend,
Better Arcadia than Southend
On a Bank-Holiday!
You and your Pan-pipe *might*
appear,
And tootle, yet not rend my
ear.
Or with a novel Panic fear
Upset a jolly day.

Aperch upon your branch, you
carry
A certain likeness to our 'ARRY,
Yet 'tis but slight.
He could not sit, the noisy
brute!
And natural music mildly flute,
Till the assembled nymphs were
mute
With sheer delight.

He'd want the banjo and the
bones,
And rowdy words, and raucous
tones,
And roaring chorus.
Urchin, I've done you grievous
wrong!
No echoes of Arcadian song
Sound in the screech the holiday
throng
Rattle and roar us.

To your shrill flutings I could listen
When on the grass-blades dewdrops glisten,
And morn is ripe.
Could sit and hear your pastoral reed,
In peace, and do myself, indeed
(Fair laden with "the fragrant weed"),
"A Quiet Pipe!"

THE HIGHLAND "CADDIE."

[There has been a strike among the Golf Caddies.]

AIR—"The Blue Bells of Scotland."

OH! where, and oh! where is your Highland "Caddie" gone?
He's gone to join the Strike, and now "Caddie" I have none;
And it's oh! in my heart that I wish the Strike were done!

Oh! what, and oh! what does your Highland "Caddie" claim?
He wants sixpence for a round of nine holes. It is a shame,
And it's oh! in my heart that I fear 'twill spoil the game.

And what, tell me what, are your Highland Caddie's tricks?
He has "picketed the links" just to keep out all "knobsticks,"
And it's oh! in my heart, that I feel I'm in a fix!

Suppose, oh! suppose that all Highland Caddies strike!
I might have to turn up golf, and to tennis take, or "bike,"
But it's oh! in my heart that I do not think 'tis like!

"NAME! NAME!"—In a recent report from the East occurs the delightfully-suggestive name of "SEYD BIN ABED." Of course he is a relative to "SEYD IM GOTUP AGEN." Or perhaps he has changed his name from "SEYD UAD BIN ABED" to "SEYD IMON SOPHA." If "Seyd" be not pronounced as "Seed" but as "Said," the above titles can be altered to match. True or not, yet "so it is Seyd." The news in which this name occurs appears to have reached the correspondent through a person called "RUMALIZA." Can anything coming from a female styled "RUM ELIZA" be credible?

OUT OF COURT.—A sharp young lady listening to a conversation about witnesses being sworn in Court, interrupted with "I don't know much about kissing the book, but if I didn't like him, I'd soon bring the kisser to book."

AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

THE few theatres now open seem to be doing uncommonly good business. The Shaftesbury, with *Morocco Bound*, was as nearly full as it could be in the first week of September, when the cry is not yet "They are coming back," but they are remaining away. Another week will make all the difference. *Morocco Bound* is not a piece at all, but a sort of variety show, just held together by the thinnest thread of what, for want of a better word, may be temporarily dignified as "plot." Mr. CHARLES DANBY is decidedly funny in it. Mr. TEMPLAR SAXE is a pretty singer. Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH well sustains the eccentric reputation of his family name; and, if any opposition manager could induce the present representative of *Spoonfah Bey* to appear at another house, it would be "all up" with *Morocco Bound*, as such a transfer would entirely take "the Shine" out of this piece. Miss JENNIE McNULTY does nothing in particular admirably; and Miss LETTY LIND, charming in her *entr'acte* of skirt-dancing, is still better in her really capital dance with the agile CHARLES DANBY. This entertainment has reached its hundred and fiftieth night (!!!), and all those who are prevented from going North to stalk the wily grouse may do worse than spend a night among the Moors in *Morocco Bound*. Oddly enough, but quite appropriately, the acting-manager in front, who looks after the fortunes of Morocco and its Moors, is Mr. A. BLACKMORE. Out of compliment he might have let in an "a" after the "k," dropped the final "e," and given himself a second "o." Still, in keeping with the fitness of things, he has done well in being there.

ANCIENT SAWS RESET.

"All work and no pay makes JACK a striking boy."

"All pay and no work makes JACK's employer go without a shirt."

DURING the recent tropical weather, Mrs. R. observed that it was the only time in her life when she would have given anything "just to have got a little cold."



ON HIS HONEYMOON TOO!

Man with Sand Ponies. "NOW THEN, MISTER, YOU AN' THE YOUNG LADY, A PONY APIECE? 'ERE Y'ARE!"

Snobley (loftily). "AW—I'M NOT ACCUSTOMED TO THAT CLASS OF ANIMAL."

Man (readily). "AIN'T YER, SIR? NE' MIND." *(To Boy.)* "'ERE, BILL, LOOK SHARP! GENT 'LL HAVE A DONKEY!"

"THE BOOK THAT FAILED."

[A publisher writes to *The Author* to say that, for the first time in his experience, the writer of a book which was not a success has sent him an unsolicited cheque to compensate him for the loss he has sustained by producing it.]

AS THINGS ARE TO-DAY.

Publisher (nastily). I tell you that it's no earthly use your asking about profits, because there are none.

Author (amazed). No profits! And you really mean to tell me that the public has not thought fit to purchase my shilling work of genius—*The Maiming of Mendoza*? By our agreement only a paltry six thousand copies of the work had to be bought before my royalty of a penny a volume began.

Publisher. I am quite aware of it. The sale of the six thousand copies would just about have repaid us for cost of production. As a matter of fact, only three thousand have been sold. We've lost heavily, and very much regret we were ever induced to accept the work.

Author. And you really ask me to believe that after such a sale as that a loss on your part is possible? Why, if you take price of printing at—

[Goes elaborately into cost of production.]

Publisher. Yes, but you see the price of everything has gone up in our trade. Binding is now ten per cent. dearer, composing is—

[Also goes into precise and prolonged details.]

Author (turning desperate at last). Oh, let us end this chatter! You really say that no cheque whatever is due to me for all my labours?

Publisher. Not a single penny. It's the other way about.

Author (leaving). And you call this "the beneficial system of royalties," do you? Good day! And if I don't set the Society of Authors at you before I am a day older, then my name's not BULWER MAKEPEACE DEFOE SMITH!

[Exit tempestuously.]

AS THEY MAY BE TO-MORROW.

Utterly Unknown Novelist. Then I am afraid that my last three-volumed work of fiction, in spite of the cordial way in which it was reviewed by my brother-in-law in the *Weekly Dotard*, my maternal

uncle in the *Literary Spy*, and a few other relatives on the daily press, has not upon the whole been a decided success?

Publisher. Well, it's useless to conceal the fact, that from a mere base material point of view, the publication of *The Boiling of Benjamin* has not quite answered our expectations. In fact, we have lost a couple of thousand pounds over it. But *(more cheerfully)* what of that? It is a pleasure to lose money over introducing good work to the public; a positive privilege to be sacrificed on such an altar as *The Boiling of Benjamin*. So say no more on that head!

U. U. Novelist (enthusiastically). Good and generous man! But I will say more! You recollect that the terms you made with me were a thousand pounds down, and a hundred pounds a month for life or until the copyright expired?

Publisher (groaning slightly). Oh, yes! I remember it very well.

U. U. Novelist. And that I have already received cheques for one thousand and five hundred pounds, without your mentioning a word about the loss you have been nobly and silently enduring?

Publisher. An agreement's an agreement, and you are only experiencing one result of the beneficial system of royalties.

U. U. Novelist. Quite so! But if there is to be division of profits, there should be division of losses as well. So *(taking out cheque-book, and hurriedly writing in it)* there! Not a word of thanks! It's merely repaying you the fifteen hundred I've received, with another thousand to compensate you for the loss on production.

Publisher (melted into tears). Oh, thanks, thanks! You have averted ruin from my starving little ones! And if you should wish to bring out any other work of —. He is gone, to escape my gratitude! *(Takes up cheque.)* By far the best thing he ever wrote!

(Curtain.)

POLITICAL PARALLEL.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN declared the other day the Government were in a hole. Was it in reference to this that the Duke of ARGYLL spoke in the Lords of Lord ROSEBERG's "Pitt"?

A GLASS TOO MUCH (FOR OUTSIDERS LAST WEDNESDAY).—*Isinglass.*

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE II.—Same as preceding. Mr. TOOVEY is slowly recovering from the mental collapse produced by the mention of the word "Eldorado."

Mrs. Toovey. ALTHEA is out of the room, Pa, so there is no reason why you should not speak out plainly.

Mr. Toovey (to himself). No reason—oh! But I must say something. If only I knew whether it was my Eldorado—but, no, it's a mere coincidence! (*Aloud—shakily.*) CHARLES, my boy, you—you've shocked me very much indeed, as you can see. But, about the name of this establishment, now—isn't it a curious one—for a music-hall, CHARLES? M—mightn't it be confused with—well—say a mine, now?

Mrs. T. THEOPHILUS, this is scarcely the tone—. I expected you to give this misguided boy a solemn warning of the ruin he may incur by having anything to do with such a haunt.

Mr. T. (to himself). Ah, I'm afraid I'm only too well qualified to do that. (*Aloud.*) I do, CHARLES, I do—though at the same time, I can quite understand how one may, unwittingly—I mean, you might not be aware of—

Mrs. T. You, Pa, of all people in the world, trying to find excuses for his depravity! The very name of the place is enough to indicate its nature!

Mr. T. (*hastily.*) No, my love, surely not. There I think you go too far—too far altogether!

Mrs. T. I appeal to Mr. CURPHEW to say whether such a place is a proper resort for any young man.

Curphew (to himself). Wish I was well out of this! (*Aloud.*) I—I really don't feel qualified to give an opinion, Mrs. TOOVEY. Many young men do go to them, I believe.

Charles (to himself). Is this chap a prig, or a humbug? I'll draw him. (*Aloud.*) I suppose, from that, you never think of going yourself?

Mrs. T. Mr. CURPHEW's tastes are rather different from yours, CHARLES. I am very sure that he is never to be seen among the audience at any music-hall, are you, Mr. CURPHEW?

Curph. (to himself). Could I break it to her gently, I wonder. (*Aloud.*) Never—my professional duties make that impossible.

Charles (to himself). I knew he was a muff! (*Aloud.*) I should have thought you could easily get a pass to any place you wanted to go—in your profession.

Curph. (to himself). He suspects something. (*Aloud.*) Should you? Why?

Charles. Oh, as you're on a newspaper, you know. Don't they always have a free pass for everywhere?

Curph. If they have, I have never had occasion to make use of it.

Charles. Well, of course you may turn up your nose at music-halls, and say they're not intellectual enough for you.

Curph. Pardon me, I never said I turned up my nose at them, though you'll admit they don't profess to make a strong appeal to the intellect.

Charles. If they did, you wouldn't catch me there. But I can tell you, it's not so bad as you seem to think; every now and then they get hold of a really good thing. You might do worse than drop into the El. or the Val., the Valhalla, you know, some evening—just to hear WALTER WILDFIRE.

Curph. Much obliged; but I can't imagine myself going there for such a purpose.

Mrs. T. CHARLES, if you suppose Mr. CURPHEW would allow himself to be corrupted by a boy like you—

Charles. But look here, Aunt. WALTER WILDFIRE's all right—he is really; he was a gentleman, and all that, before he took to this sort of thing, and he writes all his own songs—and ripping they

are, too! His line is the Broken-down Plunger, you know. (*Mrs. T. repudiates any knowledge of this type.*) He's got one song about a Hansom Cabby who has to drive the girl he was engaged to before he was broke, and she's married some other fellow since, and has got her little daughter with her, and the child gives him his fare, and—well, somehow it makes you feel choky when he sings it. Even Mr. CURPHEW couldn't find anything to complain of in WALTER WILDFIRE!

Althea (*who has entered during this speech*). Mamma, I can't find your spectacles anywhere. Mr. CURPHEW, who is this WALTER WILDFIRE CHARLES is so enthusiastic about?

Mrs. T. (*hastily*). No one that Mr. CURPHEW knows anything of—and certainly not a fit person to be mentioned in your hearing, my dear, so let us say no more about it. Supper must be on the table by this time; we had better go in, and try to find a more befitting topic for conversation. CHARLES, have the goodness to put this—this disgraceful paper in your pocket, and let me see no more of it. I shall get your Uncle to speak to you seriously after supper.

Mr. T. (*aloud, with alacrity*). Yes, my love, I shall certainly speak to CHARLES after supper—very seriously. (*To himself.*) And end this awful uncertainty!

Curph. (*to himself, as he follows to the Dining-room*). "Not a fit person to be mentioned in her hearing!" I wonder. Would she say the same if she knew? When shall I be able to tell her? It would be madness as yet.

SCENE III.—The Study. Mr. TOOVEY and CHARLES are alone together. Mr. TOOVEY has found it impossible to come to the point.

Charles (*looking at his watch*). I say, Uncle, I'm afraid I must trouble you for that wiggling at once, if I'm going to catch my train back. You've only seven-and-a-half minutes left to exhort me in, so make the most of it.

Mr. T. (*with embarrassment*). Yes, CHARLES, but—I don't wish to be hard on you, my boy—we are all liable to err, and—in point of fact, the reason I was a little upset at the mention of the Eldorado is, that a very dear old friend of mine, CHARLES, has lately lost a considerable sum through investing in a Company of the same name—and, just for the moment, it struck me that it might have been the music-hall—which of course is absurd, eh?

Charles. Rather! He couldn't possibly have lost it in the music-hall, Uncle; it's ridiculous!

Mr. T. (*relieved*). Just what I thought. A man in his—ah—responsible position—oh no. But he's lost it in this other Company.

And they've demanded a hundred and seventy-five pounds over and above the five hundred he paid on his shares. Now you know the law. Can they do that, CHARLES? Is he legally liable to pay?

Charles. Couldn't possibly say without knowing all the facts. It's a Limited Company, I suppose?

Mr. T. I—I don't know, CHARLES, but I can show you the official document which—ah—happens to be in my hands. I'm afraid I didn't examine it very carefully—I was too upset. (*He goes to his secrétaire, and returns with a paper, which he offers for CHARLES'S inspection.*) You won't mind my covering up the name? My—my friend wouldn't care for it to be seen—I'm sure.

Charles (*glances at the top of the paper, and roars with laughter*). I say, Uncle, your friend must be a jolly old juggins!

Mr. T. (*miserably*). I don't think he could be described as jolly just now, CHARLES.

Charles. No, but I mean, not all there, you know—trifle weak in the upper story.

Mr. T. (*with dignity*). He never professed to be a man of business, CHARLES, any more than myself, and his inexperience was shamefully abused—most shamefully!

Charles. Abused! But look here, Uncle, do you mean to say you don't see that this is a dividend warrant!



"If I were you, I wouldn't mention this to Aunt."

Mr. T. I believe that is what they call it. And—and is he bound to send them a cheque for it at once, CHARLES?

Charles. Send them a cheque? Great SCOTT! Why it is a cheque! They're paying him. It's the half-yearly dividend on his five hundred, at the rate of seventy per cent. And he was going to— Oh, Lord!

Mr. T. (rising, and shaking C.'s hands with effusion). My dear CHARLES; how can I thank you? If you knew what a load you've taken off my mind! Then the Company isn't bankrupt—it's paying seventy per cent.! Why, I needn't mind telling your Aunt. (With restored complacency.) Of course, my boy, I have never occupied myself with City matters—but, none the less, I believe I can trust my natural shrewdness—I had a sort of instinct, CHARLES, from the first, that that mine was perfectly sound. I knew I could trust LARKINS.

Charles. You, Uncle! Then it was you who was your friend all the time? Oh, you're really too rich, you know!

Mr. T. I have never desired it; but it will certainly be a very useful addition to our—ah—modest income, CHARLES. But you should check yourself, my boy, in this—ah—immoderate laughter. There is nothing that I can see to cause such mirth in the fact of your Uncle's having made a fortunate investment in a goldmine.

Charles (as soon as he can speak). But it ain't a mine, Uncle, it—it's the music-hall! Give you my word it is. If you don't believe me, look at the address on the warrant, and you'll see it's the same as on this programme. You're a shareholder in the Eldorado Palace of Varieties, Piccadilly!

Mr. T. (falling back). No, CHARLES! I—I acquired them in the most perfect innocence!

Charles. Innocence! I'd back you for that against an entire Infant School, Uncle. But I say, I must be off now. If I were you, I wouldn't mention this to Aunt. And look here. I'd better leave you this. (He hands him the Eldorado programme.) It's more in your line than mine now. [He goes out, and is heard chuckling in the hall and down to the front gate.]

Mr. T. (alone). That rascal, unfeeling boy! What a Sunday I've had! And how am I ever to tell CORNELIA now? (A bell rings.) That's to call the servants up to prayers. (He stuffs the programme into his pocket hastily, and rises.) No, I can't. I can't conduct family prayers with the knowledge that I'm a shareholder in—in a Palace of Varieties! I shall slip quietly off to bed.

Phoebe (entering). Missus wished me to tell you she was only waiting for you, Sir.

Mr. T. PHOEBE, tell your mistress I'm feeling poorly again, and have gone to bed. (To himself.) If I could only be sure I don't talk in my sleep!

END OF SCENE III.

A (FREQUENTLY) RISING M.P.—Mr. T. G. BOWLES is quite "a new boy" in the House, yet has he none of the diffidence of most other new boys. His continuous questions and his easy oratory will win for him the styles and titles of "The Flowing BOWLES" and "The Sparkling BOWLES." If Mr. P. adopts him as a frequent and favourite subject for an object lesson, such as were SIBTHORPE and some others in past times, he may attain the very highest position as "BOWLES of Punch."



BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Son of the House (who wishes to say something polite about our friend's astounding shooting, but who cannot paller with the truth). "I SHOULD THINK YOU WERE AWFULLY CLEVER AT BOOKS, SIR!"

the opponents to the Public Baths and Wash-house Bill, which it will be remembered passed through the Committee stage with the assistance of a cavalry regiment and three batteries of artillery.

Friday.—The Budget has disappointed both the fleet and the army, the combined forces have taken possession of the capital, and the Government is practically overturned.

Saturday.—Matters are still unsettled. The capital is still in possession of the insurgents. The Premier has been released on condition that he promises to bring in a Bill for the improvement of the Law of Bankruptcy early next Session. It is rumoured that a body of fresh troops are on their way to the metropolis in charge of a measure for the Abolition of Tithes, which they desire to carry through the Upper House at the point of the bayonet.

Sunday.—The Admiral commanding the fleet, having proclaimed himself Dictator, attended church in state. On his way back to his palace he was surrounded by the troops, and, after a tough engagement, was forced to retire to his flag-ship with heavy loss. The garrison would have attended the afternoon service *en grande tenue* had not the fleet opened fire upon the recently evacuated cathedral. In spite of recent events the populace still exhibit uneasiness.

FINE SUBJECT FOR HEROIC HISTORICAL CARTOON.—"TOMMY" BOWLES challenging a division." Imagine it! Grand! but unfortunately the subject too late for pictorial treatment by one of Mr. P.'s young men this week. Think how many would go to make up a "Division"! Remember that TOMMY is but a Unit. "Unit is strength," says T. G. B.

THE UNEXPECTED.—Youthful Hereditary Legislator (seen for the first time in the neighbourhood of Westminster last week, inquires of Policeman). "Aw—can you—ar—direct me to the—aw—House of Lords?"

POLITICS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(From our Special Correspondent on the Spot.)

Monday.—Everyone is afraid that the action of the Government in imposing a tax upon cycles will have serious effects. Although the fleet do not use the carriages thus surcharged, it is not unlikely the armour-plated cruiser *Impartial* may threaten to bombard the capital. Altogether the situation is critical.

Tuesday.—My fears were well-founded. The capital has been bombarded, but not on account of the cycle tax, but to show that the commander of the armour-plated cruiser *Impartial* objects to the proposed equalisation of Poor Rates. Fortunately the Government torpedo-catcher *Cupid* was able to beat off the *Impartial* before serious damage could be done. Still, the question of the acquisition of the telegraphs is causing much excitement amongst the army.

Wednesday.—My worst fears are realised. The General in command of the garrison has made the Church Tithes question a *casus belli*. As the Government insisted upon proceeding with the second reading, the General thought it his duty to set fire to all the public offices. This is considered to be an extreme step by many important members of the Opposition.

Thursday.—This morning dense bodies of troops arrived opposite the House of Representatives, with a view to bringing pressure to bear upon



SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

Wandering Minstrel. "GURLS! I'M A DOOCID FINE CHA-APPLE!" &C., &C.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY!"

[Mr. GLADSTONE has gone on a visit to Mr. GEORGE ARMITSTEAD, at Black Craig Castle, Perthshire. Mr. HENRY GLADSTONE stated that the Prime Minister would receive no deputations, and that the holiday would be purely recuperative.]

Pensive Premier museth :—

PURELY recuperative! Ah! precisely. Leave me alone, and I shall manage nicely. How the bees boom amidst the purple heather! Better than BOWLES and BARTLEY! (*Yawn.*)

Wonder whether *They're* "booming" still about Sir WILLIAM's head;

Buz-wuz! Buz-wuz! And raspy RUSSELL, red [crest?]

With Orange rage, shakes he a towzled Creaks he continual challenge, spear in rest? Wags he a menacing fore-finger still At me through stout Sir WILLIAM? Poor Sir WILL!

How he'd like *this!* How little he likes Purely recuperative! Here I've sat Since luncheon—ruminating, reading, napping, [clapping]

Thank heaven I cannot hear Lord KELVIN CASTLETOWN's callow clap-trap. All is still. There's nothing near I wish to stalk or kill. Like Melancholy Jaques, I can note

The branchy antlers and the dappled coat Of "poor sequestered stag," and yet not yearn

To—make him venison. Yon brabbling burn Makes mellow music in my Scottish ears. Then the MACALLUM's slogan. How the cheers

Of SALISBURY must have fired him as he moted; Hacked at my character, hewed at my throat Like "sullen spearsman" upon Flodden field. The claymore, like his sires, he loved to wield.

They lost their heads he says, for England's weal,

And he—well, has he not lost *his*?

The mellow moorland air, gorse-scented, bland [hand]

With heather odour, soothes me, like the Of gentle woman on an angry brow.

Were the great-little Scotsman with me now, Like proud MCGREGOR on his native heath. Breathing pure-scented, honey-laden breath,

How his cock-nose would drop, his flaming crest

Droop and unruffle! He's a scold confest, A pedagogue incarnate; horn-book, tawse. Cramming and chastisement, not making laws,

His talent and his temperament best befit. Yet—once he lent his eloquence and wit To aid the man he now maligns. Ah, me!

"Tricky!" — "corrupt!" What arrant fiddle-de-dee [blue]

It sounds—upon these moors, beneath the Of unpolluted skies!

HOMER, to you I turn. ACHILLES in his wrath could rage, But scarce would stoop the wordy war to wage

With poisoned epithet and shrewish flout Like scorpion-tongued THERSITES.

Here, no doubt, By Black Craig Castle party wasps would turn

To honey-hiving bees. Oh, tinkling burn, You set my soul to music. HONEST JOHN, Valiant Sir WILLIAM, you must still fight on A little longer. Would ye both were here, ARMITSTEAD's guests, like me, like me with cheer

"Purely recuperative" holiday To take—"Over the Hills and Far Away!"

[Left loling like a Lotus-eater.]

AN OLD FRIEND DUE NORTH.

FOR a really humorous drawing commend me to the picture in the *Daily Graphic* of Saturday, September 9, representing "the civic procession to the luncheon given to Lord and Lady ABERDEEN by the Lord Mayor of Liverpool." The stately party is preceded by a Piper—of course, it is his worship the Mayor and common councillors who pay the piper and call the tune on this occasion—who is stepping out jauntily. But notice his glance; notice the Mayor's expression as he tries to prevent himself laughing, and hides one eye with the sword of State; notice Lord and Lady ABERDEEN, the latter looking a trifle annoyed, while his Lordship is struggling with painfully suppressed merriment. What is it that has nearly upset their gravity and spoil the procession? The explanation is at hand. On the left of the picture in the foreground stands, *en evidence* it is true, but with a reverential air as of one who knows his place in society and keeps it, our old friend and contributor, *Robert the Waiter*!! It must be he. It is the very man, unless he has a Scotch double, or unless he was born a twin, and the other ROBERT was a Scotchman. There he is. Get the paper and see.

NOAH'S ARK MASONRY.—For the first time *Mr. Punch*, G.A.U.W.G.M., and Past Grand Everybody, met with mention of the "Royal Ark Mariners." Do they belong to an offshoot, or rather an Olive Branch, of Free-Masonry? "There are 3980 of them," says the *Daily Telegraph*. Where do they meet? In an Ark? Do they enter in pairs? Of course, NOAH himself was a Mason, seeing that aboard his own vessel he was sailing Master of the Craft.



“OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY!”

THE MAN IN THE SOUTH.

HAVING on some occasions during, I admit, the spring and autumn, spent a few days at Pinemonth on the South-Western Coast, and having had the enormous value of the place as an ultra salubrious health-restorer most energetically impressed upon me from time to time by such thoroughly disinterested persons as local members of the medical profession who, as a rule, took their holiday during the summer season, merely because they couldn't get the opportunity at any other time—a fact in itself going a long way (as they themselves did—to Switzerland and elsewhere) to prove the peculiar healthfulness of this seaside resort, and the place having been further highly recommended (by residents who, having houses to let for the summer, were quite disinterested) as quiet and delightfully refreshing, and having, in fact, heard all that could be said in favour of Pinemonth as a Summer Resort by those who had only the welfare of their dear friends at heart (and if such interest did put a little ready capital in their pockets through taking their dear friends' houses—where is the harm?), I, ROBINSON CRUSOE, JUN., "The Man of the First of August" (that being the beginning of my tenancy) determined on trying Pinemonth (a name that I find spelt with unpardonable familiarity in some local guide-books, thus—"P'm'th"—an abbreviation leaving the name scarcely a shred of its original character), and when I say so boldly, "I determined," any other Paterfamilias will at once know what that means.

Of course, directly "P'm'th" was decided upon, some of our friends shook their heads, others observed dubiously that "they had heard it wasn't such a very bad place in August," while the majority bade me farewell with forced cheeriness, expressed the heartiest hopes for our health and happiness in the new climate we were going to try, and in a general way our excellent friends and acquaintances were almost as enthusiastic and hopeful on the score of our enjoying ourselves and benefiting by the change, as were the American acquaintances of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *Mark Tapley* when those two emigrants were starting for the great dismal swamp.

Finding that we had made all our arrangements, and had actually signed and sealed the bond, and delivered ourselves over into the hands of the "P'm'thians," our friends, who, as we subsequently ascertained, had never been near the place, or, if they had, had been there at a hopelessly wrong time, and had pitched their tents in an utterly wrong quarter, made ill-disguised attempts at speaking gently and kindly of "P'm'th," allowing that possibly "it might

not, at this time of year, be so hot as had been represented,"—a theory which, like one recently put forward by a tender-hearted theologian, was immediately placed in the *Index Expurgatorius* by the Inevitable Uncompromising One who professed a thorough knowledge of the climate, and who asserted that in this particular year, when the Summer had been abnormally hot and was going to be more abnormally hot than ever, we should find "P'm'th" absolutely unbearable.

But, as the adventurous hero of "*Excelsior*" would listen to nobody, so I (representing "we") refused to hear the prognosticators of woe, and adhered manfully to my purpose. In the very hottest season, when the thermometer in every London house went so high that it had to be deluged with wholesome antiseptic Condiment, and doors and windows were everywhere left open so as to obtain a through draught,—for people lived on draughts of all sorts in those doggiest of dog-days and on little else,—we, that is all the CRUSOES, were seated in our garden looking on to the heather and the sea, open to all the winds of heaven—and getting one of them, the south-east, blowing softly and sweetly across our south-western height. Gracefully and gratefully we arose to play tennis, and sat down again after the evening meal to take our coffee and cigarettes. Bless thee, P'm'th! thou art delicious! thou art refreshing! Hot in the hottest August ever known thou certainly art, that is, at mid-day, down in your valley and your town! But up above on the Western Heights,



Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Junior, deciding on where to spend his few weeks' holiday.

looking across an expanse of purple and yellow, uninclosed by firs, pines, or larches, on to the broad expanse of the deep blue sea, thou art all my fancy painted thee, thou art cucumber in thy coolness! and as I think of Royat and Aix-les-Bains I smile a smile of gentle pitying wonder, and almost feel inclined to piously pray for all poor bodies suffering from the canicular heat, whether London doth still hold them in its toils, or stifling, smelling Continental cities, are causing them to sigh for the balmy breezes of Old England.

Thus then is it that "P'm'th"—that is "Pinemonth" in its abbreviated form—is the place about which, as being comparatively unknown at this season of the year, I beg to offer to *Mr. Punch*, and through him to the world at large, for the ultimate benefit of way-worn travellers, a few notes representing an uncommonly pleasant experience, which, by the kind permission of "*Mr. P'm'th*" aforesaid, shall be "continued in our next" by

"THE MAN IN THE SOUTH."

A WORD TO THE WEATHERWISE.

[*Sir John Bridge*: Don't you think there is a great deal of chance as to the weather we are to have to-morrow? *Mr. Muir Mackenzie*: No. *Sir John Bridge*: The mass of mankind think there is. *Mr. Muir Mackenzie*: Unfortunately the mass of mankind are very ignorant.—Bow Street Police Court, Wednesday, September 6.]

OH, MR. MUIR MACKENZIE! we're right glad

To hear this news of meteorology.

Farewell to all the many doubts we've had,

The thing's as easy now as A B C.

You know to-morrow's weather at a glance,

So, though we would not willingly o'ertask you,

When next we seek the weather in advance,

We'll simply drop a letter-card to ask you.

A HINT.

You read my verse; the praises
you bestow

Can make innocuous the critic's
Vain his attack, unfelt his
shrewdest blow,

You read my verse.

You like the rhymes; think not
their writer worse

If just one hint he cannot well

The bard, to put it in a manner
terse,

Does not exist on praise alone,
you know,

And sympathy can hardly fill his
purse;—

You borrow, and you do not
buy, although

You read my verse!

"GONE NAP!"—It is all up with Mr. G.! The distinguished M.P. for St. Pancras, in whose lineaments *Mr. Punch* traced a marked resemblance to the features of the Great Emperor of the French, and there and thenceforth raising him from the rank of Mr. PELL as he was formerly known, immediately christening him "NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY" (with likeness drawn by LIKA-JOKO), even he has joined the Unionist Opposition. He is no longer "Going Nap," he has gone. Doubtless, Conservatives have their eye on him: but NAPOLEON BOLTONPARTY is too wary to be caught "napping."

A CURE.—"No," said Mrs. R., after some consideration, "although I do feel a touch of rheumatism now and then, yet I do not fancy going abroad for treatment. There's some place where you drink waters and take a bath, and then are tucked up in bed for the remainder of the day. It's in Germany, I fancy, and I think they call the place *Underdelinen*."



INEXPENSIVE HOSPITALITY.

Fussy Wife. "MY DEAR, WHAT COULD HAVE INDUCED YOU TO INVITE ALL THOSE PEOPLE? WHY, OUR LITTLE DINING-ROOM WON'T HOLD THEM! AND FOR A SUNDAY, TOO!!"

Sagacious Husband. "MY DEAR, DON'T FUSS YOURSELF! THERE IS A SORT OF A 'DON'T-DINE-OUT-ON-A-SUNDAY' LOOK ABOUT THEM WHICH MADE IT PERFECTLY SAFE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 4.—What happened to-night in connection with the Blameless BARTLEY, Bart., should have useful effect in checking the tendencies of the censorious. Having settled business arrangements by moving Resolution, Mr. G. skipped out of House to pack up for his journey to Scotland. No boy at end of term more eager for holiday; none more thoroughly earned. In heat of discussion going forward on details of Resolution Mr. G.'s departure not generally noticed. Only one faithful eye—or, to be precise, a couple—followed his passage behind SPEAKER'S chair. Eyes dimmed with tears. For months, from early February to these young September days, BARTLEY, Bart., has sat opposite Mr. G., has, so to speak, lived in his large and magnificent eye. Now association about to be dissevered by withdrawal of the stately presence from Treasury Bench. And only the other day he had referred to BARTLEY as "the Hon. Baronet"!

For a while BARTLEY, Bart., sat silent and sorrowing. If it had been the custom to wear sackcloth on the Opposition benches, and any ashes had been handy, he would undoubtedly have endeavoured to discover what secret consolation their use conveys. Nothing of the kind to be had on the premises. After brooding for a while, he up and spoke. "Where's the PRIME MINISTER?" he cried aloud. House hardly recognised in this wailing voice the stern accents with which it is familiar from the same quarter. "It is not proper that the House should sit without the PRIME MINISTER."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (after all a kind-hearted man, quick to sympathy) endeavoured to comfort the Bereaved. "Not proper," he exclaimed, "for House to sit without presence of PRIME MINISTER! Why, for six years we had no Prime Minister here."

"That's all very well, but," as BARTLEY, still weeping for the PREMIER and not to be comforted, subsequently observed to Admiral

FIELD, "you can't mend a broken heart by a quip." HANBURY and TOMMY BOWLES did their best to soothe him; walked him up and down the Terrace; gave him a cup of tea, a bottle of smelling salts, and a cabinet portrait of Mr. G. But it was only late at night, when House had got into Committee, he so far recovered as to move to reduce a vote by £100, in order to plead for some amelioration of the lot of the Treasury Valuer.

Business done.—Arrangements completed for Autumn Session.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Remember one night in years gone by, whilst HARTINGTON was still with us in the Commons, he interrupted one of his own speeches by a portentous yawn. Complimented him on the feat; few men, I said, would have the pluck to do it; might yawn at other people's speeches, but never at their own.

"Ab, TOBY," said COUNTY GUY, "you don't know how dem'd dull the speech was. You only had to listen to some of it. I had to deliver it all."

Thought of this to-night listening to old friend in Lords, now scarcely disguised as Duke of DEVONSHIRE. Spoke for nearly two hours. Those who read it will find speech admirable; one of the best, most weighty, indietments of Home Rule and the tactics that have brought it into position of Ministerial measure. But alack! for those who heard it, or, at least, sat through the two hours; not many, all told; an hour enough for THE MACULLUM MORE; other Peers on both sides of House folded their tents like the Arab, and as silently stole away. The MARKISS gallantly kept his place, sitting for some time with closed eyes, the better to concentrate his attention. PRINCE ARTHUR and JOEY C.—lovely in the Commons, in the Lords not divided—stood sturdily on either side of the Throne. "The Lion and the Unicorn supporting the Crown," said ROSEBERRY, glancing across at them.

For the ladies in the gallery, mothers and daughters, DEVONSHIRE not so attractive a *parti* as was HARTINGTON. Still, he is a pillar of



LIKA JOKO

LAST WEEK.

Possible but improbable scene in the Upper House, which perhaps Mr. J-hn B-rus, M.P., may "regret he did not see."

the Union, a brand snatched from the burning pile to which the wicked hand of Mr. G. applied the traitorous torch. So they sat and listened—half an hour, three-quarters of an hour, an hour. Then was heard the light rustle of dainty dresses; doors softly opened



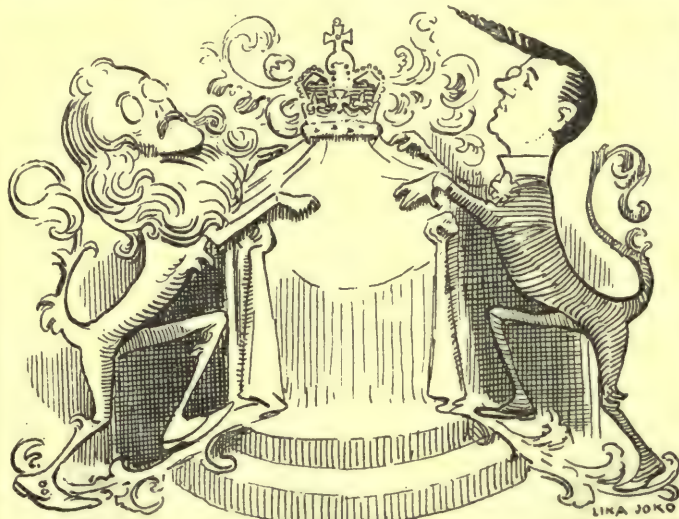
The Devonshire Yawn.

face, she hastily stepped out. The Duke saw none of these things nor cared for them. He had a duty to perform, and long before OLD MORALITY was heard of, the CAVENDISHES did their duty. He plodded on through the melancholy night; stolidly turning over the pages of his notes; stubbornly repressing a growing tendency to yawn; catching his voice up when it wearily sank to the level of his boots; making most pathetic effort to keep it going. Usually it fell away at the end of the third or fourth sentence, to be pulled up with harsh jerk at commencement of one that followed. A good man struggling with the adversity of having to make a speech on a topic harried to death in the other House through course of over eighty days.

"Yes," said the Member for Sark, waking up from gentle slumber indulged in in corner seat at end of Gallery; "but why didn't he halve his adversity? If he'd been content with an hour we should all have been grateful, and he would have been spared a moiety of his anguish."

Business done.—Second Reading of Home-Rule Bill moved in House of Lords.

Thursday.—Again a crowded assembly in Lords to-night to hear its most brilliant Member. The Bishops, in great force, clustered, a group of fluttering white lawn, on right of Woolsack. "The white flower of a blameless Parliamentary life," the MARKISS says of them. Not an inch of red benches visible on Opposition side. Even Ministerial benches full, though, as was made clear in course of debate, not all who sit there are Ministerialists. ROSEBERRY, looking



Supporting the Crown.

more boyish than ever, sat amid the elders on Front Bench; makes no sign of intention to follow SELBORNE; takes no note nor betrays other evidence of uneasiness. SELBORNE preaches for hour and half. Understood to be sermon worthy of his fame; we Commoners in gallery over bar could hear only fragmentary portions of sentences. Reported that SELBORNE had lost his notes; Member for Sark recognises most kindly interposition of Providence.

"If he speaks for hour and half with only recollection of his notes where would he have been if he had them?" Must get WEIR to put that conundrum to CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer.

Grateful to ROSEBERRY, since at least we can hear him, though he,

too, now and then falls into habit of dropping end of sentence. This the less excusable, since none of them are heavy. A clever speech, scarcely obscuring what seems to be difficult position. "Dancing among the eggs," is BALFOUR OF BURGHLEY's commentary. Of all listeners in the brilliant throng none so attentive as the MARKISS. Seems, on the whole, to like speech better than does SPENCER.

"Reminds me, TOBY," MARKISS says, "of what LOVELACE wrote to LUCASTA, 'on going to the wars.' How does it run?"

I could not love
Home Rule so
much
Loved I not GLAD-
STONE more."

In the Commons pegging away at estimates; occasional explosions; JOSEPH, popping in from Lords, said a few genial words just to keep matters going, and disappeared again. Came back after midnight in time to have a round with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Uneasy feeling prevalent consequent on announcement made early in sitting that charwoman employed in service of House had died of cholera. This regarded as being exceedingly inconsiderate. Questions usually every day about cholera at Grimsby and Hull. That all very well; an incident possible to regard with philosophical mind. But cholera in our own kitchen quite another sort of microbe.

"I'm a family man," said COBB. "It's no use denying it, and I will not attempt it. Was thinking of staying to see this out; begin to think the Session unduly prolonged. In short, if I may quote an old proverb adapted to the occasion, I would say, When cholera comes in by the window COBB goes out by the door." *Business done.*—Third night Home-Rule debate in Lords. Supply in Commons.

Saturday, 1 A.M.—All up with Little Bill-ee. His worst fears are realised. Whilst Captain WILLYUM has been having a quiet, restful time among the heather, Guzzling BOB and Gorging HARTY have worked their wicked will on the Innocent. Snicker-sees have been drawn; blows have been dealt; the hunger of Ulster has been satisfied; Little Bill-ee has been killed and eaten.

"Just so," said the LORD CHANCELLOR from behind his wig; "a meal eagerly partaken of. Now we've nothing to do but to wait awhile, and see how it agrees with them. You remember, TOBY, the letters engraved on the tomb of her late husband by the sorrowing widow in Ohio?"

S. Y. L.

'See you later,' she explained to inquiring friends, was its portent. S. Y. L., Little Bill-ee, S. Y. L.!"

Business done.—Lords throw out Home-Rule Bill by 419 Votes against 41.

Sartorial.

"NAKED and not ashamed" our "Interests" stand, "Scourge of our Toil, monopolist of our Land!" So someone says. But 'twill be found, if tested, These "naked" interests are mostly vested.

A REAL "MAYOR'S NEST."—The platform (presided over by the Mayor of Bristol) on the occasion of the opening of the Bristol Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition. (See Illustrated Papers *passim*.)

MOTTO FOR A MAN REPRIEVED FROM THE GALLOWES.—No noose is good news

"PAINLESS DENTISTRY."

(A Story for the Long Vacation.)

ALTHOUGH professional engagements (not wholly unconnected with the holding of high judicial office in the Tropics) have recently prevented me from contributing to the paper which specially represents Benoh and Bar, I have never lost sight of the fact that when I



have a duty to perform, the pages of *Punch* are open to me. Under these circumstances I find myself once again writing to the familiar address, and signing myself, as of yore, with the old name, and the ancient head-quarters. I must confess that although I date this communication from Pump-Handle Court, I am, as a matter of fact, staying at Callersherring, a health resort greatly patronised by all patients of that eminent doctor Sir PETER TWITWILLOW.

It is unnecessary to describe a place so well known to all lovers of the picturesque. I may hint that the far-famed view of twelve Scotch, Irish,

and Welsh counties, and the Channel and the Atlantic Ocean, can still be enjoyed by those who ascend Mount MacHaggis, and that the *table-d'hôte* at the Royal Hibernian Hotel yet costs, with its seven courses, five-and-sixpence. And now to perform my duty.

My son, GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT (he is christened after some professional friends of mine, in the hope that at some distant date he may be assisted by them in the characters of good fairy godfathers in the profession to which it is hoped he may ornamentally belong), is extremely partial to sweetstuff. He is a habitual glutton of a sticky comestible known, I believe, in the confectionery trade as "Chicago Honey Shells." This toothsome (I have his word for the appropriateness of the epithet) edible he devours in large quantities, spending at times as much as five shillings to secure an ample store of an article of commerce generally bought in quantities estimated at the usually convenient rate of "two ounces for three halfpence."

It was after a long gastronomic debauch connected with Chicago Honey Shells that I noticed that GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT was suffering from a swollen face. My son, although evidently in great pain, declared that there was nothing the matter with him. However, as for three successive days he took only two helpings of meat and refused his pudding, I, in consultation with his mother, came to the conclusion that it was necessary to seek the advice of a local medical man. GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT raised objections to this course, but they were overruled.

"No, Sir, the doctor is not in. He's out for the day."

Such was the answer to my question put twice at the doors of two medical-looking houses with brass plates to match. On the second occasion I expressed so much annoyance that the servant quite sympathised with me.

"Perhaps Master SAMMY might do, Sir?" suggested the kind-hearted janitor.

On finding that "Master SAMMY" was a nephew of the owner of the house and a qualified medical man, I consented, and "Master SAMMY" was sent for. There was some little delay in his appearance, as, although the morning was fairly well advanced, he was not up. However, after making a possibly hasty toilette, he soon appeared. No doubt he was much older, but he looked about eighteen. He was very pleasant, and listened to my history of the case. He seemed, so it appeared to me, to recognise the Chicago Honey Shells as old acquaintances. It may have been my fancy, but I think he smacked his lips when I suggested that GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT had probably eaten five shillings' worth at a sitting.

"You see," I said, "he has had a bad face ever since; and as our dentist in town told us about a fortnight ago that sooner or later he must have a tooth out, I think this must be the one to which he referred. Won't you see?"

When, after some persuasion, GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT had been induced to open his mouth, "Master SAMMY" did see.

"Yes," observed the budding doctor, after he had looked into my lad's mouth as if it were a sort of curiosity from India that he was regarding for the first time, "yes, I think it ought to come out."

And armed with this opinion I asked my medical friend if he knew any one in Callersherring capable of performing the operation.

"Well, yes," he replied, after some consideration; "there's a nice little dentist round the corner. He's called Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG."

Then "Master SAMMY" smiled, and I felt sure that he and "the nice little dentist" must have quite recently been playing marbles together. Next came the question of the fee. "Master SAMMY" was disinclined to accept anything, evidently taking a low estimate of the value of his professional services. However, he ultimately said "Three-and-sixpence," and got the money. I would willingly have increased it to a crown had I not feared that the moment my back was turned "Master SAMMY" would have followed the example of GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT, and himself indulged in five shillings' worth of Chicago Honey Shells.

Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG lived in a rather fine-looking house, ornamented with an aged brass plate, suggesting that he had been established for very many years. A button opened the door, and, on my inquiring as to whether Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG was at home, promptly answered "Yes."

From the venerable appearance of the brass plate I had expected to see a rather elderly dentist, with possibly white hair and certainly spectacles; so I was rather taken aback when a dapper young fellow, who seemed about the age of "Master SAMMY," entered the waiting-room. The juvenile new-comer made himself master of the situation. He seized upon the jaw of poor trembling GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT, and declared that "it must come out."

"He'd better have gas," he observed. "But as I am full of engagements this morning, you really must let me fix a time."

Then he took out a pocket-book which I could not help noticing contained such items as "Soda-water-3s.," "Washing-5s.," and "Church collection-6d.," and placed our name and time amidst the other entries.

We kept our appointment. The buttons was in a state of excitement. Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG received us, and pointed to the gas apparatus with an air of triumph, as if he had had some difficulty in getting it entrusted to him in consequence of his youth. Then "Master SAMMY" made his appearance. He was going to administer the gas. It was a pleasant family party, and I felt quite parental. Had it not been for poor GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT's swollen face, I should have said to Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG, "Master SAMMY," my boy, and the buttons, "Here, lads, let us make a day of it. I will take you all to Madame TUSSAUD's and the Zoological Gardens."

"You have had the gas, haven't you?" said "Master SAMMY," who had been fumbling with the apparatus. "How do you put it on?"

Poor GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT, under protest, described the *modus operandi*. Then the mouth was opened, and "Master SAMMY" applied the gas. I am sorry to say he performed the operation rather clumsily, and my poor lad never "went off." GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT subsequently described every detail of the performance, and said that he had suffered excruciating pain. Then Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG went to work, and, after several struggles, got out a bit of tooth, and then another. Then GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT came to himself, and the usual comforts were supplied to him.

"I think there's a bit of the tooth still in the gum," said Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG; and then, after a pause, with the air of Jack Horner pulling out a plum, he produced an immense pair of forceps from the instrument drawer. "There," he added, triumphantly, as he exhibited another piece of ivory, "I told you so!"

GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT had now sufficiently recovered to complain bitterly of the pain he had suffered.

"Impossible," I observed; "remember this is *painless dentistry*."

I had not intended the remark as a witticism, but rather as a solace to the sufferer. Still, "Master SAMMY" and Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG accepted it as first-class waggery, and indulged in roars of laughter. Then the former took his departure. I found that I was indebted to the latter to the extent of 15s. 6d. I don't know how my dentist had arrived at the sum, but he said it with such determination that I could only offer a sovereign and receive the change.

"I want my tooth," said GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT, who is of an affectionate nature. "I want to give it to Mother."

Then Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG interposed. He desired to keep the tooth (in several pieces) himself. I understood him to say that he regarded it as a memorial of an initial victory—his first extraction.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed. "Why I thought you had been established at least twenty years, Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG."

"Well, to tell the truth," was the reply, "I am not Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG. He's away for the day, and I am taking his place!"

Then GEORGE LEWIS BOLTON ROLLIT and I bowed ourselves out. As I left the premises I fancied I heard the click of marbles. No doubt "Master SAMMY" and "Mr. LEO ARMSTRONG" had resumed the game our visit had interrupted. I was relieved to find myself safe from a fall caused perchance by one of their runaway hoops.

And now to perform my duty. I need scarcely say that it is to add my recommendation to that of Sir PETER TWITWILLOW anent Callersherring. You should not fail to visit the place, especially if you have a son suffering from "a raging tooth," that "must come out."

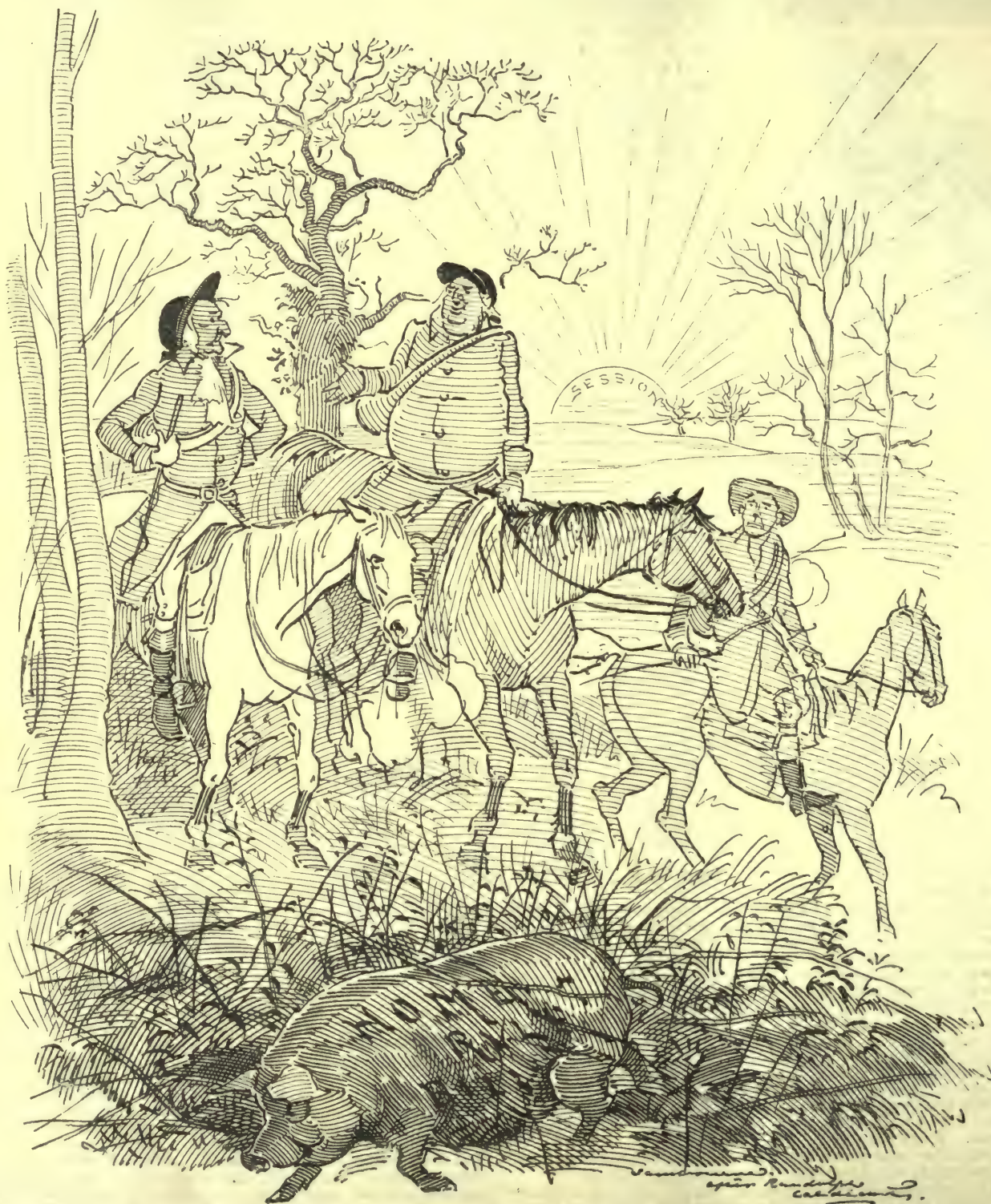
(Signed)

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, Temple, September, 1893.

THE THREE JOVIAL HUNSMEN.

(Latest Parliamentary Version.)



It's of three jovial huntsmen, an' a hunting they did go;
 An' they hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' they blew their horns also.
 Look ye there! [wind,
 An' one said, "Mind yo'r 'ayes' and keep yo'r 'noes' well down th'
 An' then, by scent or seet, we'll leet on summat to our mind."
 Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the first thing they did find
 Was a tatter't boggart, in a field, an' that they left behind.
 Look ye there!
 One said it was a scarecrow, an' another he said "Nay;
 It's just the British Farmer, an' he seems in a bad way."
 Look ye there!



BRILLIANT SUGGESTION.

(Overheard at the Sea-side.)

She. "SO MUCH NICER NOW THAT ALL THE VISITORS HAVE GONE. DON'T YOU THINK SO?"

He. "YES, BY JOVE! SO JOLLY NICE AND QUIET! OFTEN WONDER THAT *EVERYBODY* DOESN'T COME NOW, WHEN THERE'S NOBODY HERE, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a gruntin', grindin' grindlestone, an' that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a grindlestone, another he said "Nay;
It's just th' owd Labour Question, which is always in the way."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a bull-calf in a pinfold, an' that too they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was a bull-calf, an' another he said "Nay;
It is just a Rural Voter who has lately learned to bray."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a two-three children leaving school, an' these they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said that they were children, but another he said "Nay;
They're Denominational-divvels, who want freedom *plus* State-pay."

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, and the next thing they did find
Was two street-spouters and a crowd, an' these they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said they were street-spouters, but another he said, "Nay;
They're just teetotal lunatics who on Veto want their say."

Look ye there!

They hunted an' they hallo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a dead sheep hanging by it's heels, an' that they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was Welsh Mutton, but another he said, "Nay;
It's the ghost of a Suspensory Bill; we'd better get away!"

Look ye there!

They hunted, an' they hollo'd, an' the next thing they did find
Was a fat pig boltin' thro' a hedge, an' *that* they left behind.

Look ye there!

One said it was an Irish hog, but another he said "Nay;
It's our plump, pet Home-Rule porker, which the Lords have
driven away!" Look ye there!

So they hunted, an' they hollo'd, till the setting of the sun;
An' they'd nought to bring away at last, when th' huntin'-day
was done. Look ye there!

Then one unto the other said, "This huntin' doesn't pay;
But we've powler 't up an' down a bit, an' had a rattlin' day."

Look ye there!

QUEER QUERIES.

PARSON AND PREMIER.—I see that a person who is called "the Episcopal Vicar of Blairgowrie" said that he would decline to shake hands with the PRIME MINISTER, in the utterly improbable event of the PRIME MINISTER wishing to shake hands with *him*. May I inquire how there can be a "Vicar of Blairgowrie" at all? Is not the Established Church in Scotland the Presbyterian one? I know that they have "Lord Rectors" up north, and so perhaps there are Rectors as well, but I never heard of a Lord Vicar. "The Lord Vicar of Blairgowrie" would sound rather well. But what would his Lord Bishop say? Can any genuine Scotchman kindly assist me in unravelling this puzzle?—SOUTHRON BODY.

OUR AUXILIARIES.—When are we likely to have a Minister of War who will do *real justice* to Officers of the Volunteers? I may say that I am thinking of becoming an Officer myself, and I fancy that the following inducements would be likely to bring in a fresh supply of these deserving men:—(1) Exemption from Taxes. (2) Ditto from Rates, and Serving on Juries. (3) More gold braid everywhere. (4) A Volunteer Captain to rank equal to a Lieutenant-General, and a Major of Volunteers equal to the Commander-in-Chief. (5) Retiring pension, and not less than six medals or decorations, after half a year's service. Do you think that there would be much good in my writing to Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN and suggesting this?—MODEST MERIT.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE IV.—An Up-platform at Clapham Junction.
TIME—Monday afternoon.

Curphew (to himself, as he paces up and down with a pre-occupied air). I ought to have been up at the Hilarity rehearsing hours ago. Considering all that depends on that play of mine—but there'll be time enough to pull *Fattery* together before Saturday. And this is the only chance I have of seeing *ALTHEA* for days. Her mother hinted last night that she was obliged to let her travel up to Waterloo alone, and if I *did* happen to be going up about this time—and of course I *do* happen to be. I *must* tell *ALTHEA*; I can't go on playing a part any longer. I felt such a humbug last night over that confounded Eldorado business. But if I'd revealed myself then as "Walter Wildfire, Comedian and Vocalist," those puritanical parents of hers would probably have both had a fit on the floor, and have kicked me out of the house as soon as they were sufficiently recovered! That's the worst of becoming intimate with a serious Evangelical family in the character of a hard-working journalist. I ought to have undeceived them, I suppose, but it was such a blessing to sink the shop—and besides, I'd seen *ALTHEA*. It would have been folly to speak until—but she must know now, I'll have no more false pretences. After all, there's no disgrace in being a music-hall singer. I've no reason to be ashamed of the means by which I've got my reputation. Ah! but she won't understand that—the name will be enough for her! And I can't blame her if she fails to see the glory of bringing whisky and water nightly to the eyes of an enraptured audience by singing serio-comic sentiment under limelight through clouds of tobacco-smoke. Heaven knows I'm sick enough of it, and if *Fattery* only makes a hit, I'd out the profession at once. If I could only hear her say she—there she is—at last—and alone, thank goodness! I wish I didn't feel so nervous—I'm not likely to get a better opportunity. (*Aloud, as he meets ALTHEA.*) Mrs. TOOVEY said I might—can I get your ticket, or see after your luggage, or anything?

Althea. Oh, thank you, Mr. CURPHEW, but *PHEBE* is doing all that.

Curph. (*to himself, his face falling.*) That's the maid; then she's not alone! I must get this over now, or not at all. (*Aloud.*) Miss TOOVEY, I—I've something I particularly want to say to you; shall we walk up to the other end of the platform?

Alth. (*to herself.*) It looks more serious than ever! Is he going to give me good advice? It's kind of him to care, but still—(*Aloud.*) Oh, but we shan't have time. See, there's our train coming up now. Couldn't you say it in the railway carriage? [*The train runs in.*]

Curph. (*to himself.*) For *PHEBE*'s edification! No, I don't quite—(*Aloud, desperately.*) It—it's something that concerns—something I can't very well say before anyone else—there'll be another train directly—would you mind waiting for it?

Alth. (*to herself.*) It's very mysterious. I *should* like to know what it can be! (*Aloud.*) I—I hardly know. I think we ought, perhaps, to—but this doesn't look a very nice train, does it?

Curph. (*with conviction.*) It's a *beastly* train! One of the very worst they run, and full of the most objectionable people. It—it's quite noted for it.

Alth. (*to PHEBE, who hurries up with her hand-bag.*) No, never mind; I'm not going by this train, *PHEBE*; we'll wait for a more comfortable one.

Phbe. Very good, Miss. (*To herself, as she retires.*) Well, if that isn't downright barefaced—I don't know what it is! I hope they'll find a train to suit 'em before long, and not stay here picking and choosing all day, or I shan't get back in time to lay the cloth for dinner. But it's the way with all these quiet ones!

Alth. Did you want to speak to me about last night, Mr. CURPHEW? Has my cousin *CHARLES* been getting into any mischief? I only came in afterwards; but you were looking so shocked about something. Was it because he had been to a theatre, and do you think that very wicked of him?

Curph. (*to himself.*) I ought to manage to lead up to it now. (*Aloud.*) It was not a theatre exactly—it was—well, it was a music-hall.

Alth. Oh! but is there any difference?

Curph. Not much—between a music-hall and some theatres. At theatres, you see, they perform a regular play, with a connected plot—at least, some of the pieces have a connected plot. At a music-hall the entertainment is—er—varied. Songs, conjuring-tricks, ventriloquism, and—and that kind of thing.

Alth. Why, that's just like the Penny Readings at our Athenæum!

Curph. Well, I should hardly have—but I'm not in a position to say. (*To himself.*) I'm further off than ever!

Alth. It couldn't be *that*, then; for Papa has presided at Penny Readings himself. But *CHARLES* must have told him *something* that upset him, for he came down to breakfast looking perfectly haggard this morning. *CHARLES* had a long talk in the library with him last night after you left, and then Papa went to bed.

Curph. (*to himself.*) I felt sure that fellow spotted me. So he's let the cat out to old TOOVEY! If I don't tell her now. (*Aloud.*) Did Mr. TOOVEY seem—er—annoyed?

Alth. He looked worried, and I believe he wanted to consult you.

Curph. (*to himself.*) The deuce he did! (*Aloud.*) He mentioned me?

Alth. He talked of going round to see you, but Mamma insisted on his staying quietly indoors.

Curph. (*to himself.*) Sensible woman, Mrs. TOOVEY! But I've no time to lose. (*Aloud.*) I think I can explain why he wished to see me. He has discovered my—my secret.

Alth. Have you a secret, Mr. CURPHEW? (*To herself.*) He can't mean *that*, and yet—oh, what am I to say to him?

Curph. I have. I always intended to tell him—but—but I wanted you to know it first. And it was rather difficult to tell. I—I risk losing everything by speaking.

Alth. (*to herself.*) He does mean that! But I won't be proposed to like this on a railway platform; I don't believe it's proper; and I haven't even made up my mind! (*Aloud.*) If it was difficult before, it will be harder than ever now—just when another train is coming in, Mr. CURPHEW.

Curph. (*angrily, as the train passes.*) Another—already! The way they crowd the traffic on this line is simply di— But it's an express. It isn't going to stop, I assure you it isn't!

Alth. It has stopped. And we had better get in.

Phbe. (*to herself.*) I don't know if you fancy the look of this train, Miss, but there's an empty first-class in front.

Curph. This train stops everywhere. We shall get in just as soon by the next—sooner in fact.

Alth. If you think so, Mr. CURPHEW, wait for it, but we really must go. Come, *PHEBE*.

Phbe. I only took a second for myself, Miss, not knowing you'd require—

Curph. (*to himself.*) There's a chance still, if I can get a carriage to ourselves. (*Aloud.*) No, Miss TOOVEY, you must let me come with you. Your mother put you under my care, you know. (*To PHEBE.*) Here, give me Miss TOOVEY's bag. Now, Miss TOOVEY, this way—we must look sharp. (*He opens the door of an empty compartment, puts ALTHEA in, hands her the bag, and is about to follow when he is seized by the arm, and turns to find himself in the grasp of Mr. TOOVEY.*) How do you do, Mr. TOOVEY? We—we are just off, you see.

Mr. Toovey (breathlessly). I—I consider I am very fortunate in



"He does mean that!"

catching you, Mr. CURPHEW. I accidentally learnt from my wife that you were going up about this time—so I hurried down, on the bare chance of—

Curph. (impatiently). Yes, yes, but I'm afraid I can't wait now, Sir. I—Mrs. TOOVEY asked me to take care of your daughter—

Mr. Toov. ALTHEA will be perfectly safe. And I must have a few words with you at once on a matter which is pressing, Sir, very pressing indeed. ALTHEA will excuse you.

Alth. (from the window). Of course. You mustn't think of coming, Mr. CURPHEW. PHOEBE will look after me.

Curph. But—but I have an important engagement in Town myself!

Alth. (unkindly). You will get up quite as soon by the next train, Mr. CURPHEW, or even sooner—you said so yourself, you know! *(In an under-tone.)* Stay. I'd rather you did—you can tell me your—your secret when I come back.

The Guard. Vauxhall and Waterloo only, this train. Stand back there, please!

[He slams the door; the train moves on, leaving CURPHEW on the platform with Mr. TOOVEY.]

Curph. (to himself, bitterly). What luck I have! She's gone now—and I haven't told her, after all. And I'm left behind, to have it out with this old pump! *(Aloud.)* Well, Sir, you've something to say to me?

Mr. Toov. (nervously). I have—yes, certainly—only it—it's of rather a private nature, and—perhaps we should be freer from interruption in the waiting-room here.

Curph. (to himself). I wish I'd thought of that myself—earlier. Well, he doesn't seem very formidable; it strikes me I shan't find it difficult to manage him. *(Aloud.)* The waiting-room, by all means.

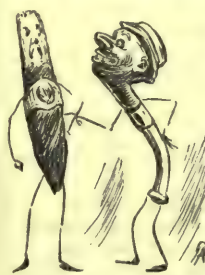
[He follows Mr. TOOVEY into the General Waiting-room, and awaits developments.]

END OF SCENE-IV.

"DUE SOUTH!"

NOTE.—When I am travelling due South, as I am now, *per* L. & S. W. R., to join my party, all I require may be summed up in the accompanying "Mem.," which is to this effect:—

Mem.—Give me a Pullman car, my favourite beverage, a good cigar, or an old pipe



charged with well-conditioned bird's-eye, an amiable companion possessed of sufficient ready money in small change, give me likewise a pack of playing cards, let the gods grant me more than average luck at *écarté* or spooft, and never can I regret the two hours and forty minutes occupied by the journey from "W't'r'o" to "P'm't'h."

To start with, the line to Pinemouth is one of those "lines" that have "fallen," in the pleasantest of "pleasant places." On a broiling summer's day you pass through a wide expanse of landscape, refreshingly painted in Nature's brightest water colours—plenty of colour, plenty of water. All over the sandy plains of Aldershot, boxes of toy soldiers, with white toy tents and the smartest little flags, have been emptied out; and everywhere about the tiny figures may be seen marching, lounging, digging, riding, firing, surveying, performing evolutions to the sound of the warlike trumpet, and generally employed in a sort of undressed rehearsal of such martial business as is incidental to a Great Campaign Drama. Then, lest the spirits of the travelling tourist should rise so high that he might run the chance of "getting a bit above himself," as horse-dealers graphically express it, he is whirled away from the war-like scene, and is taken through the peaceful grounds of Wokingham. Here to the unwonted military ardour so recently aroused in the bosom of the travelling civilian will be administered a succession of dampers in the shape of attractively-placed and most legibly printed reminders to the effect that "eligible plots" for burial are "still to be let," and that the terms for intending residents in the thriving country town of Necropolis can be obtained on application to Messrs. Somebody and Sons at Suchandsucher Place, London; the tone of these notices suggesting, in a generally festive spirit, that the good old maxim "first come first served" will be strictly observed in all matters of Necropolitan business.

Then we come to fair Southampton Water, with its marine kind of flymen waiting to take you to the boats, and the boats waiting to take you from the flymen to the yachts. On we speed through the New Forest, where those historically inclined remember WILLIAM RUFUS, and others, with a modern political bias, think of WILLIAM HARCOURT; while the grateful novel-devourer remembers that away in the forest resides the authoress of *Lady Audley's Secret*, and many other plots. Here, within a few miles of the

appointed time, is Terminus Number One, East Pinemouth, and, finally, West Pinemouth, which, speaking for myself individually and collectively, I prefer to East Pinemouth; at all events, at this particular time of year. Moreover, it appears that a rapidly increasing number are of my opinion, seeing how house-building, and very good house-building, too, is extending westward, and, alas and alack-a-day, threatening immediate destruction to heather, pine, fir, and forest generally. I sing:—

"How happy could I be with heather
If builder were only away!"

No sooner is a house (most of them excellently-planned houses) set up, with garden and lovely view of sea, than down in front of him squats another squatter, up goes another house, the situation is robbed of the charm of privacy, and unless the owner of the first house sits on his own roof or has a special tower built, which erection would probably involve him in difficulties with his neighbours, his view of the sea is reduced to a mere peep, and in course of time will, it is probable, be altogether blocked out. However, as Boys will be Boys, so Builders will be Builders.

One of the chief advantages offered by Pinemouth as a place where a summer holiday may be happily spent, is the facility afforded for getting away from it, in every possible direction; by sea, river, rail, and road. *A propos* of "road," the fly-drivers, shopkeepers, and livery-stable keepers of P'm't'h, are, for the most part, like the fly-drivers, livery-stablers, and shopkeepers at any place which boasts a recognised season. The eccentric visitor, who chooses to come out of the regulation time, must take his chance, and be content with out-of-season manners to suit his out-of-season custom; still, in the words of the immortal bard, "They're all right when you know 'em, but you've got to know 'em first!"

As to the hiring of flies and midgets, there is a board of rules and regulations stuck up in the railway station and elsewhere, the interpretation whereof may possibly be mastered by those able and willing to devote a few days to the study of its dark sayings.

"What's the meaning of this rule?" I inadvertently ask a ruddy-faced policeman, on whose broad shoulders time unoccupied seems to be weighing somewhat heavily, at the same time pointing to one of the regulations on the board in question.

"Well, Sir," replies the civil constable, in a carefully measured tone, "it is this way"—and then he commences.

I breathe again; it is half an hour since I addressed that ruddy-faced official, from whom, thank goodness, I have at last contrived to escape. He has kept me there, giving me, as it were, a lecture on the black board, telling me what this rule might mean if it were read one way, and what that rule might mean if it were read another way, and what both rules might mean if they were each of them read in totally different ways; and how one was labelled "a" (which I saw for myself), and how another was distinguished by being lettered "b"; and how he (my constabulary instructor) "wasn't quite sure himself whether his reading of 'em was quite right;" then going over all the paragraphs again in detail, indicating each syllable with his finger, as though he were teaching an infant spelling-class, and finally coming to the conclusion wherewith Bottom the Weaver arrived when he surmised that it was all "past the wit of man to understand," and advising me that, on the whole, if any particular case of attempted extortion should happen to arise, I should do well not to appeal to these rules and regulations, but to summon the extortionist before the nearest police magistrate. "But," said he, as if struck by a new light, "it may be that this rule 'a'"—And here he faced round, in order more closely to inspect the mysterious cryptogram. Taking advantage of his eye being off me for one second, which it had never once been during the previous thirty minutes, I stepped as lightly and rapidly away as my thirteen stone will permit, and fled. I fancied I heard him calling after me that he had discovered something or other; but not even if he had shouted "Stop thief!" should I have paused in my Mazeppa-like career. "Once aboard the lugger," I exclaim to myself, quoting the melodramatic pirate, "and I am free!" So saying, I entered the hospitable gates of my present tenancy, and sank exhausted on the sofa.

Mem.—Never again ask a policeman to explain strange cab-rules and regulations.

NOT A QUESTION AT ISSUE.

"Mr. Gosse holds a middle station between the older and the younger schools of criticism. He is neither a distinguished and respectable fossil nor a wild and whirling catherine-wheel."—*Athenaeum.*

Oh, luckiest of Critics! What
A joy unquestioning to feel—
On such authority he's not
"A wild and whirling catherine-wheel!"

And is it such a wild idea
To think that clever Mr. Gosse'll
Rejoice he's reckoned not to be a
"Respectable, distinguished fossil?"



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

Would-be Considerate Hostess (to Son of the House). "HOW INATTENTIVE YOU ARE, JOHN! YOU REALLY MUST LOOK AFTER MR. BROWN. HE'S HELPING HIMSELF TO EVERYTHING!"
[Discomfiture of Brown, who, if somewhat shy, is conscious of a very healthy appetite.]

A LESSON FOR "LABOUR."

["The overwhelming vote of the Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Lancashire miners against accepting any reduction, or even submitting the wages question to arbitration, does not encourage any very sanguine hopes of the Nottingham Conference."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

"My sentence is for open war!" Thus spake
 Fierce Moloch, when within the marly lake
 "The Stygian Council" in dark conference met!
 "The scepter'd king's" advice prevailleth yet,
 And Mammon's self, who in his pristine might
 Stooped to the avowal that "all things invite
 To peaceful counsels," now in stubborn mood
 Urges resistance—at the cost of blood!

Yes, Mammon, musing on "the settled state
 Of order," at that dim chaotic date,
 Speaks, in the mighty-voiced Miltonic way,
 "Of Peace," and "how in safety best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and were." Mammon's
 award

Is now more martial: Mammon, swoln and proud
 With domination o'er the moiling crowd,
 Lifts a most arrogant head, and coldly curls
 An insolent lip against the clod-soul'd churls
 Whose destiny and duty 'tis to slave
 'Twixt cradle comfortless and cheerless
 grave,
 To glut his maw insatiate!

Proud is Pelf;
 But might not Legend lesson Labour's self?

"Thus sit'ing, thus consulting, thus in
 arms!"

Comes not the echo loud of wild alarms
 To Labour's Conference? Violence and
 wreck,

Incendiary hate that sense should check,
 Mad mob-intimidation, brutal wrath,—
 These are strange warders for the pleasant
 path

Of human progress! While they crowd and
 clash

In headlong stubbornness and anger rash,
 Whilst factories burn, and workmen fall in
 blood,
 And women mourn, and children moan for
 food,

Unnumbered multitudes the misery feel
 Who share not in its making!

Mars' red steel
 Is sheathed to-day at Arbitration's nod;
 Hath this no lesson for the milder god?
 Vulcan, the smithy-toiler, and his crowd
 Of sooty Cyclops, raging fierce and loud,
 Impetuous, implacable, whilst Mars,
 That savage god of sanguinary wars,
 Awaits the award of Arbiters of Peace!
 Strange contrast!

"Cease, great hammer-
 wielder, cease!"
 Says the Sword-bearer. "Cease this frenzied
 fray.

Try Arbitration—'tis the gentler way,
 And wiser. I have tried it—shall not you?
 Call back your Cyclops, let not them imbrue
 Swart hands in Battle's sanguinary hue.
 Shall War, now partly driven from the field,
 Find refuge in the factory, nor there yield
 To the sage suasion of mild Equity,
 At whose just Arbitration even I

Suspend or drop the sword?"

So Mars, and so
 All friends of Labour. Raise no stubborn
 "No!"

At Arbitration's offering, seeing that there
 Lies fairest hope of an adjustment fair
 'Twixt clashing claims, which if they "fight
 it out"

In war's wild way may put to utter rout
 Humanity's fairest hopes. Oh, time enough
 When Arbitration fails to essay the rough
 And ruddy road of Mars. Stay, Vulcan
 stay!

Or blameless hosts long-menaced by your
 fray

May have a stern effective word to say!
 And you, as once of old, though stout and
 tall,

Kicked out of heaven may have a maiming
 fall!

SURGEON-MAJOR PARKE.

(*Doctor to Stanley's Emin Pasha Relief Expedition.* Died September 10, aged 35.)

"RAREST doctor in the world!"

Tribute rare from sturdy STANLEY!

Skilful, tender, modest, manly!

England's flag may well be furled

Over the young hero's bier,

Whose memory is to England dear.

Africa has cost us much.

Fortune send us many such!

MRS. R. says she understands that dis-
 affecting (disinfecting) fluid was discovered
 by the great CONDY, a celebrated Frenchman.



A LESSON FOR "LABOUR."

MARS. "LOOK HERE, BROTHER VULCAN!—WHEN EVEN *I* HAVE KNOCKED UNDER TO 'ARBITRATION,'
SURELY *YOU* MIGHT TRY IT?"

TO DOCTOR FALBE.

You'RE not in-fal'be'-le,
Doctor dear—
Excuse the painful pun,
Though you merit treat-
ment e'en more severe
For all the ill you've
done. [doubt
You held a nasty cloud of
Above our sunlit sky,
And now at length we've
found you out, [by.
Our summer is near gone

Yes, a summer indeed
we've had this year,
In spite of your doleful
croak,
Though perhaps your early
prediction dear
Was simply a practical
joke—
A wearisome joke that
wouldn't die,
For every man one met
Would remind one of FALBE
and his prophecy—
"We're soon to have
lots of wet."

But what of the tradesmen
who laid in store
Of "brollies" and mac-
kintosh
On the strength of your
hint as to rain galore
And unlimited Autumn
slosh?
Oh, FALBE, if they but got
hold of you,
What a tune they would
perform!
There's one prediction
we'd warrant true—
You'd find it extremely
warm!



"WELL, REALLY, MY DEAR!"

Mrs. R. "CHRISTOPHER DARLING, I NEVER CAN REMEMBER WHETHER 'SODA-WATER' IS WRITTEN AS ONE WORD OR TWO JOINED TOGETHER BY A SYPHON?!"

THE THREE TARTARS.

(By One of the "Thirty-six
Tyrants" of the Liberal
Party.)

HANBURY, BOWLES, and
BARTLEY,
Talk and wrangle tartly;
Sour as unripe cranberry
Are BARTLEY, BOWLES, and
HANBURY;
Three most sorrel souls
Are HANBURY, BARTLEY,
BOWLES!
They the blame would fix
On the Liberal Thirty-six.
As "tyrants," what are we
Compared with that "Tar-
tar Three."
Who—but I'll be mum:—
"I hear the Tartar drum!"
Loudly thumped, and
smartly,
By HANBURY, BOWLES,
and BARTLEY!

Cherchez l'Homme.

["The appearance of a La-
dies' Eight on the Thames in
the Cookham district has at-
tracted considerable attention.
... Mr. R. C. LEHMANN has
handled the rudder-lincs on
more than one occasion, and
General HAMMERSLEY has
also been out as coxswain."—
Daily News.]

THE Ladies' Eight at Cook-
ham rows right well.
There's many a crew of
men would not get
near them;
But is it not a saddening
truth to tell?
The ladies often take a
man to steer them!

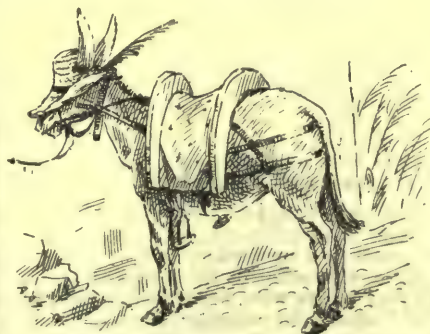
GOLDEN MEMORIES.

(By a (not) Dumb Waiter.)

SUMMERS come and Summers go, Sir,
As appints the course of Nater:
In the winter I'm a grocer,
In the Summer I'm a waiter.
I'm a waiter at the sea-side;
There's the "Grand Hotel" up yonder—
Never hancient Rome or Greece eyed
Poet of the Summer fonder.
Though I'm quite self-heddyeated,
Yet I love the Summer golden;
Every gent on whom I've waited
Feels 'isself to me beholden;
As appropriate verse I quote, Sir,
I can watch 'em growing gladder:
They're aweer 'ow much I dote, Sir,
On the golden light and shadder.
"Tipped with gold" the clouds and coppers,
"Tipped with gold" yon arf-awake ox,
"Tipped with gold" the sheep and wapes,
"Tipped with gold" the 'arvest 'aycocks;
"Tipped with gold" the cows as browses,
Ditto waves and fish and sea-things,
Ditto shops and dwellin'-ouses,
Ditto our hotel and tea-things.
"Tipped with gold." It's langwidge
splendid,
Summing hup the Summer brightly—
Good for Nater, good for men, did
Gentlemen but read it rightly.
"TIPPED with gold" still what I quote is:
'Umbel folk should not be proud, Sir,—
Which I 'opes you've marked our notice—
"No gratuities allowed," Sir!

LINES ON (AND OFF) AN ITALIAN MULE.

O DUBIOUS hybrid, what your patronymic
Or pedigree may be, does not much matter;
But if my own attire you mean to mimic,
And flaunt the fact that you, too, have a
hatter— [you
Well then, in self-defence I'll pick with
A bone or two.



Perchance you have a motive, deep, ulterior,
In donning head-gear borrowed from
banditti?
You wish to show an intellect superior,
(And hide a profile which is not too pretty?)
Or is it, simply, you prefer to go
Incognito?

A transmigrated BALAAM's self you may be,
But still I bar your method of progres-
sion;

For while I sit, as helpless as a baby,
And scale each precipice in steep succes-
sion, [the edge
You scorn the mule-track, and pursue
Of ev'ry ledge.

How can I scan with rapt enthusiasm
These Alpine heights, when balanced à la
BLONDIN, chasm?
While you survey with bird's-eye view each
I cry *Eyupp!* *Avanti!*—you respond in
Attempts straightway to improvise a
"chute" For me, you brute!

Basta! per Bacco! I'll no longer straddle
(With cramp in each adductor and extensor)
This seat of torture that they call a saddle!
Va via! in plain English, get thee hence,
or— [rest,
On second thoughts, to leave unsaid the
I think, were best!

TO MAUDE.

(In and Out of Church.)

A LITTLE saint! At church I see you pray,
As if a worldly thought would make you
faint,
Serenely walking on your heavenly way,
A little saint.

And yet—although I would make no com-
plaint.—
You quickly doff the grave to don the gay.
Your cheeks aren't wholly innocent of paint,
You flirt outrageously the livelong day.
Colloquially, dear MAUDE, in fact you ain't
I'm thoroughly rejoiced to say
A little saint.

LOVE AND LAW.

(A Fragment from a Modern Romance.)

"It would be distinctly an advantage to girls to serve as clerks in a lawyer's office before they launched forth on the world." — *Weekly Paper.*

EDWIN was sad indeed, for all had gone against him. He had lost everything. Even the furniture in the house he occupied was scarcely his—for all he knew, at any moment it might be seized in execution.

"What shall I do?" he asked again, wringing his hands and tearing his hair.

"Cheer up," was the reply, spoken in a soft voice and by a sweet-faced girl. It was ANGELINA.

"And you have come to me in my distress—after I have treated you so badly?" he said, with a flush of shame colouring his hitherto pale face.

"No, darling," returned the golden-haired maiden, looking into his brown eyes with optics of an azure hue. "Do not say that you have behaved badly to me. You wrong yourself; you do, indeed."

"Have I not deserted you?" he asked in a tone of bitter sorrow.

"But only after you had written me letters upon which I could base an action for breach of promise," murmured the forgiving girl.

"But do you propose to proceed upon them?" he asked earnestly.

"Yes, my own. To quote that touching song you so fre-



DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cook (to Vicar's Wife). "AND WHAT'S TO BE DONE WITH THE SOLE THAT WAS SAVED YESTERDAY, MA'AM?"

quently sang to me in the gilded days of the golden past, 'it will be the best for you and best for me.' I shall certainly ask for substantial damages."

"And is there no way to avoid this crushing, this final disaster?" asked the young man, in deep distress.

"Dearest, you know that I have studied the law. Well, I would propose that you should carry out your contract. I have here the form which requires but the registrar's signature to make us man and wife. What do you say to the matter being settled to-morrow?"

"If it must be so, it must," returned EDWIN, in a tone of resignation. "And now, as we are to be married to-morrow, let us dine together. I have an invitation from my aunt at Putney to stay with her until my goods have been seized and sold. I am off. She will extend to you her hospitality."

"Oh, my betrothed, I cannot come," she sobbed. "I am kept here by duty."

"Well, as you will," he replied, carelessly. "But I suppose we meet at noon at the registrar's to-morrow?"

"Yes, for by that time all will be over. The goods will be removed, and I shall be free—free to become your wife."

"But what have you got to do with my property?"

Then came the sorrowful admission.

"Oh, EDWIN, my own. You know I am in a lawyer's office. For the moment I am their guardian. Yes, darling. I am the woman in possession!"

BALLADE OF LOST REPORTEES.

WHEN mirthful humours reign supreme,
And heated revellers are prone
To make sound wisdom kick the beam,
While vain wine-bubble wit alone

Has weight, we, mostly, can depone
To feeling joy to blankness fade

On finding, now our chance has flown,
The repartee we might have made.

One prating fool is apt to deem

No jesting pretty save his own;
Another strives, what'er the theme,
To make all comers, passive grown,
"Perform the office of a hone!"

For sharpening his witty blade;—
Too late below our breath we moan
The repartee we might have made.

Of course, it now contrives to seem
So patent to the dullest drone;
And, if we wake or if we dream,
It weighs upon us like a stone,
But, unlike, cannot now be thrown;
And thus we languish in the shade,
Because the world has never known
The repartee we might have made.

Envoi.

My friends, a certain sage has shown
What paving-stones below are laid;
Now learn that on each blast is blown
The repartee we might have made!

* "Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Feddere que ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi."
HORACE. *De Arte Poetica.*

THE BURDEN OF BURDON SANDERSON.

"Every organism must have sprung from a unicellular ancestor." — *Dr. Burdon Sanderson's Presidential Address to the British Association.*

THAT life is a sell we most of us know,

But Doctor BURDON SANDERSON tells
It began in a cell oh! eons ago!

And Progress is merely the growth of cells.
And is that what you were fashioned for
Our "unicellular ancestor"?

"The specific energy of cells"

Is a taking phrase, but what does it mean?
Is it merely the Life that in most things
dwells,

Or must we go reading the lines between,
To find what you really were fashioned for,
Our "unicellular ancestor"?

Words, words, words! What matter if
They're scientific and pseudo-oracular.

Or, scouting a terminology stiff,

Conched in sciolist's plain vernacular!

Do they tell us what you were fashioned for,
Our "unicellular ancestor"?

BURDON'S burden, like VILLON'S of old
Leaves us a prey to doubt and fear.

Your meaning and purpose when shall we be
told

Oh cells—or snows—of yester-year?

Or what you truly were fashioned for
Our "unicellular ancestor"?

THE MODERN "TENDER" PASSION.—Bi-metalism.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, September 11.

—ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS walking about the Lobby with a new foot-rule obtrusively held in his hand. Thought at first he was going to probe somebody, after the fashion of SWIFT MACNEILL, in rare access of ferocity.

"No," he said, when I asked him if that was his business; "we are presently going to debate question of appointment of Duke of CONNAUGHT to command at Aldershot. I want to know precisely how far out of the line of fighting the Duke was at Tel-el-Kebir. You know CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S suave manner. When I put question to him, he'll say, 'How can I tell the Hon. Member, not having a foot rule in my pocket.' As soon as he says that, I whip this out; he will sit confounded, and either we shall get at the truth of a matter with which country is deeply concerned, or CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN must go. I have no personal interest in such a contingency. If there were a vacancy at the War Office, it is, of course, quite possible that Mr. G. might think of me. I fancy in Committee on the Army Estimates I have shown I know a thing or two. But that is neither here nor there. It will be time to decide on the offer when it is made, if indeed prejudices, from which even Liberal Ministry are not free, do not stand in the way. At present I want to know, within a foot or two—no one can say I'm unreasonable—how far



A HOUSE OF APOLLO-TICIANS—AS SEEN BY THEMSELVES.

off the fighting the Duke of CONNAUGHT stood, and CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN will have to answer the question."

Turned out that ALPHEUS did not find opportunity of bringing in the foot measure. DALZIEL raised question Appointment of Royal Duke to command at Alder-shot; a ticklish subject for young Member to take up. DALZIEL's manner excellent; gave tone to debate, happily preserved throughout; several times ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS brought out foot-rule and shook it at CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. War Minister, naturally well up in strategy, had observed precaution of placing on his flank his Financial Secretary, WOODALL, V.C. If there was any probing to be done that veteran would receive first onslaught. Thus assured, CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN made admirable defence of a position held in advance to be shaky. Came out of Division Lobby with flying colours and majority of 117.



Alpheus Cleophas's Foot-Rule.

Business done.—Army Votes in Committee of Supply.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lords met to-day—at least Lord DENMAN and the Bishop of ELY did. They, facing each other from either side of otherwise empty chamber, heard Royal assent given to number of bills, and House adjourned for seven days. Don't know what we should have done this week in Lords but for DENMAN. Everyone else gone out of town. He still treads the burning deck, his plum-hued skull-cap giving touch of chastened colour to passages leading to and from the House. Severe taste might object that it is a little painful in conjunction with the brilliant red of the leather-covered benches. But whoever responsible for selection of that decoration should have thought of DENMAN's skull-cap. He was here yesterday; did quite a lot of business; moved Second Reading of his Woman's Suffrage Bill.

"My Lords," he said, rising from the seat which the burly figure of the MARKISS usually fills, "I think there is an opportunity of making substantial progress with this important measure. If your Lordships will be so good as to suspend the Standing Orders, as has just been done in case of Naval Defence Amendment Bill, we could carry the measure through all the stages before your Lordships rise."

For all answer KENSINGTON, on Woolsack in absence of LORD CHANCELLOR pacing the battlements of his lordly castle at Deal, put the question that the Bill be read a second time; declared in same breath "the Not-Contents have it;" and so DENMAN and his little Bill contemptuously swept aside.

"I thought better of them, TOBY," he said, when I met him an hour later still hovering round the closed doors of the House. Over his arm was his rusty old coat; in one hand a stick; in the other a hat that had seen silkier days. There was a tear in his eye, and a tremor in his still musical voice. "It seemed as if a better day had dawned, and that the House of Lords was about at last to recognise in me the worthy son of a father once their pride. Last week the change suddenly came. It was DENMAN this and DENMAN that, and 'we must see what we can do about your Suffrage Bill.' The MARKISS going to his seat on Wednesday gave me a friendly nod and smile. Usually he never sees me except when I get on my legs, when he forthwith moves the Adjournment of House. As for the Whips, I fancied they must have been looking up my speeches in *Hansard*, and learned what they had lost by not being in their place to hear them. 'I trust your lordship is well, and do not find the electric light too glaring?' 'You must take a place by the table so that you can hear SALISBURY and ROSEBERRY.' 'We shan't keep you up late on Friday: have arranged to take Division at midnight so that you may get home in good time. But you'll be there, of course?'"

"And were you there?" I asked.

"Of course I was there, and voted in majority against Home-Rule Bill. Came down yesterday prepared to make most of this new and pleasant turn. Got up to ask KIMBERLEY question as to whether postponement of Home-Rule Bill would date from Friday or Saturday. Nice point, you know. Everything depends upon it. No one had discovered point but me. Expected Government and House would be grateful. What happened? KIMBERLEY snubbed me; House sniggered; my Woman's Suffrage Bill, about which Opposition Whips so anxious last week, treated with usual contumely. I propose to deal with Coal Strike; they move the Adjournment, and leave me speechless at the table. Begin to think that all they wanted was my vote to swell majority against Home-Rule Bill. A weary world, TOBY. Saddest of all for neglected statesmen in our gilded Chamber. Should you ever be able a peer take an old man's advice and do everything you can to obscure your native abilities. Once you excite the jealousy of men like the MARKISS, and implant in their bosom suspicion that if they don't look out you may supplant them, you are lost. Perhaps I made a mistake when I admitted FARMER-ATKINSON to my councils. You remember him in the other House as Member for Boston? We had a plan—but no matter. Still, if FARMER-ATKINSON had led the Commons and I the Lords, you would have seen something. Perhaps we were too reckless in our open colloquy in the Lobby. GLADSTONE smelt a rat. SALISBURY saw it moving in the air; the instincts of self-preservation triumphed over political animosity and the rivalry of a lifetime. They put their heads together; the coffers of the secret-service money were depleted; the illimitable resources of the State were in other ways drawn upon. Where is FARMER-ATKINSON now? I am left solitary and friendless. For a while the Unholy Alliance triumphs; but they will find they have not done with DENMAN yet."

The old gentleman took off his skull-cap; carefully wrapped it up; hid its plumage in his tail-pocket; and pressing his hat over his brow, shook his grey head, and walked wearily down the corridor.

Business done.—House of Lords adjourned for a week.

Saturday, 2.40 A.M.—"Who goes home?" I hear the cry resounding through the Lobby. Well, if no one minds, I think I will. Been here since half-past three yesterday. For the matter of that, been here since the 31st of January. Coming down again at noon to sit till SQUIRE of MALWOOD can see his prospect clear to bringing about Adjournment next Saturday.

Business done.—Mostly all.

Calf-Love.

CALF-LOVE is a passion most people scorn,
Who've loved, and outlived, life and love's young morn;
But there is a calf-love too common by half,
And that's the love of the Golden Calf!

Chary of Charing.

["The occupation for women exclusively is that of charing."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHILST year by year men kinder grow,
And from employments won't debar Woman,
It's quite astonishing to know
Man's everything except a charwoman.

COMMERCIAL CON.

Q. Why is a modern advertiser like an ancient knight-errant?
A. Because he is inspired by the spirit of "ad"-venture.



"It was Denman this, and Denman that."



BETWEEN FRIENDS.

Mr. Spooner, Q.C. (a Neophyte). "THIS IS MY BALL, I THINK!"

Colonel Bunting (an Adept). "BY JOVE, THAT'S A JOLLY GOOD 'LIE'!"

Mr. Spooner. "REALLY, BUNTING, WE'RE VERY OLD FRIENDS, OF COURSE. BUT I DO THINK YOU MIGHT FIND A PLEASANTER WAY OF POINTING OUT A PERFECTLY UNINTENTIONAL MISTAKE!"

"DUE SOUTH!"

CONCERNING the houses on the East Cliff of "P'm'th" I cannot speak from residential experience. They appear to me to have been built with a view to using P'm'th as a winter resort only, and are consequently protected from the four winds of Heaven by fairly-grown firs, whose appearance is very suggestive of Christmas festivities on a gigantic scale, when they might be decorated with coloured lamps, flags, toys, and bonbons, all of which could be raffled for by the children at home for the holidays. Here in a still more sheltered spot, and standing, as the auctioneers and estate agents say, "in its own park-like grounds," of at least three acres and a half (more or less), is the Hot-and-Cold-Bath Hotel, which from its having entertained several crowned and half-crowned heads has fairly earned the right to the style and title "Royal" as a distinguishing prefix.

The interior of this excellent hostelry is, as far as my experience goes, absolutely unique. It is crammed full of works of art of all sorts, sizes, and varieties, so that the stranger within the hotel gates may spend a happy day should it rain, as it sometimes does even at P'm'th, in walking through the galleries, into the various rooms (by permission of the occupiers), and if there be no catalogue (I do not remember to have seen one), then he might do worse than make the acquaintance of the amiable Bric-à-bracketing and Peculiarly Polite Proprietor, Mr. WYTE WESCOTES, who, if the occasion be opportune, will with pleasure become his *cicerone*, and show him all the treasures of this unique establishment. Or he may entrust himself to the other *genius loci* of the place, represented by the acting manager rejoicing in a foreign name not to be mastered all at once by the sharpest British ear. To my mind, full of many early theatrical reminiscences, it is immediately associated with the name of a Chinese Princess in an ancient extravaganza entitled *The Willow-Pattern Plate*, where Her Royal Highness is thus mentioned in the prologue:—

"And this is the room of his daughter KOONG-SER,
Who's shut up, as she's found in the first scene to be,
Whence she looks on the gardens and looks on the trees,
That wobbledly wobbledly go in the breeze,
Whose verdure and shade such a paradise made
Of the house of the Mandarin HER-SING."

All which description can be adapted to present circumstances, and be applied to the interior and exterior of the Royal Hot-and-Cold-Bath Hotel, Pinemonth, where the fare is excellent, and the price moderate; and, if there are, here and there, in the three hundred and sixty-five days some bad ones, what of that? Is there any establishment, however perfect, which, open all the year round, is not open to cavil and also to improvement?

Trip to Lulworth Cove.—By new L. and S. W. line. This line, like the stitch in time, saves nine, or it saves at least seven miles formerly traversed in prehistoric times of quite six months ago. We are *en route* for Lulworth. Soothing name Lulworth! Drowsy murmur of a Sleepy-Hollow sort drones about the name of Lulworth.

Delightful drive of five or six miles from station to Lulworth Cove. Expect of course to be received by "The Cove" himself in person. As the road thither is occasionally steep, stout persons are requested to get out and walk up the hills, which they do with as good a grace as is possible under the circumstances on a broiling September mid-day.

In our shandradan there is a modern version of Miss BIFFIN, who can't possibly walk, but not for the physical reasons which prevented the above-mentioned "abbreviated form" from pedestrianising; and there is also with us the usual genial, stout, elderly dissembler, who, affecting to be troubled with a touch of highly respectable gout, feigns the deepest regret at being unable to descend from the car and join the pedestrians in their delightful toil up the hard and stony hill. At the summit we are refreshed by a gentle breeze, and between the heights, about three miles distant, obtaining a view of the deep blue sea, we feel invigorated.

"*Thalatta! Thalatta!*" exclaims a youth of our party, who is home for the holidays. No one understands him except the stout man with the gout, who smiles approvingly, and asks the lad some recondite question concerning XENOPHON and the Anabasis, whereat the schoolboy shakes his head, and murmurs something about "not having got quite so far as that." No schoolboy home for the holidays ever has got as far as the question you put to him. All our schoolboy knows has been exhausted in that one quotation, and perhaps the stout gentleman with the touch of gout is not sorry that the boy's knowledge of Greek is limited. It is a venturesome thing for a man over fifty, who has not "kept up his classics," to tackle a boy fresh from school.

We lose sight of the sea, and descend into the little sleepy fishing village of Lulworth. An out-of-the-way place, with an excellent inn (the name of which escapes my memory, but it is the only inn near the bay), where there is good accommodation for man and beast. Here the lobsters belong to precisely the same family as do those caught at Swanage, and no higher praise can be bestowed on any lobsters, those of Cromer, in Norfolk, included, than this. "Show me your lobster, and I'll show you the man to eat it!" This is my sentiment down South-West, or due North. The stout and gouty hero, who might have failed to tackle the boy "fresh from school," now shows himself an adept at tackling a lobster fresh from the sea. But more about Lunch, Lobsters, and the Legend of Durdle Door "in our next."

GOOD NEWS FOR FIZZIONOMISTS. — To quote *The Merchant of Venice*, "The World says, and I say so too," (i.e. *The World* of last week), that "the quality of the Champagne (the writer is speaking of Moët and Chandon and Pommery and Greno) will be good." The crop is to be "six times that of last year." Excellent—if only it be six times superior! And oh! if it would only be just one-third less in price!! As the poet (which word rhymes with "Moët") of the Champagne country sings,—

"To keep a *mens sana in corpore sano*,
Give me in plenty my Pommery Greno."

But, at all events, so far as they are professionally judging from the face of the country about Epernay and Rheims, the Fizzionomists are more than likely to be right. *Ainsi soit-il.*

"DOLLARS AND SENSE."—According to all accounts, Mr. DALY has shown his "sense" in reviving this piece (for a short run), so we hope he'll pull in "the dollars."

MRS. R. WANTS TO KNOW.—"Who was the celebrated Scotchman," she asks, "who took 'the Cameroons' to East Africa?"

SIR AQUARIUS TO THE RESCUE!

Or, The Valiant Knight of the Watering Pot, and the Laidly Dragon of London.



["The Report of the Royal Commission appointed for the purpose of ascertaining whether the sources available within the watersheds of the Thames and Lea are adequate in quantity and quality for the water supply of the metropolis, has been laid upon the table of the House of Commons. . . . The Commissioners are convinced that much filth of various kinds is discharged unnece-

sarily and illegally into the rivers. . . . They insist upon the necessity for frequent inspection by an authority appointed for the purpose. . . . The treatment of the water after abstraction from the river is a subject to which the Commissioners have devoted a good deal of attention. . . . they suggest that regulations should be drawn up after competent inquiry, and strictly enforced, the

enforcement being entrusted to a Public Water Examiner, who should have the legal right of entry to all the waterworks."—*The Times*.]

AIR—"The Dragon of Wantley."

Old stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,



"QUITE AT HOME."

Podgers (who is somehow managing to spend his holiday at a Country House for the shooting). "WELL, SPEAKING OF BOOTS, SIR JOHN, YOU SEE THESE SHOES I HAVE ON. THEY COST ME EXACTLY FOUR-AND-SIXPENCE. NOW I DARE SAY YOU GAVE TWICE AS MUCH FOR YOURS!"

With seven heads and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discern-a.
But our Laidly worm, who can wriggle
and squirm,
Our health long time hath undone;
And it's oh! for a knight, or some man of
might,
To demolish the Dragon of London!

This dragon hath two horrid heads,
For forage and for foison;
The one's all jaw, and devouring maw,
Whilst the other breathes forth poison.
Monopolist Greed is the one, indeed,
Whilst the other means Pollution;
And a hide of iron doth environ
Each scaly convolution.

You've heard, of course, of the Trojan horse;
Well, this Dragon is thrice as big, Sir!
With the mouth of a hog, or a Pollywog,
Or Egyptian Porcupig, Sir!
Like the Snapping Turtle he'll hustle and
hurtle,
And gulp like the Gobbling Grampus;
And smite and shock, like the Jabberwock,
Or the Chawsome Catta-Wampus!

On the river's banks he plays his pranks,
An Amphibious Amphisbaena;
By the Thames and the Lea his coils you'll
see,
A-stretch—like a concertina.
For the Thames to him, from brim to brim,
Is a sort of a private Pactolus,
In whose sands of gold this Dragon bold
Can roll and wallow—*solus*!
With one head he grabs L. S. D.
(Like a Nibelungen Treasure),

With t'other, whose breath means disease
and death,
He befouls it beyond measure.
And those two heads o'er the watersheds
Of the Thames and Lea do hover,
Till a noxious brewage of slime and sewage
Is the draught of the water-lover.

Where's the "More of More Hall with
nothing at all,"
To bring swift retribution,
And put the gag on this two-headed Dragon
Of Greed and of Pollution?
Hurroo! Hooray! Some have had their say
(And their counsels have been various).
But there looms in sight a "peerless knight,"
Which his name is "Sir AQUARIUS."

This Public Water Examiner,
"With legal right of entry,"
Should right the wrong of this Dragon strong,
And o'er river-rights stand sentry.
More of More Hall was nothing at all
For a balladist to brag on,
Compared with our Knight of the Watering
Pot—
If he'll slay our River Dragon!

STRICTLY ENTRE NOUS (*communicated by
Sir Ben Trovato*).—Quite recently Mr.
CONDIE STEPHEN had the honour of dining
with Her Majesty at Balmoral. He expressed
himself highly pleased with a certain port
wine at dessert. Sir ALGERNON "of that
ilk" suggested that a bin of it should be
put by in the Royal cellars, to be kept spe-
cially for Mr. STEPHEN'S visits, and labelled
"Condie's Fluid."

TURPIN AND TRAINS.

RAILWAY travelling in Chicago must be
pleasant. "The express train to New York,"
says Dalziel's Express in the *Times* of the
13th, "on the Lake Shore Railway was stopped
by robbers about 140 miles east of Chicago."
Twenty robbers, masked, did the business,
killing the engine driver, and blowing open
the express compartment of the car with dynamite!
When travelling by steam was intro-
duced we congratulated ourselves on our
roads being freed from DICK TURPIN, PAUL
CLIFFORD, and Co.; and with steamers,
Atlantic liners, and so forth, it was presumed
that the last had been heard of PAUL JONES
and the Red Rover. But can this immunity
be any longer guaranteed? May we not in
due course expect to hear of "A P. and O.
steamer robbed on the High Seas by a Pirate
Craft," or "The Bath Express stopped soon
after leaving Swindon by PAUL CLIFFORD,
jun., and his gang of desperadoes"?

SOMETHING LIKE A CENTENARIAN.—The
Daily Chronicle gives a most useful sum-
mary of notable events for every day in the
week. Here is one to be quoted as ever
memorable, which appeared on Wednesday,
Sept. 20:—

"Battle of Newbury. Lord Falkland killed, 1643.
Bishop John Gauden died, 1662.
Battle of Valmy, 1792.
Sir Edward James Reed, K.C.B., born, 1830!!
Battle of the Alma, 1854."

We congratulate Sir EDWARD on having
attained his Two-hundred-and-sixty-third
birthday!! The oldest inhabitant isn't in
it with him.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE V.—A General Waiting-room at Clapham Junction. CURPHEW is leaning against the mantelpiece. Mr. TOOVEY is seated on one of the horsehair chairs against the wall.

Mr. Toovey (to himself). I do wish he'd sit down, and not look at me in that austere way! (Aloud.) Won't you take a chair? It would be so much more comfortable. [He shifts his seat uneasily.]

Curphey (stiffly). Thanks, Mr. Toovey, but I'd rather stand—for so short a time. (A pause.) Well, Sir, you have something to say to me, I believe?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). Oh dear, I'm almost sorry now I—he won't make sufficient allowances for me. (Aloud, after another pause.) The fact is, Mr. CURPHEW, I—I've just made a—very painful discovery, which—is there any water in that decanter? because I—I feel a little thirsty.

[CURPHEW pours him out a glass of water, which he sips.]

Curph. Come, Sir, we needn't beat about the bush. I think I can spare you the preliminaries. I suppose you've heard about the Eldorado?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). He knows already! These journalists find out everything. (Aloud.) I—I have indeed, but I assure you that, up to the very moment my nephew informed me, I had no more suspicion—

Curph. You naturally consider that I ought to have told you at once, but the fact is, I—well, I had some reason to doubt whether Mrs. TOOVEY—

Mr. Toov. Oh, you were quite right, it would never have done—never have done. I haven't breathed a word to Mrs. TOOVEY myself as yet. I was afraid I might be obliged to this morning. She discovered that dreadful Eldorado programme in one of my pockets, and was curious, very naturally curious, as to why I had kept it, but I passed it off—I managed to pass it off. I—I thought it better, at all events, till—till I had talked it over with you.

Curph. (to himself, relieved). He takes it wonderfully well. I shouldn't be surprised if I could talk him over. (Aloud.) Oh, decidedly, Sir. And may I ask you what your own views are?

Mr. Toov. I—I don't know what to think. For a man in my position to have even the remotest connection with—with a London music-hall! Wouldn't it be considered scandalous, or at least indecorous, if it were to leak out now? Shouldn't I be regarded as—as inconsistent, for example?

Curph. Oh, no one could reproach you, at all events, Sir!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). And I thought he was going to be so hard on me! (Aloud.) I am glad you take that view of it—yes, I can't be held responsible for what I did in absolute ignorance; but, now that I do know, I can't go on, can I?—after a lifetime spent in condemning such entertainments!

Curph. But are you quite sure, Sir, that your condemnation was based on any real foundation; mayn't you have been too ready to think the worst? Have you ever troubled yourself to inquire into the way they were conducted?

Mr. Toov. (to himself, in astonishment). Why, he's actually making excuses for them! (Aloud.) I have always been given to understand that they were most improper places, Sir; that was sufficient for me—quite sufficient!

Curph. I daresay I have no right to speak; but you may not be aware that all music-halls are now subject to the strictest supervision. And a body like the London County Council is not likely to sanction any impropriety in the entertainments.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). If I could only persuade myself that I might keep the shares with a good conscience! To give up three hundred and fifty a year, without necessity! I wonder what he would say. (Aloud.) True, that didn't occur to me before; and the

London County Council, they wouldn't encourage anything really—If I could only be sure—and I'm open to conviction—I hope I'm always open to conviction.

Curph. (to himself). He's coming round; he's not such a pig-headed old Pharisee as I thought. (Aloud.) I am sure you are. You are not the man to condemn any form of amusement, however harmless, merely because you find no attraction in it yourself.

Mr. Toov. No, no. And I see the force of what you say; and if I could only once satisfy myself that the entertainment was really harmless—

Curph. (to himself). He couldn't very well object to my part of it—it's an idea, and worth trying. (Aloud.) My dear Sir, why shouldn't you? In any case I should terminate my connection with the music-hall as soon as possible.

Mr. Toov. (disappointed). Would you? Then you do think—? But the sacrifice, my dear young friend, it—it's a great deal of money to give up!

Curph. (lightly). Oh, that's of no consequence. I shouldn't think of that, for a moment!

Mr. Toov. (to himself, annoyed). It's all very well for him to talk like that, but it's my sacrifice, and I do think of it! (Aloud.) But—but wouldn't it be a little Quixotic to withdraw from this Eldorado, supposing I found there was no moral objection to it, eh?

Curph. I thought you would be the first to insist that the Eldorado should be given up! Surely, Sir, when I tell you that I love your daughter; that I hope, though I have not spoken as yet, to enter your family some day as your son-in-law, you will look at it differently?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). He does want to marry our THEA? CORNELIA will be delighted—delighted, but I really can't allow him to dictate to me whether to sell the shares or not! (Aloud, with dignity.) My good young friend, I have lived longer than you in the world, and you will permit me to say that if, after investigation, I see no cause to disapprove of the Eldorado, there is no reason that I can discover why you should hesitate to enter my family. I—I must act on my own judgment—entirely on my own judgment!

Curph. (to himself). He is an old trump! Who would have thought he'd be so reasonable. (Aloud, overjoyed.) My dear Sir, how can I thank you? That is all I ask—more than I could possibly have expected. And I was about to suggest that you might drop into the Eldorado some evening this week and judge for yourself.

Mr. Toov. (recoiling in consternation). I? I drop into a music-

hall? Oh, I couldn't, indeed! Why, I never was in such a place in all my life. And if anybody were to see me there!

Curph. You need not be seen at all. There are private boxes where no one would notice you. I could easily get them to send you one, if you like.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). What a power the Press is, to be sure! I remember CHARLES said that newspaper writers could get seats for everything. (Aloud.) Really, I hardly know what to say; it's so very contrary to all my habits, and then—to go alone. Now if you would only accompany me—

Curph. You forget, Sir, that's quite impossible. I can't come in the box with you!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). There it is—it's against his principles to go himself, and yet he expects me to! (Aloud, peevishly.) Then why are you so anxious to have me go, eh?

Curph. Why? Because there are Mrs. TOOVEY's prejudices to be considered, and I'm anxious that you should be in a position to assure her from your own personal experience that—

Mr. Toov. Oh, my dear young friend, if I did go, I don't think I could ever mention such an experience as that to Mrs. TOOVEY. She—she might fail to understand that I merely went for the satisfaction of my own conscience.



"I drop into a music-hall?"

Curph. She might, of course. So long as you satisfy yourself, then. And—what night will suit you best?

Mr. Toov. You're in such a hurry, young man. I—I never said I should go. I'm not at all sure that I can go; but if I did allow myself to venture, it would have to be some evening when my wife—let me see, on Saturday she's going out to some special meeting of her Zenana Mission Committee, I know. It had better be Saturday, if at all—if at all.

Curph. (making a note). Very well. I will see you have a box for that evening, and I hope you will manage to go. But there's a train coming in—I must really be off. Good-bye, Sir, and very many thanks for the kind and generous way in which you have treated me. I am very glad we have had this explanation, and thoroughly understand one another. Good-bye—good-bye!

[He shakes Mr. TOOVEY'S hand with cordial gratitude, and rushes out.]

Mr. Toov. (looking after him in some mystification). A most high-minded young man, but a little too officious. And I don't understand why he makes such a point of my going to this Eldorado now. But, if I do go, I mayn't see anything to disapprove of; and, if I don't, I shall keep the shares—whether he likes it or not. He may be a very worthy young man, but I doubt whether he's quite a man of the world!

END OF SCENE V.

A STUDY IN PRESS-LAND.

(An Actuality, in one short Scene, at the service of the Institute of Journalists.)

SCENE—*An Editor's Room.* Editor discovered in conversation with Would-be Reporter.

Editor (preparing to resume his work). Well, from all you tell me, I imagine you must be a most accomplished person.

Would-be Reporter (smiling). Well, I believe I am up to the standard required by the Institute of Journalists. My classics are fairly good, but I do not know as much as I should of mixed mathematics. However, I took a double first at Oxford; but then I had a particularly easy year. All the men against me were practically duffers.

Ed. (slightly interested). Do you know anything of modern languages?

W.-be Rep. Well, yes. I can speak and write European in all its branches, including Swedish and Norwegian *patois*, and the *argot* used on the borders of Turkey and Greece. I am fairly well up in Chinese, but have only a general idea of the grammar of Afghanistan. But I may add that I am spending four hours a day in completing this part of my training.

Ed. I think you said that you have passed in engineering, orchestra-playing, astronomy, naval and military tactics, and the history of the world, and the other components of the planetary system?

W.-be Rep. Certainly; I have in every way (save that I have still to pass in Roman Law) satisfied the requirements of the Institute of Journalists. I am all but qualified for the reception of an Associate's degree.

Ed. (with a view to closing the interview). Very well, then; we shall be glad to use anything you may be good enough to send us—of course, at the customary rate.

W.-be Rep. (gratefully). A thousand thanks. I know; three-half-pence a line, with a minimum of three shillings.

Ed. Precisely. *(Taking up his pen.)* And now, as my Sub-editor told me that there was a fire somewhere in the neighbourhood, you had better look after it.

W.-be Rep. Thank you so much. But as I have forgotten to bring my reporter's-book, perhaps you will kindly lend me some copy-paper?

Ed. Certainly; you will find some in that corner. *(He approaches speaking-tube, to which he has been summoned by a whistle.)* Ah! You need not trouble after the fire, for I find we have already received a report from someone on the spot.

W.-be Rep. (in a tone of disappointment). What a bore! just as I was going to it report myself! However, better luck next time.

Ed. (courteously). I hope so; good morning. *(Exit Would-be Reporter.)* What a nuisance these fellows are! Highly educated, of course, and all that sort of thing; but I am not sure that the rough-and-ready school was not the better.

W.-be Rep. (re-entering hurriedly). My good Sir! Fancy! the man who has sent you the report of the local fire was educated at a small grammar-school, and never even entered a university!

Ed. Well, what of that?

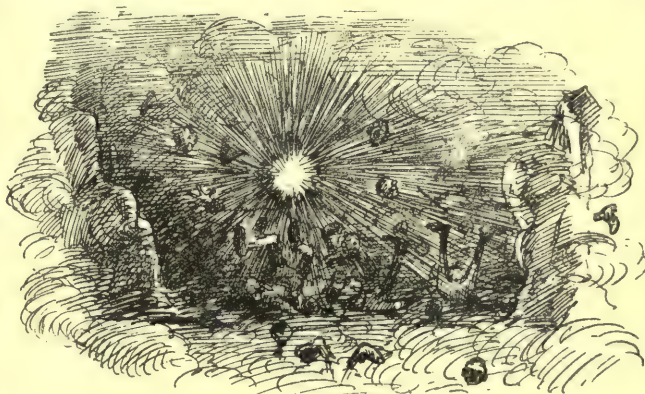
W.-be Rep. (surprised). You surely won't use his copy?

Ed. (decisively). I surely shall. First come, first served. And now you must allow me. *(Returns to his work, to the surprise and disgust of Would-be Reporter. Curtain.)*

"PIECE AND WAR!" AT DRURY LANE.

"VICTORY sits on our helmets!" cries Sir DRURIOLANUS AUCTOR to HENRICUS PARVUS ETIAM AUCTOR, as they drive back to "The Helms, Regent's Park," after the curtain has descended on the last scene of the last act of *A Life of Pleasure* at Drury Lane. Twice has Sir DRURIOLANUS appeared before the footlights at the end of the Fourth Act, when some battle in Burmah is gallantly won by the united dramatic forces under the heroic but comic Captain HARRY NICHOLLS, Colonel Lord FRANK FENTON AVONDALE, Sergeant CLARENCE HOLT, and a handful of the bravest soldiers that ever marched to glory over the boards of old Drury Lane. What the story is, and how these heroes got into the jungle and out again, and how the right man married the right woman, and how the wronged woman would have saved the villain from the vengeance of HENRY DESMOND O'NEVILLE,—who, alas, had to stay in the green-room while the others were distinguishing themselves in Burmah,—is known to the clever collaborators and a few of their trusted confidants. Of that strange history I, a mere civilian, had every detail blown clean out of my head by the din of the great battle. In fact, never have I heard of any "theatrical engagement" equal to this.

That Miss LILY HANBURY looked lovely, and touched my heart; that Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE suddenly developed a brogue that, on occasion, betrayed her nationality; that Miss LE THIÈRE was a villainous matron; that Miss LAURA LINDEN was sprightly and pretty; that



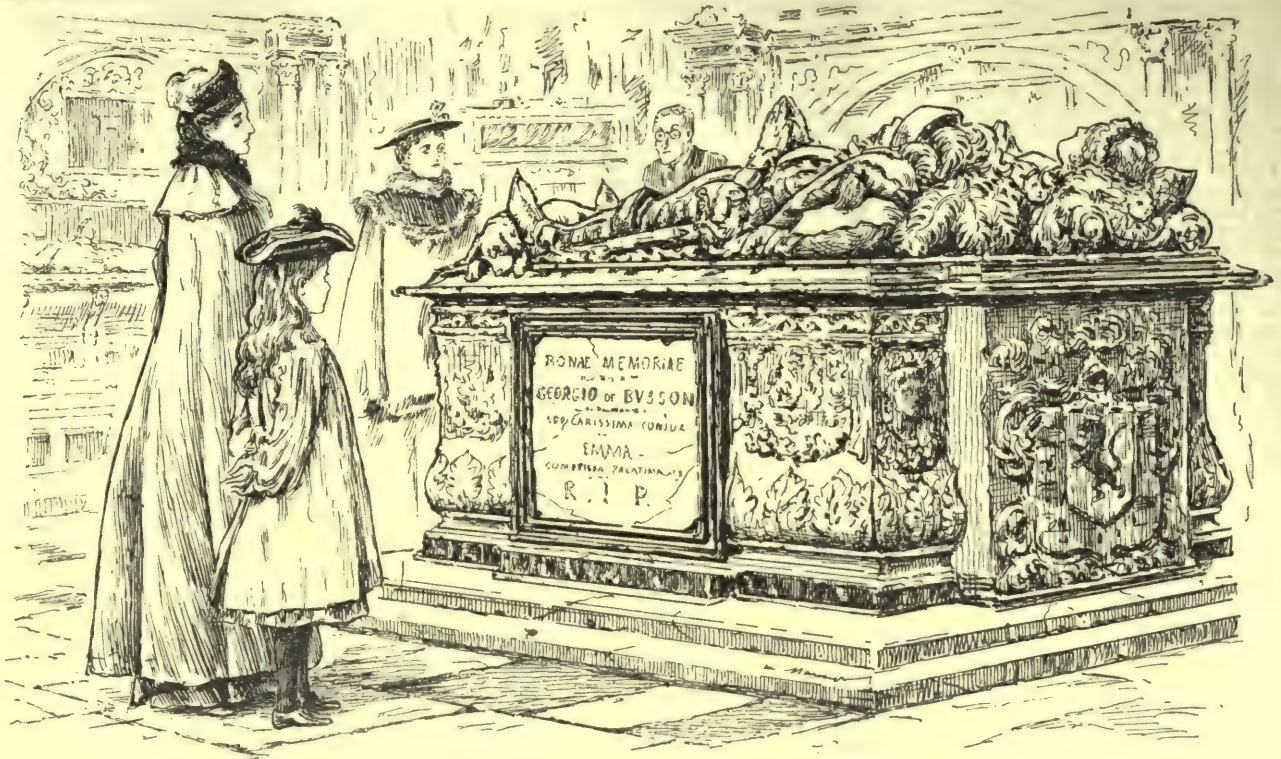
"The Action of the Piece."

Mr. ARTHUR DACRE was the best representative of lop-sided villainy ever seen on the stage; and that Mr. ROBERT SOUTAR reappeared as an elderly masher about town; all this, I am ready to admit, would have been good enough for me, without any attempt on my part at stringing them together in a consecutive story. Didn't I know from the very moment she appeared in deep black, and with a very pale face, that Miss LE THIÈRE was a villain of the deepest dye in petticoats? Could I have trusted Mr. ARTHUR DACRE, in his neat grey suit, with a sixpence, much less with my life? As for Mr. ELTON, representing the Hebraic money-lender—indispensable of late years to all Drury Lane dramas—wasn't I well aware that he was to be the comic villain, only set up to be knocked down again, and to be finally bowled out by the apparently simple HARRY NICHOLLS? Then there is the scene at the Empire, admirably stage-managed, but the ladies should try to take just a trifle more interest in the strange proceedings of that eventful night, as they should also do when re-appearing as wedding guests in the last act. But these fair ladies are heartless; all's one to them, happen what may. Then there was the House-boat, equally well-arranged; but everything is entirely eclipsed by the Military Act, in three scenes, which contains "the action of the piece," and leaves the audience half-deafened by mitrailleuses, and half-choked by the gunpowder. But as the smoke gradually cleared away, the stalwart figure of the Commander-in-Chief, yeleft DRURIOLANUS himself, was seen bowing his acknowledgments.

But what was it all about? "Why, that I cannot tell," quoth Old CASPAR, "but 'twas a famous victory!" And if you, my non-combatant readers, wish to know how the Burmese War was undertaken for the special benefit of HARRY NICHOLLS, you just go and see for yourself the new drama, mysteriously entitled *A Life of Pleasure*, at T. R. Drury Lane, and for this advice you will thank

"OLD CASPAR."

A MOOT POINT.—The G. O. M. is reported to have been engaged in translating *Horace*. Is this a picturesque way of referring to the recent elevation of Sir HORACE DAVEY?



UNHAPPY INFLUENCE OF MODERN MUSIC-HALL MELODIES.

"THERE LIES THE BRAVE KNIGHT, DARLING, WITH HIS FAITHFUL DOG AT HIS FEET, AND HIS WIFE BY HIS SIDE!"
 "AND HAS SHE GOT A DOG, TOO, MUMMY?" "NO, DARLING, ONLY A CUSHION!"
 "AH, I SUPPOSE HER DADDY WOULDN'T BUY HER A BOW-WOW-WOW!"

THE "FORLORN HOPE."

"It is understood (says the *Daily News*) that Mr. GLADSTONE will speak in Edinburgh on Wednesday, September 27, on the action of the House of Lords in rejecting the Home-Rule Bill. His followers are expecting him to give the word of command for an attack on the Upper House."

"CHILDE ROLAND to the Dark Tower came!" So runs

The boding refrain BROWNING visioned out.
 CHILDE ROLAND valiant was, and wondrous stout;

But that Dark Tower, which never noonday
 Full-garrisoned by feudal myrmidons,
 Might strike to ROLAND's heart the chill
 of doubt.

Four-square to the four winds the fortress
 stands,

Pinnacled high upon a frowning rock.
 It hath survived the many-centuried shock
 Of elements, the assault of myriad hands,
 And to the attack will you now lead your
 bands,

Whose rage crag-crowning battlements
 True from those battlements they've hung,
 in scorn,
 Your herald, whose torn trappings wildly
 In the rough wind. Though 'tis too late
 to save
 You'd fain avenge. Such flouts are hardly
 By Leaders whilst old lips can sound a horn
 And hands, though ancient, yet can lift a
 glaive.

Sound an alarm! Let the fierce war-cry sound!
 Your followers listen for it. They will cheer
 When its defiant shrill salutes their ear.
 Down with the Fortress! Raze it to the
 ground!

End it, not mend it! So they rattle round,
 The shoutings and the floutings far and near.

And you, the new CHILDE ROLAND, what
 think you, [tongue]
 At heart, behind that bold and fluent
 Lead a Forlorn Hope? Yes, though
 Death's self flung

Its form of bony shape and grisly hue
 Athwart your path! But—is here aught
 to do [and sung]
 That's worth the venture, when all's said

"If, at their counsel, I should turn aside
 Into that ominous tract which all agree
 Hides the Dark Tower? If acquies-
 cingly

I do turn as they've pointed! Neither pride
 Nor hope rekindling at the end desried [be.
 So much in gladness that some end should

"Thus, I have so long suffered in this quest
 Heard failure prophesied so oft, been writ
 So many times among 'The Band'—to wit
 The knights who to the Dark Tower's search
 addressed [best,
 Their steps—that just to fail as they, seemed
 And all the doubt is now—shall I be fit?

"What in the mist lies but the Tower itself?
 The square squat turrets, blind as the fool's
 heart,
 Built of grey stone, without a counterpart
 In the whole world. The tempest's mocking
 elf

Points to the shipman thus the unseen shelf
 He strikes on, only when the timbers start."

So mused CHILDE ROLAND! Chief of the
 white crest, [fit
 With thine adventure doth the strain not
 Most strangely? Looms the Dark Tower
 turret-lit

By autumn rays low, chilly, from the west,
 So waterishly wan. Oh! crowning test
 Of mortal valour and of human wit!

Lead the Forlorn Hope on! E'en Hopes
 Forlorn
 Do not fail always. Scale the craggy
 height!

Cheer on your clamorous followers to the
 fight.

Citadels deemed impregnable, in scorn
 Have mocked their rash beleaguers at morn
 To see them swarm their battlements ere
 night.

And you, your courage seems to master Fate
 And mock at Time. Yet Time and Fate,
 at last,

In the greatest life-game have the latest
 cast.

Heroic 'tis to see you, strong, elate,
 Heading the onset, and in *Punch's* pate
 Rings the old rhyme of the romantic past.

"There they stood, ranged along the hill-
 sides—met

To view the last of me, a living frame
 For one more picture! in a sheet of flame
 I saw them and I knew them all. And yet
 Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set
 And blew. 'CHILDE ROLAND to the Dark
 Tower came.'"

CONTRIBUTED BY ONE "IN STATU PUPIL-
 LARI."—Great changes are expected in Egypt.
 It is said that a certain well-known oculist,
 no, we beg his pardon, we should have de-
 scribed him as "Ophthalmic Surgeon," whose
 name is something between "Crotchety" and
 "Cricket," and whose recent evidence in a
 police-court was quite "an eye-opener" to
 the worthy magistrate and the prisoners. is
 going out to remove the First Cataract. We
 wish him every possible success. He will
 be returned for the next Parliament as the
 Member for Eye.



THE "FORLORN HOPE."



"BREEZES"

—in the "Daily Graphic" Office!!

THAT "Weather Young Person" has been caught out in a piece of barefaced duplicity of which *Mr. Punch* would not have suspected her capable. From a sense of professional duty, no doubt, she has been surreptitiously attending the meetings of the "Congress of Journalists," leaving a plausible substitute in her place! Climatic disturbances have revealed the fraud!!

Storm Cone hoisted!!

CROWNING THE EDIFICE.

(A Study Translated into English from Zolaesque.)

EMILE was triumphant. The arm-chair of the Academy was still vacant. He did not yet fill it. But, for all that, he was triumphant, for he had performed a brave action. He had achieved a veritable success. It was more than thousands from the coffers of the publishers, more than pages of praises of the papers. It was a great event at length wonderfully accomplished.

EMILE sat in his London lodgings satisfied with all his surroundings. Of course, he was interviewed. He had been followed from France to England, and had seen in an evening paper an account of the temporary indisposition of one very dear to him on board the boat. He was prepared for his visitor.

"I am very comfortable. I think England charming; love its fog, and am deeply impressed with the LORD MAYOR. I soon had enough of the first meeting of the Congress of the Institute, but thought the ball at Guildhall excellent. I really have no more to say. Next please." But his Interviewer was not to be discarded hurriedly. He stood to his guns, or, rather, his reporter's book.

"Are you not proud of all your volumes? Do you not think that by writing them you have achieved the success of the century?"

"I am certainly proud of my work. But my work is not my greatest achievement. No, a thousand times no, it is not my greatest achievement."

"Well what is?" asked the Interviewer; and then he added, "Please look sharp about it, as I have to do the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Mr. MONTE CARLO WELLS, and Mr. BALFOUR, before I return to the office."

"Yes, I am prouder of this last feat," pursued the Master, ignoring the presence of the Reporter. "than the rest put together. It has taken me all my life to make up my mind to do it; but it is done at last."

"Of what are you speaking?"

"Yes, what are my novels compared to the heroism of those sixty-five minutes! That hour has been a bar to my compatriots. It has kept them in France. And now I am their superior. I have at length the right to boast a triumph!"

The Interviewer made an entry in his note-book, then he asked for further explanation.

"And so you are prouder of this event than all your hard-earned fame. And now tell me what event has so greatly moved you?"

"With pleasure. But listen. For twenty years I have laboured to write the history of France in romance. And when I say the history of France, I mean that part of the nation's story which has sprung from the Third Empire."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the Interviewer; "and you have done it well. But pardon me, I am pressed for time. His Grace of CANTERBURY awaits me at Lambeth. Out with it! What is your special cause for pride?"

"Yes, I have been maligned, misunderstood, insulted, hated. But men must now call me a man of great courage, a man of infinite determination. For I have done it. Yes, after a lifetime of careful consideration I have done it!"

"Done what?" asked the Interviewer, who was growing impatient.

Then came the reply, uttered in a tone of indescribable emotion:

"I have crossed the Channel!"

"MY CUMMERBUND."

Sunday.—At Club. Conversation (learned) about epidemics. Heard somebody (an authority of course on the subject) say, "Oh, rub plenty of camphor into your cummerbund." Replied, "Yes; good idea." Wrote it down. Was going to question him as to details, but found he had quitted the club. Know what camphor is, not quite certain as to "cummerbund." Think it's Indian. Called in at Oriental Club. Old Oriental says, "Only natives wear cummerbunds." Oh, then "cummerbund" is not something to eat or drink? "No; it's a kind of cloth. Get 'em anywhere now." Anywhere? It appears I am behind the age. Everyone, except myself apparently, knows all about a "cummerbund." It sounds a bit Scotch; also German. "Cummer" Scotch; "Bund" German. German Bund. To be obtained at hosier's, or at any emporium for Indian clothing. Good.

Monday.—Bought cummerbund. Bright colour; neat. Bought also large bottle of camphor. Rubbed it in. Strong smell—more than strong. But self-preservation is first law, &c., &c., so get accustomed to it. After one day's wearing, don't notice saturated cummerbund. Quite accustomed to it.

Tuesday.—Went to see SMITH. "Hullo, old fellow," he says, "afraid of moths in your clothes, eh?" Ask what he means. He mentions strong smell of camphor. I explain my preventive measures. "Oh, that's all very well!" he returns; "but the very best thing is to soak your shirt in turpentine. I'm sure of it." Sure he is right, because he is a student at Guy's. Thank him warmly for this life-saving hint. Rush home; follow his advice. Beastly smell at first, but soon cease to notice it. Continue wearing camphorated cummerbund also, as an extra precaution. Call on Mrs. MONTGOMERY-MUMBY. Sweet girl her niece! Somehow she seems to avoid me, a thing she never did before. So they all do, and I have no one to talk to but a crippled uncle of theirs, who has a bad cold in his head, for he holds his handkerchief to his nose all the time. JONES called. Says he has seen SMITH. "By Jove!" he exclaims, "you've been going in for oil painting, or chemistry, or something. There's a tremendous smell of turpentine." I explain. "Oh, there's no harm in that," he says; "but a far better thing is to wet your waistcoat with carbolic acid. Antiseptic, you know."

Now he is a student at Bart's, and probably knows as much as SMITH. Thank him, and resolve to try his preventive in addition to the other. Down to Eastbourne. Everyone clears out of railway carriage soon after I get in, except one old man, who says he is a medical man, and that a plentiful use of disinfectants is no doubt advisable.

Wednesday.—Meet ROBINSON on the Parade. Says he saw SMITH on Tuesday. Asks me what I think of the epidemic scare. Explain my precautions. "Thought I noticed an awful smell," he says. "Hope it's all right. As for me, I believe there's nothing like pouring sulphuretted hydrogen all over the inside of your coat. Had it from my uncle, who was Medical Officer of Health at Benares." An invaluable suggestion; buy a bottle, and follow his directions when dressing for dinner. Horrible stench, like rotten eggs! However, soon get accustomed to it. To a dance at the CHOLMONDELEY-CHICKS's. Never more annoyed in my life. Every girl says she has no dance left. What can have offended them all? The only partner I have is CHOLMONDELEY-CHICK's maiden aunt, and she faints in my arms after going once round the room. However, I have a good supper, for the dining-room is quite empty all the time I am in it, so I can get as much as I like.

Thursday.—Back to town. TOMKINS looks in. Says he saw SMITH the other day. Then looks curiously all round room. "Do you keep eggs in this room?" he asks; "hot weather turned 'em bad, eh?" Explain that I have used sulphuretted hydrogen. "Those chemical things," he says, holding his nose, "are not half so good as plain, homely preparations. The finest thing of all is to soak all your clothes in gin and peppermint. Had it from a man who ought to know, for he spent last autumn in Hamburg and used bottles full." Thank him with sincere gratitude, and as soon as possible try this new precaution. To theatre. People near me begin a great talking. Commissionaire asks me to leave. Says "money will be returned." Hanged if I go! I've paid for this seat." Then a fearful uproar starts. Do not remember details of fight, but find myself "chucked" into the roadway. Policeman picks me up as drunk and incapable. Spend night in police-cell. *** Explanations magisterially accepted. ... Apology given and taken. Off (with the cummerbund), and away for a tour in the North.



A VERY GREAT MAN.

(Cub Hunting.)

Young Farmer. "WELL, MASTER JACK! OUT AGAIN?"

Master Jack. "WHY, YES. FACT IS, YOU KNOW, ALWAYS LIKE TO GET AS MUCH IN AS POSSIBLE BEFORE WE BEGIN TO ADVERTISE. BRINGS SUCH A BEASTLY LOT O' DUFFERS OUT, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CHATTO AND WINDUS have just issued a new edition of OUIDA's *Dog of Flanders*. The well-got-up and cheaply-priced volume contains three other Stories, nearly as charming. In the quartette OUIDA, my Baronite says, will be found at her best—OUIDA, without the weeds of grossness and comical classicality that sometimes grow in her pastures. Of this volume of her works it may be said that, happily, LEMPRIÈRE is not in it.

To those about to travel, whether there and back, or there or back, is immaterial, the Baron strongly recommends *The Great Shadow* and *Beyond the City*, two stories in one volume by CONAN DOYLE, published in ARROWSMITH'S three and sixpenny series. It is a long time since the Baron has read a more dramatically told story than that of *The Great Shadow*. Truly, if his opinion had been asked, he would have seriously advised any novelist against attempting, in any form, a description of the Battle of Waterloo. Yet, though CONAN DOYLE has done it admirably, there is, thinks the Baron, just one chapter too much of this work. No one, since CHARLES LEVER wrote, has achieved anything like it, though there is just a smack of *Orthis Mulvaney & Co.* about it which—"but that is another story." The Baron finding no fault with the illustrations as illustrations, wishes that the tales had been left to themselves, and that they had been told without these superfluous aids. It is a pleasure to recommend such a book, and it is recommended by everybody's trusted Literary Adviser, THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

What the Vicar of Amesbury Inclines to Say.

(Judging from his Letter in the "Standard," September 22, on the Desecration or Preservation of Stonehenge Question.)

My friends, for goodness' sake forbear
From fussy interference here.
Blest be the man who "makes no bones,"
And blamed be he who stirs these stones!

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

(A Thought at the Haymarket Theatre.)

THE first appearance "of the Personal Devil"
Was nigh the Tree of Knowledge, good and evil;
And so the Tempter's latest rôle we see
Is still associated with a TREE.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, September 20.—Met WOODALL, V.C., crossing Lobby just now on the way to his battlemented tower. Shouldn't have known him—indeed, had passed him, when I recognised his voice hailing me. It had an unusually tinny sound, due to fact that it made its way through the interstices of a closed visor.

"Good gracious, WOODALL!" I said; "is that you? I thought it was one of the figures from the Tower taking an airing."

"Yes," said the Financial Secretary to the War Office with same vibrating, tinny intonation, "by my halidome (so to speak) it's me; and precious hot and generally uncomfortable it is, too, I can tell you. The things don't fit, you see; borrowed them from the Tower; some a size too large, which is bad; others a turn too small, which, considering they are made in metal, is worse."

WOODALL got up, regardless of expense, in helmet, breastplate, things like kneecaps, and a piece of sheet-iron fitted to the small of his back.

"What do you do it for, then?"

With difficulty WOODALL, V.C., unhooked something in his visor, and, after cautiously looking round, took it off.

"Haven't you heard," he said, as he mopped his forehead. "of the Secret Society, sworn to decimate us fellows of the War Office? Began with ST. JOHN BRODRICK, who narrowly escaped assassination in the streets; went on to CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who was



WHO WOULD BE AN M.P.?

A Warning to Aspiring Legislators.

threatened with sudden death. Now they've turned their attention on me. Every post brings an anonymous letter, advising me that my end approaches. They are in



Woodall, V.C.

different handwriting, but the note-paper enjoys in common the adornment of a death's-head and cross-bones. Sometimes there's a coffin underneath; occasionally this accessory is omitted; it is made up for in the added ferocity of the communication. This makes one very uneasy. I daresay you have observed how stout CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN looks of late. It's only his shirt of mail, worn under his ordinary linen. He says he's going to Marienbad to get rid of it; that's only his joke. As for me, I don't think it's worth mincing matters. I, as you see, go the whole animal; but it's very wearing. SANDHURST told me it was a case of armour or assassination. Having tried the armour for three days, am not quite sure I should not prefer assassination. Excuse me, there's a strange man lingering in the corner."

And WOODALL, shutting his head up in the helmet, warily walked off.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a Second time.

Friday.—All over. Royal Assent given to Appropriation Bill. Curtain falls on last scene in Act I. of Session 1893; a play in two Acts.

"And whose Session should you say it has been, TOBY?" asked ROWTON, a man of universal sympathies, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge.

"Mr. G.'s, I suppose. At least, that will be the general verdict. He has outshone himself. Whether you like what he has done or detest it, you must pay homage to the tireless energy, the infinite skill, and the matchless eloquence with which it has been accomplished. JOSEPH has excelled himself as a Parliamentary force; PRINCE ARTHUR has taken a long stride in the direction of establishing himself in position of Leader. These things are obvious, and will be said everywhere. But since you ask me whose Session it has been, I should say it has been MARJORIBANKS'. It's all very well to have a supreme Parliamentary leading majority, small but compact. If you haven't got a Whip that can keep them together, who not only has them there on big field night, but always on the spot to repel surprises, where are you? In ordinary times it's comparatively easy to keep the Conservatives in hand, whether in office or out. Out or in the Liberals are skittish. This Session things have been peculiarly critical, as is shown in the cases of NAPOLEON



Expiring Law, Continuance Bill passing through Committee.

BOLTONPARTY and the SENTENTIOUS SAUNDERS. To keep a majority safe and steady at such times requires in a Whip a rare combination of gifts and graces. With the assistance of an excellent team, MARJORIBANKS has done this. It is a minor Ministerial post, but the service rendered is incalculable. So if you want to name the Session, call it MAJORITYBANKS'."

Business done.—Parliament adjourned till November 2.

PERSONAL COURAGE.—A Reuter's telegram last week states that "The Brazilian Minister here refuses to be interviewed."

THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAIDS.

AND have you not read of eight jolly young watermaids,
Lately at Cookham accustomed to ply



And feather their oars with a deal of
dexterity,
Pleasing the critical masculine
eye?
They swing so truly and pull so
steadily,
Multitudes flock to the river-side
readily;—
It's not the eighth wonder that all the
world's there,
But this watermaid ne'er in want
of a stare.

What sights of white costumes! What ties and what hatbands,

"Leander cerise!" We don't wish to offend,
But are these first thoughts with the dashing young women

Who don't dash too much in a spurt off Bourne End?

Mere nonsense, of course! There's no "giggling and leering"—

Complete ruination to rowing and steering;—

"All eyes in the boat" is their coach's first care,

And "a spin of twelve miles" is as naught to the fair.

THEATRICAL NEWS.—During the absence of *Beckett* from London, and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* having left town, *The Tempter* in the Haymarket tried to entice *Charley's Aunt* from the Globe to go in for *A Life of Pleasure* at Drury Lane, but *The Other Fellow* from the Court induced her to go for *A Trip to Chicago* in the Vaudeville, where he cruelly abandoned her, to take up with *La Fille de Madame Angot*, at the Criterion. But she soon let him know what *A Woman's Revenge* at the Adelphi was like, and he sailed away in the *Shaftesbury*, *Morocco Bound*, pursued by *Don Quixote*, who had watched the proceedings from the Strand. The lady who in the meantime had obtained the fortunate talisman of *La Mascotte* from the Gaiety, was provided by DALY's Company with *Dollars and Sense*, and is now doing uncommonly well. But the villain, who would have made her his victim, will soon experience the result of *Sowing the Wind* at the Comedy.

"SUBGRADUATUS INDIGNANS" writes.—"SIR,—Within the last fortnight on one day I find in the *Standard* that 'seventy degrees were recorded at Cambridge.' How's this? During Long Vacation!! Who conferred these degrees? What degrees? Who got 'em? Where's the Vice-Chancellor? I pause for a reply. P.S.—Beg pardon! Find I have overlooked head of paragraph. 'The falling barometer,' &c., &c., so that *perhaps* I may be in error."

"DUE SOUTH!"

On Shore in Lulworth Cove.—Odd names on this Southern coast. The "Tilly Winn Caves," for example; likewise "Durdle Dhor," or "Durdle Door." Who was MATILDA WINN; familiarly styled "TILLY"? An old fisherman mending his nets,—he is evidently



"The Cove of Lulworth Cove,"—gives me the following tale, which I set down as the

LEGEND OF TILLY WINN AND

DURDLE D'OR.

The winsome Lady MATILDA WINN,

Was a-ris-to-crati-cally thin,

With dove-like eyes. Her golden hair

Was circled with gems so rich and rare.

White and pink was the healthy skin

Of the winsome Lady MATILDA WINN.

The Lord of LULWORTH, a somnolent Earl,

Gave his moustache an extra curl

As he woke in the morn, and ope'd his eye,
A passing fair lady was passing by!
Then he swore to himself, "Through thick and thin,
I'll win the Lady MATILDA WINN."

The Lord of LULWORTH, that somnolent peer,
Gained the young lady's father's ear.

Who said, "My TILLY must me obey.

One week to-morrow shall be the day
When Lulworth's Earl shall become our kin,
By wedding my daughter! my TILLY WINN!"

MATILDA WINN made signs from shore

To her pirate lover, bold DURDLE D'OR.

Who came at night with ladder of rope,

For TILDA WINN had agreed to elope.

"We're privately married, so 'tis no sin,"

Quoth the beautiful Lady MATILDA WINN.

But the somnolent Earl and the testy Lord

Pursued and caught, ere they got aboard

The pirate vessel, the lovers twain,

Who leapt from the boat! And ne'er again,

When past and gone was the tempest's din,

Were seen DURDLE D'OR and his TILLY WINN.

There is as pleasant a little hostelry in Lulworth Cove as is to be found anywhere in a quiet sort of way, with lunch made and provided, ready for all comers. be they never so plentiful. Mind always on this coast command the lobster, he is *toujours à vos ordres*. Those who can be content with the minimum of variety in the way of amusement, and with the maximum of health will assuredly find it here, where they can live the life of a sort of luxurious *Robinson Crusoe*—bathing, fishing, walking—five or six miles from the nearest railway station, and visited occasionally by steamboats, which cannot come in quite close to shore, bringing passengers, from whom tidings may be obtained of what is going on in the outer world.

Note—Of music on board.—Almost every steamboat is accompanied by a couple of instrumentalists—a harpist and a violinist. These duettists do uncommonly well pecuniarily, and musically too, considering the difficulties presented by the sea passages. One of their more favourite performances is the *intermezzo* from the *Rusticana*. Returning from Swanage the wind rather interferes with the strings by attempting to unfasten the music paper. But the violinist, well on the alert, has foreseen the probability arising of there being "three sheets to the wind," and has nailed his colours to the mast, that is, has tied the music-paper firmly on to the stand. Still, in order to grapple with rude Boreas, he has to drop a few bars of his part in the *intermezzo*, a proceeding that causes no sort of inconvenience to the harpist, who ingeniously "slows off," and adapts time and tune to the exceptional situation, until the wind, being out of breath with its mischievous exertions, allows the fiddle-strings to resume their part in the concert, and kindly permits the two musicians to finish triumphantly. Their gallant efforts are well rewarded, and the musical pilgrims collect *largesse* in a scallop-shell. Back again to P'm'th.

THEN AND NOW.

MR. PUNCH'S REPLY TO THE PREMIER.

"There is a popular periodical which, whenever it can, manifests the Liberal sentiments by which it has been guided from the first—I mean the periodical *Punch*. At that time I had the honour of figuring, if I remember right, in a Cartoon of *Punch*, in connection with the rejection of the Paper Duty, and a clever Cartoon it was, for I was represented as a little lad in school, sitting (it was *standing*, Sir—*Mr. P.*) upon a small stool, and Lord DERBY—the Lord DERBY of that day, who led the House of Lords—was standing over me with an immense sheet of paper, made into a fool's-cap, which he planted on my head."—*Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh, Sept. 27, 1893.*

See Cartoon, "*The Paper Cap*," in *Punch* (p. 223, vol. xxxviii.), June 2, 1860.

THIRTY-THREE years ago, my WILLIAM, thirty-three years ago, Yet you, as of yore, are well to the fore, and *Punch*, too, is in front also;

And that paper cap was a popular crown, as *Punch* at the time With the real fool's-cap, by a singular hap, "the Lord DERBY" himself was invested.

Punch "advised his friend GLADSTONE to look out for squalls, and likewise look out his umbrella."

(*Prophetic* that, but then *Mister P.* was always that sort of a fella!) You have used a good many "umbrellas" since then, both Old and New (Castle) "brollies,"

As you needed a stout one in DERBY's storm, so you will, my dear WILLIAM, in SOLLY'S.

You have "had the honour of figuring," Sir, many times since then in my pages;

As I hope, my dear WILLIAM, with all my heart, you'll continue to do—oh! for ages!

The same great designer of "clever cartoons" ("our Sir JOHN") is as lively as ever,

And if you'll give him suitable subjects, dear boy, he'll still furnish cartoons quite as clever.

"Liberal sentiments"—"manifest still"—"whenever I can," you say? Well, Sir!

My sentiments, WILLIAM, are liberal *always*—but with a small *non-party* l, Sir!

"Liberal souls devise liberal things"—you know the authority grand, Sir!

If your Liberal things are "liberal," always, by liberal things you shall stand, Sir.

There! *Verb. sap.*, my long-honoured old chap! May a real fool's-cap crown you never,

But a Crown of Honour be yours at the end—which we'd wish to postpone, Sir, for ever!

Thanks very much for your genial touch. We have pleasant joint memories, many,

Since you fought the good fight on the Paper Duty and a Press at the Popular Penny!

Colourable.

"The banners of most of the Dutch regiments have hitherto been those captured from the French at Waterloo in 1815, since when they have never been renewed."—*Daily News, September 22.*

THE Dutch have had second-hand flags to fight under; And so if "Dutch courage" mean borrowed, what wonder?

HISS-TRONIC QUERY.—Where exists the theatrical manager who, utterly disregarding of tradition and reckless as to the omen of "the Bird," would have produced a new piece for the first time last Friday night, which was *Michaelmas Day*, the day sacred to the Goose? We know of only one manager likely to be so bold, and he would not be so audacious as to defy the combined omens of ill.

Ichabod!

(As it generally seems now in Sculling Matches on the Thames.)

Row, brothers, row! But you don't row fast!

It's foreigner first, and Britisher last!

JOHN no longer can sing now, "I says the Bull"

(As in *Poor Cock Robin*), "because I can pull!"

COAL AND DRAMA.—Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD says that the Princess's Pit, which has been closed for a long time, will be at once re-opened. The price has been generally accepted.

NEWS OF THE MATABELE.—The "Impi" are "suffering from want of supplies." They are impi-cunious.

THE MOST GRATUITOUS FORM OF VICE.—Ad-vice!

THE REIGN OF RINGLETS.

["It is announced that ringlets are to be worn again by ladies, and that side whiskers are coming in for fashionable men."—*Daily News*.]

Oh prospect Elysian! It
called back a vision
Of youth, and those
girls of JOHN LEECH's,
JOHN LEECH's,
Of "corkscrews" that
"doddle" all round
a fair noddle,
Blue eyes and flushed
cheeks like ripe
peaches, ripe peaches.
I think of sweet NELLY,
whose curls, like a
jelly,
Shook soft as she
"spooned" me at
croquet, at croquet.
But then came lawn
tennis old fashion to
menace,
And croquet and curls
were dubbed "pokey,"
dubbed "pokey."

But ringlets! O rap-
ture! One spiral to
capture
Of NELL's many hun-
dreds and snip it,
and snip it,
Was simply delightful.
She'd swear she
"looked frightful"
As into my bosom I'd
slip it, I'd slip
it.

But one among dozens,
on heads like my
cousin's,
Love-larceny was, and
not robbery, rob-
bery.

If now I dared sever from "tousle-mops"
clever
One tress, there would be a rare bobbery,
bobbery.

Ah me! how times alter! My scissors would
falter
In trying a *Rape of the Lock* to-day, *Lock*
to-day.

NELL's trim buxom body, with curls thick
and "doddy,"

Would strike the aesthete with a shock to-
day, shock to-day.



You only see ringlets on some "poor old
thing." Let's
Be kind to the *passé*, but primness, but
primness,
With "winkle" curls shaking, is not very
taking,
When linked with old-spinster-like slim-
ness, -like slimness.

I know an "old Biddy"—her name is Miss
TWIDDY—
Who revels in ringlets curled carefully,
carefully.

But ringletted friskers, and mutton-chop
whiskers,
For "buns" and blue gills closely
shaven, -ly shaven! [tion
'Tis sheer revolution! High Art's contribu-
Will be first to croak *à la raven*, *la raven*.
Will girls then all giggle with ringlets
a-wriggle, [youth did?
As most of the maids of my youth did, my
Will make "mutton-chopper," scowl pom-
pously proper,
Like *Dombey*—as our sires in sooth did, in
sooth did?

Oh how they doddle
around her old nod-
dle!
She's "songful," a
taste which I share
fully, share fully.
But when she will warble
of Halls—they're of
Marble,—
Or Meetings by Moon-
light, I'm sorry, I'm
sorry
To see curls and passion,
so out of the fashion,
Made mock of by "Up-
to-date" FLOBBY,
-date FLOBBY.

But ringlets reviving?
Miss TWIDDY's long
striving

For "Passion's Re-
sponse" mayn't be
hopeless, be hopeless.
In "Days of Pomatum"
(for that's how I
date 'em)

They used more Macas-
sar, and soap less,
and soap less!

Inopportune rain then
put things out of
train then,

NELL's mop, how a
shower would spoil
it, would spoil it!

Curl-papers, concealing
—but there, I'm
revealing
The mysteries dark of
the toilet, the toilet.

LIFE (AND DEATH) IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(Diary of the week's doings, from our own Correspondent on the Spot.)

Monday.—Matters are still very unsettled, and it will take some time before public confidence is entirely restored. The policy of the President in defending the Tramways Extension Bill from the citadel with grape-shot is condemned as an unwise stretch of the provisions of the Constitution. It has caused a reorganisation in the Cabinet, the Secretary for the Interior having resigned, taking with him six regiments of cavalry, four battalions of infantry, and three brigades of artillery. This desertion has naturally lessened the chance of the Employers' Liability Amendment Bill passing this session except at the point of the bayonet. The division on the first reading of the Telegraph State Construction Bill was Ayes, 50 killed, 3 wounded; Noes, 12 killed, 172 wounded. Should this measure pass its second reading it will be opposed from barricades in committee.

Tuesday.—Trade shows some signs of revival, but the continual bombardment of the Stock Exchange by the opposition fleet in the offing causes considerable confusion and annoyance. The Minister of War has retired into a parliamentary cave accompanied by the militia. It is considered not improbable that this member of the ministry may throw his ammunition into the scale against his colleagues. The Pauper Property Insurance Bill has not much chance of passing during the present year, unless its supporters can

bombard the capital. The second reading of the Lunacy Acts Consolidation Bill was passed with the assistance of three ironclads and a torpedo catcher. In spite of the pacific turn that events are now taking, some of the older inhabitants express considerable uneasiness.

Wednesday.—The British Consul has given notice that he will hold the ministry responsible for the damage done to his residence. On account of the bombardment he and his family have been forced to reside in a distant greenhouse. The remainder of the consulate is razed to the ground. This being the President's birthday, the hall of the bureau has been crowded with infernal machines sent as presents. The loud ticking of the concealed machinery has caused several complaints to be made to the *concierge*. The President and his family have returned to the seaside. They are being hotly pursued by a large body of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. However, on the whole the outlook is brighter, and the trains and omnibuses have recommenced running.

Thursday.—The President has returned to the capital, as the lodgings he had taken at the seaside were discovered by the rebel fleet, and bombarded. The business of the session progresses slowly but surely. The Minister for War, with the assistance of the Militia, has secured the passing of the vote dealing with his department. He led the charge in person that carried the "Ayes" Division Lobby. If it were not for the constant bombardment of all the principal buildings, and the occasional slaughter of Members of Parliament, things would be almost normal. There is no doubt that the outlook is peaceful.



HOW TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING!

["For the purposes of this production the orchestra has been enlarged, so that some of the instrumentalists have to sit among the audience in the stalls."]

Daily Paper.]

Friday.—Things still quieting down. Traffic in the main thoroughfares is suspended, because the roads are required for charges of cavalry, and the squares are now used for shell practice. The fleet have approached closer. This, of course, causes some additional damage; but as the populace can now hear the bands of the various ships during the pauses in the bombardment, the arrangement is rather popular than otherwise. The Government have apologised to the British Consul for having blown up his house and stables. The incident consequently is at an end. Several Members of the Cabinet have accepted the Consul's invitation to lunch.

Saturday.—The Revolution is practically at an end. The fleet are still bombarding the forts, and the military charge every ten minutes the populace. The Judges, too, find cause for annoyance in the constant invasion of the judicial bench by armed artisans. Most of the fashionable part of the city is in flames, but this is a detail. However, taking all things into consideration, peace and tranquillity may be said to be now restored. Of course they are not exactly the peace and tranquillity of Europe, but they are what people are accustomed to over here. Should anything of further importance transpire it shall be wired immediately; but to all appearance the insurrection is at an end.

TO THE CONTESTANTS IN THE COAL WAR.

Oh, stint your rage, abate your rash insanity!
Fight not like fiends, as brother men agree;
And be "the sweet, sad music of humanity,"
Played in the *minor* key!

THE IDEAL CONVERSATION.

[Miss EMILY FAITHFULL, in the *Ladies' Pictorial*, suggests that girls should always learn up some contribution to make to the family conversation at table.]

MISS FAITHFULL, let me send a line
Of most sincere congratulation
On your magnificent design
To raise the tone of conversation;
The plan you kindly recommend
Rejoices many a careful mother,
And, for the future, we intend,
As runs the phrase, "To use no other."

At breakfast-time we used to talk
On topics commonplace together,
Designed a picnic, planned a walk,
And even criticised the weather;
We gossiped in an idle way,
And made in turn our several guesses
About the age of Mrs. A.,
The price of Lady X.'s dresses.

But now, according to your scheme,
Each carefully-instructed maiden
Discourses on a worthy theme,
And comes with fact and figures laden;
To-day, for instance, MURIEL gave
Some gems from CICERO's orations,
While MAUD reviewed, in language grave,
The Lower Tertiary Formations.

And KATE—the mischief-making KATE
Who formerly would merely prattle—
Described, in accents most sedate,
The use of cavalry in battle.
In fact, by this most noble plan,
Which on your kind advice we're using,
Our conversation never can
Deserve your censure as amusing!

THE FOOL WITH A GUN.

(To the Tune of the "Temptation of St. Antony.")

THERE are many fools that worry this world,

Fools old, and fools who're young;
Fools with fortunes, and fools without,
Fools who dogmatise, fools who doubt,
Fools who snigger, and fools who shout,
Fools who never know what they're about,
And fools all cheek and tongue;
Fools who're gentlemen, fools who're cads,
Fools who're greybeards, and fools who're
Fools with manias, fools with fads, [lads;
Fools with cameras, fools with tracts,
Fools who deny the stubbornest facts,
Fools in theories, fools in acts;
Fools who write Theosophist books,
Fools who believe in Mahatmas and spooks;
Fools who prophesy—rares and Tophets—
Bigger fools who believe in prophets;
Fools who quarrel, and fools who quack;
In fact, there are all sorts of fools in the
Fools fat, thin, short, and tall; [pack,
But of all sorts of fools, the Fool with a Gun
(Who points it at someone—of course, "in
fan"—
And fools around till chance murder is done)
Is the worstest fool of them all!

"BEING AT CHARGES."—A subject for companion picture to the well-known "*The Last Charge at Waterloo*" would be "*The Last Charge of the Archbishop of Canterbury*." For ourselves, in preference to either the ecclesiastical or the military view of a charge, we like to hear the Lord Mayor's toast-master call out, "Gentlemen! Charge—your glasses!!"

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE VI.—The Breakfast-room at Hornbeam Lodge.

TIME—8.40 A.M. on Saturday morning. Mrs. TOOVEY is alone, making the tea.

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). I cannot think what has come to THEOPHILUS. He has come down late for prayers every morning this week. Such a bad example for any household, and Cook is beginning to notice it—I could see it in her eye as she came in. He is so strange in his manner, too; if I did not know he was absolutely incapable of—but why did he secrete that abominable programme of CHARLES'S? He said he kept it with a view to making inquiries, but I have heard nothing about them since. (Aloud, to PHOEBE, who brings in dishes and two letters.) Oh, the post, PHOEBE? It's late this morning. (PHOEBE goes out.) One for Pa, and one for me—from ALTHEA—it was certainly time she wrote. (Reading her letter.) "Delightful visit... the MERRIDEWS so kind... so much to see and do... back on Monday... no time for more at present." Not a word of where she's been or what she's seen—not at all the letter a girl should write to her mother! I wonder whom Pa's letter is from? (She turns it over.) What's this? "Eldorado Palace of Varieties" printed on the flap! Why, that's CHARLES'S music-hall! Then Pa has been making inquiries after all. As CHARLES's aunt I have a right to— (She is about to open the envelope.) No, I'd better not. I hear Pa's hum—he will be sure to tell me what they say.

Mr. Toovey enters (humming, to give himself a countenance). Ha, so you've had prayers without me? Quite right—quite right.

Mrs. Toov. (severely). Anything but right, Pa. You ought to have been down long ago. I heard you brushing your hair as I went out.

Mr. Toov. (feebly). It was very tiresome, my love, but my collar-stud got under the wardrobe, and I couldn't get it out for ever so long.

Mrs. Toov. Your things have taken to behave in a very extraordinary manner, Pa. Yesterday it was your braces!

Mr. Toov. I—I believe it was my braces yesterday. Ah well, we must bear with these little vexations—bear with them! (To himself.) A letter for me? From the Eldorado! It's the box! I—I hoped Mr. CURPHEW had forgotten. [He thrusts it into his pocket unopened, in a hurry.]

Mrs. Toov. Is there any reason why you shouldn't read your letter, Pa? It may be of importance.

Mr. Toov. I—I don't think it is, my love—particularly. It—it will keep till after breakfast. What is this—kedgerie? Ha! I've come down with quite an appetite—quite a famous appetite!

[He pecks at his kedgerie ostentatiously.]

Mrs. Toov. Perhaps I'd better ring and have two more eggs boiled if you're so hungry as all that, Pa?

Mr. Toov. (in terror at this suggestion). Not for me, my love, not for me. I—I've made an excellent breakfast!

Mrs. Toov. Then now, Pa, perhaps you will be at leisure to read your letter. I am curious to know what correspondence you can possibly have with an Eldorado Palace.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). Oh, dear me, she's seen the flap! Why do they put the name outside—so thoughtless of them! (He opens the letter.) Yes, it is the order. I can't show it to CORNELIA! (Aloud.) I—I told you I was making inquiries.

Mrs. Toov. About CHARLES'S habits? So you've written to the Manager, without consulting me! Well—what does he say?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). I don't like these deceptions—but I must consider poor CHARLES. (Aloud.) Oh—hum—very little, my love, very little indeed, but satisfactory—most satisfactory—he's no complaint to make of CHARLES—none whatever!

Mrs. Toov. As if it was likely you would get the truth from such a tainted source! Let me see his letter.

Mr. Toov. (pocketing the letter again, hastily). No, my dear love, you must excuse me—but this is a private and confidential communication, and—and, in common fairness to CHARLES—I'll trouble

you for another cup of tea. (To himself.) It's for this very night. I've a great mind not to go. How am I to make an excuse for getting away? (Aloud.) I've half a mind to run up some time, and—and look in on CHARLES.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). If CHARLES is misconducting himself, I ought to know—and I will, sooner or later. I'm sure THEOPHILUS is keeping something from me. (Aloud.) I've only put in one lump, Pa. You may find him at home if you went up this afternoon.

Mr. Toov. (relied). An excellent suggestion, my love. I will go this afternoon. He—he might ask me to stay and dine with him; so if—if I don't come back, you'll know where I am—eh? You won't be anxious?

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). He's trying to spare me, but I can see he's most uneasy about CHARLES. (Aloud.) Well, Pa, I don't like the idea of your dining out without me—it will be the first time for years—but still, I shall have to be away myself this evening; there's a special meeting of the Zenana Mission Committee, and Mrs. CUMBERBATCH made such a point of my attending—so, if you feel you really ought to see CHARLES—

Mr. Toov. Oh, I do, my dear. He—he wants looking after. And perhaps, if I could have a little quiet, serious talk with him, after dinner—or over a game of draughts. (To himself.) What a dissembler I've become; but I do mean to look in on CHARLES, before I go to this Eldorado place, and there may be time for a game of draughts!

Mrs. Toov. You would learn more, THEOPHILUS, by putting a few questions to his landlady. But remember, when you come back, I shall insist on being told everything—everything, mind!

Mr. Toov. Oh, of course, my love, of course. (To himself.) If my visit proves satisfactory, I—I might tell her. It will depend on how I feel—entirely on how I feel.

END OF SCENE VI.

SCENE VII.—The Drawing-room.

It is after luncheon. Mrs. TOOVEY is sitting knitting.

Mr. Toovey (entering, in a frock-coat, carrying a tall hat). Er—CORNELIA, my love, you don't happen to know where the—the latchkey is kept, do you?

Mrs. Toovey. The latchkey, THEOPHILUS! One has never been required in this house yet. What can you possibly want with a latchkey?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). These performances go on till a somewhat advanced hour, I've no doubt, and I might feel it my duty to stay as long as— (Aloud.) I—I only thought it would save PHOEBE sitting up for me, my dear.

Mrs. Toov. You need not trouble yourself about that, THEOPHILUS. I will sit up for you, if necessary.

Mr. Toov. (quaking). But you forget your Zenana Mission, my love; you will be out yourself this evening!

Mrs. Toov. (severely). I shall be back by a reasonable hour, Pa,—and so will you, I should hope.

Mr. Toov. I hope so, my love, I'm sure, but—but I may have a good deal to say to CHARLES, you know.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). There's some mystery about that wretched boy, I'm certain. If I could only find out what was in that letter. I wonder if it's in Pa's pocket—I'll soon see. (Aloud.) Turn round, Pa. Ah, I thought as much; one of your coat-tail buttons is as nearly off as it can be!

Mr. Toov. (innocently). Dear me! My Sunday coat, too. I never observed it. Could you just fasten it on a little more securely?

Mrs. Toov. If you take off your coat. I can't do it with you prancing about in front of me, Pa. (Mr. T. takes off his coat.) Now, I can't have you in my drawing-room in your shirtsleeves—suppose somebody called! Go into your study and wait there till I've done. (Mr. T. departs submissively.) Now if the letter isn't in one of these pockets, it must be in— (She discovers the envelope.) There it is. Now I shall know what CHARLES—I'm sure his poor dear mother would wish to be informed. (She opens the letter.) "Eldorado Palace of Varieties. Admit Mr. TOOVEY and party to Box C. This portion to be retained." (She tears off a perforated slip.) I will retain it! So THEOPHILUS has been deceiving me—



"Eldorado Palace of Varieties. Admit Mr. Toovey and Party to Box C. This portion to be retained."

this is his business with CHARLES! This is why he kept that programme! And he's allowing himself to be misled by his own nephew! They're going to this music-hall to-night, together! He shall not go—never while I—stop, let me think—yes, he *shall* go—he shall fill up the measure of his iniquity, little dreaming that I have the clear proof of his deceit! (*She thrusts the slip she has torn off into her workbox, and replaces the envelope with the remainder of the order in the pocket.*) There. He won't notice that anything is missing. He's coming back. I must control myself, or he will be on his guard.

(*She pretends to secure the button with unsteady fingers.*)

Mr. Toov. (*entering*). CORNELIA, my love, don't trouble to do more than is absolutely necessary to keep the button secure—because I'm rather in a hurry. It doesn't matter, so long as it looks respectable!

Mrs. Toov. (*with an effort to restrain her feelings*). I daresay it is quite respectable enough, Pa, for where you are going.

Mr. Toov. Quite, indeed, my dear. But it would never have done to go and call on CHARLES with a button off the back of my coat—no, no. It was fortunate you noticed it in time, my love.

Mrs. Toov. I hope it will prove so, THEOPHILUS. (*To herself*.) And this monster of duplicity is Pa! Oh, I wish I could tell him what I thought of him, but not yet—we will have our reckoning later!

Mr. Toov. (*after putting on his coat*). Then I think I must be going. Any message I can take to CHARLES?

Mrs. Toov. Yes, tell him that I trust he will profit by his good Uncle's example, and that I expect him to dinner on Monday. I may require to have a serious talk with him myself, if your account of this evening is not perfectly satisfactory.

Mr. Toov. I'll tell him, my love, but there's no reason to make yourself uneasy about CHARLES—he'll behave himself—he'll behave himself. (*To himself, as he goes out.*) I must go and see CHARLES now. Oh dear, I do feel so apprehensive about this visit to the Eldorado.—If I could put it off.—But I can't continue to hold those shares without some knowledge— And Mr. CURPHEW made such a point of my going. No, I must go. I—I don't see how I can get out of it!

Mrs. Toov. (*alone*). There he goes, looking so meek and lamblike! Who would suspect, to see him, that that black coat of his was buttoned round a whited sepulchre? Oh, Pa, Pa! That after all these years of blameless life you should suddenly be seized with a depraved desire for unhallowed amusement like this! While I am at the CUMBERBATCHES, engaged in discussing the affairs of the Zenana Mission, you and CHARLES will be— Stop. How do I know he is going with CHARLES at all? If he is capable of deceiving me in one respect, why not in all? (*She takes out the slip and looks at it.*) Mr. TOOVEY and party! What party? May not Pa have been leading a—a double life all these years for anything I can tell? He is going to the Eldorado to-night with *somebody*—that's clear. Who is it? I shall never be easy till I know. And why should I not? There's the meeting, though. I might have a headache. Yes, that will do. (*She goes to her writing-table.*) No, I won't write. I can make some excuse to ELIZA when I see her. And instead of going to the CUMBERBATCHES this evening, I can easily slip up to Waterloo and ask my way to this place. There will be no difficulty in that. Yes, I will go, whatever it costs me. And when Pa goes into this Box C of his, he will find his "party" is larger than he expected!

END OF SCENE VII.

PLAYING THE DEUCE AT THE HAYMARKET.

OF course, to speak with theological accuracy, *The Tempter*, being the "very devil incarnate," ought to be "damned." That this has not been his fate at the Haymarket is owing to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE primarily, to his company secondarily, and to the author remotely. To treat in any fresh dramatic form the story of *Faust and Marguerite*, a dramatist must be the subject of a special and peculiar inspiration. Now what this play lacks is inspiration.

What in this piece ENRY HAUTHOR JONES mistook for the "divine afflatus" is mere long-windedness. His *Tempter* may be an entertainer assuming various disguises, and more and more like himself on every occasion, but a real devil he is not, except so far as Mr. TREE with wonderful art makes him; and, even then, the question is forced upon us, would any devil with any sort of self-respect, pick up a cross-handled dagger just as if it were an ordinary walking-stick, and politely return it to its owner? This is the first time that a devil on the stage hasn't shuddered and grovelled at the sight of a cross-handle. Again, how far more effective would some of the supernatural movements of this irreclaimably wicked personage have been had they been performed by means of some clever arrangement of "wires," such as that with which Mlle. AENEAS used to astonish the public? Where are the stage mechanists who assisted GEORGE CONQUEST, that unique representative of sprites and gnomes, who achieved success by "leaps and bounds?"

Fortunately the piece does not depend for its success on mere mechanism, but on the acting of Mr. TREE, which is in all respects admirable in its diabolical variety; much depends, too, on Mrs. TREE, who is charming and sympathetic in a small part. Mr. TERRY, who occasionally, in tone and look, reminds me of HENRY IRVING, contributes his share towards the general histrionic excellence, as also does Miss JULIA NEILSON, who in tone and action frequently makes me wish that once and for ever she would give up attempting an imitation of ELLEN TERRY. But be it said that the acting of this couple is remarkably good in the love scene, as it is also in the very trying death scene, which could have been so easily and so utterly ruined.

The author is at his best in his curt, cynical, sentences. Epigrams are few and far between in the play, but what there are go to the devil, that is, are given to the "Old Gentleman," with the best possible result. ENRY HAUTHOR is at his worst in the long speeches, not one of which, no matter to whom it may fall, but would be the better for cutting. Of course, suggestions for abbreviating the *Tempter's* part would not be favourably entertained by the principal actor, as, naturally enough, any Tree objects to being cut down; and as his personal success is too decided for him to be "cut up," the Tree will have to remain, though lopping and pruning would be advantageous to the growth and strength of this Tree now that it has assumed these proportions.

And the moral? Well, GOETHE, I think, in the poem was a trifle hazy about the ultimate fate of his lovers; but in the opera there is no doubt about it. With *Marguerite* it was "Here we go! up, up, up," and with *Faust* it was just the reverse: but the operative *Faust* will always "go down" when sung and played as it was this season at Covent Garden. I forget



"Arbor in Arbore." A Wood Engraving.

what Boiro does with his erring couple, but where Mr. JONES's demon resembles Boiro's, and also BYRON's Satan, is in his monologues addressed directly to the Supreme Being. But those Satans were Fallen Archangels of Heaven; this of ENRY HAUTHOR's is a Fallen Angel of Islington. This illogical demon sneers at one of the characters for not using language sufficiently strong to express his feelings; yet when his own turn comes his blasphemy is vulgar, and so mild that not the sternest magistrate would like to fine him for it. And strange to say, in one passage (which most persons would have deemed objectionable, did it not come to them on the authority of the Lord Chamberlain's Theatrical Licensing office), the Prince of Darkness shows himself a gentleman curiously ignorant of such elementary Christian theology as he could have picked up from a penny catechism. How Mr. TREE was ever induced to attempt the *Tempter* by ENRY HAUTHOR, will remain a mystery to the end of the run, and if that should be in the far distant future, the mystery will be Tree-mendous, and absolutely impenetrable. The costumes are artistic and superb, the scenery effective, though the majestic proportions of Canterbury Cathedral are rather dwarfed by the imposing figure of the Very Deuce, who is "all over the place."

Morning Thought.

(By a chilly Autumn Guest at a Country House.)

GR-R-R-R! No fire in the grate—for our hostess is thrifty—Although the thermometer stands below fifty!

Well, I wish to be courteous and sober; But the biggest of pests is that pig of a host—In a climate like ours, too!—who makes it his boast That "he never starts fires till October!"

A GOOD KICK-OFF.—The "Rugby" decision against "professional" football. Let us hope it will be followed by an equally energetic "kick-out" of the growing "rowdy" element in this popular, if somewhat over-praised, "National game." All good sportsmen long to see a "penalty kick" administered to blackguardism in the football field.



THE PERSONAL EQUATION.

Ducal Butler (showing Art Treasures of Stilton Castle). "THE THREE GRACES—AFTER CANOVA!"
Mrs. Ramsbotham. "HOW INTERESTING! AND PRAY, WHICH IS THE PRESENT DUCHESS?"

ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

(Modern Teutonic Version.)

["My complaint being of a nervous character, I share the opinion of my doctor that, if I pass the winter in the midst of my accustomed surroundings and occupations, it will be the most likely means of promoting my recovery."—*Prince Bismarck's reply to the German Emperor's Letter.*]

Diogenes (of Kissingen) loquitur:—

Only to leave me to my tub! Ha! had him there I flatter me!
Too late, my ALEXANDER, now to butter or to batter me!
You "Dropped the Pilot"—with that youthful confidence that some adore—
The "whirligig of time" has turned; the "Pilot" drops the "Commodore."

A fiasco for Imperial "Pots," and their young princely progenies:
Belated condescension won't conciliate DIOGENES.
Cynic and Conqueror exchange compliments Ciceronian,
But—there's a sting in some smooth words, for a mouthing Macedonian.

Mine are not sanitary "tubs," the Varzin, or the other one
At Friedrichsruh, you hint. Oh get away, and do not bother one!
I've got a "nervous system" now, and noisy, young, despotical,
"Shock-headed Peters" worry one, when aged and neurotical.

Your castles, and your palaces, and things, in Central Germany.
I "trample on"—like Plato's pride Ha! does that make you squirm any?

Confer with your Court Marshal, if you like; I only promise I'll
Transfer my Tub—to Friedrichsruh, when up to change of domicile.

"How to command men" is my skill, as 'twas of him of Pontus,
Sire,
You can't command such men as I just when you chance to want us, Sire!

As soon as Doctor SCHWENINGER says he has no objection, Sire,
I'll travel to another Tub—but not of your selection, Sire.

Sings—

'Midst castles and palaces though I *might* roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
 The charm of the Tub seems to hallow me there,
 Which all Central Germany's castles can't share.
 Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!
 Though 'tis only a Tub, there is no place like home!

An exile from court, castles dazzle in vain.
 Oh! give me my Tub and I'll gladly remain.
 A proud ALEXANDER I'm sorry (!) to snub,
 But—keep your fine castles, leave me to my Tub!
 Home! home! Sweet, sweet home!
 Though you mayn't like its "climate," there's no place like home! [Left curled up in it.]

"PAS MÊME ACADEMICIEN!"

[ALBERT MOORE, the exquisite decorative painter, died on September 2^d, at the age of fifty-two, "without Academic honour."]

"Love is enough." Beauty, it seems, is not.
 And yet upon our land's artistic fame,
 It seems—does it not, Sirs?—a bitter blot
 That the official roll lacks this great name!
 No matter! The R. A., with tight-closed door,
 Hath less—of honour; English Art hath MOORE!

"Did you hear PADREWSKI the pianist?" asked someone of our old friend Mrs. R. "Oh, yes," she replied; "I was most fortunate. He played for several hours at a friend's house, and he gave us the whole of his Repartee."

RIDDLE BY 'ARRY.—"Look 'ere, if you're speakin' of a young unmarried lady bein' rather 'uffy, what well-known river would you name?—Why, 'Miss is 'ippy,' o' course."



ALEXANDER AND DIOGENES.

ALEXANDER. "IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO FOR YOU? CASTLE? OR ANYTHING OF THAT SORT?"
DIOGENES. "NO—ONLY TO LEAVE ME TO MY TUB!!!"



GUESTS TO BE AVOIDED.

"HULLO, OLD MAN! How's it you're dining at the Club? Thought your wife told me she had the Browns and Smiths to dinner this evening?"

"No—that was yesterday. This evening she has the Odds and Ends!"

RIFLEMEN—"FORM!"

(A new Volunteer Song, "in vulgar parlance." Brought up to date, after Lord Tennyson.)

"[It is not going too far to say that thousands of men best fitted, physically and morally, to serve as officers or in the ranks, hold aloof from the Volunteers, because they are keenly alive to inefficiency of the average Volunteer. In vulgar parlance they look upon Volunteering as 'bad form.'—*The Times*.]

THERE is a sound that must terribly jar
On the ears of the West in our finical day;
'Tisn't a sound of battle and war,
But of something much worse in its
"vulgar" way.

Storm's a warm about Volunteer "form,"
Ready, be ready against that storm!
"Form!" "Form!" Riflemen, "Form!"

Be not deaf to the sound that warns!
What? "Bad form!"—that's a prig's
last plea.

Are figs of thistles? or grapes of thorns?
How can W. feel with E. C.?
"Form!" "Form!" Riflemen, "Form!"
Ready to meet "Sassiety's" storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, shun "bad form!"

Reform your "form"! Abide nothing
"low"!

Look to yon butts, and take good aims!

But better a miss, or a magpie or so,
Then that bad, bad form which "Sassiety"
shames.

Storm's warm about Volunteer "form,"
Ready, be ready against that storm!
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen—"Form!!!"

For "form" be ready to do or die
"Form," in "Sassiety's" name, and the
QUEEN'S!

"In vulgar parlance" "good form"'s the
cry—

Though only a fribble knows what it means.
But "Form!" "Form!" Riflemen, "Form!"
Ready, be ready to meet the storm
Against the Riflemen's "shocking bad form!"

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD VADE MECUM.

Question. What are the functions of the School Board?

Answer. To protest against the conduct of the Educational Department.

Q. In this protest has the Board the sympathy of the public?

A. Unquestionably; because the conduct of the Educational Department is calculated to send up rates.

Q. But does not the Department look after the sanitary side of the matter?

A. Perhaps so; but sanitation is too

expensive a matter to be treated without the maturest consideration.

Q. Are the recommendations of the Department unreasonable?

A. Very. The Board is required to make the most costly alterations in buildings that have already eaten up a large sum of money, and should not consume a penny more.

Q. But are not the suggested improvements ones that would be accepted nowadays in any new design?

A. Certainly, but then their adoption would be the cause of little or no expense.

Q. Then should science stop still until the rates become abated?

A. That would be the practical course for science to pursue.

Q. But leaving grievances out of the question, what can be said about education?

A. That is a matter of secondary importance, when compared with the latest sanitary developments.

Q. But how about the children? Have they been educated? What can be said about them?

A. Nothing. So far as the School Board is concerned, the question of education in general is absolutely of secondary importance.

Q. Then the career of a child need not be considered nor watched?

A. Of course not. The sole means suggested for teaching a child is to squabble with the Government and to more or less ignore the requirements of the schoolmaster.



"ON THE CHANCE."

Young Mamma. "WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THERE, MY GOOD MAN?"

The "Good Man" (seeing she is not a Potato Customer). "ONLY BOILING WATER, MA'AM. YOU SEE, THIS TIME O' YEAR, THE SEA GETS RATHER COLD, AND SOME OF THE LADIES ARE SO PARTICULAR ABOUT THEIR LITTLE TODDLERKINS. BLESS 'EM!"

Young Mamma (struck with the idea). "OH, THEN, PLEASE BE HERE TO-MORROW MORNING AT EIGHT O'CLOCK, AND BRING TWO CANS!"

[At once tenders him a Shilling. Needless to say Our Artist was not up in time to see if appointment was kept punctually.]

BISHOP BOBADIL.

"As to the course which the English Government should take in this matter, he was in favour of their acting on the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount; but when it was found that a contrary course was necessary, then they must drop the sermon and have recourse to the sword."—The Bishop of DERRY, in Westminster Abbey, on the subject of Mashonaland.]

Of old the bully swaggered free,
He reck'd not how the fight arose;
He wore his warlike panoply,
A hireling and a man of blows.

He knew no mercy, was not meek
(The meek are blessed, said the Lord);
If one should smite him on the cheek,
He turned, but turned to draw his sword.

He trod the weaker in the mire,
Nor stayed from blood his mailed hand,
And tramped in fury and in fire
Through many a devastated land.

I blame him not, it was his trade;
Though small his care for wrong or right,
At least he fought himself, nor stayed
At home to bid the others fight.

Long since we've placed him on the shelf;
Behold instead, his crosier drawn,
Within the sacred Minster's self
A bully blustering in lawn.

A broad-brimmed stirrer up of strife,
"I hold," he cries, "of small account
His sense who stoops to base his life
Upon the Sermon on the Mount.

"That is, if unprepared to strike.
Some help that Sermon may afford.
You suit yourselves, and, when you like,
You drop it and you draw the sword."

Go to, you loud and foolish priest,
Nor scorn the precepts you should keep.
Still is it true that, west or east, [sheep.
The wolves are sometimes clothed like

And here ('twas thus in ancient days)
False prophets shame the Master still.
And congregations chant the praise
Of blatant Bishop BOBADIL.

WOODMEN, SPARE THOSE TREES!

New (New Forest) Version.

[MR. AUGUSTUS HERBERT says "the rapacious and spendthrift" woodmen of the Crown have recently felled two hundred oaks in the New Forest.]

WOODMEN, spare those trees!
You're playing up rare jokes
In felling, at your ease,
Hundreds of British oaks.
We'd ax you stay your axes.
Come! no official rot!
Or *Punch's* wrath may wax,
And then—you'll get it hot.

Those old familiar trees
Are glory and renown.
Don't think your business, please,
Is just to hew them down!
We ask you, for the nonce,
If such appeal is vain,
We'll bid you, sharp, at once,
"Cut"—and don't come again!

"GOOD SIR JOHN!"

(To Sir John Gilbert, R.A., on his receiving the Freedom of the City. By an Old Boy.)

Good Black (and White) Knight,
Our youth's joint delight,
With that other Black Knight, dear Sir
WALTER'S

(Whom you pictured well),
Ancient memories swell,
Till language, in praising you, falters.
You drew, with such dash,
All our heroes; they flash
On our memories. Ah, we thanked you so
For Dons, Rosinantes,
And Sanchos (CERVANTES!)
"Leather-Stocking," and Robinson Crusoe.
Our fancies still carry
Your (SHAKESPEARE'S) King Harry,
We know our own boyhood's sound slumbers
Were haunted by Pucks,
Robin Hoods, Friar Tucks,
And scenes from your brave Christmas Num-
bers.

God bless you, Sir JOHN,
For your Knight and your Don,
Who moved our youth's fervour and pity!
Sure every Old Boy
Hopes you long may enjoy
The freedom (and health) of our City!

RIDDLE FOR THE GREAT REALIST.

Q. WHEN is a sailor like a French journalist?
A. When he has to "sign articles."



WHO WOULD NOT BE A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT?



A NEAT WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Cabby (to Clergyman, who has paid the legal fare). "WON'T LEAVE ME MUCH FOR THE HOFFERTORY NEXT SUNDAY, SIR, WILL IT?"

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

No. V.—THE HUNGARIAN DIAMOND.

EVERYBODY must remember the apparently causeless panic that seized the various European governments only a few years ago. It was the dead season. Members of Parliament were all disporting themselves on the various grouse-moors which are specially reserved for that august legislative body in order that there may be no lack of accuracy in the articles of those who imagine that the 12th of August brings to every M.P. a yearning for the scent of heather and the sound of breech-loading guns. Suddenly, and without any warning, a great fear spread through Europe. Nobody seemed able to state precisely how it began. There were, of course, some who attributed it to an after-dinner speech made by the German Emperor at the annual banquet of the Blue Bösewitzers, the famous Cuirassier regiment of which the Grand Duke of SCHNUPFTUCHSTEIN is the honorary commanding officer. Others again saw in it the influence of M. PAUL DEROULEDE, while yet a third party attributed it with an equal assumption of certainty to the fact that Austria had recently forbidden the import of Servian pigs. They were all wrong. The time has come when the truth must be known. The story I am about to tell will show my extraordinary friend, PICKLOCK HOLES, on an even higher pinnacle of unmatchable acumen than that which fame has hitherto assigned to him. He may be vexed when he reads my narrative of his triumphs, for he is as modest as he is inductive; but I am determined that, at whatever cost, the story shall be made public.

It was on one of those delightful evenings for which our English summer is famous, that HOLES and I were as usual sitting together and conversing as to the best methods of inferring an Archbishop from a hat-band and a Commander-in-Chief from a penny-whistle. I had put forward several plans which appeared to me to be satisfactory, but HOLES had scouted them one after another with a cold impassivity which had not failed to impress me, accustomed though I was to the great man's exhibition of it.

"Here," said HOLES, eventually, "are the necessary steps. Hat-band, band-master, master-mind, mind-your-eye, eye-ball, ball-bearing, bear-leader, Leda and the Swan, swan-bill, bill-post, post-

cart, cart-road, roadway, Weybridge, bridge-arch, arch-bishop. The inference of a Commander-in-Chief is even easier. You have only to assume that a penny-whistle has been found lying on the Horse-Guards' Parade by the Colonel of the Scots Guards, and carried by him to the office of the Secretary of State for War. Thereupon you subdivide the number of drummer-boys in a regiment of Goorkhas by the capital value of a sergeant's retiring pension, and——"

But the rest of this marvellous piece of concise reasoning must remain for ever a secret, for at this moment a bugle-call disturbed the stillness of the summer night, and HOLES immediately paused.

"What can that mean?" I asked, in some alarm, for Camberwell (our meeting place) is an essentially unmilitary district, and I could not account for this strange and awe-inspiring musical demonstration.

"Hush," said HOLES, with perfect composure; "it is the agreed signal. Listen. The great Samovar diamond, the most brilliant jewel in the turquoise crown of Hungary, has been lost. The Emperor of AUSTRIA is in despair. Next week he is due at Pesth, but he cannot appear before the fierce and haughty Magyars in a crown deprived of the decoration that all Hungary looks upon as symbolical of the national existence. A riot in Pesth at this moment would shake the Austro-Hungarian empire to its foundations. With it the Triple Alliance would crumble into dust, and the peace of Europe would not be worth an hour's purchase. It is, therefore, imperative that before the dawn of next Monday the diamond should be restored to its wonted setting."

"My dear HOLES," I said, "this is more terrible than I thought. Have they appealed to you, as usual, after exhausting all the native talent?"

"My dear POTSON," replied my friend, "you ask too much. Let it suffice that I have been consulted, and that the determination of the question of peace or war lies in these hands." And with these words the arch-detective spread before my eyes those long, sinewy, and meditative fingers which had so often excited my admiration.

Our preparations for departure to Hungary were soon made. I hardly know why I accompanied HOLES. It seemed somehow to be the usual thing that I should be present at all his feats. I thought he looked for my company, and though his undemonstrative nature would never have suffered him to betray any annoyance had I remained absent, I judged it best not to disturb the even current of his investigations by departing from established precedent. I therefore departed from London—my only alternative. Just as we were setting out, HOLES stopped me with a warning gesture.

"Have you brought the clue with you?" he asked.

"What clue?"

"Oh," he answered, rather testily, "any clue you like, so long as it's a clue. A torn scrap of paper with writing on it, a foot-print in the mud, a broken chair, a soiled overcoat—it really doesn't matter what it is, but a clue of some kind we must have."

"Of course, of course," I said, in soothing tones. "How stupid of me to forget it. Will this do?" I continued, picking up a piece of faded green ribbon which happened to be lying on the pavement.

"The very thing," said HOLES, pocketing it, and so we started. Our first visit on arriving at Pesth was to the Emperor-King, who was living *incognito* in a small back alley of the Hungarian capital. We cheered the monarch's heart, and proceeded to call on the leader of the Opposition in the Hungarian Diet. He was a stern man of some fifty summers, dressed in the national costume. We found him at supper. HOLES was the first to speak. "Sir," he said, "resistance is useless. Your schemes have been discovered. All that is left for you is to throw yourself upon the mercy of your King."

The rage of the Magyar was fearful to witness. HOLES continued, inexorably:—"This piece of green ribbon matches the colour of your Sunday tunic. Can you swear it has not been torn from the lining? You cannot. I thought so. Know then that wrapped in this ribbon was found the great Samovar diamond, and that you, you alone, were concerned in the robbery."

At this moment the police broke into the room.

"Remove his Excellency," said HOLES, "and let him forthwith expiate his crimes upon the scaffold."

"But," I ventured to interpose, "where is the diamond? Unless you restore that——"

"Potson," whispered HOLES, almost fiercely, "do not be a fool."

As he said this, the door once again opened, and the Emperor-King entered the room, bearing on his head the turquoise crown, in the centre of which sparkled the great Samovar, "the moon of brilliancy," as the Hungarian poets love to call it. The Emperor approached the marvellous detective. "Pardon me," he said, "for troubling you. I have just found the missing stone under my pillow."

"Where," said HOLES, "I was about to tell your Majesty that you would find it."

"Thank you," said his Majesty, "for restoring to me a valued possession and ridding me of a knave about whom I have long had my suspicions." The conclusion of this speech was greeted with loud "Ejens," the Hungarian national shout, in the midst of which we took our leave. That is the true story of how the peace of Europe was preserved by my wonderful friend.



DIVERSE AIMS.

(Early Morning.)

The Curate. "YES, IT'S A LOVELY MORNING, TRENCHMAN; JUST THE SORT TO GIVE ONE AN APPETITE FOR BREAKFAST."

Farmer Trenchman. "AH! A HAPPITITE FOR YER BREAKFAST, SIR. NOW THERE'S THE DIFFERENCE, YER SEE. I BE COME OUT FUR TO GET A BREAKFAST FOR MY HAPPITITE!"

"DUE SOUTH."

A Trip round "the Island," and back to P'm'th.

Happy Thought (on board crowded steamboat).—"Obstinacy is the best policy." The obstinate man won't move, and won't speak, except in monosyllables; he won't budge one inch for anybody; he puts everybody in a worse temper than everybody was before, and, in the end, he wins. To the credit of the obstinate man be it said that "he knows how to keep his place," and does keep it too.

A kind of second-rate sporting bookmaker, with sandy whiskers and dirty hands, who has secured a corner seat near me, smokes like a chimney, and the chimney, his pipe, ought to have been swept and cleaned out long ago. Also he seems quite unable to take five whiffs without prolific expectoration. From experience I believe he will be visited by the steward, and told not to smoke. I am awaiting this with malicious anticipation of pleasure. I am disappointed. A junior steward, of whom I make the inquiry in hearing of the objectionable fumigator, replies that "Smoking is allowed here, but not abaft." Thanks, very much. The sandy-whiskered man won't go "abaft," wherever that is. Perhaps he will presently. After a time, when it becomes a bit rougher, he disappears. No doubt he has gone "abaft." Let him stay there.

"The Needles."—Why needles? There's no more point in the name than there is to the rocks.

Opposite Freshwater it very naturally commences to be a bit freshish; some people in the forepart are getting very wet; there is a stampede; it is still fresher and rougher; but I have every confidence in the Captain, who, as I observe, is negligently standing on the bridge, deliberately cracking specimens of that great delicacy the early filbert, or it may be the still earlier walnut.

Happy Thought.—There can be no danger when the Captain is engaged in cracking nuts as if they were so many jokes.

Splashing and ducking have commenced freely. The waves do the splashing, and the people on board do the ducking.

There are those who look ill and keep well; and others who look well at first, but who turn all sorts of colours within a quarter of an hour, struggle gallantly, and succumb; children lively, but gradually collapsing, lying about doubled up helplessly; comfortable, comely matrons who came on board neat and tidy, now horribly uncomfortable, and quite reckless of appearance. Here, too, is the uncertain sailor, who considers it safer to remain seated and who, at the end of the voyage, is surprised to find himself in perfect health.

Sighting Ventnor.—The man "who knows everything" informs us that this is Bonchurch, which information a man with a book has of course felt himself bound to correct. The latter tells us that it is a place called Undercliff (which nobody for one moment believes), and both informants are put right by a mariner with a map, who points out all the places correctly, and confides to us in a husky voice that "that ere place among the trees is Ventnor."

More shower-bathing; the fore-part of the vessel quite cleared by the attacking waves.

However, "it soon dries off," says a jolly middle-aged gentleman in a summer suit, drenched from tip of collar to toe of boot.

Being well out at sea (how many are never "well out at sea"!), we catch sight of Bonchurch and the landslip. Of course we gay nautical dogs pity the poor lubbers ashore who "live at home at ease," and who are probably suffering from intense—(Here my remarks, made to a jovial companion on a camp-stool, are interrupted by a blob in the eye from a wave. On recovery I forget what I was going to say, but fancy "the missing word" is "heat.")

Passing Sandown. Of course the well-informed person says, "This is where the races are," and equally of course he is immediately contradicted by a reduced chorus of bystanders, who pity his deplorable ignorance. Total discomfiture of well-informed person. He disappears. "Gone below," like a Demon in a pantomime at the appearance of the Good Fairy.

Nice place Sandown apparently, where, it being 1.30, the happy Wight-islanders are probably sitting down in comfort to a nice hot lunch, while we, the jovial mariners—well, no matter. I shall wait till I can lunch ashore.

Our arrangements are to land at Southsea, where (so we were given to understand) we ought to be at 2 P.M. But already it is 2 P.M., and I dive into my provision-pocket for a broken biscuit. * * * * An interior voice whispers that the broken biscuit was a mistake. I tremble. False alarm. Southsea!! Saved!! But we are forty minutes late, and our time for refreshment is considerably curtailed.

We crowd off through a sort of black-hole passage. Debarking and re-embarking might be very easily managed on a much more comfortable plan. We pay one penny for the pier-toll, and we make for the hotel at the entrance to the pier. Any port in a storm. Cold luncheon is ready for those who can take it, that is, one in six.

Back again.—Past Cowes and Ryde. Weather lovely; sea calm.

There are some persons of whom I would make short work were I a Captain on board, with power to order into irons anyone whose presence was objectionable. And these persons are, Firstly, stout greasy women, with damp, dirty little children. Secondly, fat old men and women (more or less dirty) eating green, juicy pears with pocket knives. Thirdly, smokers of strong pipes. Fourthly, smokers of cigars. Fifthly (imprisonment with torture), for smokers of bad cigars. Sixthly, people who will persist in attempting to walk about and who, in order to preserve their perpendicular, are perpetually making grabs at everything and everybody. Seventhly, aimless wanderers, who seem unable to remain in one place for five minutes at a time.

5.45. Old England once more. We land on P'm'th Pier.

"LUX' AGAINST HIM."—At the Church Congress last week the gentleman known as "Father IGNATIUS," who evidently considers an Ecclesiastical Congress at Birmingham a mere "Brummagem affair," became uncommonly excited. It cannot be said that his violence took the form of demanding the blood of any antagonist, as he distinctly objected to the presence of Gore. But Mr. GORE, author of *Lux Mundi*, won the toss, stood his ground, and spoke; his speech being very favourably received. "Yet," as the President remarked (probably to himself, as it was not reported), "we must draw the line somewhere, and it is only a pity the LYNE has been 'drawn' here." Subsequently the LYNE shook hands with the police, peace was restored, and the LYNE lay down with the lamb. "See how these Christians love one another!"

WHY is an utterly selfish man always a most presentable person in the very best society?—*Ans.* Because never for one minute does he forget himself.

MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL—TO COAL-OWNERS, MINERS, AND ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.



WAR! Is it still to be war, wild war in the heart of the land?
Are we children of England, busied in tearing our mother's breast?

And is there no ruling counsel, and is there no warning hand
To bring this folly to reason, and still this fury to rest?
WAR! And the boons of Nature are wasted in stubborn strife,
And women, children, non-combatants, suffer and starve
and stand by;

Ye will not list to each other, then listen to me and to these,
Whose mute appeal I must voice, and whose pitiful cause
I must plead!

You of the hardened hearts! playing anto-cat much at your ease,
And you of the hardened hands who the end of the way little
heed;

Listen and look and consider! The blows that you blindly strike
Like shafts that are shot at a venture, fall not alone upon foes.
The arrow shot o'er the house* may a brother hurt, belike—
Who knows?

Who cares? Not you, it would seem. For you stand with
stubborn front,
And backs in hatred averted, and ears to all counsels closed;

* *Hamlet*, Act V., Sc. 2.

Linley Sambourne. 1893.

While ten thousand innocent lives of *your* quarrel are bearing the brunt,

And a myriad hands hang idle because *you* are fiercely opposed. Look at them! Gathered hungry about an empty grate.

Whilst the coal they crave lies idle within the unpeopled mine, And Wealth and Work, at odds, when invited to arbitrate—
Decline!

Capital sets its face, and cocks a contemptuous nose,

And Labour, lounging sullenly, snaps its jaws like a spring; And the land must stand at gaze whilst they fight it out as foes!

How long must we wait the issue, how long must we "keep the ring"?

Are there no rights save yours, no claims save your warring wills?

Sense has a word to say, Justice a thing to do.

Are we to wait and wait while the land with suffering thrills,
For you?

Sympathy? Ay, good friends! But sympathy's not like wrath, One-eyed, one-sided, partial. Sympathy's due to all [path.

Who fall, fate-tripped and bruised, in your quarrel's Juggernaut

We think of the wives and children—Charity heeds their call;

Does she not proffer her dole "without prejudice"?—

Yes, but they

Are not sole sufferers now from the Coal War's venomous strife.

Thousands of unknown hearts are pleading for Peace to-day— And *Life*!

Strong men "out of work," weak women as "out of heart,"

Factory gates unopened, and Workhouse gates fast shut, Traffic hampered, arrested, piled trains unable to start.

Famine in homes and hearths, trade dead-lock and market-glut!

The coal lies there in the mine, untouched of hammer and pick,

While yon pale widow-woman must haggle in vain for enough

To charge her tiny grate! Faith! the heart that turns not sick
Is tough!

Tough, my lords of Capital! Hard as the coal-seam black Your Cyclops-drudges dig at—when you will allow them to dig.

Say, on your conscience now, is your purse so slender and slack

That you *cannot* bend a little to those who have made you big?

The wealth the sunlight stored men hew for you in the dark, From the black and poisonous caverns which once were forests free,

'Tis yours—till certain questions are asked and answered! Hark To me!

Men will not *always* stand, while Monopoly wages war,

Mute, unquestioning, suffering. Greed, and starvation wage,

The crowd of want-urged captives shackled to Mammon's car,

Show not the welcomest things to this curious, questioning age.

To-day the appeal's to Pity. To-morrow—well, never mind!—

Look on the sorrowful picture that *Punch* commends to your view!

Man many a time has found there is wisdom in being kind.

Will you?

And you poor thralls of the pit, remember that you and yours

Are not sole sufferers now from this fratricidal strife.

Yes, a starving garrison—*fights*; sharp ills demand sharp cures;

But when in your stubborn wrath you swear it is "war to the knife,"

Remember that knife's at the throat of others than those who'd gain By a victory for you in this fiercest of labour fights.

And these, too, who *must* lose, yet have—shall they not maintain?—
Their rights!

RIPPIN'.

(A Song of the Modern Masher.)

Oh! other centuries have had their blades, their bucks, their dandies, Who had redeeming qualities, but what no man can stand is The up-to-date variety, that miserable nonny, The self-conceited jackanapes who calls himself a "Johnny." He hasn't got the brawn or brains to go in for excesses, His faults are feeble—like himself,—he dawdles, dines, and dresses, His words, his hair, his silly speech to sheer negation clippin', And when he wants to praise a thing, his only word is "Rippin'."

Chorus.

Oh! he's rippin', rippin'! A tailor's block set skippin', He's all bad debts and cigarettes and bets and kummel-nippin', His head's without a grain of sense, his hand he's got no grip in, He drags his walk and tags his talk with "Rippin', rippin', rippin'!"

His faultless dress is the result of unremitting study, He's quite the perfect "Johnny," never messed and never muddy, His coat is always baggy and his hat is always shiny, His boots are always varnished to their pointed toes so tiny.

His shirts, his ties, his walking-sticks are marvels to remember, And with the seasons change from January to December. He always wears a "buttonhole," and in a huge carnation Of hideous hue 'twixt green and blue finds special delectation.

He has a language of his own which he elects to talk in; He cuts his final g's and speaks of shootin', huntin', walkin'; With slipshod phrase and hybrid slang his speeches fairly bristle, And vulgarisms "smart" he loves as donkeys love a thistle. He'll lay "a hunderd pound," or say "he ain't," quite uncompunctive;

He systematically spurns the use of the subjunctive.

He knows "how the best people talk," and quite ignores the clamour

Of any "dash'd low nonsense," such as euphony and grammar.

He's great upon the music-halls, can tell you what befalls there; He drops in at the Gaiety, and ornaments the stalls there;

He knows each vapid joke by heart, and wishes that he knew more;

They quite conform in quality to his idea of humour.

He skins the sportin' papers, and devours the shillin' thriller;

He counts the bard of comic songs a cut above a SCHILLER—

In fact, they scoff at poets in his very wide-awake sphere, And in his secret soul he has a fine contempt for SHAKESPEARE.

He dawdles dully through his day in quite the latest fashion—

A round of folly minus wit, and vice without its passion.

At five he walks "the Burlington," in which esteemed Arcade he

Meets various of his chosen chums—the silly and the shady;

Then to the Berkeley or Savoy at eight o'clock or later,

Much over-dressed, to over-dine, and over-tip the waiter.

The theatre next, and last his club (the which he takes delight in),

To prove his pluck by "lookin' on at other Johnnies fightin'."

His conversation's all made up of stable and of scandal, ["handle."

And tales of "chaps he knows"—whose names have mostly got a

He "don't go in" for ladies much, their style of charm is *not* his,

Which follows on the model of the "Lotties" and the "Totties."

He doesn't sing, he doesn't dance, he has no recreation

That doesn't sap his scanty brains or sear his reputation,

In short,—for him, his antics and his never-ceasin' "rippin'." [pin'.

There's just one cure would answer, and that's whippin', whippin', whip-

Oh! Whippin', whippin', I'd like to set him skippin',

To end his bets and cigarettes and stop his kummel-nippin',

With cure in kind his flabby mind to put a little grip in, [pin'!

To brisk his walk and sense his talk with whippin', whippin', whip-



"AND SHE OUGHT TO KNOW!"

"THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A PORTOGRAPH OF LADY SOLSBURY. BUT, BLESS YER, IT AIN'T LIKE HER A BIT IN PRIVATE!"

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE VIII.—A prettily-furnished Drawing-room at the MERRIDEWS' House in Hans Place. TIME—About 5.30 on Saturday afternoon. MRS. MERRIDEW has a small tea-table in front of her. ALTHEA is sitting on a couch close by. Both ladies are wearing their hats, having just returned from a drive. MRS. MERRIDEW is young and attractive, and her frock is in the latest fashion; ALTHEA is more simply dressed, though her hair and toilette have evidently been supervised by an experienced maid.

Mrs. Merridew. I don't think I've ever known the Park so full before Easter as it was to-day. Try one of those hot cakes, THEA, or a jam sandwich—we don't dine till late, you know. It's been so nice having you, I do wish you hadn't to go on Monday—must you?

Althea. I'm afraid I must, CISSIE; it has been the most delightful week; only—Clapham will seem dreadfully flat after all this.

[She sighs.]

Mrs. M. Notwithstanding the excitement of Mr. CURPHEW's conversation?

Alth. Mr. CURPHEW, CISSIE?

Mrs. M. Now don't pretend ignorance, dear. You have quoted Mr. CURPHEW and his opinions often enough to show that you see and think a good deal of him. And, really, if you colour like that at the mere mention—

Alth. Am I colouring? That last cup was so strong. And I don't see Mr. CURPHEW at all often. He is more Mamma's friend than mine—she has a very high opinion of him.

Mrs. M. I daresay he deserves it. He's a fearfully learned and superior person, isn't he?

Alth. I—I don't know. He writes for the paper.

Mrs. M. That's vague, dear. What sort of paper? Political, Scientific, Sporting, Society—or what?

Alth. I never asked; but I should think—well, he's rather serious, you know, CISSIE.

Mrs. M. Then it's a comic paper, my dear, depend upon it!

Alth. Oh, CISSIE, I'm sure it isn't. And he's very hardworking. He's not like most men of his age, he doesn't care in the least for amusements.

Mrs. M. He must be a very lively person. But tell me—you used to tell me everything, THEA—does this immaculate paragon show any signs of—?

Alth. (in a low voice). I'm not sure— Perhaps—but I may be mistaken.

Mrs. M. And if—don't think me horribly impertinent—but if you're not mistaken, have you made up your mind what answer to give him?

Alth. (implovingly). Don't tease me, CISSIE. I thought once—but now I really don't know. I wish he wasn't so strict and severe. I wish he understood that one can't always be solemn—that one must have a little enjoyment in one's life, when one is young!

Mrs. M. And yet I seem to remember a girl who had serious searchings of heart, not so very long ago, as to whether it wasn't sinful to go and see SHAKESPEARE at the Lyceum!

Alth. I know; it was silly of me—but I didn't know what a theatre was like. I'd never been to see a play—not even at the Crystal Palace. But now I've been, I'd like to go to one every week; they're lovely, and I don't believe anything that makes you cry and laugh like that can be wicked!

Mrs. M. Ah, you were no more meant to be a little Puritan than I was myself, dear. Heavens! When I think what an abominable prig I must have been at Miss PRUINS'.

Alth. You weren't in the least a prig, CISSIE. But you were different. You used to say you intended to devote yourself entirely to Humanity.

Mrs. M. Yes; but I didn't realise then what a lot there were of them. And when I met FRANK I thought it would be less ambitious to begin with him. Now I find there's humanity enough in FRANK to occupy the devotion of a lifetime. But are you sure, THEA, that this journalist admirer of yours is quite the man

to— He sounds dull, dear; admirable and all that—but, oh, so deadly dull!

Alth. If he was brilliant and fond of excitement we shouldn't have known him; for we're deadly dull ourselves, CISSIE. I never knew how dull till I came to stay with you!

Mrs. M. You're not dull, you're a darling; and if you think I'm going to let you throw yourself away on some humdrum plodder who will expect you to find your sole amusement in hearing him prose, you're mistaken; because I shan't. THEA, whatever you do, don't be talked into marrying a Dryasdust; you'll only be miserable if you do!

Alth. But Mr. CURPHEW isn't as bad as that, CISSIE. And—he hasn't asked me yet, and when he finds out how frivolous I've become, very likely he never will; so we needn't talk about it any more, need we?

Mrs. M. Now I feel snubbed; but I don't care, it's all for your good, my dear, and I've said all I wanted to, so we'll change the subject for something more amusing. (Colonel MERRIDEW comes in.) Well, FRANK, have you actually condescended to come in for some tea? (To ALTHEA.) Generally he says tea is all very well for women; and then goes off to his club and has at least two cups, and I daresay muffins.

Col. M. Why not say ham-sandwiches at once, CECILIA, my dear? pity to curb your imagination! (Sitting down.) If that tea's drinkable, I don't know that I won't have a cup; though it's not what I came for. I wanted to know if you'd settled to do anything this evening, because, if not, I've got a suggestion—struck me in the Row just after you'd passed, and I thought I'd come back and see how you felt about it. (He takes his tea.) For me?—thanks.

Mrs. M. We feel curious about it at present, FRANK.

Col. M. Well, I thought that, as this is Miss TOOVEY's last evening with us, it was a pity to waste it at home. Why shouldn't we have a little dinner at the Savoy, eh?—about eight—and drop in somewhere afterwards, if we feel inclined?

Mrs. M. Do you know that's quite a delightful idea of yours, FRANK. That is, unless THEA has had enough of gaiety, and would rather we had a quiet evening. Would you, dear? (To ALTHEA.)

Alth. (eagerly). Oh, no, indeed, CISSIE, I'm not a bit tired!

Mrs. M. You're quite sure? But where could we go on afterwards, FRANK; shouldn't we be too late for any theatre?

Col. M. I rather thought we might look in at the Eldorado; you said you were very keen to hear WALTER WILDFIRE. (He perceives that his wife is telegraphing displeasure.) Eh? why, you did want me to take you.

Alth. (to herself). WALTER WILDFIRE? why, it was WALTER WILDFIRE that CHARLES advised Mr. CURPHEW to go and hear. Mr. CURPHEW said it was the very last thing he was likely to do. But he's so prejudiced!

Mrs. M. (trying to make her husband understand). Some time—but I think, not to-night, FRANK.

Col. M. If it's not to-night you mayn't get another chance; they say he's going to give up singing very soon.

Mrs. M. Oh, I hope not! I remember now hearing he was going to retire, because his throat was weak, or else he was going into Parliament, or a Retreat, or something or other. But I'm sure, FRANK, ALTHEA wouldn't quite like to—

Col. M. Then of course there's no more to be said. I only thought she might be amused, you know.

Alth. But indeed I should, Colonel MERRIDEW, please let us go!

Mrs. M. But, THEA, dear, are you sure you quite understand what the Eldorado is?—it's a music-hall. Of course it's all right, and everyone goes nowadays; but, still, I shouldn't like to take you if there was any chance that your mother might disapprove. You might never be allowed to come to us again.

Alth. (to herself). They're both dying to go, I can see; it's too hateful to feel oneself such a kill-joy! And even Mr. CURPHEW admitted that a music-hall was no worse than a Penny Reading. (Aloud.) I don't think Mamma would disapprove, CISSIE; not more



"Yes; but I didn't realise then what a lot there were of them."

"THAT BORE THE MAJOR!"



than she would of my going to theatres, and I've been to *them*, you know!

Col. M. We'd have a box, of course, and only just get there in time to hear WILDFIRE; we could go away directly afterwards, 'pon my word, CECILIA, I don't see any objection, if Miss TOOVEY would like to go. Never heard a word against WILDFIRE's singing, and as for the rest, well, you admitted last time there was no real harm in the thing!

Alth. Do say yes, CISSIE. I do want to hear this WALTER WILDFIRE so!

Mrs. M. I'm not at all sure that I ought to say anything of the sort, but there—I'll take the responsibility.

Col. M. Then that's settled. We'll take great care of you, Miss TOOVEY. I'll just go down to the Rag, CECILIA, and send out to get a box. I'll see if I can find someone to make a fourth, and I daresay we shall manage to amuse ourselves. [He goes out.]

Mrs. M. THEA. I really don't feel quite happy about this. I think I'll go after FRANK and tell him not to get that box after all; he won't have left the house yet. [She attempts to rise.]

Alth. No, CISSIE, you mustn't, if it's on my account. I won't let you! [She holds her back.]

Mrs. M. But, THEA, think. How would you like this Mr. CURPHEW to know that—?

Alth. (releasing her suddenly). Mr. CURPHEW! What does it matter to me what Mr. CURPHEW—? . . . There, Colonel MERRIDEW has gone, CISSIE, I heard the door shut. It's too late—and I'm glad of it. We shall go to the Eldorado and hear WALTER WILDFIRE after all! [END OF SCENE VIII.]

HYDE PARK AND KENSINGTON GARDENS. ONCE AGAIN!—M. ZOLA said "he would give forty Hyde Parks for one Bois de Boulogne." Bravo! So would all Londoners, especially equestrians, who year after year quietly put up with that one Rotten Row ride, and do not unite in their hundreds to petition "the authorities" (mysterious power!) for the opening of a ride through Kensington Gardens from south to north, and for a few "alleys" under the broad spreading trees, where now sometimes a few sheep, and sometimes a nursery maid and her charge, do stray. A "proposition" logically precedes a "rider;" in this case the proposition should come from the riders.



A LARGE ORDER.

"WHAT CAN WE GET FOR YOU, MADAM?"

"WINGS!"

"MASTERLY INACTIVITY."

"The terms of the Treaty give complete satisfaction to the claims of France."—*M. le Myre de Vilers on the Franco-Siamese Draft Treaty.*

John Bull, loquitor:—

SETTLING it! Humph! And my Jingoos, no doubt,

Would like me to shout "British Interests!" and "Robbery!!!"

Well, of course, 'tis quite clear what those two are about, [bobbery.

But I do not feel called on to kick up a Poor little Siam! It's rather a shame; But—at present—I shan't take a hand in the game.

Complete satisfaction? Well, *that's* something gained!

"The claims" I had fancied a trifle elastic; "The terms" looked ambiguous, made to be strained,

To politic pressure prepared to be plastic. *Micawber* craved time, and a chance of "turn-up;"

And craft has its uses as well as a Krupp.

Sturdy assertion on one side that table, While scared acquiescence is seen on the other!

Further development of the old fable. Wolf and the Lamb next, as brother with brother,

Or new Franco-Siamese twins may appear; Well, I pity the Lamb, but I feel little fear.

It isn't smart Treaties alone secure Trade, And if I keep the Trade they may keep all their Treaties. [made.

'Tis not by mere craft your true Trader is The Frank as a diplomat neat and complete is,

As Colonist-Trader, at settlement—shipment—[his equipment.

Well, there's something seems wanting about Trade gravitates somehow, by natural law,

To stickers and stayers, the firmest and fittest.

A fig for mere parchment and diplomat jaw! Dear France, thou thy insular neighbour oft twittest [and shall stop;

As "Shopkeeper"! Well ma'am, *j'y suis*, For a Shopkeeper's one who—of course—

keeps the Shop!

I've had some experience. Far Hindostan, And Canada, Africa, Egypt—ah! pardon!

That's just a sore point, and I am not the man A rival of me and my ways to be hard on.

No; at a neat "counter" a cur only blubbers; And they who play bowls must expect to have rubbers.

I may have a word to put in by and by; Young ROSEBERRY, doubtless, will know how to put it.

At present on matters I'll just keep an eye. The World's gate is Trade, and nobody can shut it

So tight—by mere Treaties—skill can't turn the handle.

One might as well bolt the back door with a candle.

'Tis all Swag and Swagger! I very much fear That's true of us cock-a-whoop "Civilised Races."

Who hold that our "Influence" must find its "Sphere,"—

At the cost of the poor yellow-skins or black faces. [upbraid,

We are so much alike, 'twere sheer cant to So I mean to stand-by—and look after my Trade!

NAMES FOR OTHER NAMES.

THE London County Council having considered the propriety of changing the name of Great George Street, Westminster, we append a list of localities that possibly may, later on, attract their attention. In each case we have appended a suggested new name, chosen in the customary arbitrary and (except in the last specimen) meaningless fashion:—

Trafalgar Square—Water-squirt Place.
Piccadilly—Snooks' Avenue.
Mayfair—Mews' Gardens.
Eaton Square—Pimlico Enclosure.
Haymarket—Picture-dealers' Row.
Charing Cross—Araminta Place East.
Covent Garden—Cabbage Buildings.
The Strand—Western Central High Street.
Buckingham Palace—Guelph House.
Pall Mall—Pavement Promenade.
Westminster Abbey—Members' Meeting House.
St. Paul's Cathedral—Lord Mayor's Church.
Temple Bar—Law Courts' Corner.
Chancery Lane—Smith Street East.
Fleet Street—Peddington Place.
Whitehall—Rosebery Row.
and
Spring Gardens—County Council Folly.

SERIOUS NEWS FROM ETON COLLEGE.—Strike of the *Minors*. The *Dii Majores* and the *Maximi* have come to terms, and the *Minors* have resumed fagging.

QUERY FOR AUTHOR AND MANAGER AT COMEDY THEATRE.—When you've been *Sowing the Wind* is the result *A Stitch in the Side*?



“MASTERLY INACTIVITY.”

JOHN BULL. “TREATY OR NO TREATY—I SHALL DO THE TRADE ALL THE SAME!”

THE RULES OF THE RUDE.

1. THE one object which all cyclists should keep steadily in view is to become "scoorchers." There are three essentials before you can earn this proud title. First, you must totally disregard the convenience or safety of the public. Second, you must ride at a minimum rate of 15 miles an hour. Third, you must develop pronounced curvature of the spine as quickly as is compatible with your other engagements.

2. Races should always be held on the high roads, at a time of the day when traffic is busiest.

3. Should you be unfortunate enough to knock down a pedestrian, do not trouble to stop and apologise, or inquire if he's hurt. It is his business to get out of your way, and you should remind him of this obligation in the most forcible language at your disposal. This will tend to make the pastime exceedingly popular among non-cyclists.

4. If you notice an old gentleman crossing the road, wait till you get quite close to him, then emit a wild war-whoop, blow your trumpet, and enjoy the roaring fun of seeing what a shock you have given him.

5. A still better plan, if a wayfarer happens to be walking in the middle of the road, and going in your own direction, is *not* to signal your approach at all, but to startle him into fits by suddenly and silently gliding by him when he believes himself to be quite alone. The nearer you can shave his person the better the sport.

6. Of course the last plan is much improved if the wayfarer should be a market woman carrying milk or eggs, and if in her fright she drops her can or basket. Unfortunately few cyclists have the good fortune to witness this exquisite bit of rural comedy.

[These Rules will now probably be thoroughly revised, as the "National Cyclists' Union" has issued a well-timed manifesto warning all wheelmen against "furious riding."

"WELL," observed the amiable Mrs. SHARPTON SNAPPLE, "there's only one person whom I rate very highly—and that's my husband." [So she did—and rated him—soundly.]



A NEW TARIFF.

"THIRD-CLASS SINGLE TO RUSWARP, PLEASE, AND A DOG-TICKET. How much?"

"FOURPENCE-HALFPENNY—THREEPENCE FOR THE DOG, AND THREE-HALFPENNY FOR YOURSELF."

"AH! YOU RECKON BY *LEGS* ON THIS LINE."

NOT A FAIR EXCHANGE.

(An Exercise to be Translated from English into any Foreign Language.)

THIS is a thoroughly British home. I find chairs, sofas, curtains, and carpets. They all seem to be of British manufacture.

No, they are not of British manufacture. On the contrary, they are all made in Germany.

But surely this window is English? No, it is not English; it is put together in Sweden, and erected by Swiss workmen.

But are not these pictures, these fire-irons, these card-tables, of home growth? No, for the pictures come from France, the fire-irons from Belgium, and the card-tables from Austria.

The sofa, however, was surely bought in London? It may have been bought in London, but it was certainly made in Denmark.

But the brass nails must have arrived from Sheffield? No, they are now received from parts of Portugal, Spain, and Northern Russia.

And the coal-scuttles, surely they are made in Lambeth, Manchester, and Liverpool? They were manufactured in those places for a while, when other branches of trade were lost to the country, but for a long time they have been imported from Constantinople.

It may be assumed that the coals come from Newcastle? Certainly not, considering that they have only just been received from New York.

Are the bread and butter, and the other ingredients of the tea-table, English? Oh dear no; the toast comes from Australia, the tea from Ceylon, the sugar from the South Pole, and the butter from Gibraltar.

It really would appear that there is nothing English about the house; nothing save the rent and taxes, which of course are of home growth? You are correct in your supposition; however, in exchange for these conveniences from abroad, we have made a present to the foreigner of something once held very dear in this country.

And what was that?

Our trade. English trade has left England, probably permanently, for the Continent.

"PICTURES FROM 'PUNCH.'"

["Let me draw the People's pictures, and whosoever will may preach their sermons."—*Maxims of Punchius.*]

"Pictures from *Punch*!" Good lack!

How one's memories backward it carries. This artful collection of BRIGGES, and TOMPKINS, ROBERTS, and 'ARRIES!

Forage of fifty years from Art-granaries fuller than Coptic!

What first pleased our grandfather's eye may now brighten our grandchild's blue optic!

Art that's humane never ages, and humour that's human's perennial.

Turn to these pages and try! You'll perceive that impeccable TENNIEL

Moved men to mirth in the Fifties that folks in the Nineties continue;

Your midriff indeed must be numb if his Yeomanry Major won't win you;

And such "Illustrations to Shakspeare," so finely drawn and so funnily,

Might tickle Miss DELIA BACON, and knock sawdust out of "crank" DONNELLY.

Why praise those plump, "pretty girls," with their cheeks round and rosy as peaches,

And as full of fun as of beauty, well known to the world as JOHN LEECH's?

All the fun of the *Fair*! Still their arch eyes attractively flash on

The British male creature, although he may growl at the follies of Fashion.

But e'en fashion cannot kill fun. If you'd enter the evergreen Smile-Lands,

Turn over to page twenty-one and accompany BRIGGS to the Highlands!

Br-r-r-r! There's a happy explosion in each individual picture!

"Sport" such as BRIGGS's escapes the most "humanitarian" stricture.

KEANE—gentle CARLO! again! His braw feeshermen—even o' Sundays!

Might soften a Scotch Sabbatarian. Even the grimest of GRUNDIES

Must smile at his toppers and tubthumpers, while, as for true English scenery,

Where is the magical touch that could so render gay breadths of greenery?

Drawing-room humours, and dainty technique, do you favour? Fame's *laurier*, Everyone knows—as here proved—for all that falls on subtle DU MAURIER.

"DICKY DOYLE's" opulent fancy, quaint SAMBOURNE's exhaustless invention—

But there, 'tis a "Humorous Art Gallery" by "Great Hands" too many to mention.

When you have feasted on TENNIEL and KEANE, then of PARTRIDGE the turn is,

And fed full on JOHN LEECH's "fire," you will find lots of ditto in FURNISS.

"Pictures from *Punch*!" That means pictures from full half a century's story;

Humours, and fashions, and fads, English Mirth—English Girls—English Glory!

VICTORIA's reign set to laughter; a gay panorama of Beauty!

Buy Britons, study, enjoy! 'Tis your interest, aye, and your duty!

Here are "England—Home—Beauty" in one, and at sixpence a month. That's not much, man!

If 'tis not your duty to "see that you get it," then *Punch* is a Dutchman!



HIS OPPORTUNITY.

Young Hawkins (finding young Mr. Merton, the model of his office, in an unexpected haunt).
 "HULLO, MERTON, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? HAVE A SHERRY AND BITTERS?"
Young Merton. "No, THANK YOU, HAWKINS; I'M AFRAID IT WOULD GO TO MY HEAD."
Hawkins. "SO MUCH THE BETTER, OLD MAN. NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM, YOU KNOW."

BOBO.

(The kind of Novel Society likes.)

"SLING me over a two-eyed steak. BILL," said BOBO.

BILL complied instantly, for he knew the lady's style of conversation; but Lord COKALEEK required to be told that his Marchioness was asking for one of the bloaters in the silver dish in front of his cousin, BILL SPLINTER.

Now, dear reader, I'm not going to describe Cokaleek House, in the black country, or COKALEEK, or BOBO, or BILL. If you are in smart society you know all about them beforehand; and if you ain't you must puzzle them out the best way you can. The more I don't describe them the more vivid and alive they ought to seem to you. As for BOBO, I shall let her talk. That's enough. In the course of my two volumes—one thick and one thin—which is a new departure, and looks as if my publisher thought that BOBO would stretch to three volumes, and then found she wouldn't—you will be told, 1, that BOBO had brown eyes; 2, that she was five foot eight; and that is all you'll ever know about the outside of BOBO. But you'll hear her talk, and you'll see her smoke; and if you can't evolve a fascinating personality out of cigarettes, and swears, and skittish conversation, you are not worthy to have known BOBO.

I am told that some people have taken "BOBO" for a vulgar caricature of a real personage. If they have, I can only say I feel flattered by the notion, as it may serve to differentiate me from the

vulgar herd of novelists who draw on their imagination for their characters.

CHAPTER I. (and others).

BOBO began her bloater.

"Why the beast has a hard roe!" she cried. "COKALEEK, you shall have the roe;" and she dropped it into his tea before he could object. "You're not eating any breakfast. Put the mustard-spoon in his mouth, BILL, if he insists upon keeping it wide open while he stares at me. Ain't I fascinating this morning? Why the devil don't you notice the new feather in my hat? I always wear feathers when I'm going out cubbing, because I plume myself upon being smart. Here, somebody see if my spur's screwed on all right."

"I wish your head was screwed on half as well," said BILL, as BOBO planted her handsome Pinet boot, No. 31z, on the breakfast-table.

COKALEEK looked on and smiled, with his mouth still open. It was all he had to do in life. He had married her because she was BOBO; and the more she out-Bobo'd BOBO, the better she pleased him. He was a marquis, and a millionaire, but he had only one drawing-room at his country-seat; and the smoking-room was upstairs—obviously because there was no room for it on the ground-floor. And there was only one piano in the house, at which BOBO's gifted young friend, SALLIE RENGAW, was engaged in the early morning, picking out an original funeral march with one finger, and throwing breakfast-eggs about in the fury of inspiration.

An *œuf à la coque* came flying across the passage at this moment, through the open door of the dining-room, and hit BILL SPLINTER on the nose. BILL was COKALEEK's first-cousin, and heir-presumptive; in love, *pour le bon motif*, with BOBO.

"You should always give SALLIE poached eggs," he remonstrated, holding his nose; "they make a worse mess when she pitches them about, but they only hurt the furniture."

"Does she always chuck eggs?" asked COKALEEK, mildly.

It was BOBO's first autumn at Cokaleek House, and the Marquis wasn't used to the ways of her gifted friends. She had another friend, besides the musical lady, a Miss MIRANDA SKEGGS, whose conversation was like a bad dream; and these two, with BILL SPLINTER, were the house-party. COKALEEK, waking suddenly from an after-dinner nap, used to think he was in Hanwell.

"She chucks anything," answered BOBO; "kidneys, chops, devilled bones. How can

she help it? That's the divine afflatus."

"It sounds like ta-ra-ra-boom-deay," said COKALEEK, who thought his wife meant the melody that SALLIE's muscular forefinger was thumping out on the concert-grand.

"Come, come along, every manjack of you!" shrieked SALLIE, from the other side of the passage. "Ain't this glorious? Ain't it majestic? Don't it bang BEETHOVEN, and knock SULLIVAN into a cocked-hat? Hark at this! Ta-ra-ra! *largo*, for the hautboys and first fiddles. Boom! cornets and ophicleides. De—ay! bassoons, double-basses, and minute-guns on the big drum. There's a funeral march for you! With my learned orchestration it will be as good as SEBASTIAN BACH."

"Back? Why he's never been here in my time," faltered COKALEEK. "I don't know any feller called SEBASTIAN."

"Rippin'!" cried BOBO; "and now we'll have the funeral. Get all the cloaks and umbrellas off the stand, MIRANDA. BILL, bring me the coal-scuttle—that's for the coffin, doncherknow. COKALEEK, you and BILL are to be a pair of black horses; and me and MIRANDA 'll be the mourners. Play away, SALLIE, with all your might. We're doing the funeral."

Out flew BOBO into the garden, driving BILL and COKALEEK before her, scattering coals all over the gravel walk, and slashing at the two men with her pocket-handkerchief. She rushed all round the house, past the windows of the back parlour, kitchen, and scullery; and then she suddenly remembered the cub-hunting, and



FOLLOWING THE EXAMPLE OF MR. GLADSTONE AND MR. GOSCHEN, MR. PUNCH VISITS EDINBURGH.

tore off to the stables, tally-ho-ing to COKALEEK and BILL to follow her. The next thing they all saw was a shower of baking-pears tumbling off the garden-wall, as BOBO took it on her favourite hunter. She had been essentially BOBO all that morning.

CHAPTER XIII.

"BILL," said BOBO, one winter twilight, by the smoking-room fire, after her fourteenth cigarette, "I want you to run away with me."

"Rot," answered BILL.

"Yes, I do. I've ordered the carriage for half-past ten this evening. We shall catch the mail to Euston."

"You won't catch this male," said BILL. "No, BOBO, you're very good fun—in your own house, but I don't want you in mine. You are distinctly BOBO, but that's all. It isn't enough to live upon. It won't pay rent and taxes."

"You're a cur."

"No, I'm trying to be a gentleman. Besides, what's the matter with COKALEEK? Hasn't he millions, and a charming house in the heart of the collieries?"

"He's all that's delightful, only I happen to hate him. Directly I leave off chaffing him I begin to think of arsenic, and, brilliant as I am, I can't coruscate all day. It's very mean of you not to want to elope."

"I daresay; but I'm the only rational being in the book, and I want to sustain my character."

CHAPTER THE LAST.

BOBO stayed, and BILL went in the carriage that had been ordered for the elopement; and then there happened an incident so rare in the realms of fiction that it has stamped my novel at once and for ever as the work of an original mind.

COKALEEK, the noble, unappreciated husband, got himself killed in the hunting-field. He went out with BOBO one morning, and she came home, a little earlier than usual, without him, and smoked cigarettes by the fire, while he stayed out in the dusk and just meekly rolled over a hedge, with his horse uppermost. He wasn't like GUY LIVINGSTONE; he wasn't a bit like dozens of heroes of French novels, who have died the same kind of death. He was just as absolutely COKALEEK as his wife was BOBO.

And did BILL marry BOBO, or BOBO BILL?

Not she! Another woman might have done it—but not BOBO. She knew too well what the intelligent reader expected of her; so she jilted BILL, in a thoroughly cold-blooded and BOBO-ish manner, and got herself married to an Austrian Prince at half-an-hour's notice, by special licence from the A. of C.

LE PREUX CHEVALIER ENCORE!—After a little dinner at FRASCATI'S, which is still "going strong," we paid a visit to the Renovated and Enlarged Royal Music Hall, Holborn, and were soon convinced that the best things Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER has yet done are the ooster songs, not to be surpassed, including the "*Little Nipper*," in which is just the one touch of Nature that makes the whole audience sympathetically costermongerish. "*My Old Dutch*" was good, but lacking in dramatic power, and the latest one "*The Lullaby*," sung by a coster to his "bibi" in the cradle, wouldn't be worth much if it weren't for Mr. CHEVALIER'S reputation as a genuine comedian. It is good, but not equal to the "*Little Nipper*." "Full to-night," I observed to Lord ARTHUR SWANBOROUGH, who is Generalissimo of the forces "in front" of the house. "Yes," replies his Lordship, casually, "it's like this every night. Highly respectable everywhere. Only got to have in a preacher, we'd supply the choristers, and you'd think it was a service—or something like it."

BY OUR OWN PHILOSOPHER.—Woe to him of whom all men speak well! And woe to that seaside or inland country place for which no one has anything but praise. It soon becomes the fashion; its natural beauties vanish; the artificial comes in. Nature abhors a vacuum; so does the builder. Yet Nature creates vacuums and refills them; so does the builder. Nature is all things to all men; but the builder has his price. Man, being a landed proprietor and a sportsman, preserves; but he also destroys, and the more he preserves so much the more does he destroy. Nature gives birth and destroys. Self-preservation is Nature's first law, and game preservation is the sporting landlord's first law.

PAIN IN PROSPECT.—Says AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS (*Advertiser*), "*A Life of Pleasure* will last until it is crowded out by the Christmas pantomime." Epigrammatically, our DRURIOLANUS might have said, "*A Life of Pleasure* will last till the first appearance of PAYNE."

"TAKE MY BEN'SON!"—"Don't! Don't!" a moral antidotal story as a sequel to "*Dodo*."

A VERY BAD "SCUTTLE POLICY."—The Coal Strike.

A DALY DREAM.

If it be true that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," then *The Foresters* at Daly's Theatre ought to have a good run, instead of being limited to a certain number of representations. Rarely has a scene of more fairy-like beauty been placed on the stage than *Maid Marian's* dream in Sherwood Forest. The peculiar light in which the fairies appear gives a marvellous elfinesque effect to the woodland surroundings. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S music, too, may be reckoned as among some of his happiest efforts, and the gay Savoyard (who has only one rival, and he is at the Savoy) is fortunate in such principals as the *First Fairy*. Miss GASTON MURRAY, and Miss HASWELL as *Titania*. The Fairy Chorus and the Forester Chorus are remarkably efficient. Mr. LLOYD DAUBIGNY as *Young Scarlet* the Outlaw, is bright both as tenor and actor. Mr. BOURCHIER is an easy-going representative of the *Earl of Huntingdon*, with just enough suggestion of "devilment" in his face to account for his so readily and naturally taking to robbery as a profession.



Allan a Daly, Robin Hood's Chief Forester.

As *Maid Marian*. Miss ADA REHAN is at once dignified yet playful, and as Tennysonianly captivating in her boy's clothes (there were ready-made tailors to hand in the days of ISAAC of York), which is of course "a suit of male," as she is when, as *Rosalind*, she delights us in her doublet and hose. Fortunate is Tailor-Maid *Marian* to obtain a situation in the country where so many "followers are allowed"! *Little John*, *Will Scarlet*, *Old Much* who does little, but that little well, with many others, make up the aforesaid "followers," who are of course very fond of chasing every little deer they see among the greenwood trees. Miss CATHERINE LEWIS as *Kate*, with a song, one of Sir ARTHUR'S extra good ones, about a Bee (is it in the key of "B," for Sir ARTHUR dearly loves a merrie jest?), obtained a hearty encore on the first night. Not only her singing of the bee song is good, but her stage-buzzyness is excellent.

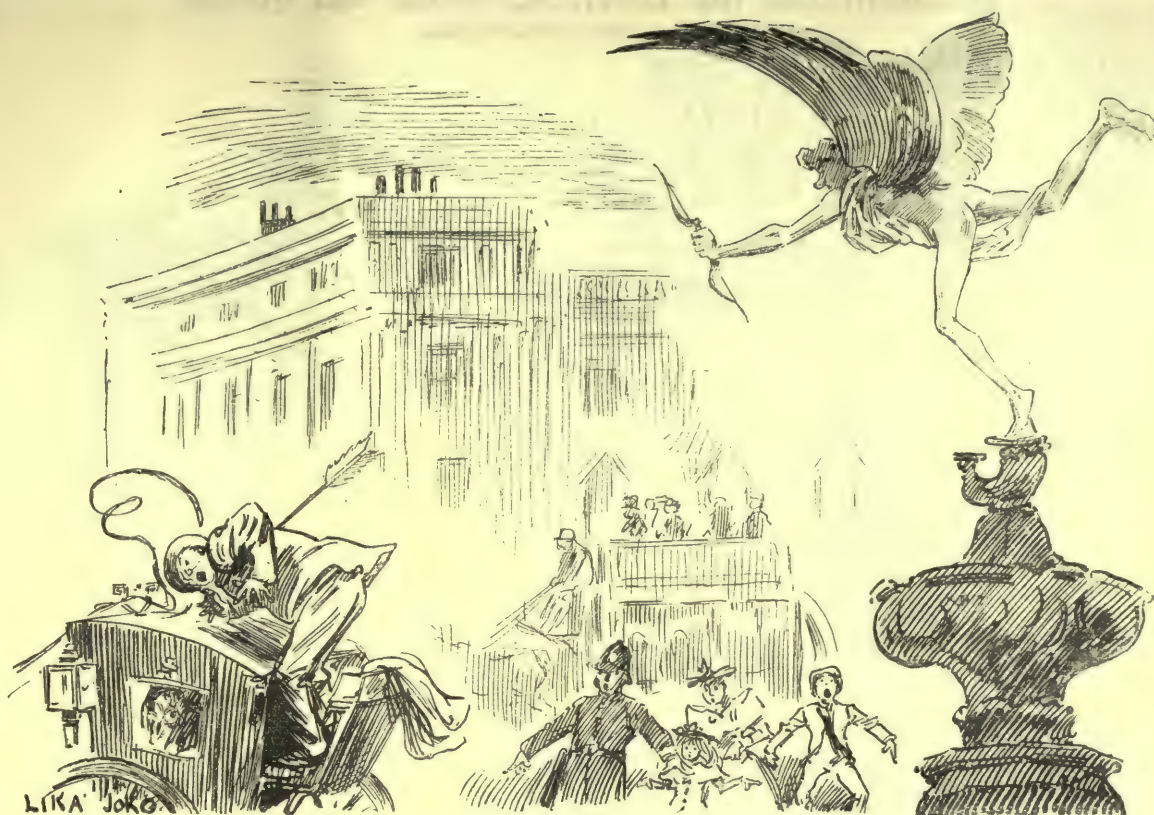
Mr. HANN'S ('ARRY thinks there's a "lady scene-painter" ere, and her name is HANN") and Mr. RYAN'S scenery is first-rate; and if the business of the fighting were more realistic, if the three Friars were a trifle less pantomimic, and the three grotesquely-got-up beggars (worthy of CALLOT'S penicil) would aim at being less actively funny, with one or two other "ifs," including *Friar Tuck's* general make-up which might be vastly improved, and if the last Act were shortened, and the Abbot and the Sheriff and the Justiciary were compressed into one, or abolished,—any of which alterations may have been effected by now, seeing the piece was produced just a week ago,—then the attractions of *Maid Marian* and the fairy scene and the music are of themselves sufficient to draw all lovers of the poetic musical drama to Daly's for some weeks to come, unless Mr. DALY clips the run with the scissors of managerial fate.



The Villain of the Piece.

"For be it understood It would have lived much longer if it could," and so banishes his own outlaws from the elegant and commodious theatre in Leicester Square.

NEW NOVEL.—"*The Mackerel of the Dean*," by the author of "*The Soul of the Bishop*."



THE SHAFTESBURY FOUNTAIN AGAIN.

SENSATIONAL INCIDENT IN PICCADILLY CIRCUS, AS SEEN BY OUR ARTIST.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AMERICA.

(From our Correspondent on the Spot.)

There or Thereabouts, Saturday.

I HOPE you will not believe all you hear. I am told that the messages are tampered with, but this I trust to get through the lines without difficulty. It is being carried by a professional brigand disguised as a monk.

First let me disabuse the minds of your readers about the blowing up of the hospital. It is quite true that the place was sent spinning into the air. But the patients were put to the minimum of inconvenience. They were removed from the wards without being called upon to quit their beds. They went somewhere after returning to the ground, but where I do not know. Some of the local doctors say that the change of air (caused by the explosion) may have done them good. It is not impossible.

I am glad to be able to contradict the report that the Stock Exchange and the apple-stall at the corner were both bombarded. This is a deliberate falsehood. The Stock Exchange, it is true, was razed to the ground, but the apple-stall escaped uninjured. This is an example of the reckless fashion in which reports are circulated.

Then about the burning of the city. It is certainly true that the place was set alight in two hundred places at once. But the day was

cold, and I think it was only done because the troops wanted to warm their hands. You must not believe all you hear, and it is unwise to impute motives before receiving explanations. The people here are warm-hearted and sympathetic, and the soldiers (as a body) are the mildest-mannered persons imaginable.

And the report about the blowing-up of the bridges. Here again there has been gross exaggeration. The bed of the river, in spite of reports to the contrary, was left undisturbed. Only the stone-work was sent spinning, and yet some reporters insist that everything was blown into smithereens! Reporters really should be more careful.

And now I must conclude, as my brigand, disguised as a priest, is just off.

As a parting request, I would urge upon my stock-brokers to buy. We are sure to have a rise presently, and I predict this with the greater confidence as I know that the house in which I am writing is undermined.



WASTED SWEETNESS.

A HEARTRENDING STUDY OF SHADOW ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY!

THE *P. M. Magazine* goes in for discussion of Bi-metallism. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK writes about "The Case for Gold," and Mr. VICARY GIBBS, M.P., about "The Case for Silver." Considering the relative value of the metals, the case for gold ought to be out and away the stronger of the two, impregnable, and burglar-proof, so that it could be advertised thus: "It's no use having gold unless you have Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's 'case for gold' to keep it in."

BEHEMOTH AND THE LION; OR, SPEARS AND QUILLS.

A Fable for Pseudo-Philanthropists.

Philanthropist Press-Man. "OH STOP, STOP, MISTER LION! WAIT A BIT! PERHAPS THE PRETTY CREATURE MEANS NO HARM!"
Leo (curtly). "LOOK AT HIS TEETH!"

[Mr. RIDER HAGGARD (writing to the *Times*) remarks that a considerable section of the English Press seems to be of opinion that LOBENGULA is an innocent and worthy savage, on whom a quarrel is being forced by the Chartered Company for its own mercenary ends. He suggests that the appearance of an armed Matabele impi in Mayfair might alter their views.]

"BEHEMOTH is big and black, and monstrous-mouthed and tooth-but to say he is carnivorous were cruelly untruthful!" [full, So quoth the Querulous Quillman, or Pen-armed Philanthropist, Whose intellect seems ever in a sentimental mist. Now Leo, little given to read books on Natural History, Was watchful of Dame Nature's facts. "It seems to me a mystery My querulous Press Porcupine," observed the wary Lion, [on, "That what you've set your heart on, you can never keep clear eye Look at his teeth!" "Oh, nonsense!" cried the Querulous Quillman, quoting From a book on Big Mammalia, to which he'd been devoting

All his odd moments recently. "Those tusks may look terrific, But the monster's graminivorous, and pleasant, and pacific. They're solely meant for cutting grass! Huge uppers and big lowers, Though threatening as ripping-saws, are harmless as lawn-mowers. As weapons of offence they're seldom used, so here 'tis stated, 'Unless the creature's wounded sore, or greatly irritated.' He is innocent and worthy, this Titanic-jawed Colossus. Those gleaming tusks won't 'chump' you, he won't trample us, or toss us, Unless we interfere with him. He likes to stand there grinning, With those terrible incisors, in a way which mayn't be winning, Still, 't's but his style of smiling, and it's not his fault, poor fellow! If his maw's a crimson cavern, and his tusks are huge and yellow." Behemoth meanwhile snorted in his own earthquaky fashion, And yawned, and lashed and trampled like a tiger in a passion.



A WEIGHTY PROSPECT.

The Captain (who has just been giving a spin to his last purchase, for his Wife's inspection). "GOOD GOER, AIN'T HE? AND A FULL FOURTEEN-STONE HORSE, YOU KNOW!"

Young Wife (as yet somewhat innocent in horsey matters). "OH, I'M SURE HE'S MORE THAN THAT, DEAR. WHY, MAMMA WEIGHS NEARLY AS MUCH!"

By the gleaming of his optics, and the clashing of his tusches, He seemed to be preparing for the Ugliest of Rushes. Quoth Leo, "Good friend Porcupine, you may be quite prophetic, And I a bit 'too previous.' Your picture's most pathetic; But I've seen your pachydermatous Poor Innocent when furious, And for a gentle graminivorous creature, it is curious How he'll run amuck like a Malay, and crunch canoes and foes up, With those same tusks, which might have made a Mammoth turn his toes up.

So if you please, friend Porcupine, your quills I shall not trust again To meet those spears, which hate would wash—in blood, 'ere they should rust again.

Mere quills won't quell an Impi, or make Behemoth good-neighbourly.

Leo must guard this spot, where British enterprise and labour lie, The Monster seems to meditate attack, if I may judge of him, So let me have the first slap at, whilst you keep on scribbling fudge of him!

MORAL.

It may appear superfluous to point this fable's moral; But—teeth that could crush chain-mail seem scarce shaped for mumbling coral!

A LETTER HOME.

(From our Youngest Contributor.)

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—This is about the last letter you will receive from me. I know it is, as all will soon be over! And I shall be glad of it. I can't last out until the Christmas holidays. Who could with such food? Why, it would make a dog cough!

It's no use learning anything. Why should I, when it will be all over almost directly? What's the good of Latin and Greek if you are going to chuck it almost at once? And mathematics, too! What use are they if the end is near? It's all very well to cram, but what's the good of it when you know you won't survive to eat the plum pudding?

There's no news. There's never any news. SMITH Minor has got his cap for football, and SNOOKS Major is going up to Oxford

instead of Cambridge. What does it matter when the beef is so tough that you might sole your boots with it? And as for the mutton! Well, all I can say is, that it isn't fit for human food, and the authorities should be told about it. As for me, I am passing away. No one will ever see me more. For all that, you might send me a hamper. Your affectionate friend,
JACKY.

STAR-GAZING.

["Astronomy has become a deservedly fashionable hobby with young ladies."]

My love is an astronomer,
Whose knowledge I rely on,
She'll talk about, as I prefer,
The satellites of Jupiter,
The nebulous Orion.

When evening shades about us fall

Each hour too quickly passes.
We take no heed of time at all,
When studying celestial
Phenomena through glasses.

The salient features we descry
Of all the starry pattern;
To see with telescopic eye
The citizens of Mars we try,
Or speculate on Saturn.

To find another planet still
If ever we're enabled,
The world discovered by her skill
As "ANGELINA TOMKYNs" will
Triumphantly be labelled.

The likeness of the stars elsewhere

By day we view between us,
We recognise the Greater Bear,
I grieve to say, in TOMKYNs père,
And close at hand is Venus!

In fact, the editorial note
Above, which is of course meant
To lead more ladies to devote
Attention to the stars, I quote
With cordial endorsement!

"IN THE NAME OF THE PROPHET!"—Which is the right way of spelling the name of the Prophet of Islam? Is it MOHAMMED? MAHOMET? MUHAMMED? or MAHOMED? Are his followers Moham-medans? Mahommedans? Mahometans? Moalems? Mussulmen? or Muslims? Perhaps, to adapt Mr. Mantalini's famous summary, and merely substituting "all" for "both," and "none of 'em" for "neither," we may say "So all are right, and none of 'em wrong, upon our life and soul, O demmit!"

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE IX.—CHARLES COLLIMORE'S Sitting-room at Keppel Street, Bloomsbury. TIME—Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Cagney (the landlady, showing Mr. TOOVEY in). Oh, I thought Mr. COLLIMORE had come in, Sir, but I expect him in every minute. Will you take a seat?

Mr. Toovey (sitting down). Thank you, I'm in no hurry—no hurry at all. (To himself.) CORNELIA wished me to put a few questions quietly to the landlady. I suppose I'd better do it while—(Aloud.) Hem, I hope, Ma'am, that you find Mr. COLLIMORE a—an unexceptionable lodger—in all respects?

Mrs. Cagn. (crossing her hands stiffly in front of her). Mr. COLLIMORE conducts himself as a gentleman, and treats me as a lady, which is all my requirements.

Mr. Toov. Quite so—very satisfactory, I'm sure, but—does he keep fairly regular hours? Or is he at all inclined to be—er—fast?

Mrs. Cagn. (on her guard). I can't answer for the time his watch keeps, myself. I desay it goes as reg'lar as what most do.

Mr. Toov. No, no; I was referring to his habits. I mean—does he usually spend his evenings quietly at home?

Mrs. Cagn. You'll excuse me, but if you're asking me all these questions out of mere himpertinent curiosity—

Mr. Toov. I—I trust I have a higher motive, Ma'am. In fact, I may as well tell you I am Mr. COLLIMORE's uncle.

Mrs. Cagn. (to herself). The old fox! So he's trying to ferret out something against him, is he? Well, he won't—that's all. (Aloud.) If you are his huncle, Sir, all I can say is, you've got a nephew to be proud on. I wouldn't wish to let my first floor to a steadier or a more industrious young gentleman; comes in punctual to a tick every night of his life and 'as his dinner, and sets studyin' his book till 'alf-past ten, which is his bed-time. I don't know what more you want.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). This is really very satisfactory—if I could only believe it. (Aloud.) But do I understand you to say that that is his invariable practice? Occasionally, I suppose, he goes out to a place of amusement—such as a music-hall, now?

Mrs. Cagn. (to herself). Well, he may; and why not? He don't get into no mischief, though light-hearted. I ain't going to give him a bad name. (Aloud.) Lor, Sir, don't you go and put such ideas into his 'ed. Bless your 'art alive, if he knows there are such places, it's as much as he does know!

Mr. Toov. (testily). Now, now, my good woman, I'm afraid you're trying to deceive me. I happen to know more about my nephew's tastes and pursuits than you imagine.

Mrs. Cagn. (roused). Then, if you know so much, whatever do you come 'ere and ask me for? It's my belief you ain't up to no good, for all you look so respectable, comin' into my 'ouse a-pokin' your nose into what don't concern you, for all the world like a polly-pryin', sneakin' Russian spy!

Charles (entering behind her). Hallo, Mrs. CAGNEY, what's all this—who's a Russian spy, eh? (Recognising Mr. TOOVEY.) What—Uncle! you don't mean to say it's you?

[Mr. TOOVEY stands stricken with confusion.]
Mrs. Cagn. I may have spoke too free, Mr. COLLIMORE, Sir, but when a party, as is elderly enough to know better, tries to put under and questions to me about where and 'ow any o' my gentlemen pass their hevenins, and if they go to the music-hall and what not—why, I put it to you—

Charles. All right, Mrs. CAGNEY, put it to me some other time; you didn't understand my uncle, that's all—you needn't stay. Oh, by the way, I'm dining out again this evening. Tell CAGNEY to leave the chain, as I may be late. (After Mrs. C. has retired.) Well, Uncle, I'm afraid your diplomacy hasn't had quite the success it deserved.

Mr. Toov. (sheepishly). I assure you, my boy, that I—I was not inquiring for my own satisfaction. Your Aunt is naturally anxious to know how you— But your landlady gave you an excellent character.

Charles. She didn't seem to be equally complimentary to you, Uncle. "A Russian spy," wasn't it? But really, you know, you might have come to me for any information you require. I don't mind telling you all there is to tell. And surely Aunt knows I've been to a music-hall; why, she pitched into me about it enough last Sunday!

Mr. Toov. I—I think she wanted to know whether you went frequently, CHARLES, or only that once.

Charles. Oh, and so she sent you up to pump my landlady? Well, I'll tell you exactly how it is. I don't set up to be a model young man like your friend CURPHEW. I don't spend all my evenings in this cheerful and luxurious apartment. Now and then I find the splendour of the surroundings rather too much for me, and I'm ready to go anywhere, even to a music-hall, for a change. There, I blush to say, I spend an hour or two, smoking cigars, and even drinking a whisky and soda, or a lemon squash, listening to middle-aged ladies in sun-bonnets and accordion skirts singing out of tune. I don't know that they amuse me much, but, at all events, they're livelier than Mrs. CAGNEY. I'm dining out to-night, at the Criterion, with a man at the office, and it's as likely as not we shall go in to the Valhalla or the Eldorado afterwards. There, you can't say I'm concealing anything from you. And I don't see why you should groan like that, Uncle.

Mr. Toov. (feebly). I—I'd rather you didn't go to the—the Eldorado, CHARLES.

Charles. There's ingratitude! I thought you'd be touched by my devotion.

Mr. Toov. (to himself). I can't tell him I was thinking of going there myself! (Aloud.) You will show your devotion best by keeping away. The less young men go to such places, my boy, the better!

Charles. Not for you, Uncle. You forget that it's the humble five bob of fellows like me that help to provide your next dividend.

Mr. Toov. (wincing). Don't, CHARLES, it—it's ungenerous and undutiful to reproach me with being a shareholder when you know how innocently I became one!

Charles. But I wasn't reproaching you, Uncle, it was rather the other way round, wasn't it? And really, considering you are a shareholder in the Eldorado, it's a little too strong to condemn me for merely going there.

Mr. Toov. I—I may not be a shareholder long, CHARLES. Unless I can conscientiously feel able to retain my shares I shall take the first opportunity of selling them.

Charles. But why, Uncle? Better stick to them now you have got them!

Mr. Toov. What? with the knowledge that I was profiting by practices I disapproved of? Never, CHARLES!

Charles. But you can't sell without making a profit, you know; they've gone up tremendously.

Mr. Toov. Oh, dear me! Then, do you mean that I shouldn't even be morally justified in selling them? Oh, you don't think that, CHARLES?

Charles. That's a point you must settle for yourself, Uncle, it's beyond me. But, as a dutiful nephew, don't you see, I'm bound to do all I can in the meantime to keep up the receipts for you, if I have to go to the Eldorado every evening and get all the fellows I know to go too. Mustn't let those shares go down, whether you hold on or sell, eh?

Mr. Toov. (horrified). Don't make me an excuse for encouraging young men to waste precious time in idleness and folly. I won't allow it—it's abominable, Sir! You've put me in such a state of perplexity by all this, CHARLES, I—I hardly know where I am! Tell me, are you really going to the Eldorado this evening?

Charles. I can't say; it depends on the other fellow. But I will



"Mr. Collimore conducts himself as a gentleman, and treats me as a lady."

if I can get him to go, for your sake. And I'm afraid I ought to go and change, Uncle, if you'll excuse me. Make yourself as comfortable as you can. Here's to-day's *Pink 'Un*, if you haven't seen it.

Mr. Toov. I'm not in the habit of seeing such periodicals, Sir. And I must be going. Oh, by the bye, your Aunt wished me to ask you to come down and dine and sleep on Monday next. THEA will be back, and I believe Mr. CURPHEW has got a free evening for once. Shall I tell her you will come, CHARLES?

Charles. Thanks; I'll come with pleasure. But, I say, Aunt doesn't want to give me another lecture, I hope? After all, she can't say much if you've told her about those shares, as I suppose you have.

Mr. Toov. N—not yet, CHARLES. I have not found a convenient opportunity. There, I can't stay—good-bye, my boy.

[He takes his leave.]

END OF SCENE IX.

SCENE X.—*In the Street.*

Mr. Toovey (to himself). I'm afraid CHARLES has lost every particle of respect for me. I wish I had never told him about those wretched shares. And what am I to do now? If I go to this Eldorado place, he may be there too; and, if he sees me, I shall never hear the last of it! And yet my mind will never be easy unless I do go and see for myself what it really is like. That young CURPHEW expects me to go. But I don't know, I do so dread the idea of going—alone, too! I should like to ask somebody else what he thinks I ought to do—somebody who is a man of the world. I wonder if I went to see LARKINS—he won't be in his office so late as this, but I might catch him in his chambers. It was all through him I got into this difficulty; he ought to help me out of it if he can. I really think I might take a cab and drive to Piccadilly, on the chance.

[He hails a Hansom, and drives off.]

END OF SCENE X.

CARR-ACTORS AT "THE COMEDY."

WHEN we have two original plays like PINERO's *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and GRUNDY's *Sowing the Wind*, we may congratulate ourselves that they do not "do these things better in France." *Mrs. Tanqueray* is a life-like tragedy, and *Sowing the Wind* a life-like comedy. It was a pleasure to congratulate Mr. ALEXANDER at the St. James's on his choice of a piece, and of the company to suit it,

especially on the engagement of Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL for the heroine; and now it is equally pleasant to congratulate a *confrère* in literature, Mr. COMYNS CARR, on having made so eminently successful a *début* in theatrical management, as he has done in choice of the piece and of the company to play it.

It is a canon of comedy-construction that from the first, the audience should be let into the secret of the *dénouement*, but that they should be puzzled as to the means by which that end is to be achieved. This play is an excellent example of the rule. Everybody knows who the heroine is from the moment of her appearance; but as to how she, the illegitimate daughter, is to be recognised and acknowledged by her father, this is the problem that no one except the dramatist, in the course of four acts, can solve. It is a very clever piece of workmanship. In these modern matter-of-fact realistic days, fancy the awful danger to any play in which a father has to discover his long-lost child! The strawberry mark on the left arm, the amulet, the duplicate miniature of the mother—these ways and means, and many others,

A Portrait from M-Emery. Emery Powder and polish'd performance.

must occur to the playgoer, and must have presented themselves at the outset to the author, flattering himself on his originality, as difficulties almost insuperable because so stagey, so worn threadbare, so out of date.

Over these difficulties Mr. GRUNDY has triumphed, and with him triumph the actors and the stage-manager; as, for the most part, except when there is a needless conventional "taking the centre"

for supposed effect, the stage management is as admirable as the acting and the dialogue, which is saying a great deal, but not a bit too much.

Mr. BRANDON THOMAS and Miss EMERY have never done anything better. The former with his peculiar north-country "burr," and with his collars and general make up reminding many of the G. O. M., whilst Mr. IAN ROBERTSON as the wicked old Lord is not unlike the pictures of the Iron Duke when Lord DOURO. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE, as representing the slangy, sporting, about-town Baronet of the Tom-and-Jerry day, is a kind of *Goldfinch in The Road to Ruin*, with a similar kind of catchword, which I suppose, on Mr. GRUNDY's authority [though I do not remember the expression nor the use of the word]



BRANDON AND MONKEY BRAND-ON.

Mr. Brandon Thomas Brabazon (to Cyril Maude Watkin). "I know that face. I've seen it on the hoardings."

Watkin (faintly). "It won't wash!" *[Collapses.]*

"chuck" in *Tom and Jerry*—the authority for Georgian era slang] was one of the slang phrases of that period. For my part (a very small part), I am inclined to credit Mr. GRUNDY with the invention of "smash my topper," and of the introduction of "chuck it" into eighteenth century London slang.

Admirable are the quaint sketches of character given by Miss ROSE LECLERCQ and Miss ANNIE HUGHES. Manly and lover-like is Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH. In the dramatic unfolding of the plot, faultlessly acted as it is, the audience from first to last are thoroughly interested. Here and there, speeches and scenes would be all the better for some judicious excision. When you are convinced, further argument weakens the case, and I confess I should like to hear that ten minutes' worth of dialogue had been taken out of the parts played by Mr. BRANDON THOMAS and Miss WINIFRED EMERY. But this is a small matter—a very small matter. To sum up, it is good work and good play, and so the new manager and lessee is at this present moment a Triumphant CARR.

Q. Why was there at one time a chance of the *Times*, which has always been up to date, ever being behind time?—A. Because formerly there was so much *Delayin'!*

MOTTO FOR LADIES WHO "GRUB SHORT" TO AVOID OBESITY.—Grace before Meat!

Nulli Secundus.

(By a Lover of the Links.)

LYTLETON asks—great cricketer, for shame!—If Golf—Great Scot!!!—is quite "a first-class game." Well, if first-class it cannot quite be reckoned, 'Tis that it stands alone, and hath no second!



Portrait of the Great Duke of Wellington, when Marquis of Douro, by Mr. Ian Robertson.



A PROTEST.

"AND PRAY, AM I NEVER TO BE NAUGHTY, MISS GRIMM?"

"L'UNION FAIT LA—FARCE!"

["France turns from her abandoned friends afresh
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh."
—CAMPBELL.]

Yes, history here doth repeat itself verily!

Fancy fair France, in Republican rig,
"Soothing the Bear" again; footing it
merrily

In—well now, what is the name of this jig?
Can-can, or *Carmagnole*? Blend of the
two?

Anyhow, 'tis a most strange "*Pas de
Deux*"!

Policy makes pride and principles plastic,
And 'tis most true that extremes often meet;
Yet as a sample of joint "Light Fantastic"
This dual dance must be baddish to beat.

Beauty and Beast *vis-à-vis* in the dance,
Were scarce funnier partners than Russia
and France.

Autocrat Bruin, can he really relish
The larkish high-kick, the tempestuous
twirl.

That risky Republican dances embellish?
And she—a political "Wallflower," poor
girl!

Can she truly like the strange partner that
fate

Apportions her, lumpish, unlovely, and late?

Like 'Arry and 'Arriet out for a frolic,
They've interchanged head-gear, - by
outrous hap!

Of what is this strange substitution sym-
bolic?

The Autocrat crown and the Phrygian cap

They've "swopped," but they both most un-
easily sit,
And each for the other appears a poor fit.

That Liberty cap upon Bruin's brown noddle!
That crown—much awry—on the Beauty's
fair head!

Absurd! And the Bear's heavy lumbering
waddle

Sorts oddly enough with the lady's light
tread.

He won't get *her* step! Will she try to catch
his?

As soon shall small beer take the sparkle of
fizz.

Is she "soothing the Bear"—with a show of
lip-honey?

Is he flattering the Bee—with an eye on
the hive?

Sting hidden, claws sheathed—for how long?
Well, 'tis funny,

This queer little game, whilst they keep it
alive!

Dance-partnership is not "for better for
worse,"

And "union of hearts" sometimes smacks of
—the purse.

"Twos and Threes" is a game to the play-
ground familiar!

"Two's Company!" Yes, so, in this
case, are Three!

Alliances frequently made willy-nilly are

Dual or Triple. The Eagles we see

Foregather; so may they not meet—in the
dance—

The Big Northern Beast and the Beauty of
France?

ANGELS.

I WONDER if you give your mind
At all to angels. "Which?" you say?
Why, angels of the hymn-book kind,
Not imitation ones in clay.

I often do. They fascinate
My fancy to a strange degree;
And meditating much of late
There came two serious points to me.

You notice in the Holy Writ
Angels are never feminine:
But, wheresoever they may flit,
He came, he spake, he gave the sign.

The men who wrote of them were sage,
And knew their subject out and out;
But *we* live in a wicked age,
That twists the angels' sex about.

And painters paint them girls. And then
The question sets one's brains afire—
Why choristers on earth are men,
If women form the heavenly choir?

And if they *do* paint here or there
A man among the cherubim,
I claim to know why not a hair
May grow upon the face of him?

I know the Roman Church decreed
"A priest shall wear a shaven face."
But what of angels? There indeed
Razor and strop seem out of place.

Then why this hairless cheek and chin?
I ask, and Echo answers *Why*?
Have angel-cheeks no roots within?
—Here comes my keeper. So, good-bye!

RECKLESS.—"Mr. ALLEN, Senator of Al-
braska, a prominent silverite, spoke for
fifteen hours." "Speech is silver. Silence
golden." If all silverites go on at this length,
there'll be no silence, *ergo*, no gold. Q. E. D.



SWAIN Sc

“L'UNION FAIT LA FÂRCE!”

"OUT FOR AN OTTER-DAY!"



MY PRETTY JANE AT A LATER SEASON.

(Respectfully submitted for the consideration of
Mr. Sims Reeves.)

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane,
You still, you still are looking shy!
You never met me in the evening
When the bloom was on the rye.
The year is waning fast, my love;
The leaves are in the sere;
The fog-horns now are humming, love;
And the moonshine's "moonshine," dear.
But, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
I never will "say die";—

Come, meet me, meet me in our parlour,
Where the bloom is on the fly.

Just name your day, that mother may
Produce her best in china things,
And stop you man in apron white. [rings.
Whose muffin-bell, whose muffin-bell now
The year is waning fast, &c.

"A TRIPLE BILL."—"The Home Rule Bill," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to his American friends, "is not scotched. It is killed." Of course our Joe knows that were it "scotched" it would be only "half kilt." But the idea of an Irish Bill being Scotched! Our only Joe might have added that it was "Welsh'd" in the Lords.

PHOEBUS, WHAT A NAME!—Sir COMER PETHERAM, Chief Justice of Bengal, is coming home. Welcome, Sir HOME-COMER PETHERAM. Or, why not Sir HOMER PETHERAM for short?

TO A YOUNG COUNTRY FRIEND,
AGED SEVEN.

(Who whistled of Monte Carlo not wisely,
but too well.)

SWEET youth! I wonder if you'll feel much
pain

To know that that sweet soul-inspiring strain
You whistle at so wonderful a rate
Is now in point of fact quite out of date.
Down in the country pr'aps you hardly know
At what a pace these street-songs come and
go.

At present you're a day behind the fair,
And want (as I myself) a change of air.
You should protest you're being driven crazy
By waiting for the answer of fair DAISY;
Or else ask sadly what was she to do
Who, "silly girl," got taken on to Crewe.
Whistle that charming ditty, if you must,
Until, (forgive the phrase) until you bust,
But do not whistle, if you wish to rank
As in the know, "The Man who broke the
Bank."

UPON JULIA'S MOTHER.

(To depart presently.)

JULIA, I deemed that I had wed
Not thine, but only thee;
A child I wept my mother sped,
Thou 'st given thine to me.

She came as wandering sea-birds
come

To rest upon a spar [home
Of ships that trail the lights of
Where homeless billows are.

From Aix-les-Bains to Harro-
gate, [Wells,
From Bath to Tunbridge
She's sojourned in Imperial
state,

Yet here content she dwells.

Content—and yet no truce with
truth
Such Roman mothers know;
Quick to detect the faults of
youth,
And prompt to tell us so.

I knew not I possess'd the charms
Her wandering will to bind,
To keep me from my JULIA's arms,
And mould the baby's mind.

When first I held thee to my
breast

I little dreamt the day [nest
Another bird would share the
As there content to stay.

Thy kindred, dear, I wooed not
them,

Such wealth I'd fain resign;
Since I have won the brightest
I covet not the mine. [gem

Mrs. R. says that when she
thinks the drains are likely to
be offensive she invariably uses
"bucolic."



A CRISIS IN CONJUGAL LIFE.

Fond Husband. "LOOK HERE, ETHEL, I SEE YOU DAILY GETTING THINNER AND PALER; YOU CANNOT EAT, YOU CANNOT SLEEP, WHILE I FIND LIFE A BURDEN TO ME. I CAN BEAR IT NO LONGER! LET US MAKE A BARGAIN. IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO GIVE ME A CHRISTMAS PRESENT, I'LL PROMISE NOT TO GIVE YOU ONE. THERE!"

THE CITY HORSE.

(A Legend of the "Coming Ninth.")

"You must let me have him on the day I have specified," said the military-looking man, with an air of determination.

"And you order this, Sir, after learning his history?" replied the well-educated cabman. "You know that he has been in a circus?"

"I do; it is one of his greatest qualifications. A circus, I think you said, where there was a brass band?"

"Not only a brass band, but a very brassy band indeed; a brass band all drum, trombone, and cymbal! A brass band that could be heard for miles!"

"And he bore it well?" asked the ex-soldier. "He did not mind the noise?"

"Not he," was the reply. "Why should he mind it? For remember he was accustomed to insults from the clown. When a horse regards insults from the clown with equanimity, you may be sure he will object to nothing."

"And what were the nature of these insults?" queried the veteran warrior, with renewed interest. "Did the clown push him about? Did he tell him to gee-up?"

"Why, certainly. Had he been an unruly crowd at Blackheath on a Bank Holiday, the clown could not have behaved worse. And Rufus, poor beast! bore it all—six nights a week, with a *matinée* thrown in on a Saturday—without complaining."

"And you do not think he would mind being called 'cat's-meat'?" Not even by a rude boy?"

"Bless you, Sir, it is what I often call him myself. Rufus is his name, but cat's-meat is his nature. But don't you want him for more than a day? Won't you buy him?"

"No," returned the veteran soldier, sternly. "I only require him for the Ninth."

"He is getting too old for cabwork," argued the well-read driver. "He would make a splendid charger for the adjutant of a Yeomanry corps, and out of training might be put in the harness of a bathing-

machine. No, pray don't interrupt me, Sir. You are going to urge that he would be useless in the winter. But no, Sir, you are wrong. He might take round coal (in small quantities), when the nights draw in. Can I not tempt you, Sir? You shall have him a bargain. Shall we say a penny a pound?"

"I have already told you," replied the warrior, "that I have need of him only on the 9th. You understand, the 9th of next month."

The well-read cab-driver nodded, and the two men parted. It was a bargain. Rufus (*alias* "Cat's-meat") was to be ready for hire on the 9th of November.

"What does he want to do with 'the brute'?" the well-read cabman asked himself again and again. "Surely he cannot mean to ride it? And yet he desired to learn if Rufus were up to his weight; and when I answered Yes, his eyes brightened, and he regarded the animal with renewed interest."

And all through the day the mystery puzzled him. He could not solve the problem, try as he would. Suddenly, as he was discussing a cup of tea in a shelter, a ray of light flooded his perplexed mind.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed; "the warrior must have been the City Marshal; and he wanted Rufus ('Cat's-meat'), of course, for the Lord Mayor's Show!" And perhaps the cabman had guessed rightly. Only the future can tell.

A QUESTION FOR SCOTCHMEN.—The Duke of ATHOLE announces that he is in future to be described as the Duke of ATHOLL. Why has he changed his name? Because he canna thole it.

A Duke cannot add to his stature a cubit,

Like the frog in the fable in vain he may swell;

And in vain does he alter his name with a new bit,

Its length is the same, though he tacks on an "I."

M. ZOLA is a Son of France. Around him are many literary planets and stars, and imitators, shining with reflected light—the French Zolar System. This is the Theory of Mr. Punch.

FAREWELL:

(On hearing that snow had fallen in the North.)

Snow has fallen, winter's due;
In the months that now ensue
Smoky fogs will hide the view,
Mud will get as thick as glue,
Rain, snow, hail will come in lieu

Of the warmth to which we grew

Quite accustomed, and will brew
Colds, coughs, influenza, rheumatism to thrill us through.

Gone the sky of southern hue,
Cloudless space of cobalt blue!
Gone the nights so sultry—phew!

Quite without rheumatic dew.
Gone the days, when each anew
Seemed yet finer! In Corfu,

California, Peru,
This would not be strange, but true;

But the weatherwise at Kew
Say in England it is new.

Peerless summer, in these few
Lines we bid farewell to you!
Or as cockneys say, "Ay dew!"

A "SHAKESPEARIAN STUDENT" wants to know "if, when *Richard the Third* calls out 'A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!' he is not alluding to the Night-Mare from which he is only just recovering." [Can't say. Highly probable. So like SHAKESPEARE.—ED.]

DEAR MR. P.,—I believe you do not know that Mrs. R. recently visited Rome. She tells me that she thinks it an excellent thing that the Tontine Marshes have been planted with Apocalypses.



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS. A GOLF MEETING.

A "FANTASTIC" ACTION.

"A young lady of Newark while dancing a few nights ago fell and broke her leg, and she has now commenced an action for damages against her partner, to whom she attributes the cause of the accident."
—*Daily Telegraph*.]

"Oh, bother!" girls will sigh;
"a fresh excuse
For men not fond of dancing
to forsake us!
We fancy we can hear them say
'the deuce!
We can't dance now; to drop
a girl might break us!'"

Now e'en 'the better sort,' who
used to beg
To see our cards, will—or our
wits deceive us—
Reflect that they may break a
partner's leg,
And, choose, alas, to 'make a
leg,' and leave us."

DRAMA COLLEGE.

ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG
LADIES, AND PREPARATORY
SCHOOL FOR LITTLE BOYS,

Conducted by

THE MISSES MELPOMENE
AND THALIA.

THE Curriculum includes
thorough grounding in Know-
ledge of Life, and in High-class
Virtue and Honesty. The Pupils
are carefully restrained from the
practice of "unlovely
middle-class virtue." Severe
morality constantly inculcated.
Mere amusement strictly ex-
cluded. Aristocratic Deport-
ment and Etiquette taught by
experienced Assistants.

For further particulars apply
to Mr. ENRY HAUTHER JONES.



A PRICELESS POSSESSION.

Mrs. Golightly. "Oh, I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK IT RUDE, BUT WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT THAT WONDERFUL BLACK STONE YOU'RE WEARING IS?"

Mrs. Luzor. "Oh, CERTAINLY. I FIND MOST PEOPLE ENVY ME THAT. IT'S A PIECE OF REAL ENGLISH COAL!"

Mrs. Golightly. "How WONDERFUL! Ah, I WISH MY HUSBAND WAS A MILLIONAIRE!"

AWFUL RESULT OF THE
COAL FAMINE

(Upon an Ordinarily Innocent and
Non-punning Fire-worshipper).

Oæ! what a period! Strikes
might puzzle SOLON!
I love, in winter—having
shut up shop—
My snug back-parlour fire to
semi-colon,
Now there's no colon, fuel's
at a full-stop!
I have burned coke, wood, turf,
aye, even slate,
But to no fire myself cannot a-
comma-date!

"PRACTICAL JOHN." — Mr.
HOLLINGSHEAD'S advertisement,
headed "Plain Words to the
Public," is eminently charac-
teristic of the author. Says he,
"The prices I start with I shall
stand or fall by." Certainly, as
the prices are moderate, the
public will stand them, so he
needn't trouble himself on that
score. If he be riding for a
fall, and if the public won't
come down heavily, let us hope,
if he fall at all, he will come
down lightly. Then he adds, in
his own independent way, "If
it is thought necessary to tamper
with these prices in an upward
direction" ["tampering up-
ward" is pretty], "I shall give
up this, my final effort in
theatrical management" [Oh,
no, don't! — please don't!],
"and walk out of the build-
ing." Why "walk"? By his
own free admission he will be
driven out (which sounds like
a contradiction in terms), so
why make a virtue of walking
out. Never walk when you can
ride. But J. H. walk out!!
"J. H. y suis et J. H. y
reste."

THE BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL
WORKING-MAN.

(As described by Sir E. Arnold at Birmingham.)

A WONDERFUL joy our eyes to bless,
In his magnificent happiness,
Is the working-man of whom I sing,
Who fares more royally than a king.
Seeing his "board" Sir EDWIN's floored—
Hors d'œuvres, soup, fish, *entrée*, joint,
game, ices.
Ab ovo nothing has been ignored
Usque ad malum, not minding prices.
AUGUSTUS might have hurt his sight
Reading with only a lamp or taper;
The working-man's electric light
Glow on immaculate daily paper.
Go search in MOMMSEN's history,
Then come you home and sing with me—
No life of emperor could, or can,
Be bright as that of the working-man!

"Machinery turns his toil to art."
BURNE-JONES and MORRIS at this would start.
Though the "Arts and Crafts" be with
horror dumb,
A Birmingham Parthenon yet may come!
The School Board's pains mature his
brains,
Masses beat classes—he'll soon annul us.
Never went—as he goes—in trains
HELIOGABALUS or LUCULLUS.

He, should he care, can daily stare
At statues draped by dear Mrs. GRUNDY,
And ride in trams for a halfpenny fare,
And "wire" for sixpence, except on
Sunday.

His letters traverse the ocean wave.
Note.—If a penny you fail to save,
To HENNIKER-HEATON please apply,
And he will discover the reason why.
Rich in the things contentment brings,
In every pure enjoyment wealthy,
But is he as gay as the poet sings,
In body and mind as hale and healthy?
In silence adept, he has certainly kept
So extremely quiet we should not know
it.
Yet he "as authorities mayn't accept"
Such blooming blokes as an Eastern
poet.

OH WHAT A SIR PRYCE! — Sir PRYCE
PRYCE-JONES, M.P. for the Montgomery
Boroughs, has received a testimonial from his
constituents. That is to say, because he has
been a nice-PRYCE-JONES they have made him
a prize-PRYCE-JONES. Bravo, Sir TWICE-
PRYCE-JONES!

SUGGESTION TO PROVINCIAL LAWN-TENNIS
CLUB.—Why not give Lawn-Tennis Balls in
Costume during the winter?

QUOTH DUNRAVEN, NEVERMORE!

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt "cup" and
lip!
Is there not, good DUNRAVEN?
You'll take your Transatlantic trip
Like sportsman, not like craven.
The "centre-board" against the keel
Has won. On woe we sup, Sir!
As in old nursery rhyme we feel
"The 'dish' ran away with the—cup,"
Sir!
The Valkyries, those valiant dames,
Success might sure have wished us;
But the *Vigilant*, our yacht-builders shames.
The "Yankee Dish" has—dished us!

TO "HANS BREITMANN."

[Mr. C. G. LELAND, in his recently-published
Memoirs, informs us of his very early appre-
ciation of the formula, "I am I—I am myself—I
myself I."]

You, from mirth to logic turning,
Doubly proved yourself the right man,
By your wondrous breadth of learning,
For the title of "der Breitmann."
Yes, the lore and fun within you
Show us yearly greater reasons
Why we wish you to continue
Quite yourself for farther seasons.

MY LANDLORD.

(By a Tenant.)

Who asked a rent absurdly high ;
Who never scrupled at a lie ?
The house well built! The soil so
dry! My Landlord.

Whose saving schemes cause constant
fears

The house will fall about my ears ?
I say it totters, and he sneers.
My Landlord.

The cellar's flooded when it rains ;
The ceilings show damp, mouldy
stains.

Who swindled me about the drains ?
My Landlord.

Who called the house extremely
nice ?

It's simply overrun with mice,
The cook has had hysterics twice.
My Landlord.

Who praised the garden in a way
To seem like Eden ? I should say
The soil is brickbats mixed with
clay. My Landlord.

Who said each kind of plant suc-
ceeds ?

Yet when I sow the choicest seeds
They all develop into weeds.
My Landlord.

What's this ? A note from him—
a few

Short lines to say the rent is due.
Who tells me facts not new, if true ?
My Landlord.

A SUGGESTION.—A decoration for
JAREZ BALFOUR.—"The Order of the
Golden Fleece."



RECKLESS.

Moderate Swell. "GOING TO TAKE A CAB?"

Immoderate Swell. "ER—NO."

M. S. "NO UMBRELLA, I SEE."

Imm. S. "ER—NO, DEAR BOY. SEE—IF YOU—ER—CARRY
"BRELLA—LOOKS AS IF YOU'D ONLY ONE SUIT A CLOTHES!"

MY TENANT.

(By a Landlord.)

Who haggled long about the price ;
Who says my house is far from nice ;
Who seeks solicitor's advice ?
My Tenant.

Who wants incessantly repairs
To floors and ceilings, steps and stairs ;
Who doats on hygienic scares ?
My Tenant.

Who lives in fear of sewer gas,
So that the plumbers soon amass
Vast sums, once mine ? That utter
ass, My Tenant.

Eternally some fresh complaint ;
Distemper, whitewash, paper, paint !
He is enough to vex a saint—
My Tenant.

Who lets the garden go to pot ?
What used to be a pleasant spot
Is worse than an allotment plot.
My Tenant.

Deferring payments suits his bent ;
When various demands I've sent ;
Unwillingly he pays the rent,
My Tenant.

A note from him ? Another growl !
Some chimney smokes, he wants a
cowl.

Thus he complains, that moping owl,
My Tenant.

MRS. R. says she always understood
you must "catch your hare before you
cook it ;" so she cannot for the life
of her make out what a friend of
hers meant by telling her that "when
their kitchen-maid cooked the hare
she caught it afterwards!"

A DIARY À LA RUSSE.

Monday.—Rather tired of this constant hand-shaking, and even the lady-kissing is somewhat wearisome. Especially when the fair dames do not draw the line at sixty. However, no doubt well meant. Found usual collection of miscellaneous presents. Don't quite know what I shall do with ton of tallow. Somehow our hosts fancy we require it. Latest addition from the advertising merchants—a Patent Tombstone (with space for *offices* at back) and Somebody's Remedy for Neuralgia. Wish our hosts would not send us such a lot of things! Have been staying at my hotel all day long on the chance of escaping attention, and thus be able to find my way to the Moulin Rouge. Just got past the porter, when I was caught by one of the *attachés* and carried off to a State Dinner. Spent the rest of the evening in shouting "Long Live France!" and listening to the Russian National Hymn.

Tuesday.—Hope I shall have better luck to-day. My hand is twice its normal size, thanks to the shaking. More presents. Candles by the hundredweight, and bear's-grease by the ton. Some one has sent a Boot-blackening Machine, and wants a testimonial. On the watch all day. Trust to get to the Folies Bergères some time or another. Just crawled out when seized by a friendly *député*, and hurried off to a function at the Hotel de Ville!

Wednesday.—Absolutely done up. Deafened with the "*Marseillaise*," and sick to death of "*The Emperor's Hymn*." Usual collection of presents. Five thousand fire-alarms! One of them alone enough to wake up a slumbering town of half a million inhabitants! Ladies of all ages (especially of mature age) anxious to kiss me. Could not walk across the road this morning for them! Had to stop in the hotel all day long. Tried to escape in the evening on the chance of finding my way to a "concert-music-hall," when seized by an officer of the French Marine, and carried away to a Reception!

Thursday.—I have now been in Paris four days and seen nothing, absolutely nothing! Of course most gratifying from a patriotic point of view, but if this is Paris why give me St. Petersburg, or even Siberia! Can't move a step without having my hand shaken off. Not a moment's privacy; and as for the presents, I am absolutely deluged with them! and such idiotic gifts! All the advertisers in the country seem to have found us out. What use on earth

can I make of an elephant's feeding-spoon or a lady's comb for curling the hair? I made a last effort to get to the Moulin; but, of course, again frustrated. I was seized by an "A.-D.-C." and taken to a State Lecture!

Friday.—Giving way to despair! What a hollow thing is popular applause! I am absolutely tired to death of it. I cannot repeat (for very weariness), the various ovations I have received. I have been accepted with cheers at all hours of the day and night! Oh, how glad I would be to get back! At the last moment I saw my way to a stealthy visit to the Folies, when I was secured and booked for two dinners and a "*punch*." Betrayed! Betrayed!

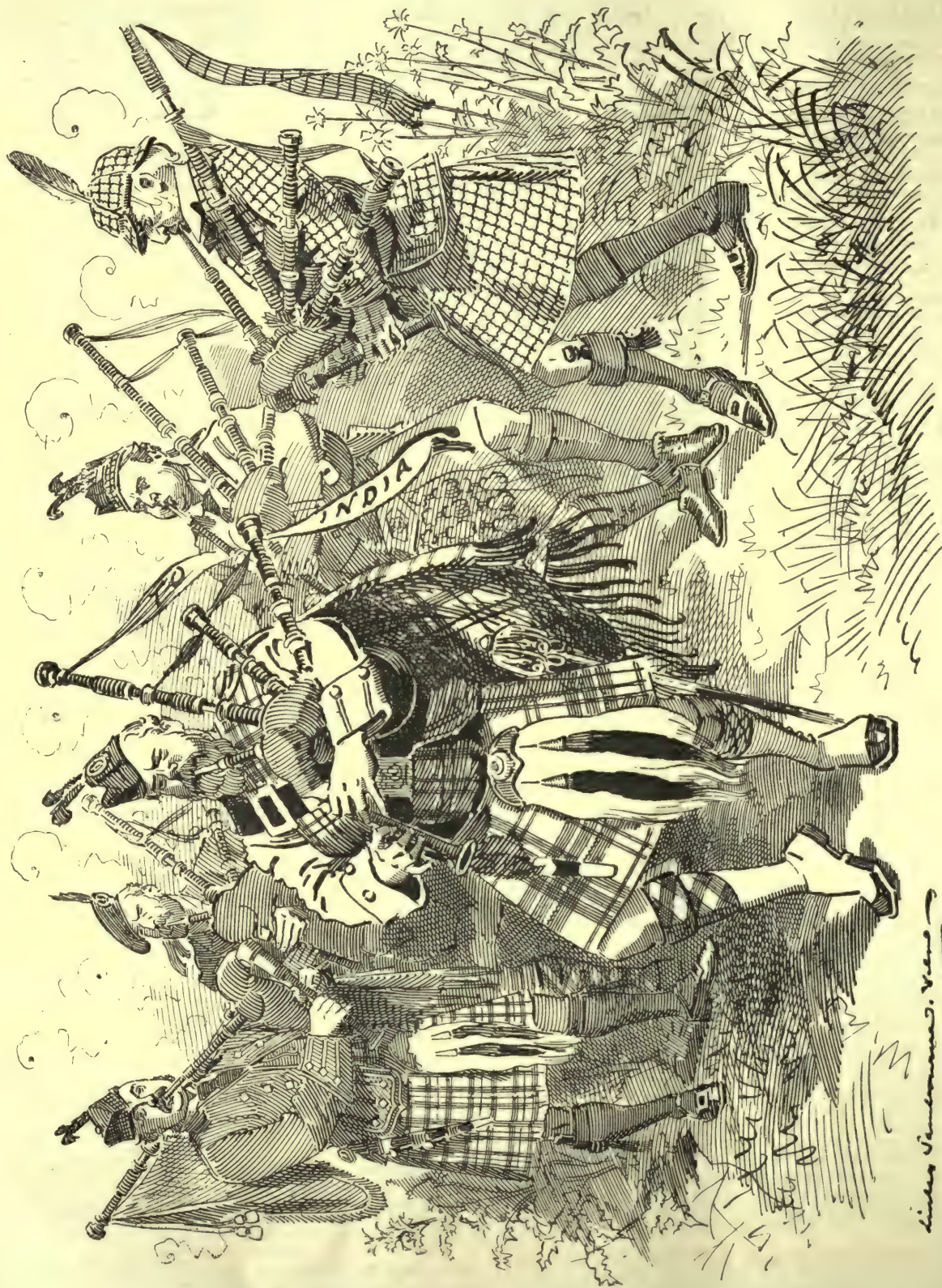
Saturday.—Still hunted. Not allowed to go anywhere except when my tormentors drag me to some official function. Have sold all my presents for ten francs. Have received marching orders for Toulon. Just as I was about to escape and proceed to the Moulin Rouge, captured by "my friends the enemy," or should it be "my enemies the friends"? Had to submit to the usual enthusiasm on my road to the railway station. Fortune of war I suppose, or rather of peace. Of the two, the latter I should think was the more deadly. Last strains of the "*Marseillaise*," last kiss from some one's grandmother, and curtain! Glad it's all over!

BY MR. JUSTICE CHARLES (omitted in reports of his decision last week).—"The Dahomey Troupe of Amazons appear only in the evenings at certain music-halls. Their name should be changed to 'Day-homey and Night-outy Amazons.'" (Signed)
"CHARLES HIS FRIEND."

THE CHESHIRE CRUELTY TO CHILDREN CASE.—Rightly were condemned the two unfeeling PHELANS. No jury could possibly have any consideration for such PHELANS as these. If for the male prisoner the jury had recommended a tail or two of the Cheshire Cat (o'-nine-tails), it would not have been thought too much.

MOTTO FOR MR. INDERWICK, Q.C.—The eminent Counsel of the QUEEN has been recently admitted to the freedom of the borough of Rye. He has added to his coat of arms the words, "Mind your Rye."

NEW DESCRIPTIVE TITLE OF THE G. O. M. SUGGESTED BY LORD SALISBURY'S LATEST SPEECH.—"The Autocrat of the Round Table."



"EMINENTLY A SCOTTISH GOVERNMENT."

(Mr. Asquith's Speech, Tuesday, October 17.)



TOO PARTICULAR.

"LOOK HERE—CONFOUND IT, ISAACSON! YOU'VE PLAYED ME A PRETTY TRICK WITH THIS ANCESTOR YOU SOLD ME! SHOWED IT TO A FRIEND YESTERDAY, AND TOLD HIM IT WAS THE PORTRAIT OF MY ANCESTOR WHO CAME OVER WITH WILLIAM THE FIRST; AND HE SAID, 'WHAT A FUNNY THING HE SHOULD HAVE DRESSED HIMSELF IN THE STYLE OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH!'"

"VELL THAT 'TH NOTHING. I JETH MADE A MITHTAKE OF A FEW YEARTH—VILLIAM THE FIRTH AND VILLIAM THE FOURTH; ONLY HITH GREAT-GRANDTHON!"

THE SAX SCOTCH PIPERS.

"The present Government is eminently a Scottish Government. You must remember that there are in the present Cabinet no less than five Scotch members of the House of Commons . . . and we have also a member of the House of Lords who is one of the most eminent Scotchmen—I mean Lord ROSEBERRY."—*Mr. Asquith in Glasgow.*

"A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, a kilt;
Stick a skein in his hose—wear an acre of stripes—
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes."
—*Bab Ballads.*

AIR—"The Hundred Pipers."

Wi' sax stalwart pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' sax stout Scotch pipers an' a', an' a',
Oh! it's Sassenach bummles awa', awa'!
Our WULLIE's a Scotsman sae braw, sae braw,
We'll on an' we'll march to St. Stephen's ha',
Wi' its seats, an' its salaries an' a', an' a'!
Wi' sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a', &c.

Oh! wha' is formaist o' a', o' a' ?
Oh! wha' does follow the blaw, the blaw ?
Bonnie WULLIE, the king o' us a', hurrah!
Wi' his five stout pipers an' a', an' a'!
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
His bagpipes wheeze, an' his ribbons fly;
The nor' win' plays wi' his thin white hair,
While the pipers blaw wi' an unco' flare.
Wi' sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a', &c.

PRIMROSE, an' CAMPBELL, sae dink an' sae deep,
[they keep,
Shouter to shouter wi' MARJORIBANKS
ROBERTSON, BALFOUR, an' ASHER a' round
Dance themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfounded the English saw, they saw,
Dumfounded they heard the blaw, the blaw
Hath a Southron ae chance ava' ava',
Wi' these sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a' ?
Wi' the sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a',
The Saxon must go to the wa', the wa'!
WULLIE's upan' gies them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' his sax Scotch pipers an' a', an' a'!

A CONTRIBUTION TO THE CELEBRATED PICKWICKIAN EXAMINATION PAPER.—*To Students of Pickwick.*—On what (as far as this questioner is aware) solitary occasion is champagne mentioned in *Pickwick*? who drank a bottle of it? where was it consumed? after what exhilarating performance?—ED.

"TA TA'D AND FEATHERED."—"A soft thing that waves" was the description of a feather given by a Lady Correspondent—and therefore a perfectly Fair One—in the *Times* last Saturday. But surely "a soft thing that waves" is evidently a lady's hand bidding somebody "Ta! ta!"

BY OUR OWN CRAMMER.—In unsuccessful candidates for Army and Navy Exams. England may have lost some of her best "pluck'd" soldiers and sailors.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

(By a Gallio.)

"Poetry will degenerate into mere literary bric-à-brac, such as the composition of rondels and triolets."—DR. C. H. PEARSON.]

LITERARY odds and ends
Will for lays be scribbled!
PEARSON thus ahead portends
"Litter"—ary odds and ends.
Pessimist, you owe amends
For this forecast ribald:—
"Literary odds and ends
Will for lays be scribbled!"

Call you then mere bric-à-brac
Triolets and rondel?
All that's knocked off with a knack
Call you then mere bric-à-brac?"
Man of prose, you thus attack
VILLON, DOBSON, BLONDEL.
Call you then mere bric-à-brac
Triolets and rondel?!

'Pon my word, I don't much care
If you prove your thesis.
Poetry's not my affair—
'Pon my word, I don't much care!
My three triolets pray tear
As you please, to pieces!
'Pon my word, I don't much care
If they prove your thesis!

THE recent illuminations in Paris, it is said, were a very costly matter. Naturally, as an *"affaire de Luxe."*

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XI.—At the entrance to The Eldorado Music-hall. TIME—Saturday evening, about 8.30. Mrs. TOOVEY, who has just alighted from a Waterloo bus, approaches; she wears a veil, under which her spectacles gleam balefully, and passes the various boards and coloured posters with averted eyes.

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). I'm late—I ought to have taken a cab, instead of that dawdling bus. Still, I shall be in plenty of time to surprise Pa in the very midst of his profligacy. (She looks around her.) Gilding, rosewood and mahogany panels, plush, stained glass—oh, the wicked luxury of it all! (She pushes open a swing door.) Where is the place you call Box C? I—I have to meet somebody there.

(She finds herself in a glittering bar, where she produces a distinct sensation among a few loungers there.)

A Barmaid (tartly). There's no entrance to the music-hall this way. You've come to the wrong place.

Mrs. Toov. (with equal acidity). Ah, young woman, you need not tell me that! (She goes out with a withering glance, and hears stifled sniggers as the doors swing after her.) A drinking-bar on the very threshold to trap the unwary—disgraceful! (She tries the next door, and finds a stalwart official, in a fancy uniform.) Will you have the goodness to conduct me to Box C, instantly?

The Official. Next door, please, Ma'am. This only admits to the Grand Lounge.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). The "Grand Lounge," indeed! (She opens another door, and finds a Pay-box, where she addresses the check-taker through the pigeon-hole.) I want to go to Box C. I've asked for it at I don't know how many places, and—

Checktaker (politely). I'm really afraid you'll have to ask again, Ma'am. This is the Promenade. Box-office next entrance.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, indignantly). I only hope they make it as difficult for other people to get in as they do for me! So Pa comes here to lounge and promenade, does he? Oh, let me only catch him, I'll send him promenading! (She goes to the Box-office.) I want Box C, wherever that is.

Book-Keeper. Can give you Box D, if you like. Box C is reserved for this evening.

Mrs. Toov. (sharply). I am quite aware of that. For Mr. THEOPHILUS TOOVEY. I have come to join him here.

Book-K. (referring to book). It is entered in that name, certainly; but—hem—may I ask if you belong to Mr. TOOVEY's party?

Mrs. Toov. (crushingly). No doubt you consider that his wife has no claim to—Most certainly I belong to his party.

Book-K. That is quite sufficient, Madam. (To Attendant.) Show this lady to Box C. (To himself, as Mrs. T. follows the Attendant up some velvet-covered stairs.) Well, it's no business of mine; but if Mr. TOOVEY, whoever he is, isn't careful what he's about, he may be sorry for it—that's all!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). They never even asked for my ticket. Pa's evidently well known here! (To Attendant.) A programme? with pictures of dancing girls all over it! You ought to be ashamed to offer such things to a respectable woman!

Att. (surprised). I've never heard them objected to before, Ma'am. Can I bring you any refreshments? (Persuasively.) Bottle-ale or stout? Lemonade and brandy? Whisky and soda?

Mrs. Toov. Don't imagine you can tempt me, man. I've been a total abstainer ever since I was five!

Att. (opening box-door). Indeed, Ma'am. I suppose now you haven't mistook this for Exeter 'All?—because it ain't!

Mrs. Toov. I am in no danger of making that mistake! (She enters the box.) I am here before Pa after all. What a gaudy,

wicked, glaring place to be sure! Ugh, this filthy tobacco; it chokes me, and I can scarcely see across the hall. Not that I want to see. Well, if I sit in the corner behind the curtain I shan't be seen myself. To think that I—I—should be here at all, but the responsibility is on Pa's head, not mine! What are those two girls singing about on the stage? They are dressed decently enough, I'll say that for them, though pinafores and baby bonnets at their age are ridiculous. [She listens.]

The Sisters Sarcenet (on stage). You men are deceivers and awfully sly. Oh, you are!

Male portion of audience (as is expected from them). No we aren't!

The Sisters S. (archly). Now you know you are!

You come home with the milk; should your poor wife ask why,

"Pressing business, my pet!" you serenely reply,

When you've really been out on the "Tiddle-y-hi!" Yes, you have!

Male audience (as before). No, we've not!

The Sister S. (with the air of accusing angels). Why, you know you have!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). It's to those young women's credit that they have the courage to come here and denounce the men to their

faces—like this. And it's gone home to them, too! they're shouting out "Over!" (Here the Sisters suddenly turn a couple of "cart-wheels" with surprising unanimity, amidst roars of applause.) Oh, the shameless minxes! I will not sit and look on at such scandalous exhibitions. (She moves to the corner nearest the stage, and turns her back upon the proceedings.) How much longer will Pa compel me to assist at such scenes, I wonder? Why doesn't he come? Where is he now? (Bitterly.) No doubt on what those vulgar wretches would call the "Tiddle-y-hi!" (The Brothers BIMBO, Eccentric Clowns, appear on the stage.) I can't sit here in a corner looking at nothing. If I do see anything improper, THEOPHILUS shall answer for it. (She changes her place again.) Acrobats—well, they're inoffensive at least. Oh, I do believe one of the nasty things is climbing up to the balcony; he's going to walk along here!

First Brother Bimbo (on stage, to his confrère, who is balancing himself on the broad ledge of the box tier). Ohé—'old up, there. Prenny garde! Ah, il tombera! There, I told yer so! (The Second Brother B. has reached the front of Mrs. TOOVEY's box, where he pretends to stumble.) Oh, le pover garçon, look at 'im now! Come back, do! Ask the lady to ketch 'old of your trousers be'ind!

Mrs. Toov. (to the Second Brother, firmly). Don't expect

me to do anything of the sort. Go back, your brother asks you to, you silly fellow. You shouldn't attempt such a foolhardy thing at all!

Second Br. B. (to the First). Oh, my! There's such a nice young lady in here; she's asking me to come in and set along with her! May I?

(He lets himself drop astride the ledge, and wags his head at Mrs. TOOVEY, to her intense horror.)

Mrs. Toov. (in an audible undertone). If you don't take away that leg at once, I'll pinch it!

Second Br. B. Eh? Not now; my brother says I mustn't. "Come round afterwards!" Well, well, we'll see! (He springs up on the ledge again, and kisses his hand to her.) Goo'bye, ducky! Ave no fears for me. Whoo-up!

(He continues his tour of the balcony, amidst roars of laughter.)

Mrs. Toov. (falling back in the box, speechless with fury). And this is the treatment Pa exposes me to—all those unmanly wretches laughing at me! But I don't care; here I stay till Pa comes. Oh, this smoke; I shall be poisoned by it soon! Upon my word, there's a bold hussy coming on to sing, in a man's coat and black satin knee-breeches. I'll stop my ears; they shall see there's one woman



"Goo'bye, ducky! Ave no fears for me!"

here who respects herself! (*She does so, during that and the subsequent performances; an hour passes.*) How much longer am I to be compelled to remain here? This is terrible; three creatures in tight red suits, got up to look like devils! I wonder they've no fear of being struck dead on the stage! They're standing on each other's stomachs. I daren't look on at such blasphemy! I'll take off my spectacles; then, at least, my eyes won't be offended by seeing anything distinctly! (*She removes her glasses, and replaces them in their case, which she lays on the box-ledge.*) They're gone, thank goodness. What's this? There's someone opening the box-door. Pa—at last! Well, I'm ready for him!

(*She stiffens in her chair.*)

Attendant's Voice (outside). This is Box C, Miss. Can I bring you any refreshments? Bottle-ale, stout, lemonade, Miss?

A Female Voice. I—I don't know. There's a gentleman with me; he'll be here directly; he only stopped to speak to somebody. Ah, he's coming now.

Mrs. Toov. "Miss"?! This is Pa's party, then. Oh!!

(*A quietly dressed, and decidedly good-looking girl enters, and starts on seeing that the box is already occupied.*)

Mrs. Toov. (rising in towering wrath). You were not expecting to find me here, Miss, I've no doubt?

The Girl (sitting down). No; PHIL didn't say there would be anyone else; but any friend of his I'm sure—

Mrs. Toov. PHIL? you dare to call him "PHIL!" Do you know who I am, you insolent girl, you? I am his Wife!

The Girl. His wife? I don't believe it. Are you sure you don't mean his mother. My PHIL married to you, indeed—a pretty story!

Mrs. Toov. (trembling with rage). Go out of this box instantly, or I'll make you!

The Girl. I shall do nothing of the kind. Wait till my friend comes, and we'll soon— (*As the door opens.*) PHIL, PHIL, here's an abusive old female here who pretends she is your wife, and wants to order me out. I believe she must either be intoxicated or out of her senses!

Mrs. Toov. (pouncing upon the newcomer and boxing his ears soundly). Is she? it is you who are out of your senses, Pa! Take that—and that—and now come home with me, do you hear?

The Newcomer (with his hand to his cheek). "Pa," am I? I thought I was your husband just now! Well, I must have married before I was born, either way. And now, perhaps, you'll explain what all this means?

Mrs. Toov. (faintly). Oh, my goodness! I've made a dreadful mistake; it isn't Pa! Let me go—let me go!

The Newc. (putting his back against the door). Not yet, Ma'am; not yet. You don't go like this; after insulting this young lady, to whom I've the honour of being engaged, and telling her you're my wife, and then smacking my face in her presence. I've my dignity to consider, and I want satisfaction out of you. Come, we won't have a row here, for the sake of this young lady; just step out into lobby here, and I'll give you in charge for assault. Stay where you are, MILLY, my dear. Now, Ma'am, will you go, or shall I send for a constable? (*Mrs. T. totters out, protesting incoherently, and begging to be released.*) Well, I don't want to spoil my evening's pleasure on your account. You give me your name and address, and I'll simply summon you for assault; which is more than you deserve. If you won't, I'll charge you!

Mrs. Toov. (reluctantly). Oh, indeed it was an acc— I will not give you my name. Yes, yes, I will; anything to get out of this horrible place. (*The young man produces a pencil, and pulls down his left shirt cuff.*) Mrs.—Too—no, I don't mean Too—TOMKINSON JONES—The—the Laburnums—U—upper Tooting. There, now are you satisfied?

The Young Man (recording it). Thank you, that's all I require. You'll hear from me later on. Good evening!

Mrs. Toov. (as she crawls down the staircase). I have only just saved myself by a—*fib!* And I haven't even found Pa out. But I will. I'll go straight home and sit up for him!

END OF SCENE XI.

FRAGMENTS FROM A FRANCO-RUSSIAN PHRASE-BOOK.

(Picked up at Toulon after the recent *Fêtes*.)

AT THE BANQUET.

I AM glad to be next to a Russian. Believe me, France has always been the best friend of Russia. . . . No, that was not France—it was the Corsican. Altogether a different thing. . . . Were we at the Crimea? It is possible—through the perfidy of those English. . . . Try some of this old sherry. Your shark-fin soup is delicious. . . . As I was saying, we are a Republic now, and adore Liberty. . . . Siberia must be a charming place, and the climate ravishing. You have never been there? A pleasure to come! . . . Take a *carafe* of champagne—there is plenty more. We are a democratic nation, and the hearts of our populace go out to an autoerat.



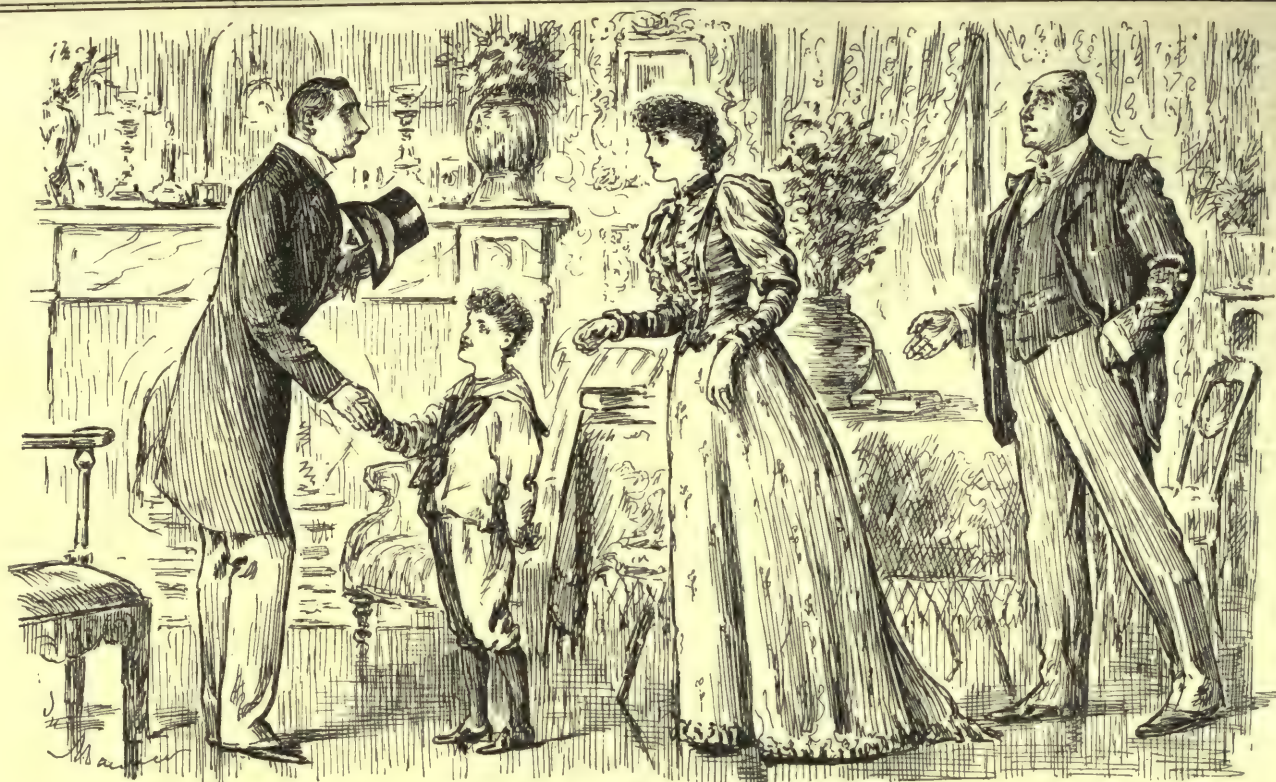
IMPROVED GNOMENCLATURE.

(A popular Song adapted to the Glacial Period.)

"ON AN ICICLE MADE FOR TWO."

I know well that all autoerats are not nice—but *yours!!* Do have some more champagne. . . . These are *Cailles Schuvaroff*. They are Russian—so they *must* be good! . . . Do you know that my wife and I kissed the hands of (*ten—fifteen—fifty—two hundred*) Russian sailors through the portholes of your flagship this afternoon? . . . Not at all—we quite enjoyed it. . . . There is a proposal to present your Admiral with a model of the Tour Eiffel in brilliants. I remember it was exhibited in Paris at a franc for admission—but few people went. I wish he may get it. I subscribed ten (*Napoleons—francs—centimes*) towards the fund for presenting commemorative brooches to the wives, daughters, and sweethearts of your seamen. I hope they will all arrive quite safely. . . . Have you received a silver cup with a suitable inscription? Only a yellow champagne-glass with a motto! That is mean, miserable, shabby! I will speak to a waiter about it. . . . Why do you not drink? Fill your glass. I am filling mine. . . . Have you heard that our warm-hearted nation has forwarded to the Russian Fleet one hundred cases of the best blacking? The Triple Alliance is trembling in its shoes. . . . You drink nothing! All the same, it seems to me your Tsar might have sent *more* ships while he was about it. Yes, I repeat; more—and bigger ones. It would have been more polished. But you Russians are *not* polished; you are cold, brutal, phlegmatic. You remind me of an Englishman I once saw on the stage of the Variétés. But he had red whiskers, and said, "Aoh, yes!" You drink too much. The Russians are all intemperate—it is the climate. So long as you help us to our revenge, we do not care *what* you are. I speak quite frankly. This is a great day for France. As a Frenchman, I shall never see caviar again without a thrill of heartfelt emotion. But your shark-fin soup was disgusting—beastly. It is that which is making me so ill. . . . *Au revoir*, dear friend. I am going under the table for a little while—to think.

MRS. R. wants to know what was the classic story about Ajax and Telephone? "So," says she, "as *that* was hundreds of years ago, it isn't such a *very* new invention."



UNCALLED-FOR REVELATIONS.

Tommy (to Caller). "OH, WE 'VE BEEN HAVING SUCH FUN! PAPA HAS BEEN PUTTING ON MAMMA'S HAIR AND FRIGHTENING BABY!"

LITTLE MASTER MINORITY.

A Dialogue in Dialect, some way after Bret Harte's "Jim."

[Referring, in the course of conversation, to the deadlock in the Senate, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said:—"My opinion is that the Americans are the most patient people on the globe. Such an outcome from an organised system of obstruction would be impossible in England, which I venture to say, with my foot on New York soil, is far more democratic than America. Democracy, as I take it, means the government of the people by the people."—*The "Times"* New York Correspondent, Oct. 13.]

"Cœlum, non (?) animum, mutant, qui trans mare currunt."

Jonathan to Joseph, loquitur:—

SAY thar! P'r'aps
You're of them chaps
Approve this child,
Who makes me wild!—
No?—no offence:
Thar ain't much sense
In gittin' riled!

JOE, old chum,
Welcome ye are!
Say! Ye've jest come
Up from down thar.
Lookin' round, JOE?
That's right, Sir! You
Ain't of that crew
Makes freedom rar'.

Tory? Not much,
That ain't my kind:
I ain't no such.—
Democrat—blind!
Rayther like you!

Well, this yer boy
(With his derved toy),
Is a fair limb.—
Not much—in size!
Stirs your surprise?—
Wal, that is strange:
Your nipper, now,
Riz up some row,
Down under thar,
Ony this year!

Since you came here.
You've felt a change!
Wal, he licks us!

Eh?
Spank him, you say!
Spank?—

This little cuss?
You make me star,—
Down under, thar,
Minorities stop
Truck—in your shop,
And you don't rar'!
Here, wide awake
To our mistake.
Our boy you bar!

Spank!—
This—little—cuss?
Wal, he does fuss,
Raises a muss.
His "Silver" whim,
His spoutin' prank—
(Leather-lung'd limb!)
Does orab the swim.

Should like to yank
Him crost my knees,
And—but thar! spank
Him?

Patient, Sir—I?
No democrat?
Here, Sir, stand by!
I can't stand that!

You wouldn't stand
Him—in your land?
Eh?

What's that you say?
Why, dern it!—sho!—
Draw it mild, JOE!

Bold?
Obstruction? Yes!

Still, as I guess—
Though I'll confess
You're an authority—
'Tain't no new thing
(You've had your fling!),
But ornery,
Derved old,
Loud-lunged—Minority!
Little—Master—Minority!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

BARABBAS is a romance by MARIE CORELLI, founded upon the narrative given by the Four Evangelists. It is in three volumes, and *Barabbas* is the principal character. Oratorios have been composed musically illustrating the sacred story, mystery plays there have been showing it forth in action, but never yet have we been taken, as it were, behind the scenes, introduced to JUDAS ISCAIRIOT's sister, and been informed as to the motives of human action underlying "the World's Tragedy." Whether "the stock of *Barabbas*" hath been sold out or not, the Baron cannot imagine that this novel form of treating Holy Writ will ever be popular with any section of our ordinary reading public. MARIE CORELLI is a writer as picturesque as prolific, but she has wasted her time and talents on this romance. There used to be a perversion of the text, which took this form, "Now BARABBAS was—a publisher" (was it SYDNEY SMITH's jest?); but if that applies nowadays, the publisher who depended solely upon this particular work for his success would, probably, far nearer resemble ZACCHÆUS than BARABBAS, inasmuch as he might find himself "up a tree."

Catriona is written by R. L. STEVENSON, and published in one volume by CASSELL & Co. "Aweel, aweel, mon!" quoth the Baron, after several praiseworthy attempts at mastering the Scotch dialect in which the story is told; "aweel, aweel! I am swier to leave ye, *Catriona*! But it maun be as it will; I'm nane sae muckle learned in your Scotch tongue; sae I'll e'en put down the book, or I'll be wearyful, deil hae 't!" No: Scotch the Baron cannot manage—except taken as whiskey. But he will tell those who love the language that McSTEVENSON's *Catriona* they will enjoy to their heart's content. All the same it remains a mystery to the Baron de B. W.

IN HIGH FEATHER.—It would not be fair even, for Mr. HUDSON, to define all ladies wearing feathers as "a Feather-headed Lot."



LITTLE MASTER MINORITY.

BROTHER JONATHAN. "WA'AL, MR. JOSEPH; I GUESS ALL YOUR SYMPATHIES ARE WITH THIS LITTLE CUSS?"

MR. CHAMBERLAIN. "NOT AT ALL, NOT AT ALL,—ON *YOUR* SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC!"



THE BOOM IN BEETLES—THE LATEST FROM AFRICA.

["The new arrival at the Zoo is a specimen of the Goliath Beetle from West Africa—a giant even among its own kind."—*Daily Graphic.*]



TO A LOST FRIEND.

(By a Briefless Barrister.)

No more! alas! completely gone,
No shadow of a trace is left,
And I have still to linger on,
Of your companionship bereft,
And fight the battle to the end,
As best I may with one less friend.

It seems a cruel stroke of Fate.

How eagerly I watched you grow!
How much I loved you; how elate
When other people came to know
On what I always had insisted—
That you in point of fact existed.

I played with you, who every day
Grew more responsive to my touch.

I stroked you in the gentlest way,
With sweet caresses. Ah! how much
We seemed, as though a child and mother,
To be bound up in one another.

You *did* appear to like me then,
No mere lip-service seemingly
Was that you rendered to me when
You never contradicted me,
But hung upon my words, though true
It also was they hung on you.

And then one day you disappeared,
Cut off in life's most sunny prime.
I missed you sadly as I feared
And thought I should do at the time.
Though now your image comes and plain
Grows on me sometimes once again.

Oh! my moustache! I did the deed,
I own it frankly, I alone.
I felt it (for it made me bleed),
Yet still you always must have known,
Though you were of proportions regal,
You hardly helped me to look legal.

A TRIUMPH IN COOKERY.—When the Cook
makes a hash of the marrow-bones.

"HE IS A MANN, TAKE HIM FOR ALL IN ALL,
WE NEVER WANT TO LOOK UPON HIS LIKE
AGAIN." (*Shakspeare adapted*).—It is said
he is going to join the Ministry—not the
Cabinet—but that of the Established Church.
But how will so independent a spirit ever
submit to "take orders" from an Arch-
bishop? This is to reduce himself from a
MANN to a Mannikin. Not likely.

UP TO DATE TRANSLATION.—"Qu'est-ce
qu'il y a sur le tapis?" asked the Frenchman.
"You mean 'what's on the tape?'" returned
the Englishman.

THE IDEAL DRAMA.

Oh think what a change would soon be wrought
In sins society now condones,
Were virtue and honesty properly taught
By Comedy's smiles and Tragedy's groans!
The peer, the scholar, the fool, the fop,
Could learn deportment, high-class, tip-top,
From a *Dancing Girl* in a *Bauble Shop*—
At least so thinks Mr. H. A. JONES.

We shall call it "the work,"
and not "the play,"
When due solemnity prompts the tones
Of serious actors, more grave than gay;
They may be bores, but they won't be drones.
So learn, should you wish to have a spree,
What your Criterion ought to be,
Or the *Tempter* will put you up a Tree.
Hear eloquent Mr. H. A. JONES!

Amusement? What! Do you dare to think
That those respectable classic crones,
Melpomene, Thalia, they should sink
To make you laugh, like a nigger Bones?
If you should expect to be amused,
Your money would simply be refused,
And you would be turned away, abused
By furious Mr. H. A. JONES.



THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

"AND WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"MARIAN WATSON. BUT MY LAST MISTRESS USED TO CALL ME MARY, BECAUSE MARIAN ISN'T A PROPER NAME FOR A SERVANT, SHE SAID."

REPARTEES FOR THE RAILWAY.

"SMOKING not allowed." Of course, but I am going to enjoy my cigar in silence.

"Want the window closed?" Very sorry, but I can't find a cathedral.

"Find my journal a nuisance." Dear me! was under the impression it was a newspaper.

"Allow you to pass." Afraid only the Secretary can manage that for you; he alone has power to issue free tickets.

"Do I mind the draught?" Not when I am attending to the chessman.

"Do I know the station?" Of the people on the platform? Probably lower middle class.

"Is this right for Windsor?" Yes, if it's not left for somewhere else.

"Are we allowed five minutes for lunch?" Think not; but you can have sandwiches at the counter.

"Isn't this first-class?" Quite excellent—first-rate—couldn't be better!

"I want to go second." Then you had better follow me.

"I am third." Indeed! And who were first and second?

"I think this must be London." Very likely; if it is, it mustn't be anywhere else.

A CRY TO WHYMPER.—Last Wednesday Mr. EDWARD WHYMPER lectured at the Birkbeck. His subject was "*Twenty thousand feet above the Sea.*" "That's ten thousand pairs of boots!" writes our shoemaker. "Wish I'd had the order! Well, well, soled again!"

A WALK IN DEVON.

PART I.—THE START.

Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.

The Cottage, Burrow-in-the-Corner, Devon.

WENT out for a walk just now; nothing remarkable in that; the wonder came in when I got back. Present postal address given at head of this note. The Cottage is there all right, but where the township, hamlet, village, or whatever Burrow-in-the-Corner may be, is situated, haven't the least idea, and I've tramped pretty well round the country. The Cottage stands at four cross roads, on the top of a hill. Specks in the distance, in the valley and on the hillsides, understood to be farm-houses. Three miles off is Tipterton; it is approached from this point by a steep hill: most convenient way of getting to bottom is to lie down on top and roll; some people said to have become adepts in practise; can even enjoy quiet sleep on the way, and pull up at the very shop in High Street where they have business. So it is said; but I rarely see any people about Burrow-in-the-Corner; so how can they approach Tipterton in this or other way? The only persons that pass The Cottage palings are men who stop to ask their way. The population is sparse, and seems to fill up its time by losing itself. This should have been a warning to me, but it wasn't.

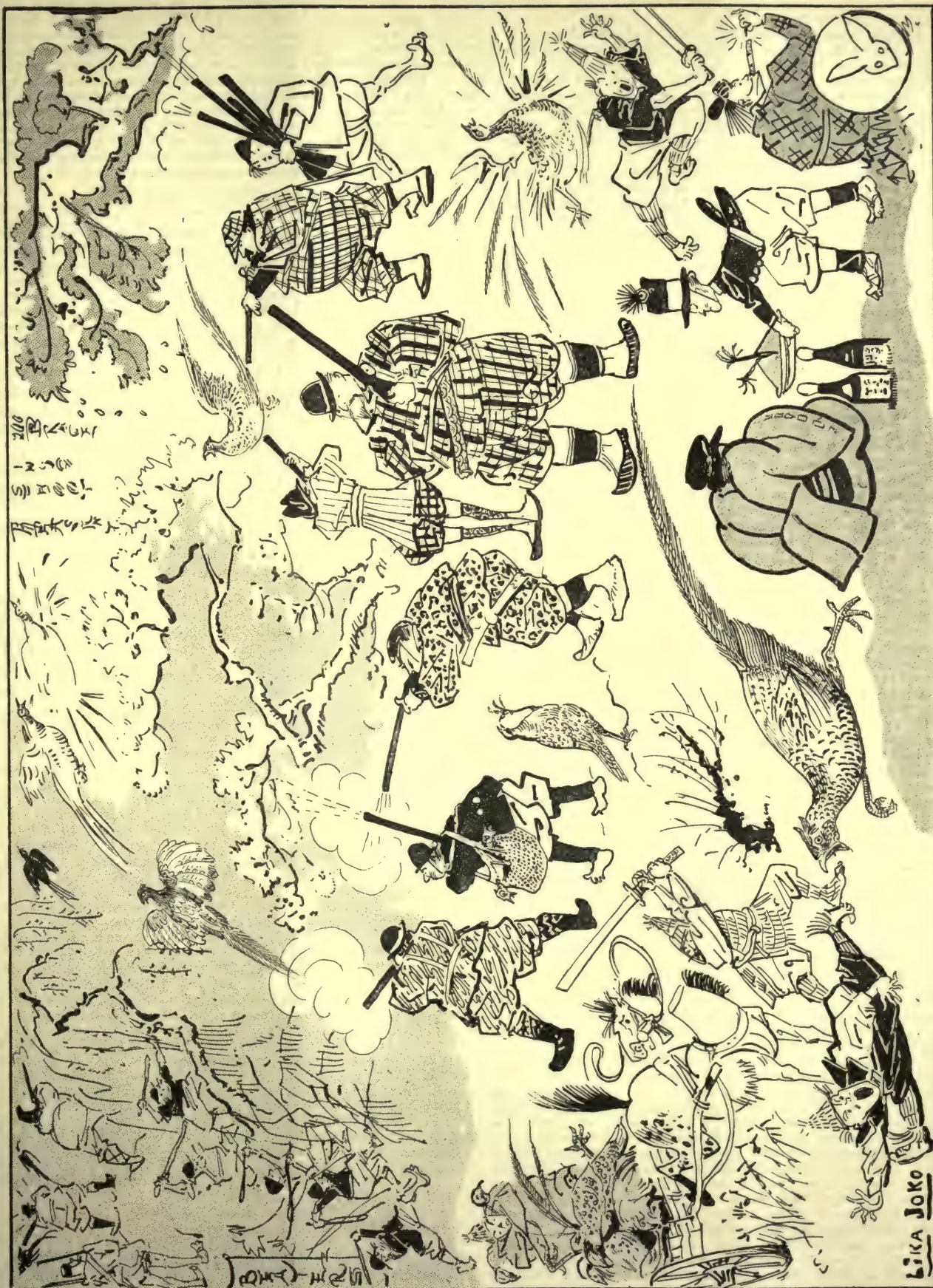
The Cottage been standing here for at least two hundred years. Began life as a smithy; only recently retired from business. The initials of one of its tenants are "R. B." He has carved the letters on the front door, with the date, 1813, following it. Fancy he must have been pretty old then, for, two years later, he cuts his initials again with date 1815; the writing quite shaky; possibly he had heard of Waterloo, and his hand was tremulous with patriotic joy. On second thought, that improbable. News of Waterloo not likely to have reached Burrow-in-the-Corner within limit of twelve months.

The smithy still stands as "R. B." left it when his bellows blew their last gasp. The Cottage itself transformed. The thatched roof remains; also the whitewashed walls, the porch, the little windows embayed in thick walls, which quite naturally form window-seats, where, if you take care not to bang your head, you may sit at ease, and look out over the swelling upland—rich red where it has just been ploughed; for the most part green pastures trending down to the Exe, a silver stream, rippling on to the sea, reckless of all it will pass through before it joins it. We have a parlour, but prefer to sit in the kitchen, a dainty room with gleaming dark-red sideboard; a kitchener, polished to distraction, so that looking-glasses are superfluities; a piano in recess by fireplace; a chimney-piece, on which gleam copper pans, brass candlesticks, and pewter plates, with their initials and ancient birth-dates polished almost out of sight; white-curtained windows, bright with begonias and cyclamen; a low ceiling, supported by a pragmatical beam, strictly conforming to the regulation that forbids a straight line in the room.

Have discovered that kitchen is best place in house to dine in; only drawback is that everything served so unexpectedly hot, new-comers scald themselves. Soon grow used to it, and to get grilled mushrooms served really hot is compensation for inconvenience. As for pancakes (made with freshly-laid eggs), begin to think I never tasted the real delicacy before. Your true pancake, as BRILLAT-SAVARIN omitted to say in his well-known treatise, should be eaten to the music of the one in the pan preparing to follow. When we go back to town, mean to ask servants to sit in dining-room whilst we dine in kitchen.

When I speak of going back to town, of course I imply the certainty of being able to find our way out of Burrow-in-the-Corner to nearest railway station.

Seems a good deal to have four cross roads all to yourself at your front door. The Cottage scarcely of sufficient importance to justify such lavish accommodation. But in these parts the amount of arable land wasted in roads and lanes is almost criminal. It was a Satur-



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 2. PHEASANT SHOOTING.

day evening when I went out to find the post-office. Nothing seemed plainer than instructions.

"Go straight down the road facing you, and you'll come to a church. Close by it is a house; letter-box inserted in side of house; box painted red, you know."

Of course I knew; set off with a light heart and handful of letters. A little way down high road, on right-hand side, lane suddenly opened and delved downwards, its sinuous course embowered in trees; where they failed, barricaded with hedges. High road seemed originally bent upon taking this direction; changed its mind; turned abruptly to left. Suppose a few traps driven down hill must occasionally have taken this dip; feeble attempt to avoid too frequent recurrence of accident made by setting posts on line of high road, and painting tops white. If, after this, anyone on pitch-dark night mistakes road, only themselves to blame. Other roads and lanes perplexingly branching out to right and left at short intervals; kept on steadily till church came in view; found the house; not difficult, as there was only one; also discovered letter-box painted red. Twenty minutes to five was hour for clearing box; barely that; posted letters. Turning away when observed remark on letter-box, "Next collection Monday."

Pretty go, this; postman evidently been before his time; no sign of him on wide expanse. Looking round perceived Elderly Gentleman sitting in garden behind house; doubtless this was the householder; apparently had anticipated Sunday by putting on best

clothes; black frock coat, getting brown about the seams; high collar, nearly covering black stock; black waistcoat, which seemed to belong to other suit than the coat; (was buttoned close up over stock, whilst coat, with generous lapels folded back, buttoned low down); brown trousers, a little short in leg; stout green umbrella under left arm. Elderly Gentleman was sitting on rustic bench, with cup of cider at hand, and expression of serene content on his wrinkled face. A quaintly-coloured cup, with two handles close together, presumably with view to taking a good pull at contents. "Bin my grandfather's," he said, looking at it with affection, and incidentally half emptying it. There was a motto roughly scrawled by the potter; Elderly Gentleman read it to me:

Erth I am et es most trew,
Disdain me not for so be yew.

Thus it was spelled, but no one born out of Devon could convey the tremendous sound of the *u* in the rhyming words. This peculiar to the soil; even barndoor fowls have it; notice that gamecock at The Cottage when it wakes me early in the morning, always shrilly pipes "cock-a-doodle-dew!" Asked Elderly Gentleman if he lived here? Born in the house, he said. Was he going for a walk? No, only sitting about. Then why the umbrella? Ah! he always took it out of drawer with his Sunday clothes, and put it under his arm, if he was only sitting in the garden.

But that's another story, told me after we had caught the postman.

"THE ART OF 'SAVOY FARE.'"

MR. D'O'LY CARTE is to be heartily congratulated on his brilliant mounting of MESSRS. GILLIVAN and GILBERT's most recent production entitled *Utopia (Limited)*. "Limited" it is in more senses than one. As there was, according to the immortal *Cyrus Bantam, M.C.*, when he was giving his information to *Mr. Pickwick*, "nobody old or ugly in Ba-ath," so there is on "the spindle side" no one old or ugly on the stage of the Savoy Theatre. And this, too, with a difference, applies to Sir ARTHUR's music, in which if there be nothing particularly new—and the old familiar friends receive the heartiest welcome—there is at all events nothing dull, even though it may "hardly ever" rise above mere commonplace. Occasionally there is a snatch of sweet melody that brings to mind the composer's happiest inspirations, whether in oratorio or burlesque.

As to dramatic plot—well, strictly speaking, there is none; and it would be difficult to name a single telling "situation," in *Utopia (Limited)*. The Monarch of Utopia wishes to introduce English customs into his kingdom; there is a court party opposed to this innovation: that's the essence of it. In the First Act the one hit, is the introduction of *Captain Corcoran* from *The Pinafore* of years ago, and the repetition of the once popular catchphrase about "What never?" and "Hardly ever," which, taken as applying to our most recent tragical ironclad disaster, is thoroughly appreciated. Beyond this, as far as dialogue and music go, in the First Act there is very little anyone would care to "carry away with him" after a first visit. And if that little were carried away the residuum would offer scant attraction.

As for the Second Act, with its Royal Drawing-room scene, its splendid costumes, and its mimicry of Court etiquette, have we not witnessed a similar spectacle on a larger scale in a Drury Lane Pantomime, not so very many years ago? And was not that arranged by the same artistic stage-manager, who is now, by a wise dispensation of theatrical providence, in command at the Savoy, yclept Mr. CHARLES HARRIS? I fancy the Drury Lane Pantomime had the best of it in point of broad fun, as, if I remember right, HERBERT CAMPBELL was the Queen, and HARRY NICHOLLS the King. Before this scene is the principal hit of the Second Act, when the King, Mr. BARRINGTON,—to whom author and composer are under considerable obligations for the success of the piece, and without whose acting, dancing, and singing the entertainment would fare indifferently well,—with his counsellors, an admiral, a Lord Chamberlain, and so forth, place their chairs in a row, and detaching from the back of each seat a musical instrument, turn themselves into a St. James's ("Hall" not "Court") Christy Minstrel Company,

Unlimited, of which Mr. BARRINGTON, as the *Mr. Johnson*, is the life and soul. Is this the remarkably original creation of the united intellects of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN? Have they ever heard of, or did either of them ever see a burlesque entitled *Black Eye'd Susan* at the Royalty, which ran a long way over six hundred nights, and in later days was revived at the Opera Comique and elsewhere? I will quote from the *Times'* notice of that burlesque:—

"The court-martial arranged after the fashion of the Christy's orchestra, every admiral being dressed in a colour corresponding to his title, an actual 'nigger' figuring as Admiral of the Black, is another odd device which keeps the audience in a roar."



THE UNION OF ARTS. "Again we come to thee, Savoy."—*Old Duet.*

And it is this "odd device," with a Lord Chancellor, if I remember right, or some legal luminary in black, for one of the "corner men," which is, after all is said, sung, and done, just the one thing (of the two in the show) that brings down the house, and is applauded to the echo as the outcome of the combined whimsical originality of Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN! Imitation being the sincerest flattery, the author of *Black Eye'd Susan* must be indeed gratified by this tribute to his original success paid by the librettist and the composer of *Utopia*, and having no further use for this particular bit of humour, he will, no doubt, be willing to make a present of it, free of charge, for nightly use, to the distinguished Savoyards as a practical congratulation to the pair of them on their return to the scene of some of their former triumphs.

Mr. BARRINGTON is the life and soul of the show; withdraw him, and then there would be precious little left to draw, excepting, of course, the *mise en scène*, due to Messrs. HARRIS and CARTE, if I may put the HARRIS before the CARTE,—and to the Scenic Artist, CRAVEN. Nor must I forget to mention the Electric Lightists, Messrs. LYONS and KERR, which last is a queer combination of names, from the king of the forest to the lowest of snappy dogs. Miss ROSINA BRANDRAM is, of course, excellent in what she has to do, and Miss NANCY MCINTOSH is equal to the occasion of her appearance. PERCY ANDERSON's costumes are gorgeous and artistic; and to the "Parisian Diamond Company" are due the gems of the piece. The dances are by the ever fertile and agile D'AUBAN, and everybody who has contributed to the success of the show obtains honourable mention in the neat programme-card.

"INQUIRER" writes: "I see an advertisement of a series called 'The Aldine Poets.' Exceptional bards I suppose, as I was always given to understand that poets rarely ate anything. Will this series be followed by 'The Albinch Poets,' 'The Albreakfast Poets,' and 'The Alshup Poets'? The last-mentioned, of course, will sing in praise of ALLSUP'S Ale."

SELF-HELP.

Monday.—Am sick of paying all these doctor's bills. Have just seen an advertisement of *The Domestic Doctor, a Dictionary of Medicine*, issued in monthly parts. The very thing for a man like me, somewhat delicate. Hasten to secure Part I. Shall now be able to doctor myself and save all fees. Delightful! To celebrate emancipation ask JONES and ROBINSON to dinner at club. No need for economy now. Jolly good dinner. That club port is excellent.

Tuesday.—Feel rather seedy. Pain in head. No appetite. Just the time to make use of *Domestic Doctor*. Capital book. Hullo! Well, I'll be hanged! Never thought of that. The beastly thing's alphabetical, and only gets to "Chilblain." No good to look out "Headache." Ah, perhaps "Ache." No go. "Appetite?" But appetite isn't a disease, except in men like BANTING. Absolutely no use whatever. Still, will not be conquered. Shall get another part in a month. Until then take great care only to have complaints up to Ch. Can always fall back on Chilblain. Take it easy, with B. and S. in moderate doses when required, and begin to feel better.

Wednesday.—Just out my finger. Feel somewhat nervous. Remember vaguely that look-jaw often follows a wound on the hand. Ha! My dictionary. "Cuts." Ah, no. "Cuts" come after "Chilblain." They will be in Part II. Bandage wound, and prepare for the worst. Sit with mouth wide open as best attitude for approaching look-jaw. Can then at least be fed. If, however, it really comes, shall be dead before Part VII. of the Dictionary is out. Anyhow, will not send for a doctor.

Thursday.—Hooray! Finger and jaw both well. Somehow left boot feels uncommonly tight. Can't walk at all. That fool PHUST has made this pair too narrow. Feels as though there were something on my toe. By Jove, so there is! Where's the Dictionary? Chilblain? Can't be a chilblain this mild weather. Of course not; it's a corn. Look out "Corn." Oh, hang it, just too far! But, bright idea, perhaps it's a bunion. Look out "Bunion." Hullo, what's this? "Bunion, see Corn." Well, of all the confounded—Positively can't walk till next month. Lie on sofa under open window to get as much air as possible. Fall asleep. Heavy shower comes on. Get quite wet.

Friday.—Sneezing like mad, and coughing. Blow my cough! Blow my nose! No good looking out "Cold" or "Cough" in Dictionary, unless—of course "Catarrh." Seize my priceless treasure, and read, "Catarrh, Latin *catarrhus*, from Greek"—oh, hang the derivation!—"an affection of the mucous membrane, commonly called a cold. See Cold." Foiled again! Must do what I can with domestic remedies till Part II. comes out. Fires, hot grog, hot bath, hot gruel, lots of blankets. Nearly suffocated.

Saturday.—Very much worse. Awful cough. Sit close to fire wrapped in thick dressing-gown. JONES looks in. "Hullo, old man," he says, "what's wrong? Seedy?" I choke out some answer. "Why don't you send for the doctor?" In my indignation nearly burst my head with coughing. At last show him Dictionary, and write on scrap of paper, "Can you suggest some complaint like mine beginning with A or B, or C up to Ch?" Impetuous fellow, JONES. Starts off wildly—"Influenza, Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Inflammation of the Lungs—" Then I manage to stop him, and to gasp, "Up to C." "No difficulty about that," says he. "Cold Cough—" I shake my head feebly. "Well, then, Bronchitis."

Of course. The very thing. Look it out. "Bronchitis, from Greek"—blow the derivation!—"inflammation of the membrane of the bronchia. This serious disease requires skilled attention. Keep the patient warm, and send at once for a medical man." What a miserable swindle, when I hoped to save all doctor's fees! Was warm before. Simply boiling with indignation now. Pass the book to JONES in speechless disgust. "Quite right too," he remarks; "just what I said. Capital book! I'll send the doctor as I go home." And so he does, in spite of my protests. Doctor comes and lays his head on my chest. Then he says, cheerfully, "Only a little cough. You'll be all right to-morrow. What's that you say? Bronchitis? Bosh!"



Horsy Party. "Aw—I want your TABLE D'OAT DINNER!"

A LAWYER'S CHORTLE.

(A long way after "The Throble.")

VACATION is over, vacation is over,
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Back to the Strand again, home to the Courts
again,
Come counsel and clients to go it.

Welcome awaits you, High Court of Justice,
Thousands will flock to you daily.
"You, you, you, you." Is it then for you,
That we forget the Old Bailey?

Jostling and squeezing and struggling and
shoving,
What else were the Courts ever made
for?
The Courts 'twixt the Temple and grey
Lincoln's Inn,
They're not yet entirely paid for!

Now till next year, all of us cry,
We'll say (for a fee) what we're bidden.
Vacation is over, is over, hurrah!
And all past sorrow is hidden.

THE PICKWICKIAN EXAMINATION PAPER.
—Pickwickian students are well to the front.
The first answer to our question in last week's
number was sent from Maidstone. Fitting
that it should come from DICKENS'S favourite
county, Kent. Yes. The only mention of
champagne in *Pickwick* is when Mr. Tupman
drank a bottle of it after an exhilarating
quadrille.

DAMON OUT OF DATE.

HERE is the lovely summer going by,
And we know nought about it, you and I,
Being so far away
One from the other; yet to outward eye
We both are summer gay.

And people talk; although no pulses stir
However much I laugh and dance with her,
My temporary fate;
And you, perhaps as carelessly, prefer
That one your will to wait,

Who, the dance over, from his strict embrace
Gallantly frees you, mops his sun-tanned face,
And asks in accents low
Whether you'd like an ice, or what, in case
You breathe a doubtful "No."

Oh, the striped awning and the fairy lamp,
The cool night fragrance, the insidious damp,
And, more insidious still,
The sweet effrontery of the beardless scamp
Who babbles at his will.

Here, by the sea, which in the darkness sings,
On the free breeze I give my fancy wings,
And in a sudden shrine
Your image throned appears, while the wind
Its sea-incense divine.

Breathless I worship in the waiting night
The sparkling eyes, that sometimes seem all
light,
The cheek so purely pale,
The sacred breast, than whitest dress more
white,
Where whitest thought must fail.

Thin arms, with dimpled shadows here and
there,
The curl'd luxuriance of your soft, dark hair
Its own bewitching wreath,
And perfect mouth that shows, in smiles too
rare,
The radiant little teeth.

You cannot live on dances and delights,
Or fêtes by day and dance-music by nights.
Time foots it fleetlier far
Than all the surging crowd your beauty
Like some cresset star.

The ruthless social dragon will not spare
Your sweet girl nature, withering in the
glare,
Or peeping out by stealth.
Wealth's prize is beauty, and to make all
Beauty's desire is wealth.

I cannot keep a carriage for you, dear;
No horses on three hundred pounds a year
My lacking stables grace.
Yet the swift Hansom to the whistle clear
Will swiftly speed apace.

I cannot give you wines of vintage rare,
There is no room for them beneath the stair
Which is my cellar's space.
Yet with Duke HUMPHREY we could often
fare
With more than ducal grace.

Ah, loves, like books, are fated from the
first,
One gets no cup of water for the thirst
The whole stream would not slake;
Another dims with tears the springs that
burst
To sunshine for his sake.

When this vain fervour sadly sobers down,
I'll love you still, white maid, with eyes so
brown
And voice so passing sweet,
And haply with Apollo's laurel crown
My love's foredoomed defeat.

WHEN THE "CAT"'S AWAY!

AIR—"The Sergeant's Song."



WHEN the "Cat" is not engaged
in its employment—
Right employment,
Of laying its nine tails on
brutal backs—
Brutal backs,

Street gangs of roughs are free
to find employment—
Bad employment,
In beleaguering the cit's re-
turning tracks—
Homeward tracks.

Our feelings we with difficulty
smother—
'Culty smother,
At finding ruffian hordes at
rowdy "fun"—
Rowdy fun.

Taking one consideration with
another—
With another,
One feels that something strin-
gent should be done—
Promptly done!



AGRICULTURAL MANNERS.

SCENE—Hounds running across Land occupied by Non-sporting Tenant.

Sportswoman. "Now, my BOY, OPEN THE GATE, PLEASE, AND LET ME THROUGH."

Young Hodge. "MY ORTHERS IS—'JIM, YOU OPENS THAT THERE GAATE FOR NO MAN!' AND AR'M DENGED IF AR DIS FOR A WOMAN!"

There's the pistol-bearing burglar boldly burgling—
Boldly burgling,
There's the female fiend engaged in cruel crime—
Cruel crime.

There's the bashed, half-throttled traveller lying gurgling—
Faintly gurgling,
And the "Cat" is lying idle all the time—
All the time.

There's the brutal bully kicking wife or mother—
Wife or mother,

The unnatural father torturing his son—
Childish son!

Ah, take one consideration with another—
With another,

It's surely time that something stern were done—
Quickly done!

When the "Cat" was laid about the brute garrotter—
Cur garrotter,

He soon found it inadvisable to choke—
'Ble to choke.

And the lout who of street-out-
rage is a plotter—
Callous plotter,

Would not deem the nine-tailed lash a little joke—
Pleasant joke.

The woman-beating brute would hardly smother—
Scarcely smother,
His howlings when the lash was well laid on—
Well laid on.

So, take one consideration with another—
With another,

The "Cat" should once again be called upon—
Called upon.

The "corner-boys," and larrikins, and suchlike—
Louts and suchlike,

Who rove the streets at night in rowdy gangs—
Robber-gangs,

The tingling o' the nine tails might not much like—
Would not muchlike,

But *that* need not stir sentimental pangs—
Meudlin pangs.

"Gang-boy" to brute Garrotter is just brother—
Simply brother.

The "Cat" away such vermin prowl—for "fun"—
Savage fun!

Yes, take one consideration with another—
With another,

The "Cat" should wake again, says *Punch* for one—
Punch for one!

The policeman seems unequal to the job—
Toughish job.

The constabulary fails to quell the mob—
Rowdy mob.

So, as, very plainly, something must be done—
Promptly done,

The suggestion of the "Cat"'s a happy one—
Happy one!

[And Mr. Punch, with picture and poem (grimly earnest, though of Gilbertian tone) urges its application energetically home upon the powers that be.]

NOTE BY OUR OWN PHILOSOPHER.

THE breakfast-eating practical joker, who can be credited with the humorous invention of placing the shell of an egg (the edible contents of which he has previously extracted and swallowed) inverted in an egg-cup, so as to deceive the first hungry person arriving late into fancying that the others have considerably deprived themselves in order that he may not be without his favourite delicacy, this originator, I say, was decidedly a genius. His work

after hundreds, nay, thousands of years, remains, fresh as is the new laid egg itself! After being used a million billion times, it gives now the same pleasure as ever it did when it first issued from the brain of its brilliant creator! Such a practical joke as this is "not for an age, but for all time," until there shall be no longer left a hen to lay an egg, or, if there be an egg left by the expiring hen, there shall be no longer a person remaining to eat the egg left by the egg-spiring hen; or, if the person and the egg be there, the last man and the last egg, there shall be no ten minutes allowed for refreshment, as there will be no time for anything!! SOCRATES, HOMER, OVID, HORACE, PLAUTUS, TERENCE, SHAKESPEARE, WATT, SIR ISAAC NEWTON, *cum multis aliis!* their names are remembered, and their fame is to the end of the world! While, alas, the name of the True Wit who first chuckled over his stroke of genius, is lost for ever, no work of art perpetuates his name. But his humour is *usque ad finem omnium rerum!*

MRS. R. is not surprised that the *Valkyrie* did not win, when it broke its pinnacle and did not have a centipede.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XII.—Another box at the Eldorado. TIME—About 9.30 P.M.
Enter Mrs. MERRIDEW and ALTHEA, followed by Colonel MERRIDEW and Captain ALCHIN.

Mrs. Merridew. FRANK, the man *did* say WALTER WILDFIRE hasn't sung yet, didn't he? Yes? then *that's* all right! Oughtn't you and I to sit at the back, THEA? Well, you shall have this corner at any rate, and then the curtain will hide you. Captain ALCHIN, will you come between us, please, and then you can explain any of the jokes we don't understand. [They settle down.]

Captain Alchin. Pleasure! (To himself.) Think I see myself explainin' the jokes and that! (Aloud.) Afraid I shan't be of much use, really. Rather out of my line this sort of thing, you know!

Mrs. M. I'm sure you must know more about it than Miss TOOVEY and I do. Tell me who is this rather good-looking girl in kneebreeches with the horrid voice and the blue eyelids, and why does she walk like that?

Capt. Alch. (off his guard.) Oh, that's Miss LARDIE LUSHBOY; it's her usual business—drinkin' song, young man about town, and all that.

Mrs. M. There, you see, you know all about her!

[Capt. A. hastens to explain that her name is on the programme.]

Miss Lardie (sings)—
See us lurch along in line,
with a straggle serpentine.

[She suits the action to the word.]

For we've done a heavy fuddle, and we never pass a "pub"!

And if you want a proof how we chuck about our "oof"—

Why, come along and have a drink with the Rowdy Razzle Club!

Mrs. M. I suppose that's intended as a satire on noisy young men, isn't it, Captain ALCHIN?

Captain Alch. (who hadn't thought of it in that light.) Well—ha—that depends on how you take it, don't you know.

Mrs. M. That's the way I shall take it, and then it's quite moral. (A Low Comedian, in a broad-brimmed hat and a rough black wig, makes his appearance.) This must be WALTER

WILDFIRE, I suppose. THEA, do you see? he looks quite nice, and not really vulgar. Now he's going to sing. Isn't he too delightfully funny! What, FRANK? Not WILDFIRE? Mr. ALF REDBEAK. Are you sure? I was wondering what there could possibly be in such a common little man as that to make such a fuss about. And what language? Captain ALCHIN, what does he mean by saying that he was "dotted on the crust by a copper," and "went off his onion"?

Capt. Alch. (who foresees rocks ahead if he once undertakes to interpret.) Oh, well, they're always inventin' some new slang, you know, Mrs. MERRIDEW; no use tryin' to keep up with it.

[Miss CISSIE CINDERS appears as a bedraggled maid of all work, and sings a doleful ditty to the effect that—"Her missis will not let her wear no feathers in her 'at, so her sojer's gone and given 'er the chuck."]

Mrs. M. (delighted). Isn't she refreshing—so deliciously vulgar! I do hope she hasn't finished. THEA, you're sitting as quiet as a little mouse in that corner. I hope you're not too dreadfully shocked? I'm not—at least of course I am, really; but it's not nearly so bad as I expected.

Althea. Oh, I'm not in the least shocked, CISSIE, thanks; only I don't quite understand it all.

Mrs. M. My dear, no more do I. I don't understand any of it—but that makes no difference!

Alth. (To herself). I don't like to say so, but I am disappointed. Mr. CURPHEW said it would be like a Penny Reading; but it's not a bit, it's ever so much stupider. But he never goes himself, so of course—

Mrs. M. It's quite a respectable audience; I thought we should be the only people in evening dress, but we're not. I do wish they wouldn't allow quite so much smoking, though; the atmosphere's getting something too awful. Oh, THEA, do look in that box just opposite. Can you see through that lace curtain? Ah, you can't see now!

Alth. (looking round the edge of the curtain). Where, CISSIE, who is it?

Mrs. M. Why, quite the typical British Matron—the most

tremendously proper-looking person; so if she doesn't see any harm in being here, I'm sure we needn't. I'll tell you when she pops her head out again. There, quick! THEA, quick! Did you see her that time?

Alth. (faintly). Y—yes. I—I saw her that time. (To herself.) Is this a wicked conscience—or what? It was so like Mamma! But how could it be?

Mrs. M. Did you ever see such a grim old frump, THEA? I wonder what possessed her to come to a place like this? She doesn't look as if it was amusing her much.

Alth. (distractedly). Doesn't she? (To herself.) If it should be Mamma! If she has found out in some way that we were to be here to-night and followed us! But how could she know? Suppose she were to see me, and—come round and fetch me away; how awful it would be! But she can't see me through these curtains. I don't believe it is Mamma. I—I wish I dared look again. Oh, why did I get CISSIE to bring me here?

Capt. Alch. May I borrow your opera glass for a moment, Mrs. MERRIDEW? Thanks, awfully. (As he looks through it.) There's goin' to be a row in that opposite box. Your British Matron's gettin' her quills up—give you my word she is.

Mrs. M. Oh, do let me see! (She holds out her hand for the glass, which

Capt. A. surrenders.) Yes, I do believe you're right. Somebody's just come in and—Now there's another, a young man, and—oh, THEA!

Alth. (in an agony). What is it, CISSIE? do tell me! (To herself.) It must be CHARLES—I'm sure it's CHARLES. Then that's why—and it is Mamma! (Aloud.) Mayn't I have the glass?

Mrs. M. I think you had better not, dear. The British Matron has boxed the poor young man's ears—she has really. I wonder what—but well, it doesn't matter. Now she's turned him out of the box. He's coming back—alone. Yes, the old lady has certainly gone—it's all over. I'm so sorry; it was ever so much more interesting than that big fat man who's singing!

Alth. (tremulously). Mayn't I look now, CISSIE, if it's all over? (She almost snatches the glass, and directs it at the young man in Box C—then to herself, with relief.) Why, it isn't CHARLES—it's not even like him. Then—oh, what a goose I've been! It wasn't Mamma either. It was all my fancy, and she had on rather the same kind of bonnet. As if Mamma would come to a music-hall and box the ears of somebody she didn't know! But what a fright it gave me! [She begins to feel capable of enjoying the performance.]



Col. Merridew (later). Now we're going to see the great man, CECILIA. WILDFIRE's down to sing next.

Capt. Alch. Don't you be too sure, FRANK. They haven't put the number up yet, you see. As likely as not they'll put in an "extra turn," and he won't come at all. I've known that happen lots of times when you come on purpose to see somethin', don't you know.

Mrs. M. Really, Captain ALCHIN, I shall begin to suspect that you are more of an authority about music-halls than your modesty would admit at first.

Capt. Alch. (in some confusion). No, really now, Mrs. MERRIDEW, all I mean is WILDFIRE's bringin' out a play or somethin' to-night at the Hilarity, so he mayn't be able to turn up here, don't you see.

Mrs. M. I won't have you predicting evil like that; it's not at all nice of you, and you're quite wrong, too; for there's his number in the frame now!

[The Scene on the Stage changes once more from an Oriental Palace to a London Street; a bell tingles; the Orchestra dashes into the air of "The Hansom Cabman," which the bulk of the audience hail with delight; then a stream of limelight is thrown on the boards, and WALTER WILDFIRE appears.]

Mrs. M. (after the first verse). I don't know what it is, but there's something about him very different from all the others. And they say he writes all his own songs and music—so clever of him! Quite a striking face he has, rather handsome, with that drooping moustache. Don't you think he's handsome, THEA? (ALTHEA does not answer; WILDFIRE sings the last verse; as he concludes, the house is hushed for an instant, and then breaks into a thunder of applause.) It's quite beautiful that last verse; poor, poor fellow! it all seemed so real, somehow! Ah, he's not going to sing the last verse again. I'm rather glad, for I very nearly howled, and it would be too silly to cry at a music-hall. (Interval.) Here he is again; how different he looks. I suppose it's the sandwich-boards. (WILDFIRE goes through the second song with the small child; in the midst of the second stanza, he suddenly falters, and only recovers himself by a violent effort; ALTHEA has bent forward out of the shadow of the curtain.) It's too frightfully pathetic; he's such a dear, isn't he? (The applause is more rapturous than ever; an encore is clamoured for; WILDFIRE reappears, looking ghastly pale, and makes a mute plea for indulgence; after he has finally retired, the clamour still continues, until the scene and the number are shifted.) He won't sing any more—how sad! Wasn't he charming with that child? (In an undertone.) Why, ALTHEA, darling!

Alth. (in a shaken voice). D—don't speak to me just yet, CISSIE. I know it's very foolish of me; but I can't bear it.

Capt. Alch. (to himself). Gad, I'd give somethin' to sing like that Johnny, and make her eyes shine like that!

Mrs. M. FRANK, we may as well go now, there's nothing else worth staying for, and I'm sure this horrid tobacco is ruining my poor pearls; or would you rather stay a little longer, THEA?

Alth. Oh, no, no; I don't want to hear anybody else—after that. (To herself, as Capt. A. helps her on with her cloak.) And that is the man Mr. CURPHEW said nothing would induce him to go and see. And I actually persuaded myself that— But I am wiser now. He can never be anything to me!

[She leaves the box with her party.]

END OF SCENE XII.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

COLONEL COLVILLE chivalrously takes upon himself responsibility for the title of the volume in which his wife has recorded their joint experience of a trip round the coast of Africa. *Round the Black Man's Garden* is about as bad a title as a book could have. Happily, Mrs. COLVILLE's clever travel notes triumphantly carry the weight. The travellers commenced their journey at Suez, visiting places in the Red Sea which voyagers by the P. and O. steamers pass by on the other side. They made their way down the west coast by all the most uncomfortable means of conveyance attainable, culminating in the filanzana, in which instrument of torture they were carried across the hills and through the swamps of Madagascar. Colonel COLVILLE, just now enjoying himself amid the privations of the journey up country to Uganda, is well known as an indomitable traveller. In Mrs. COLVILLE he found a worthy companion. On a merry page of the narrative of life in Madagascar, it is incidentally mentioned that the travellers arrive at Malatsy with their luggage soaking after a dip in the river. They dine in a whitewashed hut, with an army of big cockroaches overrunning the walls. Resuming their journey next morning they "entered a dense cloud of singularly malignant little black flies." The half-naked porters were soon streaming with blood, and the passengers' faces were in a similar condition. "Luckily," writes Mrs. COLVILLE, in her cheery way, "we were soon clear of the infested belt, to move in the course

of half-an-hour into a flight of locusts." Mrs. COLVILLE takes as the motto of her book the proverb, *Qui suit son chemin arrive à la fin*. My Baronite arrived at the end of Mrs. COLVILLE's fascinating narrative full of admiration for her courage and good temper. But as long as Piccadilly and Pall Mall are not "up," he will be content with them, and would rather not follow her road.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

THE CABMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS.—No. I.

(In short, easy Lessons, arranged after the fashion of the Child's Handbook to Useful Knowledge.)



Question. I suppose your chief desire is to make as much out of the public as possible?

Answer. I suppose it is.

Q. And you will be as glad to attain your object by politeness as by any other method?

A. Well, of course it don't matter to me how I get the coin, so long as I do get it.

Q. Precisely. Well, have you ever tried to be polite?

A. Never. Don't know exactly what the word represents.

Q. So I thought. Well, I will attempt to teach you its meaning by example.

A. Thank you; so long as it helps me, and

don't hurt you, what's the odds?

Q. Certainly; I see that you have some rudimentary knowledge of the matter already. Well, to begin. Suppose a fare gave you less than what you considered your right charge, how would you behave?

A. If a policeman wasn't in the way, I should say "What's this?" and glare at him indignantly.

Q. Have you found this a successful method of obtaining an increase?

A. Well, no, not much. Of course if you get an old lady, or a mother with a heap of children, you can do almost anything with them.

Q. But let us take a smart cavalry officer, who knows his way about town, do you think the method you suggest would be successful with him?

A. No, I don't; but no cavalry officer who was really smart would offer me less than my fare.

Q. But we are assuming that there may be some question about the fare. For instance, what would you consider the right charge from Charing Cross railway-station to the St. James's Theatre?

A. Why, eighteen pence, to be sure, and a cheap eighteen pence in the bargain.

Q. Your computation of the charge will suit my purpose. Of course, you know that the police put the distance at something less than two miles, I may say considerably less?

A. I daresay they do, but the police are not everybody, and you said I was not to consider the constables if they weren't on the spot. If they were, of course that would make a difference.

Q. Assume you get a shilling. Now suppose you were to look at the coin, and to say, "I beg your pardon, Sir, but are you aware this shilling is a George the Fourth, or a well-preserved William the Fourth, or an early Victoria, would you not like to exchange it for one of less historical interest?" Do you not think that such a speech, with a civil touch of the hat, would immediately attract attention?

A. It might, but I can't say for certain, as I have never tried it.

Q. I did not suppose that you had. Do you not believe that were you to make such a remark your kind consideration would receive attention?

A. Quite as likely as not, but what then?

Q. Well, having established yourself on a friendly footing, could you not improve the occasion by adding, "I do not know whether you are aware of the fact, Sir, but I frequently receive eighteen pence for the very distance you have just travelled?"

A. Of course I could, but what good would it be?

Q. That you will probably find out if you act on my suggestion, and now, as I have taught you enough for to-day, I will adopt a driver's phrase and "pull up." Have you anything polite to say to me which will prove to me that you have been bettered by my instruction?

A. Nothing that I can think of, unless it be, "Thank you for nothing."

Q. That is scarcely the reply I had expected. However, do not be disheartened, to thank me at all is a move in the right direction. And now you will come again?

A. Well, yes, when I have nothing better to do.

Q. I am infinitely obliged to you. I will detain you no longer. Good-bye, and I hope you will adopt my method and find it successful.

A. I hope so, too. But there's no telling.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

"DON'T GO, CANON; I WANT TO INTRODUCE YOU TO A LADY WHO WISHES TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE."

"OH—ER—I'M RATHER IN A HURRY; SOME OTHER DAY, PERHAPS—ER—ER."

"IT'S MY WIFE, YOU KNOW."

"OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT. I THOUGHT YOU SAID A LADY! I SHALL BE CHARMED!"

THE BLACK SHADOW.

WE'RE near to the gloomy GUY FAUX anniversary,

Nigh to the gorging of Lord Mayor's Day,
But though 'tis November, there's joy in the Nursery

Ruled by Nurse GLADSTONE out Westminster way.

The summer's long troubles are laid on the shelf

And "Nana" looks quite like enjoying herself.

That bothersome bantling, the big Irish baby,
Is tucked up in bed for a long forty winks.
(Though its shrill Banshee howl will be heard again, maybe,

From waking it, yet, even Nana G. shrinks.)
So new for a nice quiet time, if you please,
With the brace of most sweet-tempered bairns on her knees.

They're English—quite English, and easy to handle,

Won't raise horrid noises and anger the House.

They're pleasant to see and delightful to dandle,

And Nana opines that, with nursery nous,
They'll be got "nicely off"—if she makes no mistakes—

Before that Hibernian worry awakes.

"To market, to market, to buy a fat piggy!
(But O, not a poor Irish pig—in a poke!)"

So pipes Nana GLADSTONE so jocund and jiggy

She ekes out her Nursery lilt with a joke.

"We've done, for a season, with row-de-dow-dow,
And there's no 'Bogey Man,' dears, to bother us now!"

Nurses, we know, find the "Black Man" most handy

To frighten their charges to quiet at times;
But now 'tis all "Hush-a-bye, Babes!"

"Handy-pandy!"

And such soothing carols and quieting rhymes,
No need for a "black ugly thing in the garden"

To quiet these babes, thinks old Nana from Hawarden!

Alas, and alas! Bogey Men are such rum 'uns,

And some Ugly Things are "too previous," or worse.

How oft the Black Shadow appears without summons,

And terrifies not the poor babes, but their Nurse!

Nana's not disturbed—yet—by the Irish babe's squall,

But—what means that black-boding shade on the wall?

The African Bogey! Inopportune, very!

It's really a nuisance, it does seem a shame
That just as Nurse G. is prepared to make merry

With two such sweet bantlings this Spook spoils the game!

Uganda! Mashonaland!! Nurse, I'm afraid
The Dark Continent casts o'er your babes a Black Shade!

THE THREE V'S.

(Voice, Vote, and Veto.)

[What the brewers want is a Reform Bill by which "every adult resident with a throat should have a vote."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

"WHEN wine is in the wit is out"
Was once held wisdom past all doubt;
But now 'twould seem that every throttle
That hath capacity for the bottle,
Must have it also for the suffrage.
No more need rowdy Rad or rough rage.
Throat-suffrage should please everybody
Who lets out noise or takes in toddy,
By way of a capacious throat
Can drink and shout—One Throat, one Vote!

FROM MR. CORMORANT, ST. JAMES'S PARK.
—"Thank you, Sir. Mother and child, Master CORMORANT and Mrs. CORMORANT, are doing uncommonly well. Hope for the best. But permit me, accidents will happen, and I should like to make provision—you understand. How? In my newspaper I see advertised 'Eagle Insurance Co.,' 'Pelican Life Insurance Co.' Why are the Eagle and the Pelican to be benefited, and not the Cormorant—and others? But never mind the others. I speak for myself, and am yours Devouringly, Captain CORMORANT."

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—Most appropriate official to make a "Budget Statement"—Sir GEORGE "DIBBS."

A STRIKE MOTTO.—"'Tis true, 'tis pitty; and pitty 'tis, 'tis true."



SWAIN 36

THE BLACK SHADOW.

NURSE GLADSTONE. "NOW, MY LITTLE DEARS, WE SHALL HAVE A NICE QUIET TIME—ALL TO OURSELVES!"

"UGANDA! MASHONALAND!! NURSE, I'M AFRAID
THE DARK CONTINENT CASTS O'ER YOUR BABES A BLACK SHADE!"



THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

No. VI.—THE UMBROSA BURGLARY.

DURING one of my short summer holidays I happened to be spending a few days at the delightful riverside residence of my friend JAMES SILVER, the extent of whose hospitality is only to be measured by the excellence of the fare that he sets before his guests, or by the varied amusements that he provides for them. The beauties of Umbrosa (for that is the attractive name of his house) are known to all those who during the summer months pass up (or down) the winding reaches of the Upper Thames. It was there that I witnessed a series of startling events which threw the whole county into a temporary turmoil. Had it not been for the unparalleled coolness and sagacity of PICKLOCK HOLES the results might have been fraught with disaster to many distinguished families, but the acumen of HOLES saved the situation and the family-plate, and restored the peace of mind of one of the best fellows in the world.

The party at Umbrosa consisted of the various members of the SILVER family, including, besides Mr. and Mrs. SILVER, three high-spirited and unmarried youths and two charming girls. PICKLOCK HOLES was of course one of the guests. In fact, it had long since come to be an understood thing that wherever I went HOLES should accompany me in the character of a professional detective on the look-out for business; and JAMES SILVER though he may have at first resented the calm unmuscularity of my marvellous friend's immovable face would have been the last man in the world to spoil any chance of sport or excitement by refraining from offering a cordial invitation to HOLES. The party was completed by PETER BOWMAN, a lad of eighteen, who to an extraordinary capacity for mischief, added an imperturbable cheerfulness of manner. He was generally known as Shock-headed PETER, in allusion to the brush-like appearance of his delicate auburn hair, but his intimate friends sometimes addressed him as VENUS, a nickname which he thoroughly deserved by the almost classic irregularity of his Saxon features.

We were all sitting, I remember, on the river-bank, watching the countless craft go past, and enjoying that pleasant industrious indolence which is one of the chief charms of life on the Thames. A punt had just skimmed by, propelled by an athletic young fellow in boating costume. Suddenly HOLES spoke.

"It is strange," he said, "that the man should be still at large."

"What man? Where? How?" we all exclaimed breathlessly.

"The young puntsman," said HOLES, with an almost aggravating coolness. "He is a bigamist, and has murdered his great aunt."

"It cannot be," said Mr. SILVER, with evident distress. "I know the lad well, and a better fellow never breathed."

"I speak the truth," said HOLES, unemotionally. "The induction is perfect. He is wearing a red tie. That tie was not always red. It was, therefore, stained by something. Blood is red. It was, therefore, stained by blood. Now it is well known that the blood of great aunts is of a lighter shade, and the colour of that tie has a lighter shade. The blood that stained it was, therefore, the blood of his great aunt. As for the bigamy, you will have noticed that as he passed he blew two rings of cigarette-smoke, and they both floated in the air at the same time. A ring is a symbol of matrimony. Two rings together mean bigamy. He is, therefore, a bigamist."

For a moment we were silent, struck with horror at this dreadful, this convincing revelation of criminal infamy. Then I broke out:

"HOLES," I said, "you deserve the thanks of the whole community. You will of course communicate with the police."

"No," said HOLES, "they are fools, and I do not care to mix myself up with them. Besides, I have other fish to fry."

Saying this, he led me to a secluded part of the grounds, and whispered in my ear.

"Not a word of what I am about to tell you. There will be a burglary here to-night."

"But, HOLES," I said, startled in spite of myself at the calm omniscience of my friend, "had we not better do something; arm the servants, warn the police, bolt the doors and bar the windows, and sit up with blunderbusses—anything would be better than this state of dreadful expectancy. May I not tell Mr. SILVER?"

"Porson, you are amiable, but you will never learn my methods." And with that enigmatic reply I had to be content in the meantime.

The evening had passed as pleasantly as evenings at Umbrosa

always pass. There had been music; the Umbrosa choir, composed of members of the family and guests, had performed in the drawing-room, and PETER had drawn tears from the eyes of every one by his touching rendering of the well-known songs of "*The Dutiful Son*" and "*The Cartridge-bearer*." Shortly afterwards, the ladies retired to bed, and the gentlemen, after the customary interval in the smoking-room, followed. We were in high good-humour, and had made many plans for the morrow. Only HOLES seemed pre-occupied. Once I heard him muttering to himself, "It's bound to come off properly; never failed yet. They wiled to say they'd be here by the late train. Well, let them come. I shall be ready for them." I did not venture at the time to ask him the meaning of these mysterious words.

I had been sleeping for about an hour, when I was suddenly awakened with a start. In the passage outside I heard the voices of the youngest SILVER boy and of PETER.

"PETER, old chap," said JOHNNY SILVER, "I believe there's burglars in the house. Isn't it a lark?"

"Ripping," said PETER. "Have you told your people?"

"Oh, it's no use waking the governor and the mater; we'll do the job ourselves. I told the girls, and they've all looked themselves in and got under their beds, so they're safe. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Come on then."

With that they went along the passage and down the stairs. My mind was made up, and my trousers and boots were on in less time than it takes to tell it. I went to HOLES's room and entered. He

was lying on his bed, fully awake, dressed in his best detective suit, with his fingers meditatively extended, and touching one another.

"They're here," I said.

"Who?"

"The burglars."

"As I thought," said HOLES, selecting his best basket-hilted life-preserver from a heap in the middle of the room.

"Follow me silently."

I did so. No sooner had we reached the landing, however, than the silence was broken by a series of blood-curdling screams.

"Good Heavens!" was all I could say.

"Hush," said HOLES. I obeyed him. The screams subsided, and I heard the voices of my two young friends, evidently in great triumph.

"Lie still, you brute," said PETER, "or I'll punch your blooming head. Give the rope another twist, JOHNNY. That's it. Now you cut and tell your governor and old HOLES that we've nabbed the beggar."

By this time the household was thoroughly roused. Agitated females and inquisitive males streamed downstairs. Lights were lit, and a remarkable sight met our eyes. In the middle of the drawing-room lay an undersized burglar, securely bound, with PETER sitting on his head.

"JOHNNY and I collared the beggar," said

PETER, "and bowled him over. Thanks, I think I could do a ginger-beer."

The man was of course tried and convicted, and HOLES, who had explained how he had been certain that the burglary was contemplated and had taken his measures accordingly, received the thanks of the County Council.

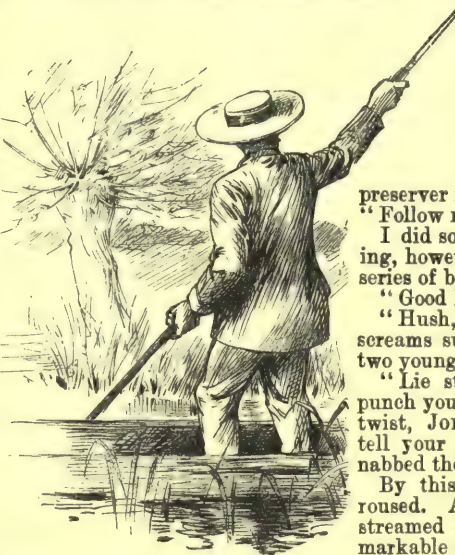
"That fellow," said the great detective to me, "was the best and cleverest of my tame team of country-house burglars. Through him and his associates I have fostered and foiled more thefts than I care to count. Those infernal boys nearly spoilt everything. Potson, take my advice, never attempt a master-stroke in a house full of boys. They can't understand scientific induction. Had they not interfered I should have caught the fellow myself. He had wired to tell me where I should find him."

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.—It's not sufficiently recognised that a Bishop is bound to side with the masters, as by the terms of his contract he engages to be "no striker."

"HOW TO MAKE ENGLAND SOBER."—"It can't be done," says the Bishop of CHESTER, "*sans Jayne*."

A STRIKING HEADLINE (*all rights reserved*).—Loch Out in Matabeleland!

A JINGO PARADOX.—We pot the natives to preserve ourselves.



"Propelled by an athletic young fellow."

A MISTY CRYSTAL.

DARLINGS, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold.
Cannot see beyond my nose,
Must have glasses I suppose.
At the fair I bought a pair,
Golden rimmed, of pebbles rare,
Paid the money then and there,
Glad my spectacles to wear.
But, how strange! I could not see
What was just in front of me!
Took them off and rubbed them
well; [strange to tell,
Cleaned they seemed; but,
When I put them on again
Everything was plain as plain,
But reflected from behind!
Then I found that tho' so blind,
Many little things I saw
Which I had not seen before.
First, my page, of doubtful age,
Put me in a dreadful rage;
Dipped his fingers in the cream;
(Turned and faced him—made
him scream!)

Dropped the pot, upset a lot—
Caught it from me pretty hot.
Next the footman kicked my cat
Sleeping on its lamb's-wool mat.
Loosed my dicky from its cage
(Shall deduct this from his
wage).

When the housemaid scrubbed
the floor, [door
Watched her through the open
At my eldest making eyes.
Packed her off to her surprise,
Heeding not her tears and cries.
Truly blindness makes one wise!
Then I caught my little son
Putting mustard in a bun;
Going to give it to the pug.
Seized him by the nearest lug,
Boxed it hard. He howled with
pain;

Never teased the dog again.
Saw my girl of twenty-three
Kiss the curate, after tea.
Sent the pair to right about.
(Wondered how I found them
out!)

So, you see, I really find
Much amusement of a kind.
Eyes before and eyes behind,
Is there anyone would mind
Being just a little blind?



TRUE COMPUNCTION.

Young Hopeful (who has been celebrating, not wisely but too well, the last day of his Exam.). "LOOK HERE, MAJOR! IF YOU DON'T TELL MY FATHER OF MY D'EGRASHEFUL CONDUCT, I SHALL!"

N.B.!

[In the "Report of the Royal Commission on Labour" it is said that "domestic economy is not now practised among the Scotch peasants with such closeness as formerly; wives have ceased to use oatmeal and other simple fare, and buy from the passing cart inferior goods which they could very well prepare at home." The married labourer's clothing is "finer, but less durable," and he himself is "less unknown in places of amusement."]

Scots, wha hae on parritch fed!
Scots, in thrifty habits bred!
Air ye leavin' barley bread,
And frugality?

Now's the day, much more the
night,
For stickin' to your bawbees
tight!
See approach proud Fashion's
might,
Chains o' luxury!

Wha will to the flesher's wend,
Buy thin breeks that will na
mend,
Wha sae base as saxpence spend
On an evenin' spree?

Wha for Scotland's knitted
hose,
Oaten cakes and homespun
clo'es,
Now will deal some auld-wa'ld
blows?

He will live, not dee!

By each braw and kilted laddie,
Gudeman dounce, and gude-boy
caddie,
Ye may weel at once eradi-
cate frivolity!

Strike, and break amusement's
yoke,
Or your ainsells may be broke!
Siller's saved in every stroke
Of economy!

FIRST-RATE FOREIGN AD-
VERTISEMENT FOR A MEDICAL
FRIEND OF OURS.—Every dinner
in France is now served "à la
Roose."

A WALK IN DEVON.

PART II.—THE FINISH.

Notes from the Travel Diary of Toby, M.P.

The Cottage, Burrow-in-the-Corner, Devon.

VERY awkward to have missed the Post; being Saturday night means delay of twenty-four hours.

"Seen the postman?" I asked Old Gentleman.

"Seed ee two minits ago. Gone up the hill. I'll call him back."

New idea this. Never remember when just too late for last pillar-box clearance in London suburb running after postman, bringing him back, and getting him to make special clearance. Old Gentleman evidently thought nothing of it; skipped out of garden with remarkable agility; in middle of road in a twinkling; shouting "Hi! hi!" and waving green umbrella wildly over his narrow-brimmed top hat, round which the rime of age modestly lurked. Postman did not seem at all annoyed; came back promptly, unlocked box, and trudged off again on his rounds.

Here's where my misfortune began. Way back clear by the road I had come; inviting lane passed Old Gentleman's house; was there any way along it to Burrow-in-the-Corner? "Why, yes," said Old Gentleman, whose desire to accommodate was illimitable. "Follow this lane till you come to four cross roads, then turn to left, and keep on." Nothing plainer than this: getting used to four cross roads in these parts; came upon this particular assort-

ment after quarter of an hour's walk; a sign-post too; so thought-ful; no difficulty about four cross roads when there's a sign-post. Walked up to it and round it; not a single letter remaining intact of the direction. Sign-post older than Old Gentleman with the umbrella, and not nearly in such state of preservation. Not a soul in sight; "no footfall breaking silence of closing day." Old Gentleman said turn to left; so left must be right; take it, and walk on.

Pretty broad highway; must be main road leading somewhere. Why not to Burrow-in-the-Corner? Quarter mile off come upon bifurcation. Which is main road? Instincts of trapper assert themselves; carefully examine which way traffic mostly goes; not many cart-ruts, but majority turn to left; that must be the way to Burrow-in-the-Corner. Take it; find it a ditch between lofty hedges going up a hill, and then, like the late Duke of York, going down again. Half a mile of this; then another bifurcation; a gentle curve, insidious, but unmistakable, one horn of my dilemma leading to right, the other to left. Take the right this time, by way of change; leads into a road running at right angles. Should I turn right or left? Do a little of both in succession; can see nothing of the lay of country, by reason of wall-like hedges; presently come to gate in field; country chillingly unfamiliar.

Situation beginning to grow serious; dusk closing in apace. In spite of it I see my mistake; took the wrong turning when I examined the traffic-mark; must turn back there, and peg along the other road; get into narrow lane again; this time, varying manœuvre of Duke of York, go down a hill, and then go up again.



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 3. STAG HUNTING.



WIREFROOF.

SIR HARRY HARDMAN, MOUNTED ON "BEHEMOTH," CREATED RATHER A STIR AT THE MEET. HE SAID HE DIDN'T CARE A HANG FOR THE BARBED OR ANY OTHER KIND OF WIRE.

Trapper instinct, before alluded to, made me note heap of broken stones at this particular bifurcation. Here it is; no mistake about that; take other turning, and press on full speed; can't be more than two miles now; straight road, and there you are. Can do it under half-an-hour. Nothing so delightful as walk in country lane in cool of evening. This particular lane rather long; roads and lanes cutting off to right and left; at least no bifurcation. Not a house in sight; every soul in the country apparently turned in. Cottar's Saturday night, of course; should have thought of that before; explains everything.

Apparently no end to this road; suddenly seems to disappear; only a dip down a hill; think at first, from steepness, it must be road into Tippeton; but Tippeton is miles away. Getting on for dinner-time; better run down hill; do so; see light flickering at end; probably The Cottage windows; hum "A light in the window for me"; find I've no breath to spare for musical entertainments; shut up, and run. Light comes from farm-house; enter yard cautiously in case of another dog being there. In the twilight see second Old Gentleman; this time in his shirt-sleeves, sitting meditatively on an upturned bucket set on a barn floor. "Is this the way to Burrow-in-the-Corner?" I ask, a little out of breath. Old Gentleman stares; perhaps he is deaf; looks deaf, but find he is only chuckling; repeat question louder. "No," says he, "but that be;" and he waves a horny hand up the wall of a hill down which I had scrambled.

For the last twenty minutes I'd been running away from Burrow-in-the-Corner as if we didn't dine at 7.30.

Old Gentleman not accustomed to seeing joke; made most of this; when he recovered I learned that if I walked back up hill a mile, and took first turning to right, I should be on the road to Burrow-in-the-Corner. Nice pull up hill; kept keen look out for turn to right; after quarter of hour's rapid walking passed on left openings of two lanes in close contiguity. Through one I had forty minutes earlier walked on to this very road. If I had then turned

to left instead of going back I should have been at The Cottage by this time—supposing, of course, the road leads thither.

No use repining; must get on; feeling peckish; walk in middle of road to make most of twilight shut out by hedges; can't see time by watch; doing something more than four miles an hour. At end of what seems half-hour am apparently no forrader; no house; no passer-by; no friendly light over ghostly expanse peeped at through occasional gates.

Begin to think of story heard the other day. Belated parson went to take evening service for friend at church close by post-office where I made acquaintance of first Old Gentleman. Only three miles from his own house; after sermon set off to walk home; thinking of many things, turned off at wrong point; knew country pretty well, but darkness came on; hopelessly lost; found forlornly sitting on a gate at eleven o'clock by farmer's son fortuitously delayed on his return home; took stranger home with him; woke up family, and gave him shakedown for night.

"It was bad enough, TOBY," rev. gentleman said, "and might have been worse. But what rankles most bitterly in my breast at present day is remark of farmer's wife when her son shouted up at open window that he had brought home a clergyman who had lost his way and wanted a bed. 'Clergyman!' she cried, with cruel scorn. 'Get away with you. No clergyman would be out at this time of night.'"

One comfort it's not raining; rained in torrents when my friend the parson had his Sunday night out. Road evidently not leading towards The Cottage; suppose that once more I am walking away from it! Trapper instincts already alluded to have evolved a plan which I hold in reserve. Remember (or think I remember) the turns on the way back to post-office where I made acquaintance of first Old Gentleman; terrible trudge, but better than sleeping in ditch or shed; shall turn back and face it. Halt and hesitate; no sign of Cottage or other light; hedges are black shadows; a few feet in front and an equal distance behind is wall of darkness; decide to take a hundred paces forward. If then no sign of habitation shall turn back and grope way by post-office.

At eightieth pace a turn in the road; a light across the roadway: then The Cottage, and through the open window, into the dark still night, floats the music of SCHUMANN'S "*Frühlingsnacht*." It is the Cook singing, while the Housemaid spreads the cloth for dinner.

NO RAISON D'ÊTRE!

["The custom of dancing, I am informed on good authority, has of late years lost its popularity with our gilded youth!"—*Mr. James Payn.*]

A SINGING-BIRD which will not sing, a watch that will not go, A working-man who scorns to work, a needle that won't sew, Are things whose inutility are obvious at a glance, But what *are* they compared with "gilded youth" who do not dance?

MYSTIFIED.—Somebody at Mrs. R.'s was saying that a certain friend of theirs, a well-known Queen's Counsel, was a first-rate pianist. "By the way," inquired a young barrister, "doesn't he usually practice in Mr. Justice ROMER's court?" Mrs. R. held up her hands in amazement. "Well," she exclaimed; "I had no idea that music was allowed in a law court. But I suppose it's in the interval, while the Judge is at luncheon."

An Expostulation.

(On the recent revision of "*The Tempter*.")

MR. TREE, what have you done?

Hang it all! there's no exempting

You from blame for risks we run

With *The Tempter* yet more tempting.

QUERY.—Has the want of rain this summer, and consequent failure of the hay crops, affected the market for Grass Widows?



POLICE PROTECTION FOR PIANISTS!!

MADE NECESSARY BY THE ANTICS OF THE PADDED-ROOMSKI DEVOTEES AT ST. JAMES'S HALL, WHO RUSH AT, TRY TO EMBRACE, AND DECK WITH ROSES, A CERTAIN MASTER WHENEVER HE APPEARS.

THE NOBLE ORGAN-GRINDER.

["Lord BRASSEY never goes on a cruise, however short, without taking with him a very costly barrel-organ. He plays on it regularly for some time every evening, as he finds it a congenial form of exercise and amusement."—*The World*.]

GRINDER, when serenely grinding
On your yacht the Hundredth Psalm,
Tell me, are you truly finding
In this work congenial charm?

"Music hath" (an old quotation)
"Charms to soothe the savage breast,"
Think how you might lull some nation
Into dilettante rest.

Grinder, gentle-hearted Grinder,
Try the savage who has spurned
Culture, for he might grow kinder,
Soothed by barrel deftly turned.

Matabele LOBENGULA
(Accent on penultimate)
Might be made by music, you'll agree,
a model potentate.

ORPHEUS like, you might so charm him
That a mere Meshona child's
Hand could easily disarm him
In those equatorial wilds.

He would cease to wear his skimpy
Kilts that leave his legs half bare,
He would soon disband his impi;
Culture then would be his care.

Suits of dittos clothe this whopper;
Patent leather boots be got;
You might lead him—"smash my topper!"—
Even to a chimney-pot.

He would have a daily paper,
Standard authors sold in parts,
Shops of tailor, hatter, draper,
An Academy of Arts.

He would teach, by plays, the loyal
Folk on marsh or fertile plain,

Opening a Theatre Royal,
Where they've only Reeds and Grain.
And, till death made him a *Morgue* 'un,
WAGNER, BRAHMS and GREIG no doubt
He would doat on—then your organ
Might be ruthlessly chucked out.

THE CENTRAL HALL OF THE LAW COURTS.

O BARRISTERS' wigs from far and wide
You gather anew!
The Strand, like meadow with daisies pied,
Is dotted with you.

You crowd the courts, so stuffy, so small,
So awkwardly placed;
You don't go into the Central Hall—
Magnificent waste!

That thing of beauty was meant to be
For ever a joy,
Just built to accommodate, as we see,
One messenger boy.

Proud emblem he of the empire's might,
That thus, for a whim,
Spent pounds in thousands with such delight
Just to shelter him.

The courts are draughty, the courts are dark,
The passages small,
And witness, client, solicitor, clerk,
Are squeezed in them all.

Those lancet windows on winding stairs
Don't help one to see;
A falling Commissioner even swears
Without any fee.

Still though we stumble and though we're
squeezed,

We all recollect
That deserted Hall, and we're truly pleased
With it's fine effect.

The vacant acre of paving there
Should never annoy,
It has one occupant, we're aware—
That messenger boy.

A QUESTION OF TINT.

["Who will paint London?"—*Daily News*.]

WHAT a question to ask! If
the colour be blue,
A batch of our London Min-
nervas will do:
For each one will dye—the
allusion is shocking—
Our town and its streets with
the tint of her stocking.
Our pessimist frauds and the
Ibsensite pack
Will groan as they thickly be-
daub it in black.
Asiatic Sir EDWIN, the Poet of
Light,
He will wipe out their work,
and arrange it in white.
Then the Company-gulls will
arrive on the scene,
And, *presto*, the colour of
London is green.
And a rare crew of "Johnnies"
will stay out of bed
Till the daylight appears, while
they paint the town red.
In fact—and you'll thank me
for giving the hint—
Painting London is merely a
question of tint.

MRS. R. cannot call to mind
where the original picture of
"The Waterloo Blanket" is
to be seen.

SONG OF THE AUTUMN SESSION.

(BY A RELUCTANTLY RETURNED M.P.)

AIR—"O! that will be joyful!"

HERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we part to meet again:
No field, no copse, no moor!
O! it will be jawful,
Jawful, jawful, jawful!
O! isn't it awful?

Autumn Meet's an awful bore!

All who hate the "Lords," you know,
Swear this misery below,
We owe to peers above!
O! that, &c.

We'll be lammed by LABOUCHERE,
Who the Afric strife will swear
Is due to RHODES's rule.
O! won't he be jawful, &c.

ASHMEAD, too, will strive to prove
Freedom, prestige, all we love
We'll lose to gain no more, [&c.
Through GLADSTONE the jawful,

O! how weary we shall be,
Ere the two Big Bills, or three,
Are passed and Peer-wards gone!
O! WEG will be jawful, &c.

Then the Rads will shout with joy,
And the short Recess employ.
In larrupping the Lords!
O! won't they be jawful?—
Awful, awful, awful!
It shouldn't be jawful
Autumn Meets to summon more!

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.—WAT TYLER is
avenged—upon wicked WALWORTH, and un-
fair history. A namesake of his is to be Lord
Mayor of London! All we want now is, that
the Right Hon. Mr. JOHN CADE (of Birming-
ham?) should be made Prime Minister.

DR. DULCAMARA UP TO DATE; OR, WANTED A QUACK-QUELCHER.

["The jury, in giving their verdict, strongly censured the gross ignorance of the accused, and regretted that there was no law to prevent them from practising surgery."]



Mr. Punch sings, sotto voce:—

Begone, Dulcamara,
I prythee begone from me! | Begone, Dulcamara,
Thou and I will never agree!
AGREE? By all good powers, no! no more than oil and water!
For to the conscious humbug honest wrath should give no quarter;

And if Punch's ready bâton lays its thwacks on any backs
With special zest, it is on those of charlatans and quacks.
Quack! Quack! Quack! Oh! the pestilential pack!
If there is a loathsome chorus, it is Quack! Quack! Quack!



THE LION AT HOME.

The Hope and Pride of the Family (just home from the Grand Tour). "OH, REALLY, YOU KNOW, THE MEN ONE MEETS IN SOME OF THOSE PLACES OUT WEST! I SAID TO MYSELF EVERY NIGHT, 'WELL, THANK HEAVEN I HAVEN'T SHOT ANYBODY!'"
Fond and Nervous Mother. "YOU MEAN, THANK HEAVEN NOBODY SHOT YOU, DON'T YOU, DEAR?"

But the Quacks are having high old times in these peculiar days,
 And gulls mistake their horrid din, 'twould seem, for pleasant lays.
 We are quacked into distraction by unchastened power of Jaw,
 Assisted by Advertisement and unrestrained by Law.

Dulcamara up to date is no longer poor or petty,
 The pompous, brainless charlatan pictured by DONIZETTI,
 He outshines, out-talks, out-thumps, out-cheats, out-swaggers, and
 out-dresses,

With his nauseous, noxious nostrums, and his nasty, mucky messes.
 Quack! Quack! Quack! He may quack the donkeys dead,
 Their coin out of their purses and their eyes out of their head,
 Their brains into sheer softening, their bodies to the grave,
 But he flourishes unpunished. Is there *nothing* then to save
 The noodles from his ignorance and knavery and bounce?
 No law to lay him by the heels, no hangman's whip to trounce,
 No pillory to gibbet the false fortune-piling pack
 Who poison, maim, and madden with their Quack! Quack! Quack!

Dulcamara stands defiant, while his drum the live air fills
 With praise of his appliances, his potions, and his pills.
 With sham science for his shield, venal literature and art
 For his touts and advertisers, he can bravely play his part.
 The comic man will clown for him, if adequately paid,
 And the poet and the painter puff his wares and push his trade.
 He's proudly testimonialised; folly or purchased cunning
 Crack up his nastiest nostrums, keep his worst deceptions running.
 He will bleed you and blackmail you, if you're weak as well as
 wealthy,

Impoverish and drench you, aye, do aught—save leave you healthy.
 For 'tis quack, quack, quack! and 'tis drum, drum, drum!
 And Dulcamara—when not *worse*—is safe to prove a hum!

Quack! Quack! Quack! It is time that cry to quell
 By Law—or else to treat the quacks like sorry rogues who
 "welsh";

And if Dulcamara's really safe, until the Law they alter,
 Why honest men must see to it, nor in their purpose falter
 Till rascals of "gross ignorance," in foul gregarious pack,
 Can no longer safely victimise with quack, quack, quack!

A WORD TO THE WISE WHEELMAN.

THE SPEAKER, at Warwick, said that "the bicyclists of the day are debilitating and degenerating the human race by the way in which they stoop over their work." The wheelmen would probably retort that, like GOLDSMITH'S sprightly heroine, they "stoop to conquer." And we are not yet *all* wheelmen. Still, the SPEAKER has hit a blot in the contemporary Cyclomania. Few things are more unlovely than the "Bicyclist's Bend." Record-cutting would be purchased dearly at the cost of making men look like camels; and if success on the cinderpath or the road involved giving humanity at large "the hump," one would stigmatise the Cycle Race as the *Inhuman* Race. Let us hope the SPEAKER'S sharp words will make our stooping cyclists "sit up"—in other than the slangy sense of the phrase.

Birds of Pray.

We're told a cormorant sits, and doth not tire,
 For a whole month, perched upon Newark spire!
 VINNY BOURNE'S jackdaw's beaten, it is clear.
 Yet there *are* cormorants who, year after year,
 Perch in the Church. But these omnivorous people
 Favour the pulpit mostly, not the steeple.
 Thrivers upon fat livings find, no doubt,
 Cormorant within is cosier than without.

CREAM OF THE CREAM.—"London Society proper"—we are informed by Lady CHARLES BERESFORD—consists of no more than thirty or forty families! And how about London Society *improper*? Is that equally sparse and exclusive? And—terrible thought!—crucial question!—is it possible that the two orders *overlap* at all? That there are any "noble swells" who belong to both?

THE GOVERNMENT'S PUBLIC POLICY IN SOUTH AFRICA (ACCORDING TO MR. SYDNEY BUNTON).—Not "CARRINGTON'S Entire"!

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes).

SCENE XIII.—"Behind" at the Eldorado. TIME—about 10 P.M.; the Stage at the back of the Scene-cloth is in partial darkness; in the centre, a pile of lumber and properties. Bare white-washed brick walls; at one side, two canvas cabins for the Lady-Artistes to change their costumes; near them a deal table, with a jug and glasses. At one of the wings, behind the proscenium, a shelf and small mirror, at which the Comedians can arrange their make-up, and a frame, in which a placard, with each Artiste's number, is inserted before his or her entrance. A "turn" has just been concluded, and the Stage is clear.

The Stage-Manager (bustling up to Footman, in crimson plush breeches). Now then, look alive, there, can't you, they're getting impatient in front. Why don't you change the number?

Footman (with aggrieved dignity). Because, Sir, Mr. ALF REDBEAK ought to come on, by rights, and, not 'aving chosen to appear yet, I think you'll see yourself, on reflection, as it would be totally—

Stage-M. Well, don't argue about it; here's Miss LUSHBOY ready to go on, put her number up!

Footm. I always understood it was the regulation 'ere that no number was to be put up until the band-parts were passed into the orchestra; which Miss LUSHBOY's music most certainly has not been handed in yet, and, that bein' so—

Stage-M. You can spare a good yard off that tongue of yours, you can; put Miss LUSHBOY's number up, and— Ah, here comes Mr. REDBEAK; never mind.

Enter Mr. REDBEAK, breathless.

Mr. Redbeak. Phew! I've had a job to get 'ere in time, I can tell you. (The Orchestra strikes up.) 'Ulllo, that ain't mine. (To Footman.) What are you about? Put up my number—sharp, now!

Miss Lushboy (to Footman). Here, let me go on; I've been messing about long enough. What are you taking my number out for?

Footm. Now, look 'ere, Miss, I can't please everybody! (Indicating Stage-Manager.) You are as well aware as what I am that it's for him to give the word 'ere, not me. I'm on'y actin' under what—

Mr. Redb. It's crule, you know, that's what it is—crule. I've got to go right across London for my next turn, and—

The Stage-M. (returning). What the blazes are we waiting for now? ALF, dear boy, you should come up to time. (To Footman.) Why don't you do as you're told? You're getting too big for your boots, it strikes me! (To Miss LUSHBOY.) There, go on, my dear, go on. [Miss L. bounds on to the stage, and begins her song.

Mr. Redb. (to Footman). I've got a bone to pick with you, old feller. Don't you go wool-gatherin' to-night, as you did last. I've told you till I'm tired that when you see me chuck this property piecrust into the wings you've got to throw down these fire-irons—it's a safe laugh every time it comes off, and you know 'ow important it is, and yet you forget it nine times out of ten! What's the good of me thinkin' out my business when you go and crab it for me?

Footm. (pathetically). Mr. REDBEAK, Sir, you'll excuse me, but I'm on'y one man 'ere, I ain't a 'undred. Don't thank 'eaven for it, Sir, it's 'ard when a man as tries to do his best, and with all my responsibilities on him—

Mr. Redb. (impatiently). Oh, cheese it; you're not on a stool in 'Ide Park, are you? I'm only tellin' you.

Miss L. (on stage, singing chorus). Say, boys, say, if you'd like to come. Who's for a merry old "Tiddley-um?"

Fall in behind, and we'll all get "blind," before they close the pub!

You're not jays, so you won't refuse. Join our band, for we're on the booze,

And you'll see some larks with the rollicking sparks of the Rowdy Razzle Club!

(Here she capers off, brandishing a gibus, and has a difficulty in opening the practicable door in the wing. To Footman.) There you are again! How often am I to tell you to keep that wood open for my dance off? I break my fingers over it every blessed night, and lose my encore as well!

Footm. I'm exceedingly sorry, miss, but the fact of the matter is my attention was took off at the time owing to—

Miss L. Oh, hold your jaw, do.

Footm. (to himself). I'm to hold my jaw! Oh, these hartistes, they lead me a dorg's life among 'em!

Mr. Redb. (touching Miss L.'s coat as she passes). What's that badge you're wearing? Salvation Army, Temperance, Primrose League, or what?

Miss L. No, only the colours of the Balls Pond Football Team; they presented them to me the other day. I told them I didn't play football.

Mr. Redb. You're pretty fair at the 'igh kick though, ain't you? There, there. 'Alf time. Goin' on again?

Miss L. With a cold like mine? Not likely. Just look at my tongue! (She protrudes the tip of an indigo-coloured tongue for his inspection.)

Mr. Redb. (concerned). Why, it's like one o' those Chow-chow dogs, I'm blest if it isn't! You are off colour to-night, no mistake!

Miss L. Oh, that's the remedy, not the disease—liquorice, you know.

Stage-M. Now, ALF, if you're in such a hurry, go on. Cut it as short as you like—no extra turns to-night.

Mr. Redb. No fear. Oh dear, oh dear, such a rush as it is!

[He goes on grumbling.]

A Small Boy (who has been sitting patiently on a chair by the wing—to Stage-Manager). If you please, Sir, will Mr. WILDFIRE want me to-night?

Miss L. Want you, indeed, you silly kid! What would Mr. WILDFIRE want a shrimp like you for?

The Boy. If he's going to do the Sandwich Man 'ere to-night, he'll want me, I know. Why, it all depends on me, that song does. (To Stage-M.) Is he going to do the Sandwich Man to-night, Sir?

Stage-M. Oh, don't bother me; wait till he comes and you'll find out. (To Miss L.) I suppose you've heard he's talking of not renewing his engagement after to-night—giving up the halls altogether!

Miss L. And no great loss either! I don't see anything particular about his songs myself. As for all that gas about his raising the tone of the halls, it's sickening. Anyone would suppose we lowered it!

Miss Cissie Cinders (coming out of a dressing-cabin, in a battered old velvet hat and broken feathers, with her face smudged). Who's that you're talking about? WILDFIRE? Ah, my dear, this 'Igh Art and Littery rot'll be the ruin of the 'alls—him and his articles in the swell magazines, praising us all up—he can keep his praises to himself—I don't want 'em! I've never set up to refine the public myself, or else I could fake it easy enough! [She passes on to stage.]

Mr. Gus. Tadman (Variety Vocalist). We could all do it, come to that. But there, he won't last, you'll see. Why, look at the 'it I made with my "Rorty Naughty Nell"! That was a good song if you like, and well-written, mind yer. But lor, it's clean forgotten now. I 'ear WILDFIRE's bringing out a play to-night at the Hilarity, it'll serve him right if it gets the bird, going back on his own profession like that! (To Miss CINDERS, who has just sung.) House cold to-night?



"It's like singing to a lot of 'ap'ny ices!"

Miss Cinders (in a temper). Cold, it's like singing to a lot of 'ap'ny ices! I used to have the choruses all sung for me when I brought out that song first; and now they've let me go off without a 'and! We shall see whether they'll rise to WILDFIRE to-night. Ah, here he is. Actually coming up to speak to us; there's an honour!

Miss Betsy Beno (to WILDFIRE, as he passes the table where she is sitting waiting for her turn). 'Ere, WATTY, old man, stop and 'ave a drop along of me. Do—there's plenty 'ere! (as WILDFIRE excuses himself laughingly). Well, I'm sure—refusing to drink when a lady goes out of her way to ask him—he hasn't the manners of a pig! And I draw my sixty quid a week the same as he does!

Mr. Tadman. Well, dear boy, how's the play getting on? Not a frost, I hope?

Wildfire. No; I just looked in on my way from the Val. here, and they seemed to think it was all right; but I couldn't stay till the finish. They're going to send round and let me know. (To the Small Boy, who has approached anxiously.) Oh, there you are, youngster! Yes, I shall want you—for the last time, you know.

The Boy. Why, you—you ain't going to take the part away from me, Sir, when I created it, too!

Wildf. (patting his shoulder kindly). I'm giving up singing altogether—that's why. Never mind; I'll see it makes no difference to you, so don't you distress yourself. We'll find you something or other to do.

The Boy (with a gulp). If I ain't going to be with you any more, I—I don't care what 'appens, Sir. I'd as soon throw up the perfection myself, I would! [He turns away into a dark corner.

Wildf. (to himself, as he goes to the wing). Nice boy that; didn't think he'd care so much; must keep an eye on him. Flattery must be over now. I wish I could have stayed to see it out; it was going magnificently; but there were some rather risky scenes ahead. Still, I believe it's a success; and, if it is, I shall have done with all this for ever after to-night. I can go to ALTHEA and tell her, without— By Jove! wasn't it to-night that Old TOOVEY was to be in front? I wonder what he'll think of it. (He looks at himself in the mirror.) He'll have some difficulty in recognising me in this get up. Well, I shall know on Monday. (He goes on, and sings; then rushes back to the wing to change his costume, with the assistance of his dresser.) Yes, the coat, now, dresser, please. (To himself, as he paints some lines on his face.) I couldn't see anyone at all like old TOOVEY. Very odd! They must have sent him the box, I suppose. Well, it doesn't matter; if he didn't think it necessary to come, so much the better. (Aloud.) Wigpaste, please. Now the boards. All right—I'm ready. (To the Boy.) Now, youngster, look out for your cue. [He goes on.

The Limelight Man (up in the flies—to himself). What's wrong with Mr. WILDFIRE? He as nearly broke down just now as—and I can't keep the limelight on him nehew to-night! He can't have been drinking—he ain't that sort. But he do look bad—it's as much as ever he can do to go through with it; somethink's given him a turn.

Wildfire (to himself, as he goes back to the wing, unsteadily). She's here—and, what's worse, she's recognised me! She must have, or she would never have looked like that. If I could only have told her first; but, to discover it like this—she'll think I meant to— (He pitches away his boards in a fury.) Well, I've done for myself—it's all over! (To his dresser.) A note, eh?

[He opens it, and reads the contents mechanically; Mr. TADMAN and one or two other artistes come up with curiosity on seeing his expression.

Tadm. Why, WILDFIRE, old man, what's this? Play gone wrong? Never mind, dear boy, we can't have everything. But what's the report, eh?

Wildf. (impatiently). Oh, I don't know. What does it matter now? (He lets the note fall.) There, you can read it if you want to know. [He walks away.

Tadm. (with complacency). Poor chap, he's hard hit! But I could have told him it wasn't to be expected that— (He picks up the note, and reads it with a falling jaw.) Hullo! What's the meaning of this? It says the piece is a tremendous go—safe for a long run—had to raise the rag again and again. Why, he'll make his fortune over this alone; and yet, look at him! (Pointing to WILDFIRE, who has seated himself on the pile of lumber, in utter dejection.) And all those fools in front clapping and stamping for him to come on again. What more does the feller want, I wonder!

END OF SCENE XIII.

ROBERT ON THE COMING SHO.

WELL, here we are just about gitting to the hend of our Citty Year, when we changes our raining Sovverain, altho he is but twelve munse old, and takes on a new one, for better or wuss as the case may be, and in this case I most suttently thinks that it would be werry



difficult indeed to change for a better, for it tish't not only me and all my tribe, as *Shylock* calls us, but all the many hundreds, if not thousands, as has had a share of the Rite Honnerabel the LORD MARE's noble ospitality, must all agree that a more liberaller, or hospitaler, or hopen artider Gent never entered the honored Manshun House than him who to ewerybody's regret is a going next week for to leave it!

Why, I ardy expects to be beleaved when I says as we have sumtimes had as many as three or fore grand Bankwets in one week, and the LORD MARE would get up as usual the nex morning as if he thort nothink of it! No more he did, no not ewen when the King of DENMARK himself came and dined with him at Gildall, and explained to him all about the unfortnet death of *Prince Hamlet*!

I do hear as we are to have such a Lord Mare's Sho as we ain't offen had, including, above all things that

nobody cou'dn't have emagined, nothink less than a reel copy of the grand New Tower Bridge, and if that won't be a site for the estonished Multitoeed praps somebody will kindly tell me what would be.

There was a tork of asking all the Roossian Sailors, who has been a having sitch a jolly time of it in France, to run over and jine the Sho first and the Bankwet arterwards, but it was werry doubtful whether ewen all the Haldermen, much less all the Common Counselmen, could have chatted away with them in their own native tung, so the idear was given up in favour of Fire engines and Fire men.

I've seen a goodish many Lord Mare's Shos in my time, and hopes to see a few more, in spite of the gellous growls of another body of gents as shall be nameless, but it woud suttently be a grand joke to see the gellous body eluded to coming out in a London County show of their own, amid the skoffs and jiers and larfter of the emused Metrolopus!

ROBERT.

THE "OBERLAND" ROUTE.

[“A scheme for making a waterway between Switzerland and the Adriatic is to be submitted to the Federal Government at no very distant date.”—*Westminster Gazette*.]

British Minister, Bern, to Lord Rosebery, London.—A MR. JONES, who says he's a British subject, went up Pilatus to get view. Didn't get it. Also complains of overcharge for candles at his hotel. Have demanded immediate satisfaction from Swiss Government. Please send Mediterranean Squadron to Locarno.

Lord Rosebery, London, to British Minister, Bern.—Can't spare the Squadron. Won't a gunboat do? You may speak strongly to Swiss Government. Tell them insult to JONES is insult to England. Meanwhile, wire best route for fleet to get up to Bern, if necessary. Don't see it on map.

Brit. Min., B., to Lord R.—Owing to Mediterranean Squadron not having appeared at Locarno, Swiss Government very aggressive. Passenger steamers on Lakes of Geneva, Thun, and Lucerne being converted into a fleet. Special new corps d'armée formed from Chamounix guides and patriotic hotel waiters. Man (whose name was ROBINSON) mistaken for JONES, and mobbed in streets last night. Some kind of Naval Demonstration absolutely necessary. Put ships on rail at Locarno, send 'em through Gothard Tunnel, and there you are!

Lord R. to Brit. Min., B.—British Government recognises gravity of the JONES incident. What do you advise? Aren't the Alps in the way? *Brit. Min., B., to Lord R.*—Didn't like to suggest details. Send ironclads. Ram something. Why not bombard Alps. Gunboat moored at Devil's Bridge might shell Andermatt. Leave it to you.

Lord R. to Brit. Min., B.—Sorry to say, European complications have now arisen from JONES incident. Swiss Government has offered its fleet to Russia and France. Triple Alliance tottering. Can't you get Swiss Government to apologise to JONES, and end business?

Brit. Min. to Lord R.—Business is ended. JONES not a British subject after all, but a Swede, who's travelled in America! Recall gunboat.

UNION IS (LOGICAL) WEAKNESS.—The Congregational Union lays it down as a law, “that the rights of humanity must take precedence of those of property.” We fear this admirable maxim (like equally admirable Charity) might be made to cover a multitude of sins, from petty larceny to anarchism. Would it be consonant with the “rights of humanity,” for, say, a Congregational Unionist to object to a poor tramp stealing his best umbrella on a wet day?



THE SPREAD OF CULTURE DOWNWARDS.

"ULLO, MARY, WHAT'S THIS? NAME OF THE 'OUSE?"

"No, MR. IGNORANCE; IT'S A LATIN WORD, AND MEANS 'PLEASE TO WIPE YOUR FEET!'"

"RESH'PROSH'TY."

"What struck the TZAR... in the recent festivities, was the feeling of fraternity which seemed to pervade the multitude... The feeling of concord and fraternity appears to survive the last echoes of the festivities... The word now most frequently heard is 'Amnesty.' This, indeed, is the fittest coping-stone to prolonged festivities characterised by universal concord."—*Times' Paris Correspondent.*

President. "Prolonged feshtivitish!" Thash good, that ish!

Very prolonged, ole f'ler, an' awf'ly feshtive!

Tzar. Yesh, tha' what shtruck me! (*Aside.*) But I really wish

He wouldn't gush. ROMANOFF pride turns reshtive!

President. Sho glad it shtruck you sho! Au' nurrer thing

You *mush* ha' notish'd. Feeling of fraternity

All over shop! I shay, may friendship's wing

Ne'er moult a feather, not to all eternity.

Tzar. I echosh tha' fine Shwiveller shentiment

Entirely! (*Aside.*) I must not appear too sober.

President. Now Fransh ish shatishfied—an' world content!

Republic won't forget thish last October!

Feelings of concord, cetra, *will* survive

Last echosh of feshtivitish—for ever!

Tzar. Oh, coursh! Asshure you I am quite alive

To reshproshity—shan't forget it—never!

President. Thash ri' ole f'ler! Our resh—hic!—proshity—

Not like the comic Yankee's, all one shide?

Tzar. Certainly not! Shorry to say good-bye!

But though our bodiesh part, our soulsh are tied.

President. Precishly! We're both tight—mean tied—in knotsh.

The champagne, an' the speeches, an' the kiasses

Have bound our bosomsh, and combined our lotsh!

Tzar. Quite sho! (*Aside.*) I'll watch a chance to hint my wishes.

President. We've had a jolly time, and now, ole f'ler,

Ash "coping-shtone" to all this talk and toddy,

As shequel to thish patr'otic stir,

I'm going to amneshty—yesh, *everybody!*

Wha' shay, dear ROMANOFF, will you do same?

Jush show, y' know, that theresh no animoshity!

Tzar (aside). Oh, *that* is the Republic's little game?

Russia can't stand *that* form of reciprocity!

(*Aloud.*) All ri', ole f'ler, you jush leave that to *Me!*

Mosh noble notion, that shame "coping-shtone!"

By way, ole f'ler, talking of amneshty—

Could you just 'blige me with a trifling Loan?

THE PROFESSION OF—JOURNALISM.

(*An Entirely Imaginary Letter.*)

DEAR MR. B-CH-N-N,—Our famous Third Page rather dull lately. Couldn't you enliven it up by one of your characteristic letters—say on "The Profession of Literature"? Say all the old things about its degrading effect on those who follow it, including yourself—the public loves to see a vivisection in public—and be sure to spice it well with distinguished names, such as SW-NB-EN-, R-SS-TT-, etc. Any depreciatory anecdotes would be very telling, and serve to evoke indignant *free* replies from those who wouldn't guess they were jumping to a prepared bait. I shall count on you for a column. Yours faithfully, THE EDITOR OF THE —.

P.S.—Of course you will be insulted at the usual rate.—Ed.

[*Result—the usual one on the famous Third Page.*]

Mot by a Member.

(*During the Debate on the Second Reading of the Parish Councils Bill.*)

FOWLER was longish, LONG was even longer,
MORE was much less so, STANHOPE little stronger;
But HENEAGE even when brief's sublime
He's not for Hene-age, but for all (our) time!
What a relief after such thrice-skimmed milk
To get truth's cream from ROLLIT and from DILKE!

THE LATEST "GLASS OF FASHION."—The dress fashioned of spun-glass, as a royal robe for the Princess ECLALIA of Spain, and exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair.



“RESH'PROSH'TY.”

M. CARNOT. “WELL, OLE F'LER, WE'VE ALL HAD JOLLY GOOD TIME—AN' I'M GOING T' AMNESTY EV'RYB'Y!! YOU—DO—SAME!!”

TZAR. “LEAVE THAT T' ME. BY TH' WAY—COULD YOU 'BLIGE ME—TRIFLIN' LOAN?”



"BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY."

(Rudyard Kipling *passim*.)

TOM's uncle by his will
Left TOM in greatest glory.
There was a codicil—
"But that's another story."

PHIL wooed a fair one, KATE;
She met him *con amore*.
The damages were great—
"But that's another story."

HUGH's rent (for an address!)
Was far and wide in ore.
His suite now costs him less—
"But that's another story."

Of readers not a few
Deem RIDER HAGGARD gory.
We have MACBETH, it's true—
"But that's another story."

One JOSEPH was enrolled—
Though now a sort of Tory—
A Williamite of old—
"But that's another story."

Some maids would make it
known [hoary,
They'll wait till locks are
But wed for love alone—
"But that's another
'story.'"

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

(A Modern Glove Romance.)

THAT pair of gloves you wore
when first we met
Were what you called, I
think, a "pair of loves."
You won them from your
cousin on a bet—
That pair of gloves.

Now as to colour, this or that
shade proves
A shade expensive, runs you
into debt.

Tan's universal, while a tint
of dove's [Yet
Particularly nice for evening.
Black with white stitching
most my fancy moves,
And such were yours. I
never can forget
That pair of gloves.



TOO COSTLY.

The Vicar. "DEAR, DEAR, MRS. PRICKLES, I REGRET TO HEAR THAT MRS. BROWN HAS TREATED YOU SO SHAMEFULLY. I SHOULD COUNSEL YOU TO HEAP COALS OF FIRE ON HER HEAD—"

Mrs. P. "AH, SIR—THAT'S WOT I WOULD DO, AS SOON AS LOOK AT 'ER: BUT I CAN'T AFFORD IT AT ONE-AN'-NINEPENCE A 'UNDERWEIGHT!'"

RHODES TO — ?

SIR HENRY LOCH may hold the key
In Africa, but all must see
That RHODES the handle hath
fast grip on,
Shouts "Let her rip!"—de-
spite Lord RIPOX.
Cut is poor LOBENGULA's comb,
'Tis said that all roads lead to
Rome.
The new Ring that old saw
explodes;
Where'er we roam we're led
to—RHODES.
Whether or no this Great Pan-
jandrum
(Who handles well the pen,
sword, and drum)
Is the true friend of Civilisa-
tion,
And puts her laws in opera-
tion;
At least he can maintain with
pride,
He has her Maxims on his side.

FABIUS FIN-DE-SIÈCLE.

[The Fabian Society, in the *Fort-
nightly Review*, has "launched a
manifesto, which proposes that the
Government shall be attacked by
extreme Radicals because it has
only met them half way."]

STRANGE that a "Fabian
policy," up-to-date,
Should be so obviously *not* to
wait!
Sure the Society's name is
chosen ill!
RUPERT the title-rôle might
fittier fill.
The Fabian Manifesto fright-
ens no man;
But just conceive the great,
but cautious, Roman
Heading a restive, Radical
"Ugly Rush"!
Though Patience suffers in the
Modern Crush,
Perchance the Socialistic per-
rator
Might learn a lesson from the
great Cunctator!

THE CABMAN'S GUIDE TO POLITENESS.—No. II.

Question. I think when you are out of temper, and have been asked by a Fare, who appears to know more (or less) about distances than you do, to stop, you pretend not to hear him?

Answer. Yes; and I continue not to hear him until a policeman pulls me up.

Q. Quite so; and then you have a way of giving a jerk while your Fare is getting in which either covers a lady's dress with mud, or all but breaks the leg of a gentleman?

A. Well, I have known such things to happen.

Q. And when you reach your destination, you carefully forget the number of the street or square, and are equally hard of hearing if your Fare attempts to direct you?

A. You have hit it, especially if it's raining.

Q. Of course. And when you get your money, you sneer and drive away, as if you were disgusted?

A. Yes. And as I go off I make as much splash as I can, in the hope of my late fare getting a dose of the mud.

Q. Exactly. Now, don't you think it would be better to come up cheerfully, drive carefully, and when you receive your money, observe, "Well, Sir (or Madam), I know I have no right to more, but times are hard, and if you would spare an extra sixpence, I should consider it a real kindness?" Would not that mode be better than the other? Would it not be more profitable?

A. It might, but I can't say, as I have never tried it.

Q. Again, what is your method of obtaining what you consider

to be your rights from a mother with two boxes and four small children?

A. Why I generally swear at the kids and sit on the boxes until I am paid what I ask, or get sent to the right-about by a policeman.

Q. No doubt; yet such a course seems both barbarous and inconvenient. Could you not improve upon it?

A. Not I. It is the right thing to do, and that is why I do it.

Q. And yet would it not be as easy for you to help the boxes down yourself, and then to make friends with the mother through her children? Could you not observe, "Bless their hearts, they are fine lads, or young ladies (as the case might be), and you should be proud of them, mum?"

A. Yes, I might say that, but I don't think the mother would come down with the cash any quicker on account of it.

Q. But supposing, when you were offered less than you thought due to you, could you not observe, "I have children of my own, mum, and if you could spare a couple of shillings (or half-a-crown, or what you thought right) more, it would be a real kindness, and give my children something more than bread and water for dinner?" Could you not say that?

A. I might, but I won't.

Q. But surely it would be pleasanter for you to be amiable and courteous instead of a bully and a brute? And would it not be easier, too?

A. Try for yourself. Just you drive a cab for a dozen hours in all weathers, and then you will learn what chances you have of feeling light-hearted and polite!

PREPARING FOR CHRISTMAS.

(A Yule-tide Story told in Advance.)

YES, SCROOGE was an altered man! He was genial and amiable, and altogether an estimable being. SCROOGE'S nephew was delighted with the change. He could scarcely believe his ears and eyes.

"And don't you really interfere with the theatres, Sir?" asked SCROOGE'S nephew. "At one time you were always telling them to take down this, and put up that, and making the lives of the managers burdens to them. Don't you interfere any longer?"

"Of course not, my lad," replied SCROOGE, heartily. "Why should I? This is the pleasantest world imaginable, and it would be less charming without its play-houses."

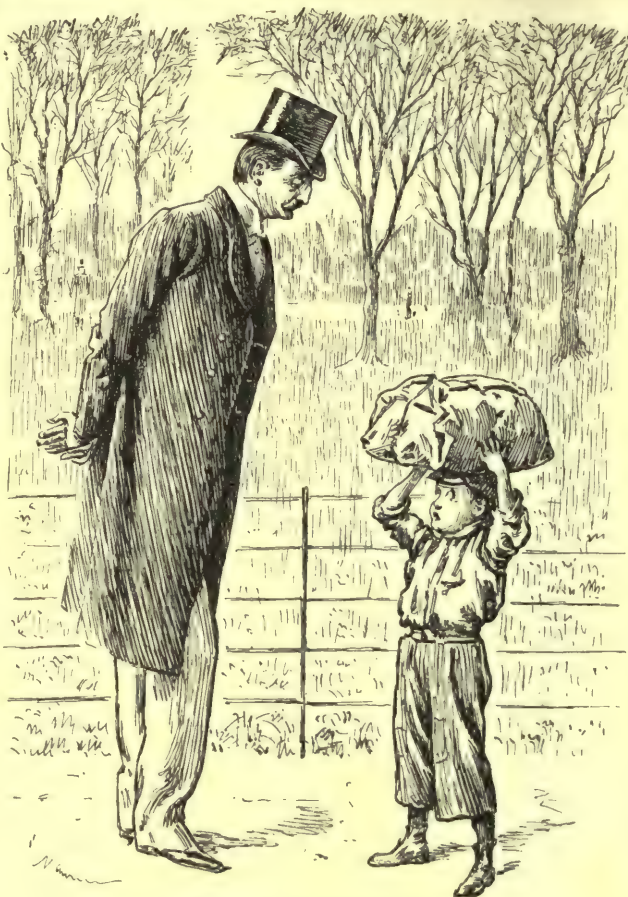
"Right you are, Sir," returned SCROOGE'S nephew; "but I suppose you look in occasionally at the halls to supervise the entertainments?"

"I look in to enjoy them, my boy!" cried SCROOGE, with a ringing laugh, that could be heard for furlongs. "What do they want with my supervision?"

"I am sure I don't know, uncle; but I thought it was a way you had. And then you are going to strip the hoardings of the posters, aren't you?"

"I strip the hoardings of the posters! Why should I? The hoardings look a precious sight better covered with pictures than left to dirt and decay. I interfere with the hoardings! I never heard of such a thing! What put that into your head?"

"Well, it used to be an old way



MISUNDERSTOOD.

Noble Philanthropist. "THAT PARCEL SEEMS RATHER HEAVY FOR YOU, MY LITTLE MAN! LET ME TAKE IT!"

Small Boy. "LET YEE TYKE MY PARCEL! GARN WITH YEE. I'LL CALL THE PERLICE!"

of yours," returned SCROOGE'S nephew. "Why, uncle, don't you remember? You used to be interfering with and ordering about everything. Taking up the road and closing the thoroughfare. Bothering the costermongers and the retail shopkeepers and the small householders. In fact, making yourself a general nuisance in all directions. Why, uncle, you have entirely changed your nature!"

"Not at all," said SCROOGE. "I am not changed, but my office is. Do you not know that I have ceased to be a member of the London County Council?"

"No, this is the first time I have heard of it! Why, that accounts for everything! It explains why you are a pleasant, good-natured old gentleman in lieu of a curmudgeon and a brute. It explains everything."

And it did!

NAME! NAME!—No name has been announced for the new daily paper projected by Mr. STREAD. In view of the plan frankly set forth in the prospectus, whereby one hundred thousand persons are to subscribe the capital, and if the venture proves a success the enterprising editor is to have the option of acquiring the property, a suitable title would be, *Heads-I-Win-Tails-You-Lose*. It is a little long, perhaps; but it precisely describes the relative positions, and you can't—at least some people can't—have everything.

DRAMATIC RECIPES (FROM THE QUEEN'S COOKERY BOOK).—First catch your HARE.

THE DARK CONTINENT IN TWO LIGHTS.

SCENE—A conquered country. TIME—The Past. Conquerors (colonists) panting after their hard work in defeating the natives. Enter an Official. The remaining members of the Colonial Band sing the National Anthem.

Official. I congratulate you upon your success. The more especially as you have gained it without the assistance of the Imperial power. (The Colonists indulge in feeble cheers.) But now my turn has arrived. In the name of the SOVEREIGN I claim this land for England!

[Plants the British Flag. Curtain.]

SCENE—As before. TIME—The Present. Conquerors (colonists) smoking after the pleasant toil of moving down the natives. Enter an Official. The Colonial Band (in its entirety) takes no notice.

Official. I congratulate you upon your success. The more especially as you have gained it without the assistance of the Imperial power. (The Colonists indulge in roars of laughter.) But now my turn has arrived. In the name of the SOVEREIGN I claim this land for England!

Colonists. No you don't! Be off! We can get on without you!

[Turns Official and his Flag out of the Country. Curtain.]

ARGENTINA.

[It is stated that JABEZ S. BALFOUR is living in a perfect fairy-land.]

I DREAMT that I dwell in marble halls,
With orchids on every side,
A very long way from Old Bailey's walls,
Where NEWTON and HOBBS were tried.
I had riches too great to count; could boast
Of JABEZ, an elegant name;
And I also dreamt, which charmed me most,
Argentina loved me the same.

I dreamt that my country let me go,
In an indolent sort of way,
For Scotland Yard did not seem to know
It would "want" me another day.
So they carefully closed the stable-door,
When I'd fled beyond reach of b'ame;
And I also dreamt, which charmed me more,
Argentina loved me the same.

I dreamt that detectives sought my hand,
But their warrants I could not see,
So their vows my swindler's heart could
withstand,
Though they pledged their faith to me.
Buenos Ayres' bold, brazen face,
Never glows with the blush of shame;
Though I should be lynched in a decent
place,
Argentina loves me the same.

A GREAT FIELD FOR HUMOURISTS ANNUALLY.—"Wit acres' Almanack."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, November 2. —Began work again to-day as if nothing had happened from February to September. Understood to have had a recess; so short hardly worth mentioning. Considering all circumstances, attendance marvellously large. MARJORIBANKS got his men together as usual, crowding benches on Ministerial side. Opposition not in quite such a hurry to wash their spears; but muster creditable. Irish camp deserted. "You see," said JUSTIN MCCARTHY, "it isn't our funeral. But the bhoys are hanging round and will turn up if wanted."

HENRY FOWLER moved Second Reading Parish Councils Bill. Adroit and able speech; rather hard on WALTER LONG; to him deputed position of spokesman on Front Opposition bench. Brought down notes of convincing speech. FOWLER getting in first anticipated all his objections; met them with benevolent alacrity that disarmed hostility. What did statesmen opposite want? Anything in reason should be conceded. "Give your orders, gents, whilst the waiter's in the room."

This an admirable stroke of business, but a little depressing from spectacular point of view. No more pyrotechnics; no further meetings on the floor; no more grips at close quarters. HAYES FISHER looked on moodily; LOGAN passed Front Opposition



PARLIAMENT BY PROXY.

bench without once so much as looking at place where CARSON is accustomed meekly to repose. Respectable elderly gentlemen like FRANCIS POWELL and JEFFREYS took the floor. Even contumacious COBB admitted soothing influence of the hour.



Parish Council's.

Commons is not yet sunk so low as that. Confess I myself feel depressed. Couldn't to-night adequately fill my favourite and popular part of The Man from Shropshire. At least I'll deliver House from disgrace of bringing debate to a close for the puerile reason that we're all agreed Second Reading shall be taken."

So he wandered on; was just warming into Man-from-Shropshire manner, when midnight sounded and Debate stood adjourned.

Business done.—Second Reading Parish Councils Bill moved.

Friday.—For middle-aged gentleman of long experience never saw man so decomposed as JESSE COLLINGS was just now, when he let cat out of bag about future arrangements of the Unionists personal to himself. What is to be done with the Faithful One when JOSEPH comes into his own is favourite speculation in smoke-room. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE takes special interest in matter. Most men think JESSE should have Cabinet rank in Coalition Ministry.

"No," says the SAGE, "he should be a Viceroy, either of India or Canada. Cut out for the place; and there would be no question of salary, such as, seven years ago, embittered his relations with Mr. G."

Didn't want anything more than that Parish Councils should have power to take land wherever they found it, and divide it amongst the poor. As everybody agreed Bill in the main desirable, and since FOWLER had promised fullest consideration of amendments in Committee, seemed natural thing to do was forthwith to read Bill second time, and fix date of Committee.

"No, Sir," said STANLEY LEIGHTON. "I trust the House of

All these conjectures beside the point. Matter has, apparently, been settled in inner councils of party, and to-night JESSE accidentally, inadvertently, lifted the veil. "I have," he said, in course of luminous speech prefaced by addressing the SPEAKER as "Mr. Mayor," "something to say on that subject, but I will reserve my remarks for another place." House not very full at moment. But everyone knows meaning of House of Commons phrase "another place." Sensation profound. Bordesley soon to be bereft, for JESSE COLLINGS is going to the Lords! HENRY MATTHEWS, a local authority on the subject, says even title been fixed upon. Nothing less than territorial style will do for the ex-Mayor and Radical Alderman. Soon the Upper House will greet Lord BORDESLEY of Birmingham.

Quiet night, with further talk round Parish Councils Bill. Mr. G. present, seated between SQUIRE OF MALWOOD and JOHN MORLEY. Singularly subdued in manner; takes no part in discussion; goes off to dinner in good time, and House sees him no more.

"And to think," said the SQUIRE, glancing sideways at the placid figure beside him, "that this is the man painted in red and blue by Unionist pavement-artists. Their stories of Mr. G. always remind me of a passage in a theme produced by a young gentleman invited to state what he knew of Cardinal WOLSEY.

"In the siege of Quebec," he wrote, "he ascended the mountains at dead



Ireland takes a back seat. Sir William on the Premier's right again.

of night, when his enemies were at rest, and took the town at daybreak His home policy was conducted in a similar manner."

"There is about that a picturesque air of circumstantiality, combined with a fanciful inaccuracy, equalled only by things one reads or hears with reference to my right hon. friend, and revered leader."

Business done.—Some papers on Parish Councils read.

Double Entente.

THE TZAR, on peace and friendship all intent, To France his Admiral AVELLAN has sent. 'Twere pity if this Russian olive-branch Portended merely General AVALANCHE.

MRS. R. is astonished to hear that "Count TAAFFE, the Austrian Premier, is an Irishman and a Member of the British House of Lords." She says she is sure she has heard that "TAAFFE was a Welshman, TAAFFE was a ——" but she must have been misinformed!!!

A STRIKE-ING SUGGESTION.—The PITT-coalition was a brilliant idea in its day. A coalition between masters and miners—a Pitt-coalition, in fact—would solve the strike difficulty.

THE FRENCH FLAG.

AN AMICABLE APPEAL.

THE Arab dhow to the chase is gone,
Chock-full of slaves you'll discover it;
And the British cruiser is artfully done
By the French Flag flying over it!
"Flag of France!" cries the British Tar,
"The Arab hound betrays thee.
Give him his dhus, at Zanzibar,
And all the world shall praise thee!"

The captain and crew by the Franks were tried,
And escaped—to the wide world's wonder!
Oh glorious Flag! Is it then its pride
That the slavers hide thereunder?
Let France disdain to sully thee,
With the worst kidnapper's knavery!
Thy folds should float o'er the brave and free,
And never protect foul Slavery!

Misnomer.

"FEDERATION" seems aggravation,
Conciliation's dead!
While fights the "Miners' Federation,"
The Miners are unfed!

THE LATEST AUTUMN FASHIONS.—Parliamentary Sessions and Feather Trimmings. Both involving cruelty to bipeds "on the wing," and each "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

An Ulsterical Impromptu.

(By an Orange-hating Nationalist.)

In Parliament assembled see them move
Their resolutions lacking rhyme and reason,
Determined all at any cost to prove
The Ulster Parliament's a Cloak to Treason!

"THE PAPER OF THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW."

[In one of the magazines an entire article has been transmitted to the office, not by the post, but by mental suggestion.—*News paragraph.*]

SCENE—Editor's Room of "*The Mental Mirror of the Universe.*" TIME—An hour before publication. Editor and Chief-Sub. discovered in consultation.

Editor. Dear me, Mr. PAYSTE, this is very annoying! Debate on Africa in the House to-night, and our leader-writer has sent in no copy! Why did you not communicate with me?

Chief-Sub. Well, Sir, as you were dining with the Duke, I did not like to disturb you, especially as I had arranged matters. I have got some one else to knock off the article.

Ed. Very good, and where does it come from?

Chief-Sub. I turned on the mentophone and found Lord MACAULAY disengaged.

Ed. Of course he writes smartly enough, but I should have thought he was scarcely sufficiently well-up in the subject.

Chief-Sub. So he said, Sir: so we applied to Sir WALTER RALEIGH, who has sent in a good column.

Ed. His English, I am afraid, is a trifle old-fashioned.

Chief Sub. Well, yes, Sir; a little. But I gave it to one of our subs. who has made black letter a study, and between them they have turned out a very decent leader. Sorry to say the wire has broken down between London and the seat of the war, so we have no despatches.

Ed. Distinctly annoying! How-



SANCTA SIMPLICITAS.

Housemaid. "WE'RE GETTING UP A SWEEPSTAKES, MRS. THRUPE. WON'T YOU JOIN?"

Housekeeper. "GRACIOUS ME, CHILD; NOT I! WHY IF I WON A HORSE I SHOULDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM!"

ever. I think I can put myself in communication with our special. (*Takes a pen in his right hand, and commences writing.*) Well, what next?

Chief Sub. But shall I not disturb you?

Ed. Not at all; my right hand is in sympathy with LONGBOW, so I need not pay any attention to what he is sending us until he gets to the end of his copy. Everything else right?

Chief Sub. I think I may venture to say "Yes," Sir. Mrs. COVERS, who does our reviews, has neglected to send in her stuff, but I have used the mentophone again in that case. Put on CHARLES LAMB. And I think that's all, save, as there is a letter about the authorship of *Hamlet*, I have got WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to answer it himself. And now, Sir, I would suggest that, as we are rather full up this evening, you might conclude that dispatch as quickly as possible.

Ed. My hand has just done writing. (*Gives copy to Chief Sub.*) Anything worth a line for the bill?

Chief Sub. (*after perusal.*) Well, yes, Sir. I find there has been a battle, so we may as well give that.

Ed. Everything right now?

Chief Sub. Everything, Sir.

Ed. Well, now you can send down the paper to press as soon as you please. (*Exit Chief Sub. to carry out directions.*) Dear me! It really simplifies matters considerably when waves of thought will do as well as the electric telegraph.

[*The Curtain falls upon the Editor's very natural reflection.*]

TO THE SEA.

An Expostulation.

OH, smooth and smiling! I have loved thee well! [*thy spell*;

Hymned thee, and heard thee; lived beneath For years thy life-giving ozone have bless'd, That makes loose garments tighter round the chest.

[*white*, Paced in the dark thy sounding margin And voiced my rapture in the boisterous night, Striking the lurking coastguard with affright.

Now on my barque—ah, no! no barque bemeine! On the new packet of the Angler Line, I learn, too late, when fairly out at sea, How well they speak who speak not well of Implacable, inscrutable Emirs [*these* Mock not the captured foe of bloodstained years As thou hast mock'd one who ne'er did thee wrong,

Save in the venial fault of unexpressive song. Or canst thou this unmeasured vengeance take, Remembering some childish duck-and-drake, Forgotten long, and never done in spite? How could it harm thy navy-rending might, Thou, whose huge waves in wanton affluence barg

Their heads against the rocks, in mid-air hang, Up the sheer cliffs clamber with foamy claws, And backward plunge again, with mad applause Of all the turbulent, tumultuous press That hurl themselves to spray in wantonness? Prone, but unconquered, I have roll'd to leeward,

Soothed by the merciless mercy of the steward. How can I stand when hardest steel and teak

Play a vertiginous game of hide-and-seek? All is a-swing and dipping and a-roll.

Oh, vain material creed! Th' informing soul Proves well its immateriality,

Defying thus the tortures of the sea, That force all else to helpless surrender;

For aught but very Spirit would prefer To seek at once the illimitable inane,

Than cognisant of anguish thus remain The tenant of a desolated shrine,

A bare clay cabin, like this frame of mine. Oh, rich saloons! Oh, rooms of wretched state!

The pomp and glory of you all I hate! Ye fulsome diving dados, would ye were Extinct as your vocabular congener!

Place me where errant icebergs, anchored deep

By chains of frost, a darkling vigil keep, Fixed in the pole's impenetrable wall,

Dead to the warmer ocean's roving call! Far from this liquid way that heaves and rolls,

This world-long switchback, bounded by the poles,

This path of pain, whose undulations cease Only in that palæocystic peace!

Nay, what is this? How steady! Here we are!

Field breezes mingle with the oil and tar, And with a shudder I behold anear

The solid weed-hung timbers of the pier. Perfidious sea! I'll trust thee never more,

And mock thy fury safely from the shore.

TO HEBE.

(*See the Report of the Lady Commissioners on Women's Labour.*)

WAITRESS! with the dimpled chin, Cap as clean as a new pin, Here's a feather to put in!

For Miss ORME's report declares That no male with you compares In the showing off of wares.

Be it counter, be it bar, You can "dress" it—you're its star, Bright, and most particular!

Grievances you have, no doubt; Which of us exists without? Still, you do not pine or pout.

Standing with reluctant feet Always ready, trim, and neat, No one tells you—"Take a seat!"

Hours are long, and meal-time short, Mashing bores, who think it "sport," Say the things they didn't ought!

Gather, then, the tips that fall; Don't let vulgar chaff appal; To the Bar you've had your "call"!

CON. FOR COMPETITIVE SPORTSMEN.—Q. What is the most unpopular thing in the (sporting) world? A. A "record," because it is always being "out," by everybody, everywhere, every day.

THE GREAT AFRICAN LION-TAMER.



["He fully admitted the difficulties of the Government and Sir HENRY LOCH. Both found themselves to be in a most exceptionally difficult position, created by those who had gone before them by granting in the wrong way the charter to the Company. He admitted that both Lord RIXON and Sir HENRY LOCH did their best in the circumstances for a long time to maintain peace; both urged that war should be avoided. . . . Mr. RHODES was Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and obviously Sir HENRY LOCH had an exceedingly difficult position in dealing as Prime Minister and as the head of the Company with that gentleman, to whom he could not say that he did

not quite believe him, and that he was forcing on the war."—*Mr. Labouchere on the Chartered Company and Matabeleland.*]

Lion-Tamer (grandly). Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! See the great African live lion, Matabele—called Lo Ben for short—larger than (average) life, and thrice as natural as normal (menagerie) nature! Walk up! Walk up! Taming process just about to begin—

Agent of Menagerie Proprietor (sotto voce). Oh, well you know



TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

Sporting Farmer (who has been kind enough to give a mount to our friend 'Arry). "NOW THEN! THEY'RE AWAY. DON'T YOU SEE THEY'RE GONE?"

'Arry (who has been having a very bad time). "EH! GONE! AND NOT COMIN' BACK? WOT A BLESSIN'!"

—subject, of course, to—ahem!—every provision being made for—a—humanity—and—ahem—every precaution being taken against—a—a—needless risks, you know, and—a—obvious cruelty, you see—and—ahem!—all that sort of thing, don't you know.

Lion-Tamer (nettled). No, I don't know, dontcher know. And what's more I don't believe you know, dontcher know, nor your guv'nors neither, for that matter. What is your little game, anyhow?

Agent (with some assumption of dignity). We have no "little game." Little Game is not the word. Lions, I believe, are generally called "Big Game," by NIMRODS and others.

[Sniggers as one who has scored.]
Lion-Tamer (sardonically). NIMROD, indeed! Ah! a mighty hunter before the Lords you are, ain't you? You and your lot! Rural rabbits and parochial foxes are G—'s "Big Game," eh?

Agent. This is neither the time nor the place to argue that point. Your business is lion-taming; ours is menagerie-managing.

Lion-Tamer (scornfully). All right, my noble swell! Manage him!

[Pointing to Lion, who is ramping and roaring.]
Agent. Not at all, not at all!

[Spectators become impatient.]
Lion-Tamer. Well, look here, do you want this lion tamed for you, or do you not?

Agent. Why, cert'n'ly! Subject of course to the assistance—ahem!—I should say supervision of LOCH and myself.

Lion-Tamer. Ah, "supervise" away as much as you please, only don't interfere with me. The old game! Stand by while I do the dangerous part of the business, hamper me as much as you can, and when, in spite of you all, I am successfully through, take the business—and the credit—over yourselves!

Agent (aside). Wonderful man, very. Wish I quite knew what to make of him. Lion-tamers, like fire, are excellent servants, but bad masters. All alike, all alike, CLIVE, WARREN HASTINGS, RAJAH BROOKE, JAMAICA EYRE, BARTLEFREERE, GORDON, all wonderful, and—in the end—very useful, but worrying, worrying!

Lion-Tamer (proceeding). Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen! All in to begin! See the big black-maned African lion, fresh from Mashonaland wilds; bigger than CHURCHILL ever chased or SELOUS slew, or VAN AMBURGH subdued, tamed in the twinkling of an assegai, conquered in the 'tss! or a Hotchkiss, by

the Great South African Lion-Tamer, RHODOROWDIDOW the Rum-bistical.

Spectators. Hooray! Hooray!! Hoo-ray!!!

Agent (aside). How wonderfully popular these thrasonical wild-beast tamers and prancing proconsul sort of fellows are—with the gallery!

Lion-Tamer (to attendant). I say, just hand me the loaded whip, and—keep the poker hot, in case of emergency—

Agent (hurriedly). Oh, here, I say; that will never do, RHODOROWDIDOW!

Lion-Tamer (impatiently). What do you mean?

Agent. Why, you know, loaded bludgeons and red-hot pokers read too much like—*Cruelty to Animals!* What would LABBY and the Humanitarians say? You're none too popular already, you know, in certain quarters. Your masterful little ways and monetary success have put a good many backs up. We mustn't run any needless risks, RHODO. Wouldn't this little toy-whip and this big bottle of (medicated) rose-water do as well?

Lion-Tamer (scornfully). Was it with Rose-water that "John Company" tamed your Indian tiger for you?

YOU NEVER WROTE.

(To Another Man's Fiancée.)

You never wrote a single word, though I
Sent prompt congratulations in a note,
You gave my well-meant greetings the go-by—
You never wrote.

Do you remember when we took a boat,
And slowly drifted 'neath a summer sky?
Perhaps you don't. In fact, perhaps, you vote
Such memories a bore. You can't deny
That, politician-like, you turned your coat,
In fine, you jilted me. Is not that why
You never wrote?

MRS. R. heard in Scotland that MONSON was always a bit of a scapegoat.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XIV.—The Study at Hornbeam Lodge.

TIME—Saturday night, about 11.30. Mr. TOOVEY is alone.

Mr. Toovey (to himself). Oh the inestimable blessing of having nothing on one's mind again! How providential that I found LARKINS in! He was a little unsympathetic at first, to be sure; he would have it that I must have known all along what the Eldorado really was! but as soon as he saw how strongly I felt about it, he was most helpful. I could not have gone to that place this evening; how could I have met CORNELIA's eye after it? As it is, I can face her without— Surely she is later than usual from this Zenana meeting! (Wheels are heard outside.) A cab? I do hope nothing is the matter! Why, that sounds like—like a latch-key! Can it be—ah!—a dispute with the cabman—it must be CORNELIA!

[The front door bangs.]
A Voice (in earnest remonstrance through the keyhole). 'Ere, I say, you don't sneak off like that, you know! I knowed you was no good the minnit I clapped eyes on you! Are you going to gimme my legal fare or not? I ain't goin' till I git it. I want another shellin' orf o' you I do!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). Another shilling? Why, it's under a mile! He little knows my wife's principles if he expects—

The Voice. You orter be ashamed o' yourself! A lydy like you to tyke a man orf his rank at this toime o' noight, all the w'y from— (The front door is hastily unlocked again.) Thankee, mum, thankee; lor, I only want what's my doo, and the distance 'ere from—

[The door shuts with a bang.]

Mr. Toov. She's given him the extra shilling—she can't be well! I'm afraid she's really poorly. She's gone into the drawing-room, but there are no lights there. She'll be here directly.

[He sits up expectantly.]

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, in the hall). Just as I expected. THEOPHILUS not home yet! I shall sit up for him in the study. (She opens the study door, and starts.) So there you are, Pa! And pray when did you come in?

Mr. Toov. (mildly). Yes, my love, here I am; I've been in a long while, quite a long while.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). And he imagines I believe that! (Aloud.) I understood you intended to spend the evening with CHARLES.

Mr. Toov. So I did, my dear, so I did. I went to his rooms.

Mrs. Toov. And you went out somewhere together, Pa? Come, you won't deny that!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). What a mercy I didn't go to that Eldorado! I should have had to tell her! (Aloud.) Why you see we— we didn't go anywhere. I found CHARLES was engaged to dine with a friend, so I went away again.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). A very likely story! Where has THEOPHILUS learnt such brazen duplicity? (Aloud.) Oh! and then of course you came straight home?

Mr. Toov. Why, no, my love; not immediately. I—I suddenly recollected that I had to see a friend on—on a little matter of business which was—hem—somewhat pressing, so I went there first of all.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, contemptuously). Exactly the excuse in all those horrid songs! (Aloud.) And the business kept you rather late, eh, Pa? Some business is apt to do so, I know!

Mr. Toov. (to himself). She makes me almost feel as if I'd gone after all! (Aloud.) I was a little late, my dear, not so very. I suppose I must have been home between eight and nine, and PHOEBE brought me up some nice cold mutton and the apple-tart, so I did very well, very well indeed.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). If he is deceiving me, I can soon find out from the look of the joint and tart!

Mr. Toov. By the way, my love, surely you are rather late this evening, are you not? it's nearly twelve!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, with a start). Oh, but I will not fib unless he forces me to. (Aloud.) I—I was detained later than I expected.

Mr. Toov. And you didn't expect to be back so very early either, for you took the latchkey, didn't you?

Mrs. Toov. I happened to find it, Pa, and I thought I might as well use it—and why not?

Mr. Toov. It was most thoughtful of you, my love, to think of saving PHOEBE. By the way, do you notice—? (He looks round him suspiciously.) Ah, well, it may be my fancy. And you had a successful meeting? were there many interesting speeches?

Mrs. Toov. (choking). As—as interesting as usual, THEOPHILUS! (To herself.) I'm sure that's true enough!

Mr. Toov. And supper provided afterwards, I suppose? Which accounts for your being late. Dear—dear me!

[His face grows troubled again.]
Mrs. Toov. Is there any reason why there shouldn't be supper afterwards, Pa?

Mr. Toov. Not in that house. Our dear friends the CUMBERBATCHES do everything on such a truly hospitable scale. Now, most people in their position would have considered tea and coffee and sandwiches quite sufficient. Was it a hot supper, my love?

Mrs. Toov. (desperately). Yes—no—rather hot—I didn't notice. You ask such preposterous questions, THEOPHILUS!

Mr. Toov. I didn't mean to. I was just a little surprised, do you know, at your taking a cab for such a short distance. I thought you might have felt unwell; but perhaps dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH insisted—

Mrs. Toov. Why, of course, Pa; you know how kind and considerate she is; otherwise I should never have dreamed of—

Mr. Toov. Just what I thought, my love. But wasn't the cabman rather uncivil? I wonder you gave way to him—unless, of course, he was drunk.

Mrs. Toov. He was—disgracefully drunk, Pa; if you heard so much, you must have noticed that; and how you could sit quietly here and never think of coming to my assistance! Ah, it is hardly for you to reproach me for submitting to his extortion!

Mr. Toov. Indeed, my love, I'd no idea—you are generally so very firm with cabmen that— (Changing the subject.)

By-the-bye, I don't know if you

noticed a note for you lying on the hall table? It must have come after you left. It looked to me wonderfully like dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH's writing, but what could she have to write about when she would be seeing you directly? Did she allude to it at all?

Mrs. Toov. From ELIZA CUMBERBATCH? No; at least, she—I'll go and get it. (She goes into the hall and finds the note.) Good gracious, it is ELIZA's hand! (She reads it hurriedly under the hall-lamp.) "Just a line. Zenana meeting postponed at last moment. Will let you know when another day fixed." Well, it will save me the trouble of writing to her; but, oh dear, the stories I've been telling Pa! But he's as bad—I know he's as bad!

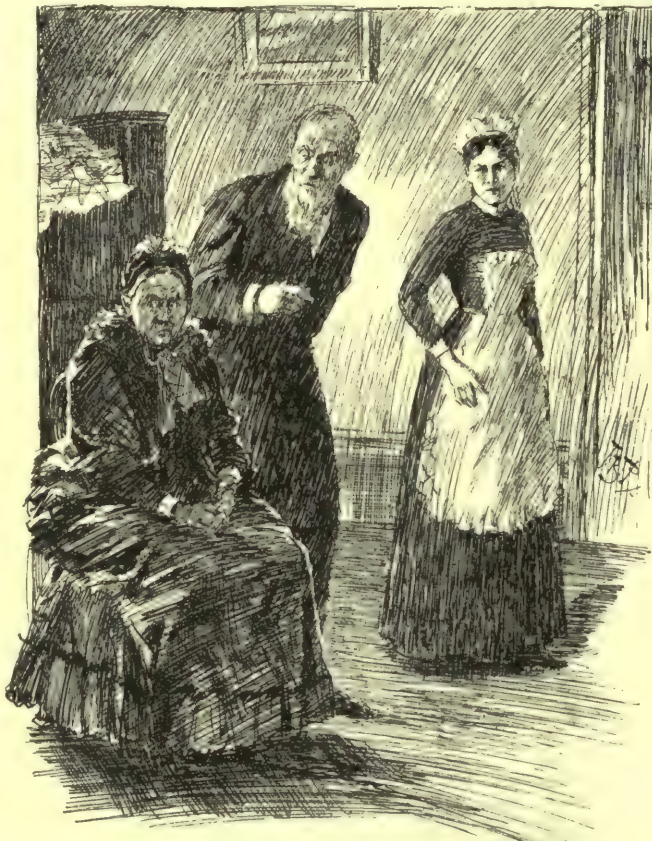
Mr. Toov. (as Mrs. T. returns). So you found the note, CORNELIA, and what does Mrs. CUMBERBATCH say?

Mrs. Toov. (putting the note in the fire). It—it was only from— from my dressmaker. (To herself.) He drives me to this!

Mr. Toov. (again uneasy). Do you know, CORNELIA, I—I may be wrong, but I've a very strong suspicion that—

Mrs. Toov. (in terror). Pa, speak out! In—in the name of Heaven, what is it you suspect?

Mr. Toov. It's getting stronger every moment. I'm sure of it. My love, there's a strange man downstairs in the kitchen!



"Mrs. Toovey suddenly sits down, scarlet."

Mrs. Toov. (with a gasp of relief). A man! Oh, this must be seen into at once! *(She rings the bell furiously; presently PHEBE appears, evidently only half-awake.)* PHEBE, what does this mean? I insist on the truth!

Phæbe. I'm very sorry m'm, but I'd no idea you was home, and I was sitting up for you downstairs, and I expect I must have dropped asleep, and never heard you come in.

Mrs. Toov. Don't attempt to deceive me! You are entertaining a man downstairs, contrary to all my orders. Yes, it's useless to deny it, your master has distinctly heard sounds.

Mr. Toov. No, my love, I can't exactly say as much as that—but—yes, every time the door opens it's more perceptible! *(He sniffs.)* Don't you observe yourself, my dear, a remarkably strong odour of tobacco-smoke? Now, as I never have been a smoker myself, it stands to reason that—

[Mrs. T. suddenly sits down, scarlet. Phæbe (roused).] I'm sure if you and master suspect me of concealing followers downstairs, you're welcome to search as much as you please! Cook's gone up to bed hours ago, and for a poor girl to be kep' up to this time o' night, and then have her character took away—why, I'm not accustomed to such treatment, and, what's more, put up with it I won't

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, guiltily). It's that filthy smoke at the Eldorado! *(Aloud.)* THEOPHILUS, how can you have such ridiculous fancies? Tobacco, indeed! I—I don't notice anything. PHEBE, it was a mistake of your master's; I don't blame you in the least. There, you've sat up long enough, go to bed, go, girl!

Phæbe. Beggin' your pardon, m'm, but insinuations have been descended to which I can't pass over in a hurry, and before I go I should wish—

Mrs. Toov. (feverishly). I tell you it was all a mistake. Your master will apologise for it. Pa, say you're sorry!

Phæbe. I don't require no apologies from master, m'm. I can make allowances for him—more partickler as there's no mistake about there being a smell of tobacco-smoke. I don't wonder at anyone noticing it. It's your sending for me like this, and trying to shift the blame on the innocent, when all the time—

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). This is too intolerable! *(Aloud.)* Haven't I said I didn't blame you, you unreasonable girl! Let us have no more of this impertinence! Leave us!

Phæbe. I will, m'm, as soon as ever you can get suited, for, to tell you the truth, I don't like such goings on as these; and I'll take care I get a good character, too, or I'll know the reason why! *(As she closes the door.)* And I ope master will satisfy himself where the smell of tobacco really does come from, I'm sure; it isn't from downstairs! *[She vanishes, leaving Mrs. T. petrified.]*

Mr. Toov. You see, my love, it couldn't have been all my fancy, because PHEBE noticed it too. Dear me, it's late; I'd better go and see that everything is looked up. *(As he passes Mrs. T.)* It's very extraordinary. Surely they don't allow any of the missionaries to smoke at these Zenana meetings, my love—do they?

Mrs. Toov. Of course they don't. I—I am at a loss to understand you, THEOPHILUS, and—and I am going to bed.

Mr. Toov. No, but really—Why, I see how it was! Depend upon it, my dear, that cabman must have been sitting inside the vehicle smoking, with the windows up, before you got in. Yes, yes; that accounts for everything.

Mrs. Toov. (faintly). Do you think so, THEOPHILUS? I—I remember noticing a smell of cigars.

Mr. Toov. (as he goes out). My poor dear love, what a trial for you; and you never complained! Now, when I see dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH at church to-morrow, I must really caution her not to employ that cabman again—she may have taken his number, and he really ought to lose his licence—drunk, and smoking inside his cab! Oh, I shall tell her! *[He goes out.]*

Mrs. Toov. (alone). Pa shall not go to church to-morrow. I will take care of that, and by the time he sees ELIZA again he will have forgotten all about it. Is he doing all this to cover his own misdoings? I can't rest till I know! I will make CHARLES tell me on Monday. But what if Pa is blameless? No, he must have been doing something he oughtn't to. It would be too horrible if it turned out that I—I am the only person who has been *(she catches her breath with a shudder)* "hi-tiddle-ying," as those vulgar wretches would call it! There's only one comfort that I can see—nobody here is ever likely to know, unless I choose to betray myself. Oh dear! oh dear! I wish I could forget this awful evening!

[She ascends the stairs with a heavy and dispirited tread.]

END OF SCENE XIV.

AN INQUIRY.—Miss QUOTA writes to ask us "where the following well-known lines are to be found:—

"Eight hours to sleep, eight hours to food are given,
Eight hours to play, and all the rest to Heaven."

[We are not sure, but imagine that they are to be found in the works of "Anon." Anyhow, better send to Editor of "Notes and Queries," who knows everything.—Ed.]



HUMAN NATURE REBELS!

POOR MR. WIGGLES HAS JUST BEEN DESCRIBED BY A FACETIOUS WITNESS OF THE LOWER ORDERS AS "THAT THERE H'OLD BLOKE WIV A CHOKER, AN' A CAULIFLOWER ON 'IS 'ED"!!!

TWO VIEWS OF VICTORY.

THE PAST.

THE Commander who had fought so bravely was tired out. He could go no farther. He had beaten back the stubborn foe, and there was nothing more for him to do. He waited with as much patience as he could muster the return of his messengers. In a short time he would learn whether the honour of his country had been preserved; whether his battle was a defeat or a victory.

"Will they never come?" he murmured. "Surely by this time they should have learned the truth?"

He had scarcely uttered these words when the scouts returned. "General," cried the leader, "your campaign has been crowned with success! England is herself again! Your reward is assured!" And it was. A week later he was made a K.C.B.!

THE FUTURE.

THE Commander who had contended with the stubborn foe with a spirit of stern determination was at length exhausted. He had put to flight the enemies who at every step had attempted to bar his progress. But now the affair was over, and there was little for him to do; so he was waiting as patiently as he could the return of those he had sent forward to represent him in the proper quarter. Before long he would receive the intelligence for which he hungered. He would be told whether all was right or all was wrong; whether his battle was a defeat or a victory.

"Will they never come?" he murmured. "Surely by this time they should have revealed the truth, and made the most of the opportunity."

He had scarcely uttered these words when the scouts came back. "General," cried the leader, "your campaign has been crowned with success! Capel Court is itself again! The Stocks have gone up 15, and your success is assured!"

And it was. A week later and he found himself a millionaire!

MEM. FROM MATABELELAND.—Most of the news from the Cape, if not true, is certainly *Lo Ben trovato*.



EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

Shy Lady (trying to break the ice). "WHAT A SAD THING IT ALL IS ABOUT THIS WRETCHED COAL-STRIKE, ISN'T IT?"
Silent Gentleman (also shy). "ER—YES—ER—I ALMOST THINK THAT EVERYTHING THAT CAN BE SAID ON THAT SUBJECT—ER—ER—
 HAS BEEN SAID!"

[Conversation languishes after this.]

"RULE, BRITANNIA!" (?)

[*"Her Majesty's Government are perfectly satisfied as to the adequacy and capacity of the British Navy to perform all the purposes for which it exists."*—*Mr. Gladstone, in House of Commons, November 7, 1893.*

"Everybody knows, Liberals as well as Tories, that it is indispensable that we should have not only a powerful Navy, but I may say an all-powerful Navy."—*Mr. Morley at Manchester, November 8, 1893.*

SINCE "Britain First!" is Fate's command,
 And History bids us sway the main,
 We feel this charter of our land
 All guardian statesmen must maintain.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Out on the Chief who only shirks and saves!

The nations must not rival thee,
 Their fleets below our own must fall.
 Thou must, if thou 'dst be great and free,
 Still rise superior to them all!

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Such primacy e'en peaceful COBDEN craves.

Russia and France are now allies!—
 Though funny, 'tis not all a joke.
 As their rejoicings shake the skies,
 Think how the great Free Trader spoke!

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Better that Hundred Millions than be slaves.

True, all thy statesmen say the same,
 MORLEY hands COBDEN's dictum down.

Yet Ins and Outs do play a game
 That hardly adds to thy renown.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

But Parties squabble and the Exchequer—saves!

If thou 'dst maintain thine ocean reign,
 And first in Commerce still would 'st shine,
 The easy optimistic strain

And Pangloss pose must not be thine.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

But constant warding constant watching craves.

Devotion to the needs of home,
 And claims parochial, is not all.

Beware, lest shades more darkling come,
 With gloomier writings on the wall.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Britons to careless trust should ne'er be slaves.

Say, Statesman, are those figures found
 Full warrant for your picture bold?

Our watch the wave-washed world around
 Needs iron hearts, and ungrudged gold.

Rule, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA rule the waves!

Britons—free-handed—never need be slaves!

MRS. R. thinks the reason so many of the young men of the present day are bald is, because they don't use antimacassar oil as they did in her time.

MARCH IN NOVEMBER.

"BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,"

In verse some call thee wind.
 Though Thursday's crowd was thinned
 By blasts so unrefined,
 And men in armour, tinnèd

Like lobsters, mutely pined—
 They, later, "wined" and "ginned,"

Whilst guests superbly dined
 On turtle, fish (that's finned),
 Joints, game of matchless kind,
 And wines, rare, old, long-binned.

Blow clear, before, behind,
 The streets where lately dined
 The band—each man, defined,
 Of *Vaterland* the kind—

And sightless singers whined
 Not much like JENNY LIND;

Would they were dumb, not blind!
 Whilst grinders grimly grinned,

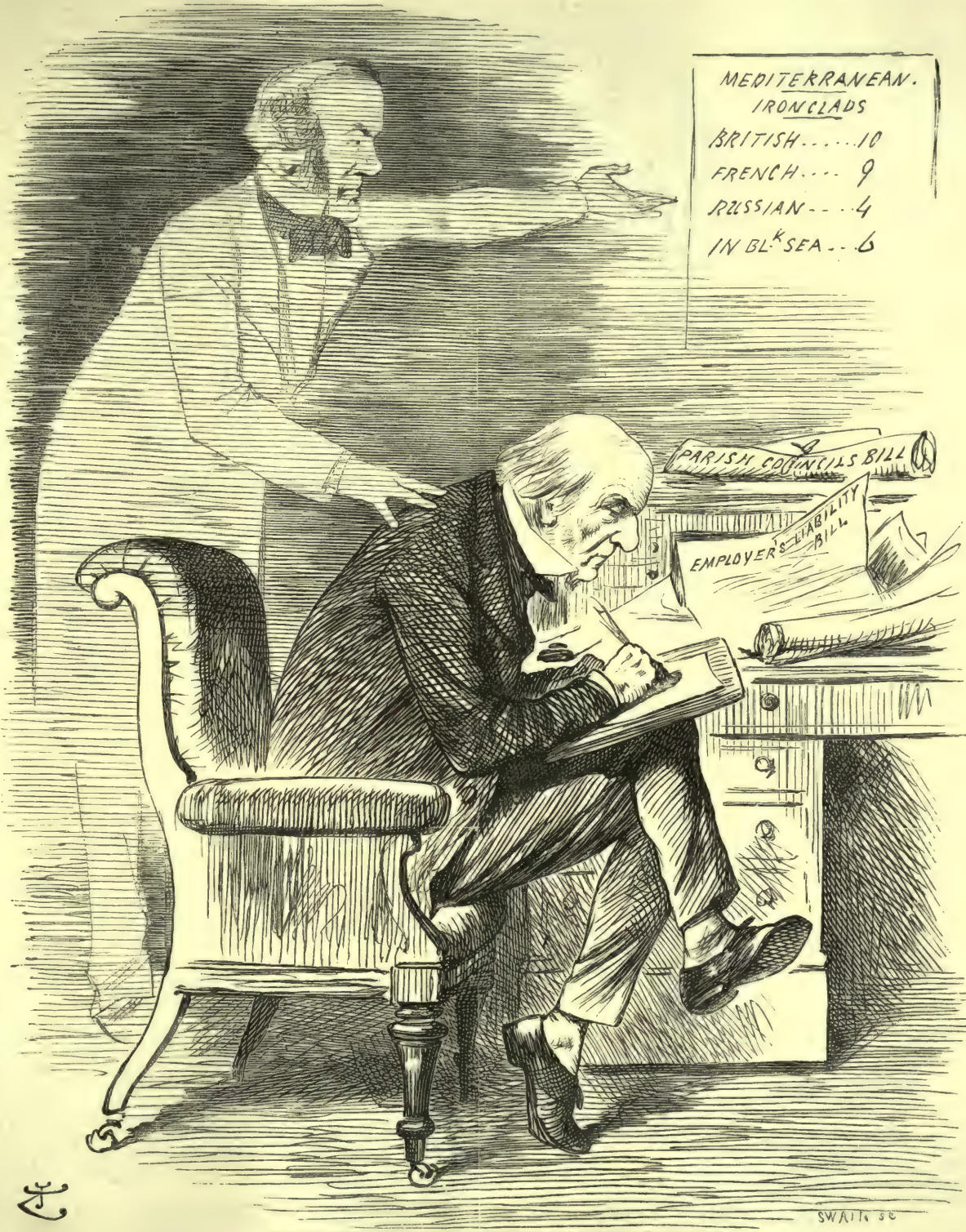
And ground their graceless grind.
 I swore; perhaps I sinned.

But now they seem to find
 Their rags, just tied and pinned,
 Let in thy blast unkind,

By which they're almost skinned.
 Then blow, I do not mind,
 Thou rough November wind—
 Pronounced by many, wind.

Seasonable.

WHEN garden lawns are a green bog,
 And shrubby vistas veiled in fog,
 Reload revolvers, let dogs run!
 The Burglar Season has begun!



“RULE, BRITANNIA!” (?)

SHADE OF COBDEN (quoting from his own speech at Rochdale, June 26, 1861). “I AM NOT ONE TO ADVOCATE THE REDUCING OF OUR NAVY IN ANY DEGREE BELOW THAT PROPORTION TO THE FRENCH NAVY WHICH THE EXIGENCIES OF OUR SERVICE REQUIRE. WE HAVE A LEGITIMATE PRETENSION TO HAVE A LARGER NAVY THAN FRANCE. . . . IF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT SHOWED A SINISTER DESIGN TO INCREASE THEIR NAVY TO AN EQUALITY WITH OURS, I SHOULD VOTE A HUNDRED MILLIONS STERLING RATHER THAN ALLOW THAT NAVY TO BE INCREASED TO A LEVEL WITH OURS. . . . I HAVE SAID SO IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, AND I REPEAT IT TO YOU.”



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. FISHER UNWIN is, my Baronite writes, still engaged in the important work, some time ago undertaken by his house, of publishing *The Story of the Nations*. The last volume issued is the thirty-fifth, in which Mr. GREVILLE TREGARTHEN deals with the History of the Australian Commonwealth. Australasia is a mere obit among the nations of the world, and story, God bless you, it has hardly any to tell. It has never been at war except with the aboriginal settlers, who were, at the outset, so lost to all proper feeling as to resent the incursion of the white man, occasionally carrying their prejudice to the absurd extent of eating him. But this is ancient history in a record which, beginning a little more than a hundred years ago with a convict settlement—it was on January 26, 1788, the British flag was for the first time unfurled in Sydney Bay—has already spread out lusty limbs over a vast Continent. *The Story of the Nations* forms a library of itself, and this last volume is not the least fascinating of the series.

The Baron, while greatly admiring and certainly grateful for the Diamond editions of all the best works, and Diamond editions should reproduce only those that can be classed among the "brilliant," of which two or three specimens at a time can be carried easily in the pocket of an ulster, begs to remind



CRUELLE ENIGME; OR, TWOS INTO ONE WON'T GO.

THE PROBLEM OF THE DAY:—HOW TO GET THIS YEAR'S SLEEVES INTO LAST YEAR'S JACKET.

Messrs. ROUTLEDGE, the republishers of DICKENS'S works in a very pocketable form, that much of our journeying is done by such gaslight as railway companies supply, and therefore, as this is not always of the most powerful kind, a book in small type, however clear the type may be, is unreadable. That is what the publishers have to consider. This excellent little pocket volume of, for example, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, is of no use to the Baron when once out of the pocket. True, the publishers may say "it is intended for the pocket only"; but if this be the case, then the pockets that would suffer would be those of the publishers, not those of the reading public. The Baron's hints are well worth consideration. For travelling, the publishers might provide and sell a small case containing the Diamond edition and a portable candle-lamp by which to read it. Only this would rather add to the expense, and with every volume one does not wish to be obliged to carry a candle-lamp. Therefore, bigger and clearer type. That's all. Try it, and if it does not succeed, blame the hitherto blameless

BARON DE B.-W.

MRS. R. saw a heading in a newspaper, "*Board of Trade Returns.*" Whereupon she exclaimed, "Where's the Board of Trade been to? I suppose for a holiday, and we shall have to pay!"

THE BOGUS MANAGER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Is it an easy thing to become the manager of a theatre?

Answer. Why, certainly; you require no cash, and very little credit.

Q. Is it necessary that you should have any special training to enable you to appropriately fill so responsible a position?

A. No. If you are sufficiently impudent, you may in the past have been a betting-man, a crossing-sweeper, or an unqualified dentist.

Q. Will you have any difficulty in securing a theatre?

A. Not at all. You will always find someone willing to accept you as a lessee without making any inquiry as to your antecedents.

Q. Having obtained a theatre, what is your next step?

A. To get together a company. This is easily managed, as the dramatic trade-journals give every week a long list of actors and actresses who are "resting."

Q. What do you understand by such a word?

A. That the advertiser is much in need of an engagement, but is too proud to acknowledge it.

Q. Such a frame of mind is, I suppose, favourable to hurried and unconsidered engagements?

A. Quite so. It is an easy matter to get an entire company on excellent terms. Not that money is of any importance; for you may as well promise five pounds a week as five shillings, if you do not intend to pay.

Q. Having secured your company, what is the next step?

A. To make them rehearse three weeks or a month without a salary.

Q. I suppose you have no trouble about obtaining a piece on advantageous terms?

A. None whatever. If you are lucky you will get some conceited noodle to pay

you for producing his play; and if you are not so fortunate, why at least you will get a drama, comedy, or burlesque for nothing.

Q. Say that you are ready to begin, will you have any difficulty in obtaining the preliminary announcements?

A. No. For having been trusted by the proprietor of the theatre, the advertisement agents will follow suit, and you will obtain sufficient publicity to balance your requirements.

Q. And what will take place on and after the opening of the playhouse under your management?

A. You will get more or less ready money taken at the doors during five days of the week, with which you can safely decamp without paying anybody on or before the sixth.

Q. Will not your sudden departure cause some inconvenience to a large number of persons connected with the enterprise?

A. Assuredly. Many of the company you have engaged will starve, and the other parties to the proceedings will use strong language as they wipe off your liability as a bad debt.

Q. Is it possible that you will be made a bankrupt?

A. Not only possible, but probable.

Q. And will this end your theatrical career?

A. Why, of course not. All you will have to do is to take a little holiday.

Q. And after the holiday, what next?

A. Why, then you can secure another theatre and repeat the proceedings with exactly similar results.

NEWS FROM THE LAW COURTS.



Cold but In-vig-orating.

THE GINGHAM-GRABBER.

SOMEONE wrote, "Killing's no Murder." Nothing well could be absurder! But to many in our time Stealing (umbrellas) seems no crime. Therefore, to a frank plain dealer, Killing—an umbrella-stealer—Might be called—by Justice tried—Justifiable Snobicide!



"CRAMMING."

Affectionate Uncle. "GLAD TO SEE YOU, RUPERT. NOW TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT. WHAT FORM ARE YOU IN, OLD BOY?"
Nephew (just returned from Harrow). "WELL, UNCLE, NOT SO BAD, I THINK. I CAN GENERALLY MANAGE A COUPLE OF EGGS, TWO SAUSAGES OR KIDNEYS, SOME DUNDRE MARMALADE, AND TWO CUPS OF COFFEE FOR BREAKFAST. I ALWAYS HAVE A LITTLE LUNCHEON, ANY AMOUNT OF ROAST BEEF OR MUTTON FOR DINNER, AND I GENERALLY LOOK IN AT THE CONFECTIONER'S IN THE AFTERNOON, AND INVARIABLY WIND UP WITH A GOOD SUPPER. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?"

[Disappointed and misunderstood Uncle subsides, and thinks it best to make no comments.]

THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.

The Lord Mayor's Show, I saw it from the Strand,
 I stood and waited there an hour or so,
 Till from afar there came with blare of band
 The Lord Mayor's Show.

In civic splendour and with footstep slow
 Passed the procession, glorious and grand!
 I liked the soldiers well enough, although
 The men from Deal looked quite at home on land.
 Yet I confess that when I came to go,
 I said that once a year's enough to stand
 The Lord Mayor's Show.

"THE BLACK ART" REVIVED!—"The best specimen of the Black Art," quoth the Baron de B. W., "that I have lately seen, is the republication of the works of the Wizard of the North, *alias* Sir WALTER SCOTT, Bart., in a series of substantial library-shelve-ish volumes, printed in good clear type."

Q. E. D.

Don't tell me of "room at the top!" It's a case, I'm sure, of "no thoroughfare." I'm at the base! Does that not suffice you? There only remains Some "room at the top" of your head, man, for brains.

A DICKENSIAN QUESTION.—At the date when *Martin Chuzzlewit* was written, what may fairly be assumed to have been the fashionable hour for dining?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 6.—PRINCE ARTHUR in fine form to-night; made one of those speeches that distinctly enhance Parliamentary reputation. Ticklish situation for Leader of Opposition in face of Parish Councils Bill. Won't do, with General Election within measurable distance, to declare plump against it; still less will it suit party to support one of principal measures of a Government whose successive steps, however devious, are all bent upon goal of Home Rule. For two nights men rising from Opposition benches have endeavoured to wriggle through this difficulty; been more or less unsuccessful; PRINCE ARTHUR, with sure aim and light touch, does and says exactly right thing.

By all means let HODGE have a voice in direction of his own affairs; his best friend, the party who spent themselves in his behalf in Corn-Law days, who acted in his best interests whenever question of political enfranchisement or his relations to parson and squire cropped up—the great Tory party would be the very last to slacken effort for his prosperity. So anxious are they on the score, they would not imperil opportunity by throwing out this Bill on the Second Reading. But PRINCE ARTHUR showed, in little asides, that this particular measure is badly conceived, not nearly so good as what would have befallen HODGE had a Unionist Ministry been in office. For an hour the PRINCE spoke, displaying perfect mastery of the subject, managing, without assuming a hostile attitude, to bestow upon the measure some damaging blows.

First time since House met Mr. G. began to show that keen interest in proceedings which he seemed to have reserved for Home Rule Bill. Sat listening intently with hand to ear as PRINCE ARTHUR



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 4. SCENES IN THE CITY.

gracefully glided on from point to point. Pretty little sparring match when PRINCE ARTHUR endeavoured to draw him into doing something damaging, either in the way of reticence or declaration, touching GEORGE RUSSELL's explosive speech on Friday night. "I would not," observed PRINCE ARTHUR, "have said so much, but I presume that in this matter the hon. gentleman represented



T. H. Napoleon Bolton party "objected to ladies being Justices of the Peace."

Justice Herself. "Aha! Show me the man who said that!"

one o'clock, and take private Bills. House aghast. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD discreetly says he will think the matter over.

Tuesday.—Another night on Parish Councils. Debate should have finished last night; finally arranged to close it before dinner hour to-day; but it dribbled on to midnight. As there was an hour to spare, TOMMY BOWLES, who since Session resumed has been silent in six languages, thought he might as well say a few words. Romped in at half-past ten; awkward this; about the hour when JOKIM had intended to lift debate out of rut by one of his luminous speeches. THOMAS, however, thought House would prefer to hear him. At any rate, he provided opportunity. When at length JOKIM spoke upon subject on which he is supreme authority, House almost empty, altogether languid.

Brightened up for moment at SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's happy wit. JOKIM, following on line trekked by PRINCE ARTHUR, suggested that half of Bill dealing with Poor Law matters should be abandoned. "According to judgment of SOLOMON," said the SQUIRE, "it was the true mother who would not consent to divide her child in two."

A dreary night made endurable by incursion of KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN—HERBERT THOMAS, of Faversham division of Kent. For many years his brother sat in House till he finally wobbled into a peerage, and, as ROSEBERRY said, wore his coronet as a crown of thorns because it had been given him by Mr. G. When he was with us here, and one turned to *Dod* to find him under heading "HUGESSEN," there was discovered instruction "See KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN." This was explained at the time on score that no one from day to day exactly knew where HUGESSEN was.

Different with his younger brother. "Sometimes," he said just now, looking sorrowfully round the House, a gleam of comfort brightening his eyes as they rested on a back view of JIMMY LOWTHER's head, "I believe I'm the only Tory left in the House."

To-night up and smote Parish Councils Bill in uncompromising

speech. No truckling to Socialism. No bowing the knee to the Bael Hodge. No leaning on the arm of Rimmon as he goes to worship in the temple of the Compound Householder. The Bill another downward step on the pathway dug out for the chariot of Free Trade; the country going to dogs at accelerated pace.

Small House, but it listened with delight to the most thoroughly honest speech heard from any bench through many Parliaments.

Business done.—Parish Councils Bill read second time.

Thursday.—Still smiling at PRINCE ARTHUR's joke; led up to with great skill; last touch of art given in the look of startled surprise with which he regarded uproariously laughing audience. Was passing eulogy on RHODES and the Chartered Company, forasmuch as, whilst certainly mowing down the Matabele with the Maxim gun, they had spread the benefits of civilisation, "extending railways, extending telegraphs, extending roads."

"Exactly," said the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. "I spoke for an hour and a half, and BALFOUR puts what I had meant to say in a phrase. What is all this action in Mashonaland, this spending of money, and making of war, but the Extension of RHODES?"

MAGUIRE undertook to defend Chartered Company against attack of SAGE. "Terrible work, TOBY," he said, mopping his heated brow. "Much rather approach LOBENGULA's kraal itself than stand up and face the House."

Had to be done, however, and MAGUIRE not the man to run away from anything approaching a fight. Still he observed precaution of getting as near the door as possible, speaking from remote end of bench, almost outside limits of bar. Also he found some subtle comfort, strength, and consolation in standing on one leg whilst he addressed the Speaker. Sometimes it was the right leg, sometimes the left. Whether on one or the other—not for a moment on two—he described to the charmed House how the cherished object of Mr. RHODES, the one desire upon which all the energies of the Chartered Company were bent, was that the men of Matabele should "marry and settle down."

Business done.—Discussion of affairs in Matabeleland.

Friday.—Debate on M'LAREN's Amendment to Employers' Liability Bill brought to conclusion at midnight. Thought it would be all over before dinner; dragged on hour after hour with ever deepening depression. Seems as if already, in this first fortnight of Autumn Session, energy's sapped; dulness certainly dominant.

"The fact is," said THE SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, "there is no fight about the House now JOSEPH is awa'. Hear he is coming back towards end of next week, balmy from the Bahamas, breezy from the Atlantic. I shouldn't at all wonder if, upon his arrival, a genial change was wrought in things generally."

Business done.—Government defeat averted by majority of 19.



The Clark of the House causing a Division.

QUEER QUERIES.

THE LONDON PROGRAMME.—I entirely approve of the spirited protest lately made by the cabmen against that vile instrument of Monopoly, the "Station Omnibus." But what I want to ask is whether there is no plan of doing away with a still more nefarious specimen of capitalistic greed and oppression—I allude to the "Out-Porter." Why should this minion of railway tyrants be permitted to take the beer out of the mouths of honest English working-men? I and a number of my pals are constantly loafing round the station in our suburb waiting for a job of luggage-carrying, or if we aren't exactly at the station, we are always to be found at the Public just opposite. Will it be believed that passengers actually prefer to engage this avaricious blackleg, the Out-Porter, instead of employing us? Their paltry excuse is that he charges less than we do and is more civil. That shows him to be a contemptible blackleg! Only a serf of our present miserable social arrangements is ever civil to anybody. Call him an Out-Porter! If me and my pals catch him one of these dark nights we'll make an Out-Patient of him! Is the mere convenience of the public for ever to override the legitimate claims of the deserving unemployed?—CORNER BOY.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.—"AFTER THE BALL."

[The authors of the various versions of this "popular song" will not, *Mr Punch* is sure, object to its refrain being used in a far wider sense — being applied, so to speak, to a more extensive sphere — than they contemplated.]



MAN, youth or maiden, amateurs, pros.,
Season of snow-storms, time of the rose,
'Tis the same story all have to tell!
Not even KIPLING'S go half as well.
Nay: and *this* story is real and true.
All England over, Colonies too,
Cricketers, golfers, footballers, all
One pursuit follow—they're After the Ball!

Chorus—

After one ball-game's over,
Promptly the next seems born;
Quickly the Blackburn Rover
Treads on the "Corn Stalk's" corn.
GRACE, GUNN, and READ, the Brothers
RENSHAW, fall off with the Fall;
But there come hosts of others—
After the Ball!

Lords and the Oval, crowded and bright,
Send King Willow's subjects wild with delight.
What are they doing 'midst shout and cheer?
Smiting and chasing a small brown sphere!
Fielded, Sir! Well hit!! Played, in-
deed!!! Wide!!!!

Oh, well returned, Sir! Caught! No!
Well tried! [means it all!
Cheering! Half-maddened! And what
Grown men grown boys again—After the
Ball!

Chorus—

Sixer, or maiden over,
Misfield that moves young scorn,

Every true cricket-lover
Stares at from early morn.
Watching the "champion" scoring,
Ring and pavilion, all
Cattering, cheering, roaring,
After the Ball!

Then in October's chill and gloom,
Wickets for goals make reluctant room.
Talk is of "forwards," and "backs," and
"tries."

"Football Herdion!" the newsboy cries.
Fancy that, for a sportsman's fad!
Players go frantic, and critics mad;
Pros. and amateurs squabble and squall,
And cripples seek hospital—After the Ball!

Chorus—

After the Ball the "Rovers"
Rush, and the "Villans" troop;
"Wolves"—who have lamb-like lovers—
Worry and whirl and whoop.
Scrimmages fierce, wild jostles,
Many a crashing fall,
Follow as "Blade" hunts "Throstle,"
After the Ball!

Balls are not all of leather, alas!
Cricket, golf, tennis, and football pass;
But ROBERTS the marvellous, PEARL the
clever,
Like the Laureate's Brook, can go on for
ever!

The ivory ball—like the carvings odd
In a Buddhist shrine—seems an ivory god;
And "A Million Up" will be next the call
Of the "exhibitionists"—After the Ball!

Chorus—

After the Ball is over?
Nay, it is *never* done!
All the year round some lover
Keeps up the spheric fun!
Ivory ball or leather,
Someone will run or sprawl,
Whate'er the hour or weather,
After the Ball!

Is't that our earth, which, after all,
Itself's a "dark terrestrial ball,"
Robs all "sportsmen" of sober sense
Within its "sphere of influence"?
"Special Editions" just to record
How many kicks at a ball are scored?!?!
Doesn't it prove that we mortals all
Have gone sheer "dotty"—After the Ball?

Chorus—

After the Ball!—as batter,
Handler of club, raquet, cue,
Or kicker of goals—what matter?
A Ballomaniac you!
Each is as mad as a hatter,
Who is so eager to sprawl,
Scrimmage, scout, smash, smite, clatter,
After the Ball!

THE HEIGHT OF COMFORT.

Q. I want to consult you about Flats. You must know all about them, as you have tried this kind of "high life" for a year. And I am quite charmed with the idea of getting one. Now, don't you find that they have many advantages over the old-fashioned separate house system?

A. Oh, a great many!

Q. I suppose that even in such paradises a few drawbacks do exist?

A. A few. For instance, did you notice, during your painful progress upstairs, a doctor coming out of the rooms just below us? No? Then you were fortunate. There's a typhoid case there, we hear.

Q. Dear me! Now I think of it, I did meet a woman dressed as a hospital nurse. But she was coming down from somewhere above you.

A. Yes. The people over our heads. It's a scarlet fever patient they have, I believe. We can hear the nurse moving about in the middle of the night. And chemists' boys with medicines call at our door, by mistake, at all hours.

Q. Still, they can't get in. Your flat is your castle, surely?

A. Quite so. It's a pity it isn't a roomier castle. Our bedrooms are like cupboards, and look out on a dark court. We have to keep the gas burning there all day.

Q. Oh, indeed! But then, being on one floor, living must be much cheaper, because you can do with only one servant?

A. That is true; but we find that the difficulty is to get servants to do with us. They hate being mastheaded like this; they miss the area, and the talks with the tradesmen, and so on.

Q. But they must go downstairs to take dust and cinders away?

A. No, those go down the shoot. At least, a good many of the cinders do, though some seem to stop on the way. Our downstairs neighbours complain horribly, and threaten to summon us.

Q. Do they? On the whole, however, you find your fellow-residents obliging?

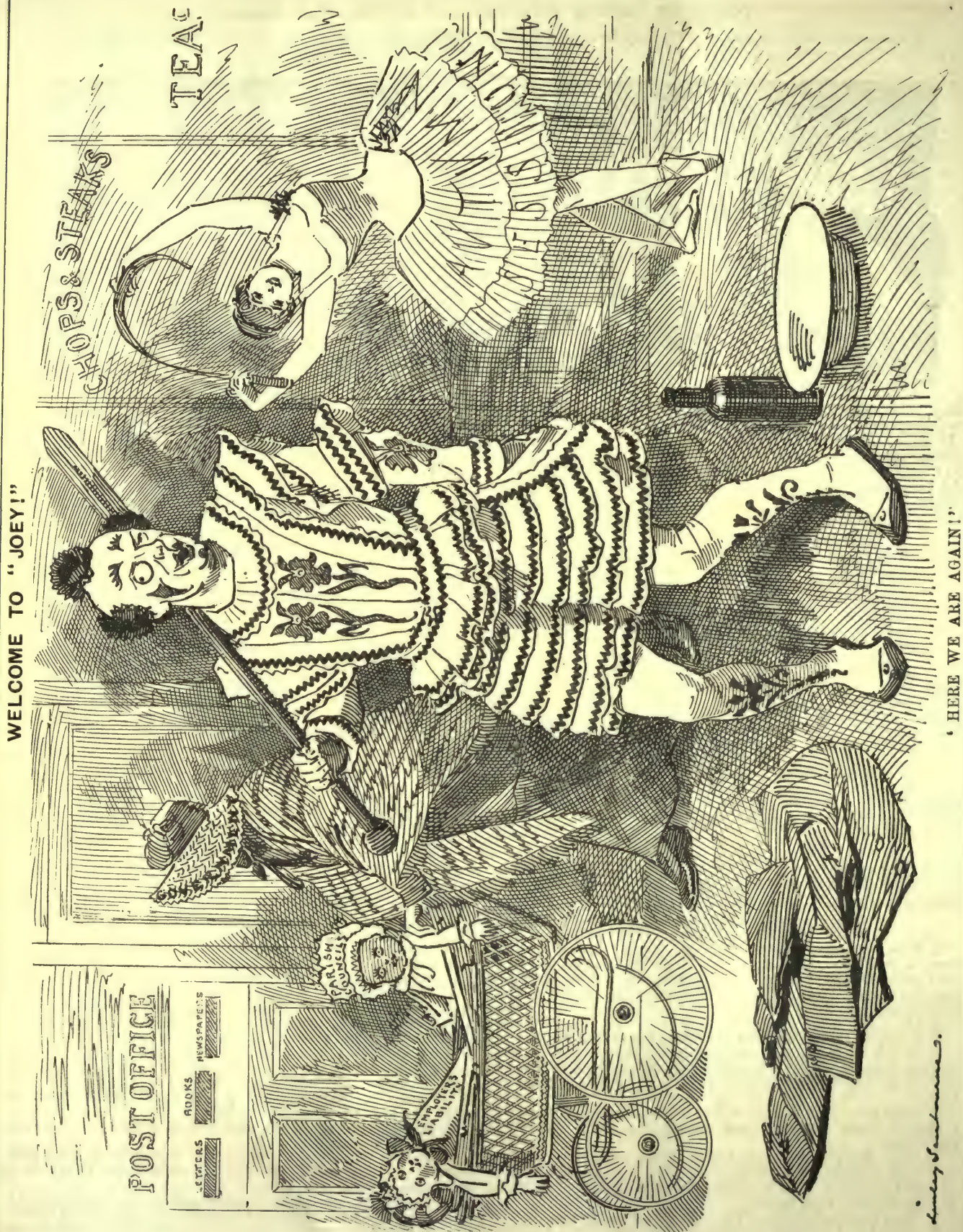
A. Oh, very! The landing window leads to some disputes. We like it open. The people upstairs prefer it shut. The case comes on at the police court next week.

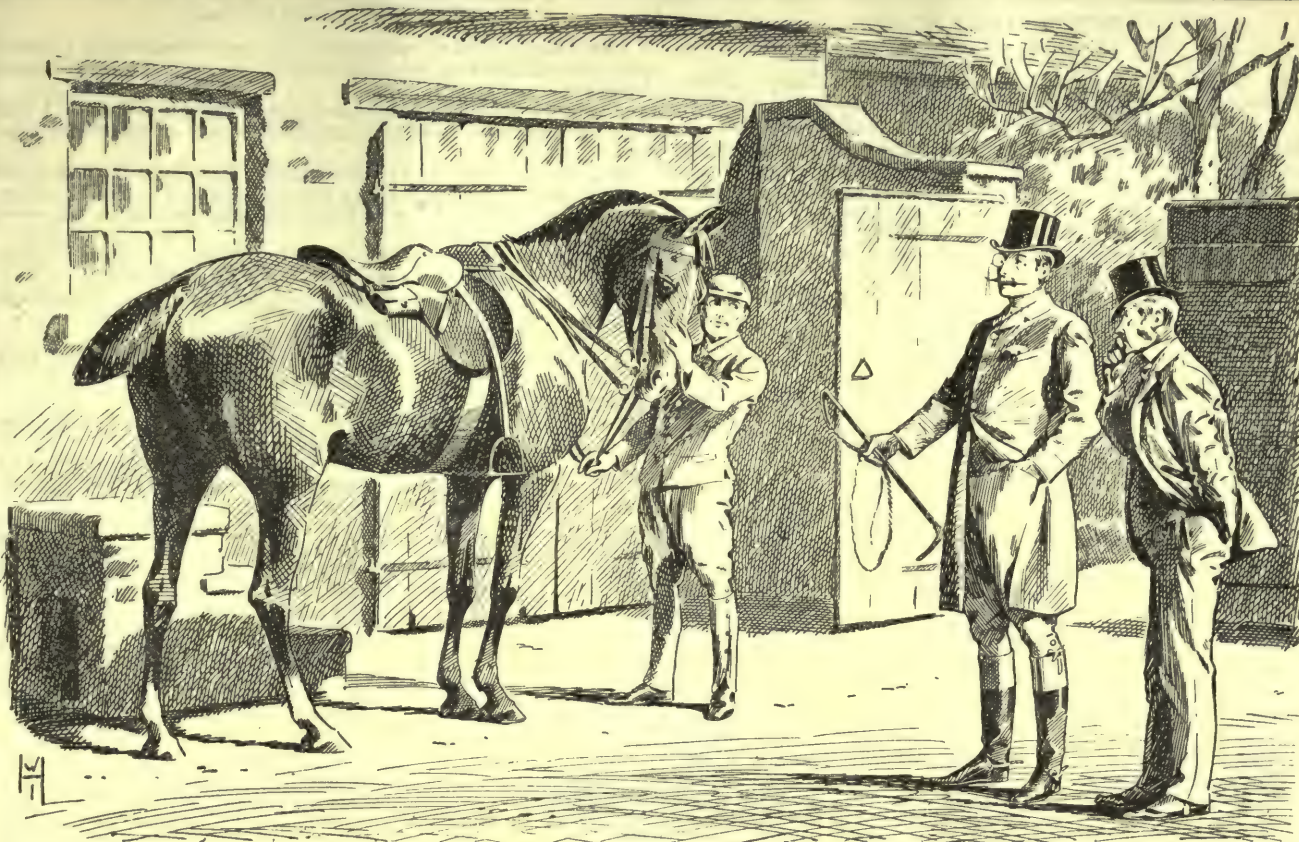
Q. You surprise me! Then, as regards other expenses, you save, don't you, by paying no rates?

A. We do. That is why our landlord charges us for these eight rooms on one floor just double what we should have to pay for a large house all to ourselves.

Q. Thanks for giving me so much information. Of course, I knew there must be some disadvantages. And you won't be surprised to hear that we have taken a flat after all, as they are so fashionable?

A. On the contrary, I should be quite surprised if you didn't.





SAD!

Sportsman (proud of his favourite). "NOW THAT'S A MARE I MADE ENTIRELY MYSELF! MARVELLOUSLY CLEVER, I CAN TELL YOU!"
Non-Sportsman (from town, startled). "EH, WHAT? DEAR ME! WONDERFULLY CLEVER, CERTAINLY." (*Mentally.*) "POOR FELLOW, POOR FELLOW! WHAT A MOST EXTRAORDINARY HALLUCINATION!"

HOME RAILS.

(By a Mournful Moralist.)

EACH day my heart with pity throbs;
 Can sympathy refuse
 The ready tears, the frequent sobs,
 When reading City news?
 Not long ago I daily found
 That you were good and "strong"—
 You gained but little, I'll be bound,
 Nor kept that little long;
 Yet I was happy, since it meant
 That, for a blissful term,
 You were so very excellent,
 So "steady" and so "firm."
 Prosperity brings pride to all;
 You rose too high to sell.
 Then—pride must always have a fall—
 You lamentably fell.
 Think what your altered state has cost.
 Alas, you must confess
 That you are ruined since you lost
 Your noble steadiness!
 "Unsettled" then—oh, feeble will!—
 "Inactive" you were too.
 There's Someone "finds some mischief
 still
 For idle hands to do."
 Why be inactive? All should work.
 Rise then, and do not seek
 Good honest enterprise to shirk,
 Because you're rather "weak."
 Alas, what use exhorting that
 Your fall you should annul?
 When some remark that you are "flat,"
 And others call you "dall."

At times I hoped that you would turn,
 And mend your evil ways,
 That you were "better," I would learn,
 And "quiet" on some days.

But now your baseness fitly ends,
 "Irregular"—and so
 You are "neglected" by your friends,
 Who all pronounce you "low."

This conduct gives me such a shock,
 I wipe my streaming eyes—
 I want to sell some railway stock;
 I'm waiting for the rise!

THE "ULTRA FASHIONABLE DINNER-
 HOUR" WHEN DICKENS WROTE *MARTIN
 CHUZZLEWIT*.—It is mentioned by *Montague
 Tigg*, when that typical swindler gives *Jonas
 Chuzzlewit* an invitation to a little dinner. It
 was "seven." Very few have guessed it, but
 most correspondents have referred to the
 dinner-hour at *Todgers's*. But *Todgers's*
 was a very second-class establishment.

SOMEbody proposes another Dickensian
 query:—SCENE—*The wedding at Wardle's*.
 TIME—*After the wedding breakfast*:—"At
 dinner they met again, after a five-and-
 twenty-mile walk." Where did they break-
 fast, and where did they dine, and how many
 hours did men of *Mr. Pickwick's* and *Mr.
 Tupman's* build take to do a twenty-five-
 mile walk in?

THE GOLFER'S PARADISE.—Link-ed sweet-
 ness long drawn out.

THE REAL ROADS TO SUCCESS.—CECIL
 RHODES.

REX LOBENGULA.

[*"Rhymes are difficult things, they are stubborn
 things, Sir."*—FIELDING: *Amelia*.]

LOBENGULA! LOBENGULA!
 How do you pronounce your name?
 How do those who call you ruler
 Your regality proclaim?

Does the stalwart Matabele
 Seared with many a cruel scar,
 Ere he gives his life so freely,
 Hail you King LOBENGULA?

Have I read in British journals,
 On a 'bus en route to Holborn,
 Telegrams where British Colonels
 Have the cheek to call you LO-BEN?

Has your name some fearful meaning
 Redolent of blood and bones,
 Or am I correct in weening
 It's vernacular for JONES?

Kaiser! Potentate! Dictator!
 Any title that's sublime
 Choose, but send us cis-equator
 For your name the proper rhyme.

AFTER THE CALL.

[*"A further call of £5 per share has recently
 been made on the shareholders in one of the
 companies in the Balfour group."*]

AFTER the call is over,
 What is there left to do,
 All absolutely vanished,
 Left not a single sou.
 Furniture, trinkets, money,
 Gone, gone, alas! are they all:
 What is there left but the workhouse
 After the call?

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XV.—*The Drawing-room at Hornbeam Lodge. TIME—Monday evening, about six. ALTHEA is listlessly striking chords on the piano; Mrs. TOOVEY is sitting by one of the windows.*

Mrs. Toovey (to herself). Where did THEOPHILUS go last Saturday? He is either the most consummate hypocrite, or the most blameless lamb that ever breathed; and I'm sure I don't know which! But I'll find out when CHARLES comes. It would be almost a relief to find Pa was guilty; for, if he isn't— But, thank goodness, he is not very likely ever to hear where I was that evening!

Althea (to herself). It couldn't really have been Mamma in that box; she has never made the slightest reference to it. I almost wish she had been there; it would have been easier to tell her. What would she say if she knew I had gone to such a place as the Eldorado?

[She drifts, half unconsciously, into the air of "The Hansom Cabman."

Mrs. Toov. What is that tune you are playing, THEA?

Alth. (flushing). N—nothing, Mamma. Only a tune I heard when I was in town. The—the boys in the street whistle it.

Mrs. Toov. Then it's hardly fit to be played upon my piano. I shouldn't wonder if it came out of one of those abominable music-halls!

Alth. (to herself). She must mean something by that. If she was there after all! *(Aloud, distressed.)* Mamma, what makes you say that? Do—do you know?

Mrs. Toov. (in equal confusion). Know! Explain yourself, child. How could I possibly—? *(To herself.)* I shall betray myself if I am not more careful!

Alth. I—I thought—I don't know—it was the way you said it. *(To herself.)* I very nearly did for myself that time!

Mrs. Toov. (as ALTHEA strikes more chords). For goodness' sake, THEA, either play a proper piece, or shut up the piano and take up some useful work. There's the crazy-quilt I've begun for the Bazaar; you might get on with that.

Alth. (closing the piano). The colours are so frightful, Mamma!

Mrs. Toov. What does that signify, my dear? When it's for a charity! Really, I'm beginning to think this visit to town has not had at all a good effect upon you. You've come back unable to settle down to anything. Yes, I see a great change in you, ALTHEA, and it's not confined to the worldly way you do your hair. I sincerely hope it will not strike Mr. CURPHEW as it does me. You know he is dining here this evening? I told him in my note that if he liked to come a little earlier— *(Significantly.)* I think he has something to say to you, THEA. Perhaps you can guess what?

Alth. (twisting her hands nervously). Oh no, Mamma. I—I can't see Mr. CURPHEW—not alone, I mean.

Mrs. Toov. Don't be ridiculous, my dear. You know perfectly well that he admires you. He has very properly spoken first to your father, and we both consider you a most fortunate girl. He is a truly excellent young man, which is the first consideration; and, what is even more important, he is, as far as I can gather, making an excellent income. And you can't deny that you were interested in him from the very first.

Alth. N—not in that way, Mamma. At least, not any longer.

Mrs. Toov. Nonsense. If Mr. CURPHEW proposes, I shall be seriously annoyed if you put him off with any foolish shilly-shallying. Mind that. And here he is—at least, it's somebody at the front door. I've mislaid my glasses as usual. And if it is Mr. CURPHEW, I shall send him in here at once; so remember what I've said. *(She goes out into the hall, and discovers her nephew CHARLES.)* So it is you, CHARLES! You're rather earlier than I expected.

Charles. Nothing much doing at the office, Aunt. And I thought I might have to dress for dinner, you know.

Mrs. Toov. You ought to know by this time that we are plain people and do not not follow the senseless fashion of dressing ourselves up for a family dinner, but I am glad you came early, all the same, CHARLES, as I should like a little talk with you before your Uncle comes in. We had better go into the study. *(To herself, as she leads the way.)* Now I shall get it out of him!

END OF SCENE XV.

SCENE XVI.—In the Study.

Mrs. Toovey (fixing CHARLES with her eye). What is this I hear of your proceedings last Saturday night, CHARLES? Come, you can't deceive me, you know!

Charles. I never made any secret about my proceedings. I told Uncle we might probably drop into the Eldorado or somewhere after dinner.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, in consternation). The Eldorado? they did go there then! If only they didn't see me! *(Aloud.)* Yes, CHARLES, go on. And while you were there, did you see anyone you—you thought you recognised?

Charles (to himself). She's heard! *(Aloud.)* I should rather think I did, Aunt. Never was more surprised in my life.

Mrs. Toov. (with a groan). And—and was your Uncle surprised, too, CHARLES?

Charles. Uncle? I haven't told him yet.

Mrs. Toov. But he was there, CHARLES, with you; he must have seen—whatever you did! Or didn't he?

Charles. At the Valhalla? my dear Aunt!

Mrs. Toov. Who's talking about a Valhalla? I mean the Eldorado, of course; that was where you said you went!

Charles. No—no, we couldn't get in at the El.; all the stalls gone, so we went to the Val. instead. Just the same sort of thing.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, relieved). To the Val. What a fright I've had for nothing! *(Aloud.)* I quite understand, CHARLES. You took your Uncle to a place called the Val., not the—er—El. What did you see there? that's the point!

Charles. I didn't take Uncle there; I was with a man from our office when I saw him. I must have seen him there often enough, but somehow I never spotted him before. It was the make-up, the disguise, you know, wig and moustache, and all that.

Mrs. Toov. Do you mean to say your Uncle attends music-halls disguised in a wig and moustache? CHARLES, who was he with? I will know!

Charles (in fits of laughter). Uncle? At the Val. in disguise? now, is it likely? I thought you knew all about it, or I shouldn't have said a word!

Mrs. Toov. You have said too much to stop now, CHARLES. It is useless to try to turn it off like that. If it was not Pa you recognised at this Val. place, who was it?

Charles (to himself). If I don't tell her she'll only go on suspecting poor old Uncle THEO. *(Aloud.)* Well, you're bound to find it out sooner or later; and I admire him all the more for it myself. I'd no idea he had it in him. Shows how mistaken you may be in fellows.

Mrs. Toov. I've yet to learn who and what you are talking about, CHARLES!

Charles. Why, that quiet, modest friend of yours, Mr. CLARENCE CURPHEW, if you must know!

Mrs. Toov. I don't believe it. Mr. CURPHEW is not at all the sort of young man to spend his money in such resorts.

Charles. He don't spend it there—he makes it. My dear Aunt, you ought to feel honoured by having such a distinguished acquaintance. Don't

you remember my mentioning the great music-hall star, WALTER WILDFIRE? You must. Well, CLARENCE CURPHEW and WALTER WILDFIRE are one and the same person—honour bright, they are!

Mrs. Toov. (sinking back with a gasp). A—a music-hall star! And I have been urging ALTHEA to— Oh, how fortunate it is I have been warned in time! He shall not see her—I will write and put him off—at once!

[Mr. TOOVEY enters blandly.]
Mrs. Toov. Ab, CHARLES, my boy, so here you are? that's right, that's right. You, too, CORNELIA? *(To her, in an undertone.)* It's all right, my love—our dear young friend, Mr. CURPHEW, you know—we met on the doorstep just now, and I've left him and THEA together in the drawing-room. I thought it was best, eh?

[He looks to her for approval.]

Mrs. Toov. You've left— But there, I might have known! No, don't speak to me, Pa—there's no time to lose! Come with me, CHARLES, I may want you.

[She rustles out of the room, followed by CHARLES.]

Mr. Toov. (looking after her in mild perplexity). Dear, dear me! I wonder what can be the matter now. CORNELIA seems so very—I hardly like to go and see—and yet, perhaps, I ought—perhaps I ought. There's one comfort, whatever it is, it can't have anything to do with that dreadful Eldorado. Yes, I'd better go and look into it!

[He goes out.—End of Scene XVI.]



"Dear, dear me!"



"USING LANGUAGE."

The Squire. "WELL, SMITH, I WANT YOUR ADVICE. HADN'T WE BETTER LET THEM HAVE THEIR WAY THIS TIME?"

Smith. "NO, NO, SIR. STICK TO YOUR RIGHTS! WHAT I SAY IS—'GIVE SUCH PEOPLE A HINCH AND THEY'LL TAKE A HELL'—IF YOU 'LL PARDON MY USIN' SUCH STRONG LANGUAGE!"

MAGIC AND MANUFACTURES.

(A Fairy Fragment from the German.)

LITTLE ALICE was delighted with her surroundings. She had found her way into a lumber-room, which was filled with modern furniture and modern toys. "How pretty they are!" she exclaimed; "and how I would like to speak to them!"

Then the Cup and Saucer labelled a "Present from Ramsgate," and the Old Grandfather's Clock glowed with satisfaction. Evidently they wished to join in the conversation.

Then ALICE thought that perhaps she might raise a sprite or a goblin of some magical person by reading ANDERSEN'S Fairy Stories backward. She had scarcely, with some difficulty, completed the first page (rendered reversely) of "The Shepherdess and the Brave Tin Soldier," when an old lady, about eighteen inches high, suddenly appeared before her.

"You want all these inanimate things to speak?" said the new comer. "Well, you will be disappointed if they do."

ALICE protested that she would be delighted beyond measure if they would but talk. "It will be interesting, so very interesting, dear godmother," she cried; and then she added, "I suppose I may assume that you are my godmother?"

"You may assume anything you like," snapped out the little old lady; "only don't bother me. Here I I authorise all these things to talk. I will be back again by-and-by to see how you are getting on. Adieu." And then the little old lady disappeared. And then, as she had foretold, ALICE suffered great disappointment.

The Cup and Saucer "A Present from Ramsgate," began speaking sixteen words to the dozen, but ALICE could not make out the meaning. Then the Old Grandfather's Clock talked, but without better effect. ALICE could not understand a syllable. And the box of tin Highlanders followed suit. So did a doll dressed as an Irish peasant. Then all sorts of things that seemed to be English to the backbone or last ounce of metal—scissors, books, and calico curtains—kept up a fire of conversation. But

ALICE could make out nothing. She was absolutely astounded. Here were heaps of British goods suddenly endowed with the power of speech, and yet she could not understand them!

And as she considered, the little old lady again appeared. "Well, child!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter? You seem perplexed! Have not all the toys been talking?"

"Why, yes," faltered ALICE; "but then you see I cannot understand a word they say!"

"Of course you cannot," replied the Fairy. "They speak only their native language."

"Their native language! Then why don't they speak English?"

"Because, my good girl," returned the Fairy, preparing to take her departure, "they cannot. You see, young lady, they don't know anything about the English language, and this is natural enough, for they were all made in Germany!"

THE FUTURE OF HOME RULE.

MR. GL-DST-NE: ANOTHER TELEPATHIC AUTOMATIC INTERVIEW.

I HAD not seen MR. GL-DST-NE for two days, nor had I heard from him for three posts, neither knew I where he was. I knew he *had* been at Downing Street. That evening I found myself in an Inner Circle train, and no sooner there than I made up my mind to ask MR. GL-DST-NE if he would mind my interviewing him. My hand at once wrote—on the margin of my evening paper—that he was at Downing Street, and that I might have the interview. It was quite an ordinary one, except that I thought the questions and wrote the answers on my knee with my hand. "Well, MR. GL-DST-NE," I said, or, rather, thought, "what do you think of Home Rule?" My hand (not the Old Parliamentary Hand) wrote:—

"W. E. G. I do not think that I shall be in any way departing from what has long since become to be recognised as the practice applicable to this present set of circumstances, a practice to which I am able to speak from an experience of more than sixty years, when I say speaking, not merely for myself, but for the whole of the Members of the Cabinet, and, indeed, I may fairly say of the Government in its entirety, that we are not indisposed to grant to Ireland that measure of self-government for which she is asking in a constitutional way through her duly elected representatives, and that we earnestly hope that as a result of our efforts we may be enabled, with a reasonable prospect of finality, to put an end to a condition of affairs which for the whole of the present century has embittered our relations with our sister country, and has exposed us to the censures of every authority in the civilised world whose acknowledged competency entitles him to an opinion."

Then I ventured a question as to the future. "What about Home Rule next Session, MR. GL-DST-NE?"

"The question as to what position the Home Rule controversy will assume next Session is naturally one which can only be determined when we have before us all the facts which are essential for the purpose of enabling us to arrive at a definitive conclusion, and as soon as it becomes reasonably plain what the exact position of parties will be when it becomes necessary to decide on what lines the policy of the Government will proceed. I may, however, say that, whilst not forgetful in any way of the obligations of honour under which the Liberal party lie to the Irish people, and whilst it will be our duty at the earliest available moment to press forward measures which shall carry out our pledges in that direction, we shall not forget that the consideration of what are not unnaturally termed English reforms is an imperative necessity, to which the attention of the Government will be directed at the first opportunity."

By this time I had reached Charing Cross, and as I passed out the ticket-examiner handed me a postcard. It was in MR. GL-DST-NE'S writing. Judge of my astonishment when I found that quite spontaneously he had written to me just what I had written in the interview. I at once wrote to him and informed him of what had happened. His answer was: "It is most extraordinary. If I didn't believe all you tell me, I should have come to the conclusion that you faked (I think that is the word) the interview up out of my old speeches." So there you have the whole story. Someone suggests I should publish the postcard. Curiously enough, I have mislaid it. But two and two make four, and you can go and ask the ticket-examiner.

Cause and Effect.

"I AM occupied with my secretaries while I am dressing."—*Lord Herschell to the deputation of Liberal Members, Nov. 16.*

"MR. K. MUTR MACKENZIE, Q.C., Permanent Sec. to the LORD CHANCELLOR, has been made a Companion of the Bath."—*Daily Paper.*

PLEASANT SPOOKERY.

YES, thanks to BRANDON THOMAS'S skill, and PENLEY'S comic nous, The lucky "Globe" may well be called the real 'Aunt-ed House!



BABY-WORSHIP. (THE POINT OF VIEW.)

"YOUR NIECES SEEM VERY FOND OF BABIES, MR. SINNICK. I SUPPOSE YOU ARE TOO?"

"OH YES; LIKE 'EM AWFULLY; ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY BEGIN TO CRY."

"AH, YOU THINK THE DEAR LITTLE THINGS ARE IN PAIN?"

"YES; AND SOMEBODY RINGS THE BELL, YOU KNOW, AND THE NURSE COMES, AND THE DEAR LITTLE THINGS ARE TAKEN AWAY TO THE NURSERY!"

THE HANDY BOY.

"[In the office he held, which in reality was much too heavy for any single man to bear, it was necessary to live almost a monastic life, and the eight hours which some persons regarded as a maximum of toil seemed to those who occupied that position a dim and distant and golden vision.]—Lord Rosebery, at the opening of the Battersea Town Hall.]

The Missis soliloquiseeth:—

AH! he's really the usefulest boy, that young PRIMROSE, that ever we've had, And I'm sure I don't know, not sometimes, how we'd get along, but for that lad! So willing, and so civil-spoken, yet none too much given to mag.

He does the House credit all round, and I'm sure he's the pick o' the bag.

Gets through his own work without worrit, and then he's so good at odd jobs!

Which some servants are awfully uppish, and thinks themselves no end of noba.

But PRIMROSE is pleasant and modest, you know where the boy's to be found, And there's nothing he won't turn his hand to, to make things agreeable all round.

Heigho! How I wish— But no matter!

Young PRIMROSE, he *knows* such a lot, And he seems to be trusted by all, which some of us, I fear,—well, are *not*.

There is WILLIAM, the butler, and JOHN, now; they're excellent servants, of course, Yet they don't seem as happy as PRIMROSE, although the boy works like a horse!

His task's to attend to the door, which needs wonderful quickness and tact;

For our visitors, foreign and others, are troublesome, that is a fact.

But Russian, or Frenchman, or L.C.C. boss from out Battersea way,

Or a working-man out of a job, PRIMMY always knows just what to say.

He's a treasure, that boy; and I'm always a-putting fresh work on his back!

There's this Coal Question now! Awful worry! He has such a wonderful knack

I am sure he might settle *that* shindy. If so he will just be a jewel!

If pig-headedness holds on *both* sides, we shall presently run out of fuel.

If he can "conciliate" them, it will truly be very good biz:

And so I've suggested—no more!—that "the boy"—ah! by Jove, here he is!

Poor chap! Two big scuttles—up-stairs! He must find it a terrible pull,

With *his* work too! But if he succeeds—well, the cup of his credit is full.

Ah, PRIMROSE, my boy! This is good of you! Two at a time, too. Oh, dear!

It is not just *your* work, I'll allow, and you find they are heavy, I fear.

But you know what a bother it's been. Some chaps are such obstinate souls!

But I was quite sure that *you* wouldn't mind stooping to—taking up coals!

WHY does LOBENGULA, when finding fault with his regiments, appear a great commander? Because then he is an Impi rater.

QUEER CARDS.

(By a Rural Innkeeper, who has been "had.")

THEY come to me (a poor old chap!)

And take one room—mostly the same;

A quiet spot, they say, for Nap:

(But "Crib's" their real game.)

Their luggage is a smallish trunk,

A whopping walking-stick—always!

When for a month they've fed and drunk,

I gently hint at pay.

They say, "Why, certainly! They mean

To dwell some months beneath my roof.

So happy they have *never* been!"

(I think they call this "Spoof.")

They swear my wife's the best of cooks,

They hint they're half in love with SUE EY,

My daughter, who can boast good looks

(And here begins Blind Hookey).

Then, when they're some more weeks in debt,

I tell them Tick's last door is shut;

When—their knave's tricks not ended yet—

They shuffle—pack—and *cut*!

BUSINESS.

"[France, it is expected, will endeavour to hasten England's evacuation of Egypt, and Russia will try to settle the question of the Dardanelles.]—*Daily Chronicle*."

WHO says that Franco-Russian gush

Means naught, to reason's optic?

The Russ will help the Frank to rush

England, from regions Coptic;

And—here JOHN BULL must surely flinch,

While Gallia's bosom swells!

The Bear, if but allowed an inch,

Will take—the Dardanelles!



THE HANDY BOY!

THE MISSIS. "I KNEW YOU HAD PLENTY TO DO, PRIMROSE, BUT I WAS QUITE SURE YOU WOULDN'T MIND TAKING UP THOSE COALS!"



THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL—FOR SCANDAL.

THE two principal figures to be considered are Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, who, as *Sir Peter*, is a Master of Arts in the Old School, and Miss REHAN, who as *Lady Teazle* is an experimentalising teacher in the New School for Scandal. All playgoers, whose memory takes



Shade of Sheridan. "William Farren, my old friend, I congratulate you: and I suspect that in the present generation I owe you much."

Sir William Peter Farren Teazle. "Not more than I do you, Mr. Sheridan. Let us say, mutually indebted."

[They exchange snuff-pinches.]

truth to tell, I do not precisely know from what point of view and by what standard to judge of her performance. *Sir Peter* describes her as "a girl bred wholly in the country," and so forth, "yet," he continues, "she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass plot out of Grosvenor Square." To let her country training be perceived through the assumed airs and graces of a town Madame seems to me to be Miss REHAN's object; and in this, granting her ideas of the country hoyden and the town lady to be correct, she certainly succeeds; notably in the scenes with *Sir Peter*. For thus is the Jekyll-and-Hyde-ness of her character made apparent: in company, in the scandal scenes, she is to be all airs and graces, but when alone with her husband she, in spite of her perpetual wrangling with him, reappears as her own natural self, with most of the polish temporarily rubbed off. But if this be so, then, when in "society," her funny little run and shaking of the head are out of place, while they may be accepted as a relapse into her provincialisms when she is quite free and easy, *en tête-à-tête* with *Sir Peter*, and especially bent on captivating him by recalling to his memory the lass of whom he had become desperately enamoured some eight months ago.

In the Screen Scene when "discovered," Miss REHAN's attitude is elegant; and on this tableau I have always thought the curtain should descend, as all after this, even *Sir Peter's* exit with "damn your sentiments," good as it is, is an anti-climax. I should prefer that Miss REHAN's *Lady Teazle* should be silent, or if it must be played as written, then here of all situations in the comedy would I insist upon her emphasising the perfectly natural manner of the unaffected country girl, instead of addressing *Sir Peter* in the deep tones of a tragedian, as if attempting a mere theatrical effect. In the last Act, as arranged, she appears to have done with her town airs and graces for ever, and, wearing a queer sort of mob-cap, enters on *Sir Peter's* arm, ready with him to face the ridicule, the satire, and the scandal of their world.

Miss VANBRUGH makes a delightful *Lady Sneerwell*, and Mrs. GILBERT a dear old *Mrs. Candour*, who would spitefully gossip about her neighbours for hours together. *Maria* is almost always a thankless part, and Miss PERCY HASWELL leaves no doubt on the mind of the audience of her being a poor orphan of some six months' standing. The part of *Moses* offers very little scope to Mr. JAMES LEWIS, especially as the celebrated "I'll take my oath of that" is cut out, and some lines are introduced, which being quite un-Sheridanese and un-Mosaic do not in the least assist the character. However, as he is much slapped on the back, dug in the ribs, and generally treated as a butt by *Charles* and *Careless* (who, by the way, gives "*Here's to the Maiden*" in first-rate style), Mr. LEWIS may be

congratulated on getting to the end of his impersonation of one of the long-suffering tribe in perfect safety. Mr. BOURCHIER's *Charles* goes well with the audience; but Mr. GEORGE CLARKE is too conscientious, and too impressed with a sense of the horrible scoundrelism of *Joseph's* character to be ever really at home in so uncongenial a part.

For the re-arrangement, much may be said "for," and more "against." There is only one point that strikes me as absolutely inartistic, and that is, making *Sir Peter* give his explanatory speech about his wife after we have seen her, instead of leaving it in its proper place, as SHERIDAN wrote it, where it serves as a prologue to the subsequent scene between *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*, when she appears for the first time in the comedy.

There are some curious oversights in the scenic arrangements

at Daly's. The first is in *Charles Surface's* picture gallery, which has no windows and no skylight. The second is that though *Charles* has sold all his books, yet through the door of the picture-room are seen the first shelves of an evidently well-stocked library. The third oversight is in *Joseph's* chambers, described in the original play as "a library in *Joseph Surface's* house," where, when he tells *Sir Peter* that "books are the only things I am a coxcomb in," there are only a very few volumes to be seen, and these are lying at haphazard on a table.



Lady Ada Rehan Teazle.

"In for some sort of a run"—at Daly's.

To revert for a moment to *Charles Surface's* windowless and skylightless picture gallery, the scene takes place in the evening, after dinner, or supper, and how is the huge apartment lighted? Why, by a couple of ordinary candles placed on a side-table, while on the mantelpiece at the back remain a couple of silver candelabra, filled with candles which remain all the time unlighted. Why, naturally, the company would have been in darkness, but not a bit of it, for these two candles do give so preternaturally wonderful an illumination, that the stage is as bright as a sunlit garden at noonday in July. The company that could produce such candles would make a fortune by their patent. The dance at the end of the first Act brings down the curtain to enthusiastic applause, and, to the end, the old comedy, in spite of various chops and changes, holds its own, as it ever will do, triumphantly.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FATHER CHRISTMAS is already sending out his Cards for the Coming Festivity, now six weeks ahead. His representatives all "decorated," and still ready to receive any amount of "orders," are MARCUS WARD, the RAPHAEL TUCK family, C. W. FAULKNER, C. DELGADO, and many others, whose excellent works are known to all, and by none more appreciated than by the youthful Baronites and Baroniteesses.

"BLACKIE AND SON!" says a Junior Baronite; "why, that must be the publishers of Christy Minstrel works!" but they are soon undeceived. Such delightful books! their very bindings are suggestive of cheerfulness, and seem to invite inspection. We will take a peep inside, like Jack Horner, and pull out the best plummed story. Three by G. A. HENTY, who knows how and what to write for youths of adventurous spirit. His three are:—

Through the Sikh War. Indian affairs are always of interest to the young Britisher, "who will," quoth the little Baronite, "seek and find all he wants in this book."

St. Bartholomew's Eve might be a tale of curiosity, but it is history, and deals with the valour of an English boy during the Huguenot Wars. Being a hero, he does not get killed in the massacre, but lives to fight another day.

A Jacobite Exile is a tale of the Swedes. Hardly necessary, perhaps, or as SHAKESPEARE puts it, "Swedes to the Swede,—superfluous." To the English reader, therefore, it is not a superfluity.

Then here is *The Penny Illustrated*. It is called "*Roses*," and whatever any reader may require, here he will find it "all among the roses." The rearer and cultivator of these "*Roses*" is JOHN LATEX, whose "*Roses of Hastings*" is among the best of the contributions. "We can't do better than provide ourselves and our families with this specimen of a Flowery Annual," quoth,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



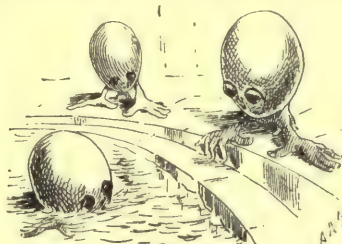
A NEW ADJECTIVE.

Customer. "YOU'LL FIND I MEASURE A BIT MORE ROUND THE WAIST THAN I DID LAST TIME YOU TOOK MY MEASURE."

Tailor. "AH, WELL, SIR, IF I MAY BE ALLOWED TO SAY SO, YOU ARE A TRIFLE MORE—AH—MORE *LOBENGULOUS* THAN FORMERLY."

1,000,000 A.D.

"The descendants of man will nourish themselves by immersion in nutritive fluid. They will have enormous brains, liquid, soulful eyes, and large hands, on which they will hop. No craggy nose will they have, no vestigial ears; their mouths will be a small, perfectly round aperture, unanimal, like the evening star. Their whole muscular system will be shrivelled to nothing, a dangling pendant to their minds."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, abridged.]



WHAT a million years hence,
will become of the *Genus*
Humanum, is truly a
question vexed;
At that epoch, however, one
prophet has seen us
Resemble the sketch
annexed.

For as Man undergoes
Evolution ruthless,
His skull will grow "dome-
like, bald, terete";

And his mouth will be jawless, gumless, toothless—
No more will he drink or eat!

He will soak in a crystalline bath of pepsine,
(No ROBERT will then have survived, to wait,)
And he'll hop on his hands as his food he steps in—
A quasi-cherubic gait!

No longer the land or the sea he'll furrow;
The world will be withered, ice-cold, dead
As the chill of Eternity grows, he'll burrow
Far down underground instead.

If the *Pall Mall Gazette* has thus been giving
A forecast correct of this change immense,
Our stars we may thank, then, that we shan't be living
A million years from hence!

ONE DOWN T'OTHER COME ON.—King Log is a most useful substitute when King Coal has temporarily abdicated.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 13.—TOMLINSON has for some time observed with deepening disfavour his position in House as affected by, and compared with, that of his friend and companion dear, TOMASSO BOWLES. TOMMY, to drop into the affectionate diminutive, is a mere child compared with him. He is but the birth of the last General Election; whilst for thirteen years this very month TOMLINSON has presented at Westminster Preston's idea of the highest form of culture and intelligence.

Employers' Liability Bill offered opportunity for coming to front; not that either as Employer or Employed TOMLINSON has any special knowledge on subject. But he sees as clearly into its bearings as he does through the average Lancashire stone wall. Awake at nights drafting new Clauses that should baffle ASQUITH and make the SQUIRE of MALWOOD sit up. Looked most imposing on paper. Thought at one time of posting copy to every elector of Preston, so that he might see what a power in Senate is the borough Member. Wouldn't cost so much since, posted at House of Commons in official wrapper, they might go free. Still there would be remarks made if TOMLINSON drove into Palace Yard enthroned on top of waggon containing 15,959 addressed copies of Amendments to Employers' Liability Bill. Gave up idea. Electors must buy the papers where, in Parliamentary reports, they would read voluminous digests of his speeches.

Began soon after House took up Bill this afternoon. First group of Amendments covered folio page of print. Read admirably; if it had not been usual for Member in charge of new Clause to explain to House its object and effect in operation success would have been assured. Here's where TOMLINSON came to grief; talked for some time; House listened at first, honestly intent upon considering project, whatever it might be. Effect of TOMLINSON's speech not elucidatory. The more he talked the more hopeless the muddle. When he sat down anguished listeners not quite sure whether he had (1) moved the Clause, (2) proposed to withdraw it, or (3) suggested that a more convenient place for insertion would be found later on. Fortunately new Clause in print among Amendments. That ASQUITH should decline to have anything to do with it natural enough. Saddest of all befel when from his own side of House



ROLLIT bluntly denounced Clause, CARSON hoped it wouldn't be pressed, and HENRY JAMES, from allied camp opposite, demolished it with final shot.

This not encouraging, but there were other Amendments standing in his name of which something must be said. TOMLINSON rose when called on, but gratefully sat down when greeted with mirthful cries for division. Only gleam of comfort in sorrowful night was when TOMMY BOWLES, rushing in whence he had retreated, called down on himself SPEAKER's stern commentary that his remarks were "quite irrelevant."

Business done.—Report Stage of Employers' Liability Bill.

Tuesday.—To casual observer there is nothing in personal appearance of UGHTRIED KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH suggestive of the Tartar. Yet to-night Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD BART(LETT), going a hunting on the Treasury Bench preserves, bagged Secretary to Admiralty and found he had caught a Tartar. ASHMEAD, in his self-asserted character of BRITANNIA'S Confidential Clerk, tried to draw UGHTRIED on subject of Naval Scare. SHUTTLEWORTH, with manner that combined severity of a magistrate with benignity of a dean, managed to present ASHMEAD in aspect of fussy person who, having had some official knowledge, in whatever subordinate position, ought to have been able to restrain the self-assertiveness that led him to put such a question. House, which does not do credit to The BART(LETT)'s many sterling qualities, roared with delight. Stung to quick, ASHMEAD up again; shouted across table, "I ask the right hon. gentleman whether he can give me any evidence of his being alive—?" House, struck with evidence to that effect just given, broke in with fresh roar of laughter. ASHMEAD stood glaring round at merry circle. When noise subsided, continued: "—any evidence of his being alive to the importance of his duties?" More laughter. ASHMEAD appealed to SPEAKER to reprimand KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH. SPEAKER justified Minister's action. One more attempt; one more rebuff; and ASHMEAD subsided for the night, not quite sure after all that silence isn't golden. At least it used to bring in £1000 a year.

Business done.—A good deal with the Employers' Liability Bill.

Wednesday.—Another quiet sitting with Employers' Liability Bill. Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, respectfully removing his tarpaulin, and shifting his quid, relieved dullness of afternoon by some capital yarns. One drew a vivid picture of dangers that lurk behind the casual pilot. On a dark night in midsummer Cap'en TOMMY, a-sailing down the coast of Barbaree, came upon what looked like a

town. Turned out to be Algiers; hauled down his main yard; ran out the topgallant sail spanker, and bore down on the harbour. Just as he was entering was boarded by pilot.

"Sheer off!" says TOMMY through his polyglot speaking-trumpet. "Don't want your help; know every rock and shoal on the coast; will take the ship in myself."

Pilot produced from lining at back of his trousers Code of Regulations; this set forth that pilot was compulsory. Nothing to do but submit, unless he would involve Great Britain in war. Pilot came aboard; took charge; forged ahead; just going to run ship on break-water when TOMMY's keen eye perceived danger.

"Sir," said the

only Member of House of Commons who, since BIG BEN'S death, holds a sea captain's certificate, "I took my ship out of the pilot's hand, and brought her in safely."

House uproariously cheered, and FRANK LOCKWOOD went off and drew a sketch of the historical scene.

Business done.—More of Employers' Liability Bill.

Thursday.—Government in difficulties to-night. *Cherchez la*

femme. WALTER M'LAREN had her in charge; a modest little thing, merely asking that women, whether married on single, should be enabled to vote at election of Parish Councils. House not very full; no danger anticipated; but Conservatives joined their forces with Radicals below gangway, and before Ministers quite knew where they were they found themselves in minority of twenty-one.



"Winged!"

"Winged!" cried Admiral BORTHWICK. "The FOWLER went out shooting, and comes home shot."

Suggestion made that Government should resign; Mr. G. only smiled.

Spiteful little thing RENTOUL said just now. Supporting amendment to Employers' Liability Bill he remarked. "Gentlemen who sit on this side of the House are in favour of the amendment; gentlemen who sit on the other side of the House equally approve it; whilst Sir ALBERT ROLLIT, who sits on every side of the House, does not object to it."

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill reported; Government defeated; got into Committee on Parish Councils Bill.

Friday.—Rather painful scene to-night between SYDNEY BUXTON and SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. SAGE, ever thirsting for knowledge, wanted to know much about Matabeleland. Drafted a long string of questions addressed to Under Secretary for Colonies.

"Unfounded assumptions," BUXTON, in the pride of office, characterised these simple interrogatories. The SAGE, insatiable for information, desires to have the unfounded assumptions particularised. BUXTON referred Members to the question.

"But why," asked the SAGE, with tremble and pathos in his voice, "did you call them unfounded assumptions?"

Affected by this spectacle of genuine emotion, BUXTON proposed to substitute for the obnoxious word milder form "unproved."

"Yes," said the SAGE, sticking to his point; "but you said unfounded." No use BUXTON attempting to deny this; lapsed into embarrassed silence; probably will be more careful in future.

Business done.—Very little of Parish Councils Bill.

A COCKNEY ON A GREAT COLLECTION.

[We are informed that Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE'S unique library of some 25,000 volumes, included "a complete set of *Punch*," preserved presumably by the Prince for the specimens of "Cockney dialect which it contains."]

JEST fanev a Prince BONYPARTY sech nuts upon patter and slang! Proves a Prince may be fly to wot's wot, and of chat as is chat 'ave the 'ang.

Lor bless yer, this LUCYUN, 'e knowed all the cackles as ever was I'll wager as 'e was aweer as a Billingsgit Pheasant is fanned! He'd got SOLOMON'S song in Tyke lingo! A pity 'e didn't know me! I'd ha' run it off into back slang, and ha' done it most willing and free.

'Cos a Prince and a Frenchy at that, as appreshiates *Punch*, and my is a precious sight smarter than some "Cookney" criticks, and that's wot's the matter!

So bully for Prince BONYPARTY! When weighed in 'e's well hup to scale;

And if them books come to the 'ammer, wy 'ARRY means seeing the



Tommy Bowles and the Pilot.

TO A LADY.

(Whose "Fringe" has fallen off
at a Ball.)

ALAS! those waving curls,
That parting on your brow,
Had been some other girl's!
"Where ish dot bairting now?"

Like BREITMANN's barty gone
Away in *ewigkeit*,
Those curls which you put on
To grace the ball to-night.

Too feeble were the pins,
Too frisky were your hops;
Derisive are the grins,
Departing parting drops.

A parting, this, that shocks
Beholders evermore;
You dare not claim those locks
Now lying on the floor.

I used to think them fair,
I find them false instead;
If thus you lose your hair,
I shall not lose my head.

Nor certainly my heart—
With that I should not care
So readily to part
As you with purchased hair.

We kick those curls aside.
Your looks and locks have fled,
Then hasten home to hide
Your much diminished head.

DON PEDRO D'ALCANTARA LE
COMTE D'EU is eighteen. He
is pursuing his studies at a
Military Academy, speaks Ger-
man fairly well, and in his
leisure hours is, we are in-
formed, "studying Polish."
The latter being acquired, he
will become a most polish'd
Prince. He is so very well off
that he will not have to go to
Brazil for a crown.



DOMESTIC THRIFT.

SCENE—Entrance-hall at the Browns, after one of their Parties.

Jones (the last to depart, as usual). "WHAT A DELICIOUS DRINK, WAITER!
WHAT IS IT?" Waiter. "THE LEAVINGS, SIR!"

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF
BATTENBERG.

EUROPE'S Prince Charming, lion-
like, born to dare,
Betrayed by the black treach-
erous Northern Bear!
Soldier successful vainly, patriot
foiled, [spoiled]
Woeer discomfited, and hero
Triumphant champion of Stiv-
nitza's field,
To sordid treachery yet doomed
to yield;
Of gallant heart and high-en-
during strain, [vain!
Valiant resultlessly, victor in
Motley career of mingled shine
and shame,
Material fashioned for romantic
fame!
An age more chivalrous you
should have seen,
When brutal brokers, and when
bagmen keen,
Shamed not the sword and
blunted not the lance.
Then had you been true Hero of
Romance.
Now, when to Mammon Mars
must bow his crest,
King-errantry seems a Quixotic
quest,
And "unfulfilled renown" finds
only—early rest!

A VALETUDINARIAN'S VISION.

EVENING red and morning grey
Makes me by the fireside stay.
Evening grey and morning red
Finds me tucked up all day in
bed!

CURIOUS BUT TRUE.—So par-
ticular are the Worshipful
Company of Fishmongers to
have everything in order, that
they have this year elected as
Prime Warden a fine SALMON
(ROBERT H.).

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"WITH the New Year," says a Baronite, "there is a great
desire to turn over a new leaf." Such intentions are easily satisfied
by the *Back-Loop Pocket Diaries*, where leaves for this purpose
are plentifully supplied by JOHN WALKER & Co. Likewise DE LA
RUE & Co. offer Diaries and Memorandum Books in every size and
form, and this year they have a patent clip to keep the leaf down.
Ought to be advertised as "clipping!"

The Baron's Baronites look into a box of Christmas books and find,
first—*Westward with Columbus*. By GORDON STABLES, M.D.C.M.
Graphic account. "STABLES must have been in excellent form
when writing this," observes a Baronite; "evidently he was not
Livery Stables."—*Wreck of the Golden Fleece*. By ROBERT
LEIGHTON. A capital sea story, plenty of rocks and wrecks,
hardships and plague-ships, and all sorts of wonderful adventures.
—*The White Conquerors of Mexico*, by KIRK MUNROE, tells how
CORTES and his Spaniards, being white, did MONTEZUMA and his
Aztec natives brown.—*With the Sea Kings*. F. H. WINDER. The
youthful amateur salt will find everything here to satisfy all his
cravings and *See-kings*. "Winder has taken great pains with this,"
says Baronitess.

"My clients," quoth the Baron, "will do well to read BARING-
GOULD's cheap *Jack Zita*." Fascinating book by reason of its
picturesque effects and its description of life in the Fens at the
commencement of the present century. "I wonder," muses the
Baron, "whether any of my readers, being Cantabs, will call to mind
how some thirty-five years ago the names of those eminent amateur
pugilists J-CK SH-FF-LD, F-RG-SS-N D-V-E, L-NN-X C-NN-NEH-M
and others were associated with life in the Fens as it existed at that
time, and how these pupils of NAT LANGHAM's now and again
disputed the championship of a certain Fen Tavern, won it, and
for a time held it? Some undergraduates were hand and glove

with the Fenners—not the cricket-ground, so styled, but the
dwellers in Fen-land; and on occasion they were hand to hand with-
out the 'glove.'" Why this question? "Because," says the Baron,
"one of the scenes so graphically described in the chapter, headed
'Burnt Hats,' might have been witnessed at the time I have
referred to by any undergraduate sufficiently venturesome to accom-
pany those fisticufflers." As for the plot, well, 'tis a good plot, and
has always been a good plot, and 'twill serve, 'twill serve." But
it is the BARING-GOULD flavouring that makes the dish acceptable to
the jaded palate of oldest novel-devourer. BARON DE B.-W.

GOOD LUCK TO IT!

(To Mr. Caine and his Bill prohibiting advertisements in rural places.)

OH, MR. CAINE, for this relief much thanks.
As most benignant benefactor ranks
The man who saves our own sweet countryside—
At once our chiefest glory and our pride—
From all the many nauseating ills
Which come out of advertisements of pills!
Pills there must be, but when we chance to pass
Through meadows and would rest our eyes on grass,
Or pleasantly meander by the river,
We would forget we've even got a liver.
So here's success to you, Sir, in your Bill
To make it wrong to advertise a pill
In rural spots in which we fondly now
Associate "three acres and a cow!"
And when success this rural venture yields,
Do for the beaches what's done for the fields!

"INVISIBLE TROUSER STRETCHERS."—Legs.



THE BABES ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

(With Mr. Puncé's Thanks to Mr. Courtney for the Suggestion. *Vide Times, Parliamentary Report, Wednesday, November 22*.)



“TRANSMITTED.”

Ignorant Bachelor Visitor. “HULLO, THROGMORTON; WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOUR TWINS UP TO WITH THAT CONTRIVANCE!”
Proud Father (of Throgmorton, Threadneedle & Co.; Telephone 123456½). “HA! THERE YOU ARE, MY BOY—MARVELLOUS EXAMPLE OF INHERITED BUSINESS INSTINCT! THEY’RE TRYING TO TELEPHONE TO EACH OTHER!”

THE BABES ON THE TREASURY BENCH.

[“The leader of the Opposition had treated them to good logic, but why administer such strong meat to the babes on the Treasury bench?”—*Mr. Courtney on the Parish Councils Bill.*]

We have heard of the Babes in the Wood,
 And the ruffians greedy and cruel,
 Who (as INGOLDSBY said in gay mood)
 Conspired for to “give them their gruel”;
 But pitiful bosoms will blench
 At this vision of BALFOUR the sinister,
 To Babes on the Treasury Bench
 Presuming his dose to administer!
 They find Doctor BALFOUR, one fears,
 Worse than poor *Davy Copperfield’s*
Creakle;
 As awful as grim *Mrs. Squeers*
 With her jorum of brimstone and treacle.
 Ah, COURTNEY, how could you conceive
 A picture so Mephistophelian?
 Your buzzum is stone, I believe,
 And your heart must be truly a steely ‘un!
 Sweet Babes! They seem likely to choke!
 Poor GLADDY! Poor JOHNNIE! Poor
 WILLY!
 ARTHUR’s “logic” is tougher than “toko,”
 And much more insipid than “skilly.”

Strong meat? How your irony *you* barb,
 Your humour’s as grim as the gallows.
 Your dose is as drastic as rhubarb,
 And almost as bitter as aloes.
 Logic? For Babes? On that Bench?
 You’re as hard as the Poles’ “whiskered
 pandour.”
 You might as well set out to drench
 Your own Opposition with—candour!
 The Treasury Babes may object
 To prescriptions from MILL or from
 WHEWELL,
 And logical draughts, I expect,
 Would very soon give *you* your gruel.
 If COURTNEY could physic himself,
 Or BALFOUR and he dose each other,
 How soon both would lay on the shelf
 This prescription, and try quite another!
 No; Reason, as party-strite goes,
 As food is attractive to no men:
 And Logic’s a nauseous dose,
 To be given—as physic—to foemen!

“WHAT author was it,” inquired Mrs. R.
 of a literary friend, “who wrote the line
 describing going to bed as ‘that last infirmity
 of noble minds’?”

“HARK! I HEAR THE SOUND OF COACHES.”

[“There are still five of the road-coaches running out of London.”—*Daily News*, Nov. 18.]

If drooping with toil, or aught else, I or
 You may spring up with “Excelsior!”

As up to the box-seat one climbs,
 “How pleasant,” one murmurs, “‘Old
 Times!’”

Times equally good, we’ll engage,
 Have others who go with “The Age.”

Though outlooks to-morrow be livid,
 Hold tight now a joy that is “Vivid.”

“*Post equitem?*” Ah! his reliance,
 At least, wasn’t placed on “Defiance.”

RATHER FAMILIAR!—It was announced in
 the *Times* that “Canon G. F. BROWNE will
 lecture at St. Paul’s, in January,” on “*The
 Christian Church before the coming of
 Augustus.*” The Canon ought to have said
 “*Sir Augustus.*” Of course there is only
 one “*AUGUSTUS,*” i.e. our “*DEURIOLANUS.*”

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XVII.—*The Drawing-room at Hornbeam Lodge. CURPHEW and ALTHEA are standing at some distance from one another, in evident constraint.*

Curpew (sadly). It's only what I expected, and yet—tell me this—is it entirely because of—of what you saw at the Eldorado last Saturday?

Althea. Ah, you know, then! but what does it matter now? I was mistaken—isn't that enough?

Curph. Don't judge me by what you saw of WALTER WILDFIRE. I can do better things than that. I can make you forget him—forget that he ever existed, if only you will trust me!

Alth. (indignantly). Do you really suppose that he—that I—oh, it's too insulting! And you will do no good by disparaging him. The man who could write those songs, and sing them like that—

Curph. (winning). Don't! I know how they must have struck you. I would have prepared you, if I could. I did try—that afternoon at the station, but I was interrupted. And now it's too late, and the harm's done. But at least you will never see WALTER WILDFIRE again!

Alth. (exasperated). Have I ever said that I wanted to? Why will you persist in talking as if—? Once for all, I can't care for you; whatever I may have thought once, I know now that I can have no sympathy with the sort of life you lead; the pleasures you are content with would not satisfy me; I should want more than you could ever give me. We should have nothing in common—nothing—There, now do you understand?

Curph. Yes, I think I do. I suppose it's natural, and yet—don't think too hardly of me if you can help it. I might have chosen a higher walk than I did, but at least I've kept out of the mire, and now at last I see my way to— But that wouldn't interest you. There, I had better say good-bye; you won't refuse to give me your hand at parting, will you?

[As he takes her hand, Mrs. TOOVEY enters with CHARLES, and stands transfixed.]

Mrs. Toovey. ALTHEA, don't tell me I'm too late! You have not accepted that man?

Curph. (releasing ALTHEA'S hand). On the contrary, I have just had my dismissal, Mrs. TOOVEY; we were merely saying good-bye.

Mrs. Toov. Thank Heaven! But I knew I could trust my daughter to detect instinctively the designing serpent in wolf's clothing—(correcting herself angrily)—the sheep in dove's plumage, I should say.

Charles (sotto voce). Similes are cheap to-day!

Mrs. Toov. (more angrily still). Well, I know what I mean, and so does he! (Mr. TOOVEY enters.) And how a person with Mr. CURPHEW'S antecedents could ever have the face to thrust himself into such a household as this—

Mr. Toov. (coming forward). CORNELIA, my love! Such language to our dear young friend! Surely, surely, there must be some sad mistake!

Mrs. Toov. There has been indeed, Pa, and so you will say when you hear who and what he really is!

Curph. Mr. TOOVEY has been quite aware of it for the last week, and was kind enough to say he saw no insuperable objection.

Mrs. Toov. Pa, is this true? You knew who Mr. CURPHEW was, and never told me!

Mr. Toov. My dear, I've no more notion who he is, if he's not Mr. CURPHEW, than a babe un—

Curph. But surely, Sir, you forget our conversation at Clapham Junction this day week? You certainly knew everything then. I thought your nephew had probably—

Charles. I'd no idea of it myself till last Saturday, so it couldn't have been me!

Alth. (impatiently). No idea of what? Who is Mr. CURPHEW Papa?

Curph. (to her, in astonishment). But you know! surely you know! What else have we been talking about?

Mr. Toov. (helplessly). I think we might try to be a little more clear, all of us. I do indeed. I'm in a perfect fog myself.

Mrs. Toov. Then, Pa, let me inform you that you have been encouraging the acquaintance of a person who gains his living by singing ribald songs at music-halls under the name of WALTER WILDFIRE!

Alth. (to herself). WALTER WILDFIRE! Then it was— Oh, if I had known!

Mr. Toov. A—a music-hall singer! He! Oh, dear, dear me; how one may be deceived in people!

Curph. Really, Sir, this can hardly be news to you, when you allowed me to send you a box for the Eldorado for the express purpose of—

Mrs. Toov. Don't deny you were sent the box, Pa, because I know better. The question is—what you wanted one at all for?

Mr. Toov. (to himself). There's no occasion to say anything about those shares now! (Aloud.) To be sure. I was sent a ticket, my love; I could not help that, but (drawing himself up) it was not likely that I should compromise myself by visiting such a place, even from the best of motives, and I did not use the ticket myself, though I believe some other person did.

Mrs. Toov. (in some distress). Well, well, never mind that now, Pa. What you have to do is to ask this Mr. WILDFIRE to oblige us all by walking out of this house—for ever.

Curph. I should not have stayed so long as this, only I hoped that Mr. TOOVEY at least would have done me the justice— However, I've nothing to keep me here any longer now.

[He moves towards the door.]

Alth. (coming forward and intercepting him). Yes, you have—you've me. Oh, do you think I'll let you go like this—now I know? Can't you understand what a difference it makes?

[She clings to his arm.]

Charles. Bravo, THEA! I always knew you were a sensible girl!

Curph. (utterly bewildered). Then you weren't—you don't—? I wonder if I can be awake!

Mrs. Toov. ALTHEA, if you had the remotest conception of what a music-hall singer is, you would never—

Alth. I know what Mr. CURPHEW is, Mamma. He is a great artist, a genius; he can hold a mixed crowd of careless people spell-bound while he sings, make them laugh, cry, shudder, just as he chooses, and whatever he does is all so natural and human and real, and—oh, I can't put it into proper words, but one goes away thinking better of the whole world after it—and to hear him treated as if he were some outcast—oh, I can't bear it!

[She breaks down.]

Curph. (to himself). I don't care what happens now. They can't take this away!

Mrs. Toov. Upon my word! And pray where did you learn all this about Mr. WILDFIRE'S performances?

Alth. (boldly). Where, Mamma? Why, at the Eldorado, last Saturday evening.

[Sudden collapse of Mrs. TOOVEY.]

Mr. Toov. (electrified). A daughter of mine at the Eldorado! THEA, my child, you can't know what you are talking about; look at the effect on your poor mother!

Alth. (desperately). But indeed, Papa, there was no harm in it. I went with the MERRIDEWS. And—and I may be mistaken, of course, but I—I thought I saw Mamma there too!

[Sensation.]

Charles. Oh, I say, THEA; aren't you coming it rather strong? Aunt at the Eldorado! Why, Aunt thought Uncle was there!

Mr. Toov. CORNELIA, my love, don't pay any attention to her; the child must be stark staring mad to say such things. It's bad enough that she should have gone; but to think of you in such a scene! (To ALTHEA.) Why, it was that very Saturday evening that your dear mother went to the Zenana Meeting at Mrs. CUMBERBATCH'S—yes, to be sure. (To Mrs. T.) You remember, my dear, how you came home so late, in a cab the driver had been smoking in, and how the moment you entered the room I—

Mrs. Toov. (hastily). My dear THEOPHILUS, I remember the cir—



cumstances perfectly, but I should not condescend to answer so preposterous a charge; especially when it is my own daughter who brings it!

Alth. (in distress). But indeed I don't, Mamma. I only fancied it might have been you, and of course, if you were at the CUMBERBATCHES—

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). I must put a stop to this once and for all. *(Aloud.)* If I was at the CUMBERBATCHES! When your father has just told you I was there—really, ALTHEA! Did I hear wheels outside? Just look, Pa. I haven't seen my spectacles since Saturday.

Mr. Toov. (at the window). Why, really, my love, it does seem to be a carriage, indeed. I wonder who can be calling at such a— Now, it's quite a coincidence, truly—it's dear Mrs. CUMBERBATCH! I hope she'll come in, because I really think it's a duty to warn her against employing that particular cabman again. A driver who permits himself to smoke inside his own vehicle to that extent—

(Mrs. TOOVEY makes ineffectual efforts to speak.)

Alth. (in a whisper, to CURPHEW). Do look at Mamma! You don't think she could really—?

Curph. I don't know what to think yet; but we shall all know in a very few seconds now.

(The hall-door is heard to open;)

Mrs. TOOVEY attempts to rise, but has to remain in her seat, dumb and paralysed.

END OF SCENE XVII.

LOBENGULA'S LETTER-BAG.

(Post-mark, Regent's Park.) Shall be glad to engage you for the Gardens. You will be expected to look after the elephants and to make yourself generally useful with the lions and tigers. As the Christmas holidays are approaching, perhaps you might invent a little comic scene with the crocodiles. A similar feature was supplied years ago by the French sailor in charge of the seals with much effect. Of course we shall be glad if your knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of the ourang-outang enables you to suggest anything that could be worked up into a comic interlude. Please bear in mind that the Gardens want waking up, and you have a big opportunity. You would have Sunday off every other week. The Gardens would reserve to themselves the right of regulating your costume. Your boots and straw-hat may be ample in Africa, but in the Regent's Park would be considered inappropriate. We think we can clothe you in the very thing, if we can find a size large enough for you. It is called "the boy's home-for-the-holidays lounging suit," and is largely advertised. Shall expect you by next boat.

(Post-mark, Westminster.) Glad to engage you for a month certain, with power to increase the time to six weeks or longer. Could you bring with you a pugilistic hippopotamus? It must be a young one, as there is not much room for any side-shows. If you can jump, and don't mind water, so much the better. If you would leap from the organ-loft into a tank on to the stage, carrying on your back the boxing-kangaroo, the feat might be accepted, and prove a feature. Think this over on the journey to England. Perhaps something may occur to you. If so, mind that we are deeply respected, and are highly popular with the L. C. C. So please let your suggestions be as refined as possible.

(Post-mark, Paternoster Row.) Shall be glad to arrange with you for the immediate production of your Recollections. Would be glad if they were written in a bright, chatty style. You might give an account of your connection with literary celebrities, torturers, scientific expeditions, executions, sport in the far East, native war, and other topics of interest that may have come under your personal observation. If you could write up to some electros we have of a comic German Christmas party so much the better. As the success of the book is doubtful, we do not wish to incur unnecessary expense, and therefore would be glad if you could see your way to introducing the following blocks, of which we hold the copyright:—Covent Garden by Moonlight, A Spanish Bull Fight, An Execution in front of the Old Bailey, A Students' Ball in the Quartier Latin, H. R. H. opening a Newly-erected Board-School, Snipe Shooting on the Norfolk Broads, Christmas in a Storm at Sea, Hampstead Heath on

Bank Holiday, Portrait of JOHN WESLEY, A Lecture on Chemistry at the Royal Polytechnic Institution, Exterior of the new Police Court at Bow Street, An Incident in the Lord Mayor's Show, "Oxford wins," VAN TROMP sailing up the Thames, Paris Fashions for February, Christmas Eve—the Last Omnibus, Hop Pickers on the March, The new Uniform of the Grenadier Guards, and the late Fire at the Borough Brewery. We shall be glad if you will put the book in hand at once, as it is scarcely necessary to say that the sale of a work of reminiscences depends to a large extent upon the popularity of its author at the moment of publication. Terms, after the sale of 5000 copies, one penny a volume royalty.

(Post-mark, Drury Lane.) Engage you at once for ten years. Probably shall not require you for more than three or four months, but shall retain you for the rest of the time. May come in useful later on. Place waiting for you in the Pantomime. Minute and a half in English History in twenty minutes. Also comic scene with the Clown. The engagement must have clause allowing transference. Can find places for your wives (if they are really nice ones) in the Transformation Scene. If you can imitate the cries &c., of wild beasts, &c., think I can get you a turn at the

Palace. Writing a first-rate part for you in Autumn drama. A sort of gentlemanly demon, who appears in the West End during the first and third Acts, and in the last scene, appears in national costume with a real army and the whole bag of tricks. Bring as many of your army with you as you can. Can find something for them to do until the production of the Autumn drama. Collect a good lot of assegaïs and other useful props. May see way to working you into the Opera season. If you can sing, can give you a show at a concert. Might do for German series. Terms as per usual. Special arrangement if wanted at Windsor. Come over at once. On second thoughts, remain where you are. Will run over to have a chat. Third, and last thought, come over yourself. Find myself, with my engagements, just now a little pressed for time. *Au revoir!*

Coal and Wood.

(“That a Board of Conciliation be constituted forthwith, to last for one year at least, consisting of an equal number of coalowners and miners' representatives, fourteen of each.”—Terms of the Collieries Strike Conference.)

HOORAY for happy harmony so readily restored!

Thanks chiefly to young ROSEBERRY, that shrewd and genial lord.

And Mr. Punch is thankful, for such strikes we can't afford, That in the Labour platform the newest plank's a Board!

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL OUTBURST.

(“A specimen of the rare white-tailed eagle has just been shot at Bude Haven, Cornwall.”—Daily Paper, Nov. 24.)

Ah! shades of YARRELL, MORRIS, BEWICK, WOOD,
Swoop down from Nephelococcygian eyrie [toms,
With legions of bird-phan-
Roc-ghosts and spectral ban-
tams,
And venge the Vandal sporting-
man's vagary,
Wrought on your race in Corn-
wall's bay of Bude!

A *Haliaetus* he's done to death!
Haunt him and harry, oosifrage
and osprey!
Hoot, owl! Croak havoc,
raven!
He of that wave-beat haven
Should—like the Ancient, of the
Albatross—pray
For tardy pardon till his
latest breath!

Soon will the Sea-earn join the
vanished band
Of Garefowl, *Æpyornis*, Dodo,
Moa!
And e'en the merry mavis
Will rank as *rara avis*—
The sparrow, sole of all that
sailed with NOAH,
Will learn the casual pot-shot
to withstand!

Why surely, when rare birds
are rarer made
By 'ARRY, or by 'ARRIET's hat-
adorners,
These gentry should be
tethered
To posts, and tarred and
feathered! [a mourner
To see the balance thus redressed
Would not be he who has these
lines essayed!



A NOVELTY.

Mr. Cylinder (who always uses his Host's cartridges). "WHAT POWDER ARE THESE LOADED WITH, MY BOY?"
Beater. "AR DOAN'T RIGHTLY KNOW; BUT AR THINK THEY CALLS IT SERDLITZ POODER!"



A DISCUSSION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

"A—I'VE NO DOUBT YOU'RE QUITE RIGHT IN *THEORY*, LADY HYPATIA. BUT I'M AFRAID THAT IN *PRACTICE* THE WORLD AT LARGE WON'T AGREE WITH YOU." "WON'T IT? THEN IT OUGHTN'T TO BE AT LARGE!"

A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.

(Latest Parliamentary Version.)

Mr. H. FOWLER sings. (AIR—"Daisy Bell.")

THERE'S mazy misgiving upon my part,
Hazy, hazy,
Women, by WALTER M'LAREN's art,
Muddle my "Mazy Bill."
Whether I love it or love it not,
Down I must gulp this pill.
She-suffrage complicates the plot,
Much, of my "Mazy Bill"!

Chorus—

Mazy! Mazy!
She-Voter, sit up, do!
I'm half crazy,
All with the weight of you!
You will not be robbed by marriage
Of a ride on this bi-wheeled carriage.
You look so sweet
(So you think) on the seat
Of a Bicycle built for Two!

We must go "tandem," like man and wife!—
Aisy! Aisy!—
Am I not working away for life,
Driving my "Mazy Bill"?
Taking you up, as an extra load,
Taxed my strength and skill.
Rough and up-hill is the country road,
Run by the "Mazy Bill."

Chorus—

Lazy! Lazy!—
Spin like a "Scorcher"—do!
I'm half crazy
With the dead weight of you!
Spinster or bound in marriage,
You claim gratuitous carriage;
But—use your feet
If you *must* have a seat!
On this Bicycle built for Two!

I must stand by you? Oh yes, I know!

They see, they see,—

M'LAREN and STANSFELD, JESSE and JOE.—

I'm bound to my "Mazy Bill."

You'll take the lead, if I don't mistake.

Then, if you work your will,

Who will there be to put on the brake,

Working my "Mazy Bill"?

Chorus—

Hazy! Hazy!

Such is the country view!

Squires half crazy,

All for sheer dread of you!

Maidens or married by marriage,

Your sex means claiming their carriage;

But, I feel dead beat

With your weight on the seat

Of this Bicycle—built for Two!

CONVERSATION BOOK FOR CANDIDATES.

(When the Ladies have the Franchise.)

Voter. Are you sure you are quite steady?

Candidate. Quite. And I am prepared to give the best time of my life to the consideration of the most important—

V. Thank you, that will do. But do you think that a carriage is necessary for a wife?

C. Certainly, and it would be a grievance if she had not one. By a development of the trade of the country I believe that—

V. Thank you, that will do. And I suppose you admit the equality of the sexes?

C. Undoubtedly, considering that the highest places in the university class lists are carried off by—

V. Thank you, that will do. And I suppose you, if elected, will have a fortune sufficiently ample to afford a house in Eaton Square, a place in the country, a yacht in the Solent, a box at the opera, and all the other necessary etceteras?

C. Most probably. I hold it to be the duty

of every legislator to see that his wealth is sufficient to enable him to give his individual time to the service of his constituents, and—

V. Thank you, that will do. I presume, if you married, you would like your wife's mother to occasionally visit her daughter?

C. Theoretically, yes. Judging for others, I would say that no subject of greater interest than happy domestic arrangement could be imagined. I would insist that the well-being of the family circle is of paramount importance, and that—

V. Thank you, that will do. And now for my last question. If you are elected will you be prepared to marry my eldest daughter?

C. That is a matter of great moment which requires the most careful consideration. Without absolutely pledging myself to any course of action, I may declare that—

V. Thank you, that will do. And now I will examine your opponent!

PALINODE.

["In my old Radical days."—Mr. Chamberlain.]

Yes, I once was a smart little Rad
Who talked about "lilies" and "ransom."
Those views, which were shallow and mad,

I retract, in a manner most handsome.

Ed! "Skeletons," "Armchairs"? Oh no!

I hold they are traitors or sillies,

Who talk (like the juvenile JOE)

About skeletons, ransom, and lilies!

Ri fol de rol liddle lol dol!

I might be indulging to-day

In the rampant and rancorous Rad's tone,

Swearing "lilies" full "ransom" must pay,

If it hadn't a-been for that GLADSTONE!

He serves as a warning to me,

A sort of political helot;

But, thanks to old W. G.,

I'm no longer a radical zealot!

Ri fol de rol liddle lol dol!



“A BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO.”

[“If he (Mr. FOWLER) understood the decision of the House correctly on this subject, it was this—that the disqualification of married women should cease—that was to say, where a woman was otherwise qualified, and was on an existing register, and, as such, entitled to vote, she should not be disqualified by reason of being a married woman. . . . It was a decision which the Government would endeavour to carry out. . . . He should propose to insert a new clause removing the disqualification of married women altogether.”—Mr. H. Fowler in the Debate on the Parish Councils Bill.]



ROBERT'S PUZZEL.

I've had a Puzzel put into my hands by a heminent Common Councilman which has puzzeld me orfully, but which he says is as plane as the hob-jects of a County Counsellor. It is as follows:—

"Amalgamation is Wexation,
Unefceation is as Bad,
The Royal Commission puzzels me,
And their practises drives me Mad!"

In course the hole thing is a Com-mondrum to a pore Waiter like me; but my frend tells me that it all means, that as the City Copporation is the popularest body in all the hole Country, and the London County Counsel about the most unpopularest, as they are allers a hinterfering unnessasarily with the cumforts and amusements of some class or other of the peeple, they aeshally has the hor-dasity to propose that the grand old Copporation should be abolished alto-gether, and ancient Gildhall and the honored Manshun House, with all their sacred contents, handed over to the County Counsellors! and that in future there should be no reel City of London, but that all the hole place, with its five millions of peeple, should be muddled up together, and put under the loving care of the London County Counsel!

Well, I do happen to have a pretty large aquaintance one way and another, and I ventures to say, most truthfully, that I haven't come across one singel one on 'em but what has ether amost bust hisself with larfter, or amost screamed hisself hoarse with hindignation, when I have told him my almost unposserbel tail!

ONE OF THE "MAXIMS" OF CIVILISATION!



OLD AND NEW.

"THINK of the glorious Mottoes," said a Major of the old school. "'Nil Desperandum,' 'Death or Victory,' 'England Expects,' and so forth!" Replied his friend, the modern Captain, "Bother your Mottoes! Give us the 'Maxims'!"

"Flibbertigibbet."

THE fiend that now urges to—pen flippant novels
Is modern *Poor Tom's* modish *Modo*,
The work that in cynical worldliness grovels
Will soon be extinct as the Dodo!

* See *King Lear*.

I did venture to ask the Common Councilman, the other day, whether he reelly thort as there was any possibility of such a hideous skeme a being carried out, when we all knowd what a splendid caracter the old Copporation had borne for ages past for Gener-ossity, for Horsepitallerty, and for Eddication. His anwser was, "My dear ROBERT, we lives in sitch rum times that one hesitates to say that any habsurdity is impossible, but the great trust of all of us is, that should things get to the werry worst, and ewen the House of Commons throw us over—tho I have heard their great Leader himself declare, in Gildhall itself, that the history of the City Copporation re-flected an amount of credit upon those who had governed it for generations that it would be difficult to surpass—the same nobel and hindependent Body as only a few munse ago saved the country from disruption, and thereby raised themselves greatly in the esti-mation of all thinking men, would again step forward and save the grate Capital from such a ridiculus, and contemptible, and silly absurditty as was never equalled in the history of the world!"

Ah, well, these was nice comforting words for me to hear, and sent me about my ofishal dooties with quite renewed wiggour, and when shortly afterwards I ventured to repeat them to one of the most importantest of our gests, he turned round and aeshally shook my hand, and exclaimed, "Ah, my good ROBERT, we may trust to them, for many and many a time have I heard some of our gratest men exclaim, 'Thank God we have a House of Lords!'"

ROBERT.

"HISTORY (NEARLY) REPEATS ITSELF."

(A Peep into the Future.)

THERE was a general strike. The playing fields were deserted, and trade was at a standstill. Not a cricket-ball or a foot-ball had been made for months, and the lawn-tennis industry was paralyzed. The papers of the day urged the Government to intervene. "After all, it was only a matter of figures. Surely a compromise might be reached. If players would only meet payers, all would be well." So a Cabinet Council was held, and the most popular Member of the Ministry was selected as arbitrator. The name was well-received by both sides, and all seemed *en train* for a satisfactory settlement.

"We must have a proper salary," said a repre-sentative of the foot-ball profession: "if we don't, we shall have to give it up, and take to soldiering, doctoring, brief-accepting, and the rest of it."

There was a murmur of disapproval at this suggestion. Was foot-ball to perish because its professors could not get a "living wage"? No, a thousand times no!

Then the Minister suggested that he had better hear the complaints of the men, the women, and the children. So the cricketers, the golfers, the polo-players, and the lovers of lawn-tennis spoke at length.

"And what may you want young lady?" asked the arbitrator, with a smile.

"I must be paid for taking my doll for a walk," replied a small girl of six or seven. "I have to keep the toy perambulator in repair, and when Rose falls on her nose, I have to get her face replaced. How am I to bear these expenses if I receive nothing? It is impossible, unreasonable!"

"And I, too," cried a schoolboy. "How can I trundle my hoop or play at marbles if I am not allowed something for my time?"

And there were other complaints. Everyone wanted a wage, and the cries for salaries waxed louder and louder.

Then the Minister asked for a few minutes' grace, and began writing. After he had finished his despatch, he put it in an envelope, and requested someone to read it when he had taken his departure. Then he went away.

"Dear me!" said the person to whom the despatch had been entrusted. "This is highly un-satisfactory. I find the arbitrator has resigned without making an award, and has left the matter in the hands of Lord ROSEBERRY."

Then there was a cry of sorrow. For it was known that as Lord ROSEBERRY had had quite enough of conflicts between capital and labour, he would certainly refuse to be dragged into another quarrel.

So the war went on between players and payers, and "Merrie England" became a byword of reproach in the comity of nations.

MATURE CHARMS.

MAIDEN slim and fair, with the golden hair,
So eager to snare with the knowing glance
Of your eyes so bright, and to waltz all night
With that step so light in the mazy dance,

Years ago, I swear, we once met somewhere;
We danced—you take care to forget that ball—
And my arm embraced that wasp's whalebone waist,
So cruelly laced, so absurdly small!

But then I declare you had nut-brown hair,
The colour's still there just down at the roots;
You are "fancy free," full of girlish glee,
But you're forty-three I would bet my boots.

Your beauty is rare, but I am aware
That face you prepare, that vile waist you buy,
Which corsets to civilised women give,
And hairdressers live so that you may dye.



Popular Idea of the Costume
of a Member of the Bar on
"Grand Day."



SO POLITE!!

Slim nervous Gent (pulling up at a regular facer). "HOLD HARD, YOU BRUTE! 'LADIES FIRST!'"

A BALLAD.

I WISH I could write romantic rot,
Like the beautiful songs they sing
At Ballad Concerts; why should I not
Attempt such a simple thing?
This metre's just right. Here goes!—The

moon
Shone sad o'er the silvered waves, [June,
The nightingale trilled 'neath that night of
Where the river the primrose laves.

(That's good, though hazy the sense may
seem,

No primrose would bloom at the time;
The river "laves" it, not it the stream;
"Moon" and "June" makes a clumsy
rhyme.)

Upon the terrace a maiden fair
Was gazing the waters o'er,
And dreaming of vows of love she ne'er
Would hear, as in days of yore.

("Days of yore," that's fine.) And her soft,
sad eyes

Looked up at the starry night,
She kissed a fair ruby ring, with sighs,
Which shone on her fingers white.

(You put the words as it suits you best;
The adjective need not be
Before the noun.) On her heaving breast
A red, red rose you could see.

(That is if you had been there.) She wept;
To-night must her lover go.

The rose was awake, though the pimpernel
slept.

(Bagged from TENNYSON, don't you

The silent stream whispered scarce a sign,
Ere it swept past the willows grey.
(The sense is vague, though the sound is
fine;
What it means even I can't say.)

Alas! alas! red, red rose, bright ring!
Red rose, cherished ring, alas!
(Such bosh sounds beautiful when you
sing.)

A hush lay over the grass.
(I'm hanged if I know what a "hush"
may be,

It's something pathetic, sublime.)
The nightingale warbled upon the tree.
O rose-scented summertime!

He came, and pressed to his manly heart
The maid 'neath the pale moonbeams
(Don't mind if accents are wrong); they
part!

In (excellent rhyme) her dreams
The joy of that passionate farewell kiss
To the silent tomb she bore.

(I could easily write you a mile of this,
But you probably want no more.)

"LA FIN DU SEA-AIGLE (!!)."—The
Standard informs us that—

"A specimen of the white-tailed, or sea eagle,
has just been shot at Bude Haven, Cornwall. The
bird weighed nearly eight pounds, and the ex-
tended wings measure between seven and eight feet
from tip to tip."

Now, "next please," and let us have the
"Very last of the Sea Serpent!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, November 20.—Rumour current to-night that Ballykilbeg is in the market. Ballykilbeg is the manorial seat of one of the most ancient and honourable Irish families, long settled in County Down. The O'Hnston's were in the train of BORRHOIMI when he first essayed, and succeeded in, the difficult task of forming a United Ireland. JAKE O'HNSTON is a name that lingers lovingly in tradition of Youngest Ireland. Gradually, being always on the people's lips, it began to take a new form. J. O'HNSTON naturally became JOHNSTON; but Ballykilbeg was always there. To-day House of Commons contains no more esteemed Member than he who is known as JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg. A man of war breathing battle, ever ready to take his place amongst the corpses in the last ditch, JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg off the platform in Ulster, or off his legs in House of Commons, is the mildest-mannered man that ever proposed to broil a brother for conscience' sake.

Quite a sensation at prospect of disavowing JOHNSTON from Ballykilbeg. Glad to hear there's nothing, or little, in it. Arises out of circumstance that JOHNSTON has approached Mr. G. with suggestion that Treasury shall purchase an estate in Ireland, and there plant out the Duke of YORK. If the Duke, making a survey of Ireland, should find no more attractive place than Ballykilbeg, the descendant of the O'HNSTONS is not the man to allow personal



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 5. HUNTING.

predilections or old associations to stand in the way of gratification of Royal desire. It might come to pass that the Crowned Heads of Europe would welcome at their courts YORK of Ballykilbeg, whilst the last of the O'HNSONS would be content to house his loyal head



Johnson of Ballykilbeg escorting the Duke of York.

under alien roof. That, however, not a prospect in view when he moved in the matter. There is surely room between the seas that circle Ireland for the Duke of YORK and JOHNSTON still at Ballykilbeg.

Business done.—Clause I. added to Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—Parish Councils on again. That was order of day, but human ingenuity dragged in other matters. First Woman's Suffrage, on which there was livelier debate than has yet arisen in Committee on this Bill. Last Thursday WALTER M'LAREN raised question in form of an Instruction. Government resisting were beaten, the Opposition coalescing with revolting Radicals. Now, as SQUIRE OF MALWOOD puts it, the Government, kissing the rod, accept injunction; undertake to embody M'LAREN's Amendment in Bill. Pretty to see air of doubt and hesitation that hereupon comes over ingenuous faces on Opposition benches. If HENRY FOWLER had put his back up, declared that Woman delighted him not, nor WALTER M'LAREN either, Opposition would again have joined forces with Radicals, and Government would once more have suffered defeat. Since they resolved to obey Instruction carried by majority last Thursday, PRINCE ARTHUR shakes his head; EDWARD STANHOPE shows this is quite another pair of sleeves; whilst JOSEPH, back bronzed from breezy Bahamas, bluntly says he will oppose new Clause HENRY FOWLER has promised to bring in.

"It is the duty of an Opposition to oppose," says PRINCE ARTHUR; "and I did not for several Sessions sit at feet of OLD MORALITY without being impressed with imperative sense of duty."



Mr. Courtney explains the Puzzle.

Later, when this difficulty temporarily out of way and it seemed progress with Clause might be made. Proportional Representation was dragged in neck and crop. COURTNEY took charge of the puzzle business, and tried to explain it. No prizes offered, and attention a little slack. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD defined the theory in admirable phrase. "It is," he said, "an ingenious system by which a man is

to vote for a person he does not prefer in order to secure a majority for some purpose he does not understand." Can't better that; leaves nothing else to say. Nevertheless, much was said; talked by the hour; finally a division, in which Government majority, rarely falling below three score and ten, stood at 72.

Business done.—Something of the debating society order.

Thursday night.—Things coming to a pretty pass if TOMLINSON is not to offer a few observations on third reading of Employers' Liability Bill without an arrogant Minister moving the Closure. Apart from consideration of individual liberty and freedom of speech, House would have suffered special disappointment if SPEAKER had accepted ASQUITH's suggestion and submitted question of Closure. Finding TOMLINSON on his feet at this juncture it naturally thought he had, in interval, discovered what his amendments moved last week in Committee on Bill meant, and was seizing this opportunity of explaining them. He didn't; but that was all ASQUITH's fault. Enough to cow any man rising at ten minutes to twelve and having pistol held to his head in shape of motion for the Closure.

Just at the time when TOMLINSON was coming to his explanation, hand of clock touched five minutes to twelve. He might still have used up at least four minutes; being flurried, he sat down; and now we shall never know what his amendments were designed to accomplish. Happily there was time left for MATTHEWS to soundly rate ASQUITH for his attempt to Closure TOMLINSON. Right hon. gentleman could scarcely control his tongue in the emotion under which he laboured in contemplation of the attempted outrage. It would have been bad enough with an ordinary member. That the weighty and sententious speech of so eminent a statesman as the Member for Preston should have been broken in upon by a motion for the Closure only showed, in the ex-Home Secretary's opinion, how bad was the case of the Government, how reckless the tactics to which desperation drove them. A beautiful speech; almost, as TOMLINSON says, worth being snubbed by ASQUITH in order to elicit this eloquent testimony to modest merit.

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill read a third time.

Friday Night.—Great advantage of habit of foreign travel ingrained with Members of Commons is that when erudite question comes up sure to be someone present who can illustrate its bearings from experience gained in more or less remote portions of the planet. Just now HENRY FOWLER moved provision in Parish Councils Bill, making it possible for Lovely Woman, whether married or single, to stoop to folly of being elected on Parish Council Board. Up jumps HORACE PLUNKETT with some charming reminiscences brightly told of residence in the State of Wyoming. In that happy land women enjoy equal political and municipal privileges with their brother men.

"I was," said PLUNKETT, "well acquainted with a female Justice of the Peace. She discharged her duties, and, when necessary, a revolver."

Another of PLUNKETT's lady friends in far-off Wyoming had her domestic duties broken in upon by summons to attend a jury. Case proved protracted; husband had to stay at home and mind the baby, whilst she was locked up all-night with eleven good men and true.

After hearing this, Committee unanimously, without division being challenged, agreed to FOWLER's Amendment.

Business done.—On Clause III. Parish Council Bill.

SHAKSPEARE IN LONDON.

BUY no more, Ladies; buy no more;

Shops were deceivers ever:
One price in season, one before,
And reasonable never.

Then buy not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting "Robes, modes, et
manteaux"

Into—"Pas, si je connais!"

Bring no more bargains—sales are low,

And bills are dull and heavy;
(The shopmen drew their longest bow

For Summer's rout and levée.)
Then buy not so,

But let them "show"
And be you shrewd and bonny,

Converting all their "Tout ce
qu'il faut"

Into—"Pas, si je connais!"

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS!"

PUNCH's picture, "When the Cat's Away!"

Seems to have effect! The brutal "play"

Of young ruffians, in at least two cases,

Whipping has rewarded. What long faces

TROTTER pulls! With his mild creed it clashes.

Sentiment's eyes are wet—about the lashes!

Howling brutes make molly-coddles snivel.

Let the ruffians rail, their champions drivell.

Brutalising to chastise brutality?
'Tis the merest blind sentimentality.

Feeble men and helpless women

SAVE

From the roughs, and let the weepers rave!



JUVENILE PESSIMISM.

First Youthful Reprobate. "SAY, BILLY, 'AVE YER GOT SECHA THING AS A BIT O' 'BACCA ABOUT YER?"

Second Y. R. "AIN'T 'AD SO MUCH AS A WIFF SINCE LAEST TOOSDAY FORTNITE!"

First Y. R. "AH! WOT A WORLD! EH?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

A PERUSAL of Captain LUGARD's *Rise of our East African Empire* fills one with a thrill of pride at being also an Englishman. Captain LUGARD is a Soldier of Fortune, of the type of *Quentin Durward*, only, instead of lending his sword to a foreign king, he helps to carve out empire for England in the very heart of Africa. This is, however, merely an accident. He reached Massowah bent upon joining the Italian forces then fighting against the Abyssinians. This journey was undertaken for what, to my Baronite's peace-loving disposition, is the oddest reason in the world. Finding himself with his regiment at Gibraltar in December 1888, his health shattered in the Burmah campaign, Captain LUGARD came to the conclusion that nothing would do him good except a little fighting. So, with £50 in his belt, and no outfit except his rifle, he got on board the first passing ship, and sailed whithersoever it chanced to be going. This turned out to be Naples, a fortunate stroke, since Italy was the only nation that chanced at the moment to be at war. Captain LUGARD's efforts to obtain permission to join the expeditionary force, made first at Rome, and afterwards at Dogali, were unsuccessful. He drifted into East Africa, and finally reached Uganda, with which territory, particularly interesting just now, much of the book is concerned. It is impossible even to hint at the marvellous adventures through which he made his way. They were accomplished with marvellous endurance and superb courage, the picturesque narrative being written with charming modesty. No more stirring story has been told in recent years than Messrs. BLACKWOOD publish in these two handsome volumes, profusely illustrated and enriched with maps.

A few hints to those about to marry in *Courtship and Marriage*, by ANNIE SWAN. Miss ANNIE SWAN is a Duck!

The latest "Ours" published by "INNES" are *The Dainty Books*, a charming series, containing some very pretty stories; that of a little girl, always aiming at dramatic effects, in *A Hit and a Miss*, by the Hon. EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN, is most amusingly told, and *The Lily and the Water Lily* is a delicate flowery romance by Mrs. A. COMYNS CARR, in which flowers and fairies talk and act for the benefit of some little children.

Those who have bad memories should get the *Dictionary of Quotations*, compiled by Rev. JAMES WOOD. It is not a Stock Exchange memorandum, but a compilation of more than the usual stock quoted from various writers.

Distinguished for his art gems, RAPHAEL TUCK AND SON are as Artful as ever with their variety show of cards and booklets.

In consequence of the high price of coals this winter, FAULKNER & Co. have turned our eyes to summer flowers and pictures. Winter being summarily dismissed, is not on the cards.

A splendid collection of *Good Words* for 1893, published by IEBISTER, and edited by DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.; in it will be found a serial story by EDNA LYALL, "To Right the Wrong," which proves how wrong it is to write,—but read this, and right through, says the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

HOW TO WRITE A CHEAP CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

From Editor to Contributor.—We are going to have a seasonable extra, but can't go to any unnecessary expense. Want a story of the old kind. Snow, ice, hunting, and plum pudding. Scene must be laid in an antiquated country-house, to bring in picture of "Dowderry Grange by Moonlight." Can you manage it?

From Contributor to Editor.—Just the thing ready to hand. Scene Burmah, but can easily bring all the characters to Loamshire. Central incident. Heroine run over by a wild elephant, easily changed into an accident on the railway. Have you any blocks you can send me?

From Editor to Contributor.—Sending you heaps of cuts by the parcels post. Choose those you like best, and return the remainder. Isn't railway incident rather stale? Better stick to elephant. Possibly introduce a topical tone. Think you will find in parcel a sketch of the bombardment of Rio. Do your best.

From Contributor to Editor.—Thanks for packet of blocks. I have kept half a dozen. Have found a fellow who will do for a hero. Only drawback he's always changing his personal appearance. However, can make him an amateur detective. Wrong about the bombardment of Rio. No picture of that incident. Think you must have taken "Illumination of Jammeripore, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee," for it. Can work in that, as it will do for one of my Burmese scenes. Rough sketch of plot. Hero in love with heroine, who is left alone in lonely manor-house. She meets him in a circus, where he rescues her from an infuriated elephant. Brings in three blocks nicely. Hard at work.

From Editor to Contributor.—Afraid I must ask you to send back blocks you have selected. Appears I promised them to another Contributor, who had written up to them a story called, "Farmer Fuddle's Visit to the Cattle Show." However, retain the Jubilee illumination, as he says he doesn't want it. Sending you fresh parcel.

From Contributor to Editor.—Rather annoyed, as I was getting on capitally. EDWIN and ANGELINA, on their escape from the mad elephant, were seeking shelter under the Adelphi Arches. Now come a lot of pictures of the French Revolution! However, will do my best.

From Editor to Contributor.—You are such a good-natured fellow, it's a shame to bother you. Find I had promised another chap those

revolutionary subjects. He has written a story up to them, called "Nettleby's Nightmare." Have sent you a heap more in exchange. *From Contributor to Editor.*—It's really too bad! I had put EDWIN in the Conciergerie and ANGELINA was trying to bribe ROBESPIERRE. And now you have altered it all! And what am I to do with a picture which seems to be an advertisement of somebody's shirts? Haven't you made another mistake. However, I have got on as fast as I can, and put a heap of subjects in a mad scene. EDWIN's brain breaks down, and he has visions of lots of things, inclusive of some wedding-cakes.

From Editor to Contributor.—You are quite right. I *did* make a mistake. The last packet of blocks were put into my room by mistake. Please return them at once—they are required for the advertisements. Better send in your story as it is, and then I will find something appropriate. Why will you live in the country? If you were here, you could settle the whole matter in two twos.

From Contributor to Editor.—I stay in the country because I can't get inspiration in town. And that's my affair, and not your's. Pardon this tone of irritation, but I hate altering a story after once panning out the plot. However, I have obeyed your orders. EDWIN and ANGELINA are born in Burmah (they are cousins), and are taken to an old English country-house. Then they are told by an old crone the story of their parents' past. That brings in all the French revolutionary business. Then I get in the detective part, with a reference to the undiscovered crime in Cannon Street. You will see it is all right.

From Editor to Contributor.—I have read it, and heartily congratulate you. Just what we wanted. What do you call it?

From Contributor to Editor.—"A Lovely Devonshire Rose." It seems to me neat and appropriate; or, as it is a story for Christmas, how will "A Ray of Arctic Sunlight" do?

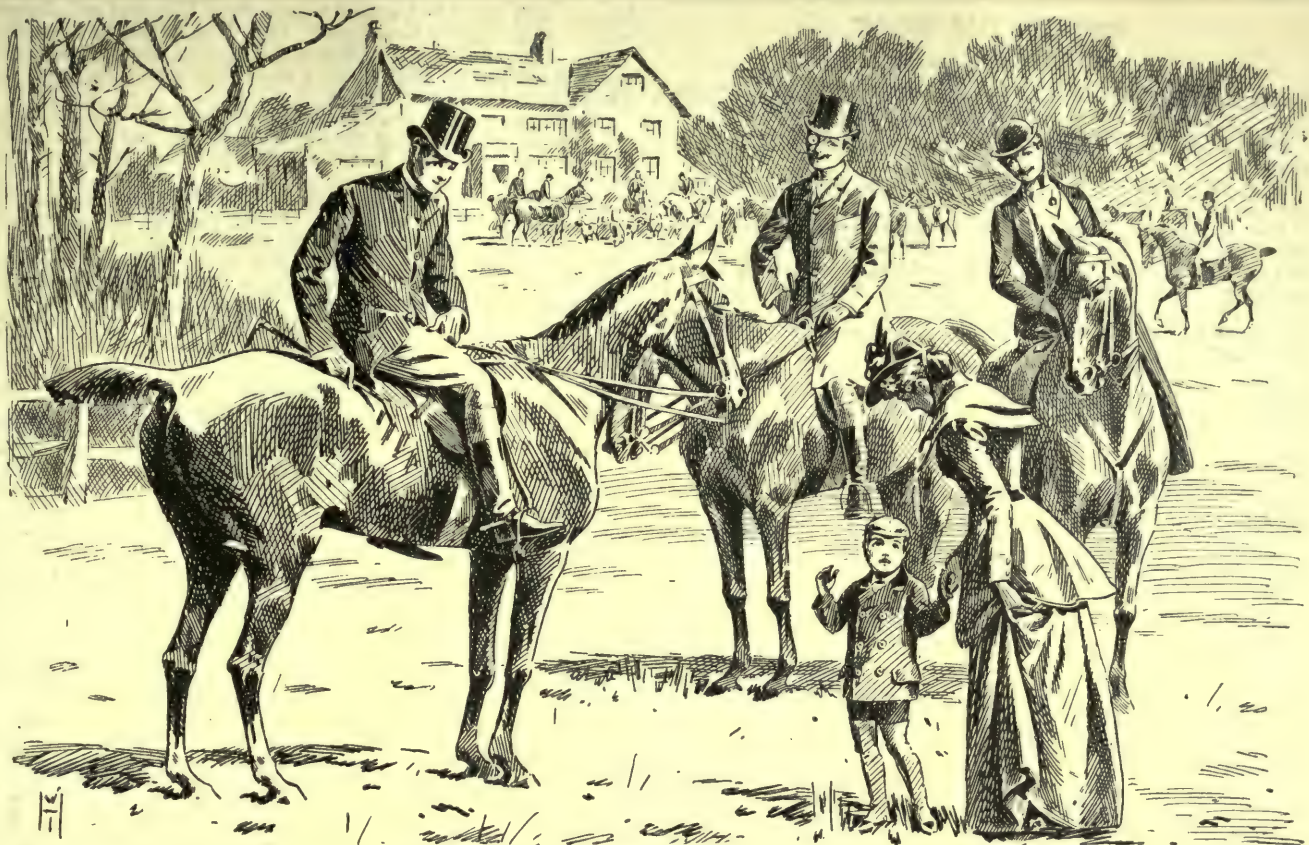
From Editor to Contributor.—"A Ray of Arctic Sunlight" is better for Yule Tide. I have got the very blocks for the illustrations. Belonged to a book called *Travels in the Soudan and Syria*. Could not have found anything more appropriate if I had searched for centuries. I enclose a little cheque, and offer thousands of thanks for all the trouble you have taken. It is no idle form when I wish you the happiest of Christmases and the most prosperous of New Years!

From Contributor to Editor.—Reciprocation of seasonable compliments. But I say—hang it—you might have made it guineas!



PARLIAMENTARY FOOTBALL MATCH.—“FOWLER’S FINE SINGLE-HANDED RUN.”—(See page 267.)

Curley Lambourne



A DILEMMA.

Young Sportsman (to his small nephew, the Parson's son). "HELLO! JIMMIE! WHY DON'T YOU COME OUT ON THE PONY? YOU'LL NEVER BE A MAN IF YOU DON'T HUNT."

Jimmie. "NOW LISTEN TO THAT, MOTHER! THERE'S UNCLE JACK SAYS I SHALL NEVER BE A MAN IF I DON'T. THERE'S FATHER SAYS IT'S CRUELTY IF I DO. THEN OLD JOHN SAYS I SHOULD BE LAMING THE PONY; AND YOU SAY THE PONY WOULD BE LAMING ME! WHAT AM I TO DO?"

"A SINGLE-HANDED RUN."

"It is interesting to watch the methods of obstruction . . . Progress (with the Parish Councils Bill) has been slow enough, but it is impeded with an artfulness which indicates a certain division of labour among the different sections of the Unionist army. The first section includes the Liberal Unionists, whose rôle is . . . to take no overt part in the game of mere talkativeness; the second is the official Tories, who mostly hate the Bill . . . and lose no opportunity of expressing a guarded but thoroughly sincere distrust of every portion of it; the third section consists of the go-as-you-please Lowtherites—the mere guerillas, who are allowed to obstruct as much and as long as they please."—"House and Lobby" in the "Daily Chronicle."]

(Rough, and rather amateurish, reporter's mems. picked up on the St. Stephen's Football Grounds during the progress of the big match, Midlothian United v. Unionists. See illustration, p. 266.)

FOOTBALL at St. Stephen's looking up! Fine exponents of the Rugby game. Strong combinations, "Midlothian United" and "Unionists" met to decide great—postponed—fixture. Though weather favourable, failed somehow to attract the large crowd usual at matches between these two "sides" of far-famed amateurs. Enthusiastic followers of the game, however, who turned up in adequate numbers, rewarded by sight of good, if slow and unexciting game. Both sides well represented, and the home-sters, who won the toss, played first half from pavilion end of ground, having wind, which was blowing across ground, a trifle in their favour.

"Midlothian United," famous team, better known as "GLADSTONE'S Men," play well together, and are strong lot, though less speedy perhaps than their opponents. "Unionists" indeed (made up from two admirable teams at one time opponents) an extremely clever, not to say artful, combination. As pick of anciently opposed sides, wonderful how well they are together, and how unselfishly they play the game. "Midlothian United" team (which has undergone numerous changes of late) also fairly well together, and admirably captain'd.

From kick-off, ball was well returned, and play settled down in

homesters' territory. Later, game of very equal character, each side looking like scoring, but nothing definite obtained before half time. Game then ruled a bit slow. Showing good combination, the visitors' forwards caused home-side some anxiety. Forwards, however, played very self-denying game, and game largely confined to the half and three-quarter backs, and in this visitors had advantage, as "Midlothian United" do not so greatly shine in this phase of game, whereas, among their opponents, BOWLES, LONG, LOWTHER, and one or two more, very smart and tricky. FOWLER, however, the great Midlothian forward, played with fine combination of energy and judgment, made some fine runs, and proved vastly effective in scrum. BALFOUR, GOSCHEN, and H. JAMES, played very artfully indeed, and "tackled" strongly, and although that mighty forward CHAMBERLAIN less prominent than usual, still, in doggerel of football-field, it may be said that,

JOE, the Brum,
Shines in scrum.

Later BOWLES, TOMLINSON, STANLEY LEIGHTON, LOWTHER, and HANBURY, were very active for the "Unionists," though one or two of them seemed sometimes "within measurable distance" of being pulled up for fouls. COLLINGS once made tracks but failed to pass RIGBY, who throughout played a sound game at back for the Midlothianites. Not to be denied, the "Unionists" again advanced to the attack, LONG and LEIGHTON especially being conspicuous. FOWLER deprived latter, but BALFOUR and CHAMBERLAIN rushing up relieved. Fast and even play then became order, the ball being taken from one end of ground to other with great rapidity. FOWLER broke up a determined attack by "Unionists." From a hot scrum he got possession, and put in a fine single-handed run right down centre of ground, closely pursued by those determined tacklers, BALFOUR, JAMES, GOSCHEN, and the redoubtable Brum, when—

[Here the reporter's mems. abruptly terminate, and it is presumed they were dropped—actually or metaphorically—by the evidently amateur scribe.

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XVIII.—The Drawing-room, as before. The door opens, and PHOEBE appears.

Phoebe (to Mrs. TOOVEY). If you please, ma'am, Mrs. CUMBERBATCH—

Mrs. Toovey (in a rapid whisper). Not here, PHOEBE! Show her into the study—anywhere. Say I'll come!

Phoebe. She said she hadn't time to come in, m'm; she left her compliments, and just called to let you know the Banana Meeting will be next Friday. And oh, if you please, m'm, I wished to ask you about that dress you wore last Saturday. I've tried everything, and I can't get the smell of tobacco out of it, do what I will, m'm. (To herself.) That'll teach her not to accuse me of hiding followers downstairs!

Althea (to herself). Mine had to be left all night in a thorough draught. Where could Mamma have been, unless—?

Mrs. Toov. (with dignity). I came home in a smoky cab, and you know perfectly well this is not the place to ask me such questions. Leave the room!

Phoebe (to herself, as she leaves). A smoky cab indeed! There's no smoke without fire—as Master will find out before long!

Charles. Had your cabman been giving a smoking party inside his fourwheeler, or what, Aunt?

Mrs. Toov. I don't—yes, I believe he had. He apologised for it; it—it was his birthday. (To herself.) Oh, dear me, what makes me tell these dreadful stories?

Mr. Toovey. His birthday! Why, if you remember, CORNELIA, you said the man had been drinking. That would account for it! But did I understand there was to be another Zenana Meeting, my love? That seems rather soon, does it not, after having one only last Saturday!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself). I must go on, or he'll suspect something. (Aloud, severely.) And why not, Pa—pray, why not? You know what an energetic creature Mrs. CUMBERBATCH is! Can we do too much for those poor benighted heathen women? And there was a great deal that we had to leave unfinished the other evening.

Mr. Toov. Dear me, and you were home so late, too!

Mrs. Toov. Perhaps you disbelieve my word, Pa? If you do, say so, and I shall know what to think! Though what I've done to deserve such suspicion—

Mr. Toov. (astounded). My own love, I never for one single moment—Hem, the wife of Cæsar is above suspicion.

Mrs. Toov. (with relief). I should hope so, THEOPHILUS; not that you are Cæsar—but there, that is enough of a very painful subject. Let us say no more about it.

Curphew (to himself). I'm more certain every moment that this immaculate matron is lying like a prospectus, but what can I do? I've no proof, and if I had, I couldn't bring myself to—Well, I must wait, that's all.

Mrs. Toov. What I should like to know is, why Mr. CURPHEW still remains here after we have distinctly informed him that we do not desire his further acquaintance?

Curph. Before I go, let me say this: that I have no intention of giving up your daughter until she gives up me. I am in a position to marry and support her, and if you refuse your consent, you will only reduce us to the painful necessity of doing without it.

[ALTHEA intimates her entire acquiescence in this ultimatum.]

Mrs. Toov. We will never consent to give our daughter to a notorious music-hall singer—never!

Curph. That objection is easily met. I am no longer a music-hall singer. I have left the profession for ever; not that I consider it any disgrace to belong to it, but I prefer to live by my pen in

future. (To Mr. T.) I appeal to you, Sir. You had no objection before; what can you have now? [Mr. T. opens his lips inaudibly.]

Mrs. Toov. Tell him, Pa, that in the circle in which we move, the remotest connection with—with a music-hall would be justly considered as an indelible disgrace.

Charles (sotto voce). No, hang it, Uncle! It's no business of mine, and I'm not going to shove my oar in; but still you know as well as I do that you can't decently take that line, whatever Aunt may do!

Mrs. Toov. I heard you, CHARLES. So, Pa, there is something you have been hiding from me? I felt positive there was some mystery about that box. Now I will know it. ALTHEA, leave us!

Mr. Toov. There is nothing she had better not hear—now, my love. It—it's true I would rather have kept it from you, but I'd better tell you—I'd better tell you. The fact is that, without being in the least aware of it—I was under the impression I was investing in a gold-mine—I—I became the proprietor of several shares in the Eldorado Music-hall.

Curph. (surprised). You, Sir! you were a shareholder all the time! Is it possible?

Mr. Toov. (bewildered). Why, but you knew! I consulted you at the Junction about whether I ought to retain the shares or not, and you advised me to go and judge for myself!

Curph. I assure you I thought we were talking about my connection with the Eldorado, not yours.

Mrs. Toov. So, Pa, by your own story you found yourself in possession of those horrible wicked shares, and you actually hesitated what to do! You considered it necessary to—to visit the scene!

Mr. Toov. Indeed, I never actually went, my love. And—and Mr. CURPHEW assured me the establishment was quite respectably conducted, under the supervision of the London County Council; and then there was the dividend—seventy per cent. on only five hundred pounds—three hundred and fifty a year, CORNELIA; it—it seemed a pity to give it up!

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, impressed). Three hundred and fifty a year! Why we can keep our carriage on it! (Aloud.) Well, Pa, of course—as you bought the shares under a misapprehension—and I'm bound to say this for the Eldorado, that there was nothing positively objectionable in the performance so far as I could—(correcting herself hastily)—have ever been given to understand—why, I'm the last to blame you.

Mr. Toov. (overjoyed). Ah, my dear love! I scarcely dared to hope for this leniency. But I never would have gone—oh, never. Why, I could never have looked you in the face again if I had!

Mrs. Toov. (with a twinge). That depends, Pa; it is quite possible to go to such places, and yet—

Mr. Toov. Yes, but you see I didn't go, my dear. I found I couldn't really bring myself to visit it when it came to the point, so I went to call on LARKINS instead, as it was on his advice I had taken the shares, and I told him my difficulty, and he quite sympathised with my scruples, and most good-naturedly offered to take them off my hands.

Mrs. Toov. But surely, THEOPHILUS, you never gave up three hundred and fifty a year without so much as consulting me!

Charles. You can't count on such dividends as a certainty, you know, Aunt, and I've no doubt Uncle got rid of them at a very good figure; they've been going up like sky-rockets!

Mrs. Toov. (mollified). Of course if your Uncle did that, I—

Mr. Toov. Well, you see, my love, CHARLES very properly pointed out to me that there was no moral difference between that and keeping the shares, and—and LARKINS took the same view himself; so (I'm sure, CORNELIA, you will consider I have only done what was my strict duty!) I agreed to surrender the shares for just what I paid for them—five hundred pounds—and my conscience is clear.

Mrs. Toov. If it's no clearer than your head, Pa—I never heard of such downright Quixotism! As if you could be held



"Well, Ma'am, this is the last place I expected to find you in!"

responsible; as if anyone here need know! I call it folly—sheer ruinous folly!

Phoebe (opening the door—to Mr. T.). A young gentleman to see you, Sir; says he comes from Mr. LARKINS, with a paper to be filled up. I've shown him into the study, Sir.

Mr. Toov. Ah, to be sure, yes; tell him I'll come. *(To Mrs. T.)* It's about those shares; LARKINS said he would send a clerk down to complete the transfer.

Mrs. Toov. So it isn't completed yet? Mr. LARKINS has been trying to get the better of you, Pa; but it's not too late, fortunately. *(To PHOEBE.)* Show the young man in here. I wish to see him about this business. *(As PHOEBE goes.)* I shall insist on the fair market value of the shares being paid before you put your signature to any document whatever; leave this entirely to me, Pa. I think I shall be a match for any young—

Phoebe (returning). Mr. JANNAWAY.

Mr. Jann. *(to Mr. TOOVEY).* From Mr. LARKINS, Sir. Brought a transfer-deed for your signature.

Mrs. Toov. *(to herself).* Gracious goodness! It's the man whose ears I boxed at the Eldorado! What shall I do?

[She seizes the current number of "The Quiver," and retires behind it.]

Alth. *(to herself).* He's awfully like the young man in that box on Saturday! If Mamma really was there! *(She glances at Mrs. T., in whose hands "The Quiver" is rustling audibly.)* Ah, then I wasn't mistaken. Oh, how dreadful if he should recognise her!

Mr. Toov. My signature? Yes, yes, yes, to be sure, just so; but the fact is, I—I've been thinking over the matter, and—and—but that lady by the window will explain my views.

Mrs. Toov. *(in a muffled voice, from behind "The Quiver").* I—I shall do nothing of the sort. I—I'm busy. Sign whatever the young man wants, Pa, and don't bother me about it!

Mr. Jann. *(to himself).* That's rum. Where have I heard that voice? And "Pa," too! Very rum!

Mr. Toov. Oh, very well, my love; I only thought—but I'll sign. I'll sign. Only, I rather fancy you're sitting just in front of the writing materials, my dear.

Mr. Jann. *(gallantly).* Allow me! *(He goes towards Mrs. T.'s chair. "The Quiver" treacherously collapses at the critical moment; their eyes meet.)* Well, ma'am, this is the last place I expected to find you in; after waiting for you the entire Sunday afternoon all over Upper Tooting, too!

[General sensation. Tableau.]

END OF SCENE XVIII.

THE TYRANNY OF THE UNSUITABLE.

(A Fragmentary Christmas Tragedy.)



The atmosphere of the chamber is heavy with a portentous sense of paralysing dread; the fire cowers in the grate, cold at its very heart; the gas-flame shudders with a shuddering not caused by water in the pipes. Mr. DREDFERLEY CORNERD, seated in his arm-chair, glares at his newspaper with pre-occupied and unreceptive eye; while ever and again his hand passes nervously over his care-lined brow. Mrs. DREDFERLEY CORNERD glances furtively at him through the perforations of her fancy-work, held between

tremulous fingers; her eye is dilated, while her pale brow is puckered by the lines that whisper of prescience of impending calamity. Mr. DREDFERLEY CORNERD feels that his wife's eye is upon him; he strives to avoid her gaze; but, fascinated, yields; and their eyes meet.

Mrs. Dredferley Cornerd (huskily). JAMES—

[Thrice he raised his outspread hands in wild, unvoiced deprecation; he clutches at his throat, as if suffocating; then buries his face in his trembling hands, and, in a hollow, far-off gurgle, says "Go on!" She goes to him, and smooths his throbbing brow.]

Mrs. D. C. JAMES, let us nerve ourselves to it once more! Let us remember DUTY! Come; we will plunge at once into the thick of it. What is JANE to have?

Mr. Dredferley Cornerd (hurling himself from his chair, his eye ablaze with unspeakable hate). Nothing—a bottle of poison—a dynamite bomb—the cat-o'-nine tails! Hear me, MARY-ANN. One year ago, at this very season that brings this haunting, maddening torture of the selection of Christmas presents, my sister JANE sent us that ormolu clock which at this very moment glares upon us from that mantel-piece! I loathe the ormolu. Had we not laboured and struggled, you and I, to furnish this, our dining-room, in perfect taste, all in old oak and Flemish pottery. Then, in the very moment of our triumph, arrived that loathsome clock of ormolu, and crushed our whole design! It had to go there, lest we gave offence. I hate my sister JANE!

Mrs. D. C. Well, let us, for the moment, then, dismiss your sister JANE. Now what are we to give to JOSEPH?

Mr. D. C. MARY-ANN, I loathe that man! Well knowing how I hated summer-houses—abominations filled with creeping horrors—he gave me one just seven years ago. It makes our garden hideous to this day; I will not speak of him—

Mrs. D. C. Well, then, the JONESES. They gave us—

Mr. D. C. MARY-ANN, I know they did. We have to eat them still whenever they drop in to meals. A lamprey makes me—*(shudders)* ugh! They give us seven barrels twice a year! No, MARY-ANN; I will not threaten you, but breathe their name no more.

Mrs. D. C. Well, put them off. But now there's Mrs. BLENKINSOP.

Mr. D. C. The cat! She gave us six outrageous oleographs, all

green and yellow, framed in blazing gold, and said we ought to hang them in the hall. Our hall is Japanese; we'd left six spaces for kakemonos of subdued design, and there we had to hang those oleographs. I loathe our hall—I never enter it—I come round always by the garden door! Woman, you madden me! You'll mention next the hated name of Cousin ICHABOD—!

Mrs. D. C. I was about to.

Mr. D. C. Cousin ICHABOD presented to me, fifteen years ago, a pair of silver brushes. At the time I had but little hair; that very year I lost the rest. Still those accursed brushes mockingly gibber on my dressing-table. They must be there, for Cousin ICHABOD drops in at unexpected moments! Once I hurled them from the window. One of them caught ICHABOD, approaching up the path, over the eye, and raised a livid bump. I writhe with detestation of his name. Would that that brush—Unhand me, MARY-ANN; see, I am calm. For years have thoughtless friends encumbered us with Christmas presents quite unsuited to our tastes and our requirements. What do we want with seven bereaunettes (our children being two), with fifteen inkstands, with twenty biscuit boxes, and thirty-five illuminated hanging almanacs? For years we've played the shameless hypocrite, pretending to adore these gruesome gifts; and now I bid you mark me, MARY-ANN; I mean REVENGE. Yes, let us to the council, and plan what gifts to such and such; the most unsuitable that we can hit on. Here's PARKER's list, and PORRINGE's, and SPRITELEY's. Come, here are wedding dresses; sister JANN is sixty and a spinster; I will send her a wedding gown—*(hysterically)* a dozen wedding gowns! Write, MARY-ANN, to PARKER for a dozen. Then JOSEPH. JOSEPH, ha! I have it; JOSEPH goes mad with fright on passing near a dog. To-morrow I will seek the Lost Dogs' Home, and pick out fifty of the savagest—all blood-hounds, mark you! I will drag the pack to JOSEPH's door, and leave them with the maid. And now the JONESES. Silence, MARY-ANN! I do not need cold water on my temples! You shall not stroke my head, and murmur "Shish!" You shall not scream for cook, and BLENKINSOP, and GEORGE, and JANE. I'm calm. The JONESES—hurr! Let me get at them! Back—unhand me! Ha!—



[He swoons. Curtain.]

TRIOLET.

(Written whilst you wait.)

A WOMAN who's late
Is, of course, in the fashion.
She's quite up-to-date,
The woman who's late.
The man has to wait,
And swears in his passion.
A woman who's late,
Is, of course, in the fashion.

WEATHER WISDOM.

"HARK! I hear the Asses bray,
We shall have some rain to-day."

So the nursery jingle goes,
Is it truthful? Goodness knows!
But if vocal donkey's strain
Brings indeed the daily rain
'Tis no marvel altogether
We are worried with wet weather.

A "Wonder-Kid."

[A licence was recently applied for to enable NELLIE WICK, aged eight years, to shave in public. Mr. DE RUTZEN, in granting the application, remarked that "the child was not likely to suffer any injury from the performance." Let us hope no one else will, either.]

THE latest infant-prodigy is literally a shaver,
A little lady-Figaro, who'll raze you like the wind!
Though brave may be this barber-child, her victims will be braver—
A kind of wonder, possibly, might prove this "wunderkind!"



LEAVING THE PARENTAL NEST.

The Bride's Father (to Bridegroom). "OH, JOHN, YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF HER, WON'T YOU!"

THE MODERN MEDUSA.

["The views and objects of the 'Commonweal' group of Anarchists are published in a journal called the *Commonweal* . . . and by reference to which it appears that they applaud and justify the wholesale massacre of innocent persons as a legitimate method for the attainment of their ends."—*Mr. Asquith*.]

GORGON Medusa of the snaky locks,
Whose loathly lair was 'midst the wave-washed rocks,

Thou wert less hideous than our monstrous, mad
Belated birth of Nemesis and Nox.

Gendered of vengeful hatred and blind wrath,

Crawling malign in Civilisation's path!
Venomous vermin, of relentless fang,
Foul spawn of wrong, oppression's aftermath.

Dark is the monstrous mystery of thy birth,
Sinister scourge of a time-wearied earth;

But all men's hands against thee must be raised,
Foe of all love and murderer of all mirth.

Negation of all progress, hope's chill blight,
Black bringer-back of Chaos and Old Night;
The one unfaltering foe of humankind*
Which all that's human to the death must fight.

With thee weak tenderness must make no truce,
Parley with thee were pity's mere abuse.

The hand that halts, the sword that shrinks or spares,
But lets the Gorgon's snaky offspring loose.

* "*Hostis humani generis.*"

Gorgon or Demogorgon! "Dreaded name!"*
Yet dread of thee were but disastrous shame.

Fear is thy hope, and, fronting thee, to fear,
Is but to court disaster and disface.

Thou crawling horror of the coward soul!
Thy snaking convolutions furtive roll.
To track thy trail, to face thy stony glare,
And smite and slay is general duty's goal.

Civilisation armed with trenchant Law
Must play the Perseus with thy monster maw,
And all mankind be banded in the quest
Of the worst enemy mankind e'er saw.

The massacre of innocents, the blind
Blasting of the best hopes of humankind;
Hate's indiscriminate earthquake, letting loose
Of all the fiends of blood, and fire, and wind:

Sheer wreck of hearth and altar, home and State,
Rending of revered ties, love desolate,
Order submerged; these are the Gorgon's hopes,
Which Law must frustrate ere 'tis all too late.

Smite Perseus! Wield the unhesitating brand
With steadfast heart and with unfaltering hand;
And from the grosser Gorgon of our day
Free, in Humanity's cause, each harried land!

* "The dreaded name of Demogorgon."
Paradise Lost.

AN ADVERTISER'S APPEAL.

["Mr. CAINE (who advocates prohibiting open-air advertisements in rural places) forgets that a good many people are unable to see that an advertisement of soap and pills mars the beauty of a landscape."—*Illustrated News*.]

OH, MISTER CAINE—not Sugar-CAINE, but bitter

'Gainst alcohol and opium and field-signs—
Why put poor Advertisers in a twitter
By laying thus hard legislative lines
In the defence of merely pastoral Beauty,
By levying on Field-Signs a fine or duty?

Good gracious! what are meadows, rocks and trees

Compared with the necessity—*absolute*,
Of advertising Silks and Soaps and Teas,
POPKIN'S Pickles, BOODLE'S Bottled Fruit,
Sir?

Or how should he King Mammon's heavy hand 'scape
Who'd sacrifice great £ s. d. to—Landscape?

A Nuisance? Nonsense!!! Posters and Placards,

In field or forest, serve the Public better
Than all the blatant bosh of bleating bards.
The Advertising Art would you thus fetter?

What is the worth of rivers, rocks, and hills
Compared with SMUGSON'S Soaps and PODGER'S Pills?

Soap, Sir, means Cleanliness, and Pills mean Health;

And Sanitation's surely more than Scenery!
Subordinate the claims of Health—and Wealth—

To sentimental love of rural greenery?
No, MISTER CAINE. I wonder you're not wiser,
Pan is at present the great Advertiser!



THE MODERN MEDUSA.



NEW LIGHTS FOR OLD.

On religious instruction being entirely omitted from the School Board curriculum, the following suggestions towards the formation of a moral and physical catechism may possibly be of use:—

Question. There was at one time much debating about a so-called "Conscience Clause." Now I will ask you what are we to understand by the word "conscience"?

Answer. It is only a name for the action of the liver in its various states.

Q. What is a "troubled conscience"?

A. It may arise from indigestion, or from an east wind, or from many other causes which affect different persons, with differing livers, in a variety of ways.

Q. In what sense do you recognise "conscience" as "an inward monitor"?

A. Its recognition as such depends on the extent of each individual's acquaintance with his own particular physical organisation as differentiated from that of others. In some cases the "voice of the inward monitor" may point to blue pill, and in others it may indicate moderated remedies.

Q. What is the moral law?

A. The so-called moral law is purely hygienic. Perfect health is perfect morality. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* "Law," so-called, is for the protection of the "good livers," and for the punishment of the "evil livers." *Voilà tout!*

THE ONLY PROFESSION WHERE THERE ISN'T "THE 'DEVIL' TO PAY."—The Legal.

EUROPEAN CRISIS AVERTED!!



"Touché!" Victorious Bancroft and Victorien Sardou.

Latest Intelligence.—We are glad to be able to assure our readers that, in spite of relations between the two parties being somewhat strained, it is not apprehended that serious international complications will arise out of "L'affaire Bancroft-Sardou;" though it is now pretty generally known that so grave a catastrophe has only been averted by the sudden change in the French Ministry.

DEPTFORD HATH ITS DARLING.

A LAY OF LOYALTY.

["Mr. DARLING, of Deptford, considers it his mission to chastise the HOME SECRETARY."—*Illustrated News.*]

AIR—"Charlie is my Darling."

DEPTFORD hath its DARLING, its DARLING, its DARLING!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, the great Ca-vil-ler!

If ASQUITH needs stern warning,

Or MORLEY wants the spur,

They'll find it in our DARLING,

The great Ca-vil-ler!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

As he comes striding up the House,

GLADSTONE shrinks like a cur;

He knows his fluency must fail

To foil the Ca-vil-ler!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

"With Liberty Caps upon their heads

Shall Anarchists confer

On treason in Trafalgar Square?"

Demands the Ca-vil-ler!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

"Now stand aside, you Liberal loon!

I'm going to raise a stir;

I'll harry you—at Question time!"

Quoth the great Ca-vil-ler!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, &c.

And it's by the Square's damp fountains,

And it's in their Press, with pen,

Tr-r-raitors daren't sputter treason,

For DARLING, best of men!

Deptford hath its DARLING, its DAR-

LING, its DARLING!

O! Deptford hath its DARLING, the great Cav-il-ler!

ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

(Being Bacchanalian Ballads for the use of all Professions, Trades, Crafts and Callings, and Convivial Carols for the Classes, the Masses, and the Lasses. By Tom Moore, Junior.)

THE DOCTOR'S DITTY.

AIR—"Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen!"

HERE'S to the patient of hectic fifteen!

Here's to asthmatical fifty!

Here's to the port-soaked dyspeptic old dean!

And here's to the slop-swagger thrifty!

Chorus—

Let the dose pass,—

Drink, lad or lass!

I'll warrant ye'll soon love the (medicine) glass!

Here's to the charmer whom wrinkles surprise!

Now to the maid who has none, Sir!

Here's to the girl with two lungs of full size,

And here's to the nymph with but one, Sir!

Chorus—

Who'er they be,

Send 'em to me!

I warrant they'll prove an excuse for a fee!

Here's to "Old Purple," with port in his toe!

Now to him who's gone saffron on sherry!

Here's to the masher whose mind's on the go

Through making nocturnally merry!

Chorus—

Let the dose pass!

Drink, lad or lass.

I warrant I'll prove there's some use in my glass.

For let 'em be gamesome or let 'em be grim,

Ill or hearty, I care not a feather;

Fill 'em—with physic—bang up to the brim,

And let us all dose 'em together!

Chorus—

Howe'er they be,

Send 'em to me!

I warrant I'll find some excuse for a fee!

A FINE OLD GIRL AND UNCOMMONLY WELL PRESERVED is *The Bohemian Girl* by the BALFE and BUNN family, whose Jubilee, November 27th, was celebrated by the chivalrous Sir DRUBIOIANUS at the Good Old House from which he takes his Latinised title, conferred upon him some years since as a reward of merit (not PAUL MERRITT, dramatist, and once upon a time *collaborateur* with PETTIT) by *Mr. Punch*. The fair Bohemian seemed "going strong," and as lively as ever. *Ad multos annos!*

NEW VERSION.—An amendment has been proposed in our National Anthem. It is suggested that instead of "Knavish," we should substitute "Navy-ish," when the line in question would read "Frustrate their Navy-ish tricks," which may be applied to a Home Governmental policy or to that of our Continental possible foes, just as circumstances may require.

TO MARJORIE.

(An Imaginary Name of a Child Friend.)

DEAR little maid, who in the Circle train

Sat so demurely, daintily arrayed

In sweet old-fashioned garment of delane—

Dear little maid.

Your merry smile, your laugh all unafraid

Made me forget the daily stress and strain.

To earth your childish prattle quickly laid

The phantoms that to middle age bring pain,

And life seemed more attractive, not so staid.

Oh! some day soon ride with me once again,

Dear little maid.

"HOW ARE YOU OFF FOR —?"—Messrs.

A. and F. P-Rs, a name which rhymes to the

first and final word of the line, "Tears, idle

Tears" (by the way, what a delightful song

for a Radical to sing, "*Peers, idle Peers!*"),

write to *Mr. Punch*, informing him of the

supreme excellence of the P-Rs' Christmas

Number, asking him to notice it, as he prob-

ably would do, in his pages, and adding

that "*it is already out of print.*" Then

what is the use of drawing attention to it?

Of course, if being out of print makes it the

more valuable, then lucky are the possessors

of original specimens, and well indeed are

they off for the material for which the Upper

House or House of P-Rs is famed.

THE SILK INDUSTRY (not from the Board

of Trade Returns).—Mr. J. F. LEESE, Q.C.,

M.P., appointed Recorder of Manchester.

Mr. Punch wishes this capital cricketer a

long innings, and may Manchester have a

LEESE that will run for any number of years

without expiring.

A CHANCE FOR THE BRIEFLESS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am a briefless barrister, and I wish to throw myself upon your generosity by asking you to allow me to make a suggestion which will be of great public interest, and incidentally help me to make my fortune. All London to-day is placarded with a thrilling picture of the Law-Court Scene in *A Woman's Revenge*. My suggestion is—Why not have real barristers? The theatre to-day is nothing if not realistic. Drury Lane has its race-horses, Ipseniti its ghosts—why should not the Adelphi take the town by storm with its barristers? The actor may, no doubt does, act the part admirably, but who can contend that he can possibly do so as well as could a real, actual barrister, who would know that he was striving not merely for the applause of the moment, but for the guinead briefs of the future? If Messrs. GATTI will undertake to accept the plan, I will undertake to provide the barristers. The programme would then run:—

Sir John Blacklock, Q.C. (Counsel for the Crown) . . . Mr. A. B., 102, Temple Gardens, Temple, E.C.

What we briefless barristers want in these hard times is merely the chance. I look to Messrs. GATTI to give it to us. I ought to add that the above address, though, in point of fact, it is my own, is given purely by way of illustration, and in no way to advertise myself, though should anyone wish to consult—again, of course, purely with reference to this suggestion—the way to my chambers from the Strand is down Middle Temple Lane, whilst the Temple Station is just three minutes' walk. I am, Sir, your obliged servant.

L. ERNED COUNSEL.
November 30th, 1893.

No second editions for Mrs. R. She says "she'll see the First Mrs. Tanqueray, or none at all!"



THE SAFE SIDE.

(Problem set:—To flatter a Poet's vanity and do no violence to your conscience.)

Pounceby (a minor poet). "ER, HAVE YOU SEEN MY LAST VOLUME, LADY VERA—THROBS AND THROES?"
Lady Vera. "OH, YES, I HAVE."
Pounceby. "AND WHAT DID YOU THINK?"
Lady Vera. "OH, I THOUGHT—THAT YOU HAD NEVER DONE ANYTHING BETTER."

THE LOST SMELL.

[The Queen's Hall is at present free from the smell of cooking hitherto "the inseparable accompaniment of orchestral music."—*Times*, Nov. 27.]

SEATED to-day at a concert,
I am weary and ill at ease,
Though LLOYD and ALBANI are singing,
Or anyone else you please;
I know not what they are doing,
For something is wanting there— [odour]
That old-fashioned concert-hall
Which throbbled in the scented air.

It flooded the place, like one of
BEETHOVEN's sonatas might,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of wild delight;
It quieted pain and sorrow,
It thrilled the enraptured sense,
A song without words—or music—
That travelled one knew not
whence;
It linked all delightful odours
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into soup-
plates
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought—but I seek it
vainly—
That one lost smell sublime,
Which came from adjacent kit-
chens
At dinner or supper time.
It may be that CHOPIN is severed
From scents which with music
we group,
It may be that SCHUBERT is parted
For ever from odours of soup.

The Belfry of Bruges
Overlooked.

["A more silent city than Bruges does not exist."—*Standard*.]

WHAT? Bruges a silent city!
Now, nay a thousand times!
If deaf, accept our pity;
If not,—oh dear! those chimes!

NEW LEGAL WORK. (By the author of "*In Silk Attire*.")—
"The Briefless Junior; or, Plenty of Stuff to Spare."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 27.—Another night with Parish Councils Bill, dull as usual, save for one thrilling moment. Happened just before dinner. HENRY FOWLER accepted Amendment making responsible for expenses or damage those who had summoned meetings in Parish School. Sudden tumult below Gangway in Radical camp; Question put from Chair that Amendment be added to Bill. LOGAN raised stentorian shout of "No!" Chairman repeated Question; hubbub increased; amid it LOGAN seen waving arms aloft like windmill that had suddenly remembered an appointment. MELLOR's face grew a shade mellerer, not to say paler. Set his lips, and there was a gleam in his eye reminiscent of BEERBOHM TREE's when seated on the gargoyle of Canterbury Cathedral. On memorable night in summer-time LOGAN had taken him at disadvantage. Had executed flank movement, and so almost come down on CARSON's knee on Chairman's left rear. Now, if he meant business, he would catch the Chairman's eye; and probably something else.

During interval when House cleared for division ACLAND, who, having a holiday, has been out helping FOWLER, left Treasury bench; cautiously but nimbly crossed gangway; amid buzz of admiration from assembly that ever admires personal courage, entered the LOGAN's den. Sat down in very midst of excited Radicals; pro-

posed to argue matter out. Effect upon LOGAN maddening. Windmill remembered another appointment more pressing than the last. Members, anxious for ACLAND's safety, looked round for HAYES FISHER. The LOGAN Tamer not in his place; sand rapidly running out of glass on table; another minute question would be put again; if LOGAN insisted division must be taken, split manifested in Ministerial ranks, and a quarter of an hour wasted. ACLAND, undaunted, pegged away persuasively; windmill still went round, but less furiously; half a minute and last sands would run out.

LOGAN glanced towards table; Chairman's glittering eye fixed upon him. Effect magical. LOGAN slowly rose and walked towards Bar; crowd thronging in at sound of division bell respectfully opened their ranks as he approached. Like accomplished husband in case that recently occupied attention of Sir FRANCIS JEUNE, LOGAN "can use 'em a bit." Suppose he were to begin promiscuously with the crowd at the Bar! Had no such intention. At other side of the Bar he was technically out of the House. What others did whilst he stood there would leave no scar on his conscience. When question was put again, and Chairman declared "The Ayes have it," there was no responsive angry shout of "No!" The crisis was passed, but what it cost the Chairman, and how it would have been but for ACLAND's fearless foray, who can tell?

Business done.—Reached Clause VI. Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—The MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE in great form to-day. Original Mr. Gridley was, according to records of Court of Chan-



AN INFLUENTIAL HOUSE OF COMMONS.

cery, accustomed to haunt the Court, and, at close of day's proceedings, address the Chancellor. STANLEY LEIGHTON knows no such limitation. 'Tis true he is generally found on his legs at moment of adjournment, shouting and gesticulating, whilst suborned and iniquitous Ministerialists (answering to tipstaves in Court of Chancery) howl him down. That only an incident in day's proceedings. Our MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE begins as soon as his Lordship—I mean the Chairman—takes his seat. At brief intervals, which make openings for TOMLINSON, our Mr. Gridley is at it all through the sitting of the Court.

To-night HENRY FOWLER took mean advantage of the suitor. That person had amendment on paper which if added to Bill meant nothing worse than surplusage. Rising from his usual place at back of Court, he began prodigious speech in support of amendment. Expected, in accordance with usage, to go on for quarter of an hour or twenty minutes; FOWLER would say couldn't accept Amendment; TOMLINSON would talk for quarter of an hour; perhaps Cap'n TOMMY BOWLES, having clapped the pilot in irons, would put in an oar; and HANBURY might say a few words. Then WALTER LONG or HICKS-BRACH would rise from Front Opposition Bench, protest fullest appreciation of Amendment, declare it indispensable to success of Bill, but in circumstances, observing obstinacy of Minister, and impatience of gentlemen below Gangway opposite, advise hon. friend not to press it. THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE would make another speech, thanking right hon. friend for his remarks, in deference to which he will withdraw, although—

Here another speech, about as long as the distance from Shrewsbury to Wem. Thus an hour pleasantly and agreeably disposed of, MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE takes breath, not that he wants it; a little later, comes up frowning with another Amendment, or a rambling speech in support of one moved by TOMLINSON.

FOWLER's strategy deprived him of this accustomed round of luxury. But if President of Local Government Board thought he had circumvented THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE he was as mistaken as the Chancellor in another court who used to stare at the ruined chancery suitor and blandly protest that, legally, he was unaware of his existence. Charm of speeches by Member for Oswestry division



The Persuasive Acland and the Pugilistic Logan.

of Shropshire is their illimitable adaptability. Will suit any purpose, any opportunity. If not delivered at opening of sitting upon his own Amendment, will come in admirably on somebody else's Amendment to another line of Clause dealt with at later hour by another member. Thus, when GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN delivered prodigious oration in presenting Amendment standing in the name of HULSE, THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE, bounding to his feet, waved his arms, and in them caught the Chairman's eye. A priceless opportunity this. To deliver your own speech prepared for your own Amendment a commonplace performance. To deliver it either for or against (doesn't matter which) an Amendment moved by another man, on behalf of a third man, is a luxury to be appreciated only by a gourmet.

THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE audibly smacks his lips over it. The other noise you hear is baffled HENRY FOWLER grinding his teeth.

Business done.—Reached Clause VII. Parish Councils Bill.

Thursday.—Some people inclined to regard as sufficient an arrangement that keeps them sitting day after day from three o'clock in afternoon to midnight listening to talk about Parish Councils.

Others want a little more. CHANNING suggests House shall sit on Saturdays, and, on four days a week, shall commence business at noon, putting in a twelve hour day. BARROW assents to that, but thinks twelve o'clock Rule should be suspended, so that, for fuller luxury, House meeting at noon may, an' it please, sit all night. No one yet proposed to sit on Sunday and Christmas Day; that will follow as natural consequence. THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE, breaking out in fresh place, joins in conversation. Asks Mr. G. if he is



The Shropshire Windmill.

aware that scores of Members are ill through overwork, and whether, instead of lengthening sittings, he will not rather shorten them.

Expected when Mr. G. rose he would make obvious retort that since Bill has been in Committee there is not single sitting that might not have been shortened by at least an hour if THE MAN FROM SHROPSHIRE had restrained his tendency to irrelevant babble. Mr. G. leaves that unsaid; is very firm about sitting till all necessary business is done; conditionally promises Saturday sitting; announces meeting of Cabinet to consider measures for expediting Bill. After this go into Committee, and succeed in not expediting progress. Night unspeakably dull.

Business done.—Reached Clause IX. Parish Councils Bill. Disposed of eight Clauses in eleven sittings. This leaves sixty-three more, not to mention new Clauses. If it takes eleven sittings to clear off eight Clauses, at what date, assuming same rate of progress, shall we be through a Bill that contains seventy-one? Small boys thinking of coming home for Christmas holidays please do this sum.

Friday.—Pretty to see Mr. G. just now explaining to Opposition that if they weren't good boys they'd be kept in to-morrow. Not that he put it in that coarse way. STORREY, coming to his assistance in task of directing business of House, had, as Mr. G. put it with a positive pang of pain in his voice, invited him to assume attitude of censor of proceedings in Committee on Parish Councils Bill.

"That," said Mr. G., with an effort recovering himself, "I am not entitled to do." All he had to say was that under present Standing Orders a Saturday Sitting would naturally follow unless a Minister interposed with Motion preventing it. MAJORIBANKS sitting by his side was looking forward anxiously to pleasure of making such a Motion. It would be cruel disappointment to an amiable man if circumstances so shaped themselves as to forbid him the pleasure and gratification of rising on stroke of midnight and moving that House do adjourn till Monday. But—here Mr. G. shook his head and his voice thrilled with infinite pathos—business must be done. If, in short, Committee passed 9th and 10th Clauses of Bill, MAJORIBANKS would move adjournment till Monday. "If unfortunately," he added, "any miscarriage should occur he would not be in a position to make the motion." SQUIRE OF MALWOOD half rose from his seat as if to catch the drooping figure of his right hon. friend overcome with emotion. But Mr. G., waving him off, sank slowly back into his seat and shudderingly closed his eyes, as if to shut out picture of gentlemen opposite spending Saturday in further consideration of Parish Councils Bill. GOSCHEN said it was too large an order. Couldn't possibly be done in the time. But it was.

Business done.—Got up to Clause X. and nearly finished it.

SEASONABLE SONNET.

(By a Vegetarian.)

Yes, Christmas overtakes us yet
once more.
The Cattle Show has vanished
in the mists
Of time and Islington, but re-
exists
In piecemeal splendour at the
butcher's store.
Here, nightly, big boys blue are
to the fore
With knives and choppers in
their greasy fists;
And now, methinks, the wight
who never lists
Yet hears the brass band on the
proud first floor.
High over all rings "What
d'ye buy, buy, buy?"
The meat is decked with gay
rosette and bow,
While gas-jets beckon all the
world and wife.
A cheerful scene? A ghastly
one, say I,
Where mutilated corpses hang
arow,
And in the midst of death we
are in life.

AS THEY LIKED IT.—We read of the recent success at Palmer's Theatre, New York, of *As You Like It*, with all the parts played by women. Of course, everybody knows that this was a complete reversal of the practice of the stage in SHAKESPEARE'S own day, when the buskin was on the other leg, so to speak; but we are not told if the passage "Doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat" was transposed to "Petticoat ought to show itself courageous to doublet and hose."

THIS SETTLED IT.—"He may be irritable," observed Mrs. R., "but remember the old saying that 'Irritation is the sincerest form of flattery.'"



ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK.

Critic. "How's THE BOOK GOING, OLD MAN?"

Author. "OH—ALL RIGHT, I FANCY. THE PRESS HAS NOTICED IT ALREADY. YESTERDAY'S *ROSELEAVES* HAILS ME AS THE COMING THACKERAY!"

Critic. "AH, I WROTE THAT!"

Author. "DID YOU REALLY! HOW CAN I THANK YOU! ON THE OTHER HAND, THIS WEEK'S *KNACKER* SAYS THAT I'VE BEEN FORTUNATELY ARRESTED BY MADNESS ON THE ROAD TO IDIOTCY!"

Critic. "AH, I WROTE THAT TOO!"

JOHN TYNDALL.

BORN AUG. 21, 1820. DIED DEC. 4, 1893.

HONEST JOHN TYNDALL, then, has played his part!

Scientist brain, and patriotic heart
Both still in the last sleep, that sadly came,
Without reproach to love, or loss to fame.
Rest, Son of Science, certain of your need!
Of bitter moan for you there is small need;
But England bows in silent sympathy
With her whose love, chance-wounded, all
may see
Steadfast in suffering undeserved as sore.
Punch speaks for all true hearts the
kingdom o'er [life]
When mingling tribute to JOHN TYNDALL'S
With hushed compassion for his bowed but
blameless wife.

A FEMININE TRIUMPH.—SHEE, Q.C., appointed Judge of the Court of Record at Salford. Naturally SHEE likes being courted. Pity it wasn't in Wales, as then they would Welshly-and-grammatically speak of "appearing before SHEE" as "appearing before Her." This is clearly an example of the "SHEE who must be obeyed."

Murch Praised!

"Mr. JEROME MURCH, seven times Mayor of Bath, &c., and for thirty years chairman of, &c., has just published a volume, entitled *Bath Celebrities*."

Go to Bath, *viâ* book upon lap;—

No Bath bungler is here, but a rare man.
You are certain to like this Bath chap;
And there never was such a Bath chairman.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—The Oxford undergraduate who was caught red-(paint)-handed, and sent down for a year, forgot, no doubt, that he had to be well read, not the town; but a year in the country will no doubt make him as fresh as the paint itself. Curiously enough, very popular still in his College, which shows no inclination to cut the painter!

"SOMETHING LIKE A HUNTING RUN."—In the *Pall Mall* last Thursday was the account of a grand run with "the Barlow Hounds." Of course *Sandford and Merton* were on ponies, and out with "their beloved tutor's" pack. Mr. BARLOW, of course, is both "Master" and "Whipper-in."

THE TOPER'S TOAST.—"Pot-luck!"

A PLEA FOR PLEADINGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Last week I begged for a chance for the Briefless, and the only reply has been, that by a few strokes of the pen the Judges have ruined and undone the Junior Bar. On a day which will be known henceforth in the Temple as Bad Friday, we read the new Rules, by which in future it will be possible to have an action—without pleadings! Statement of Claim, Defence, Reply, Rejoinder—all disappear into a beggarly "Summons for Directions," that can be drawn by a solicitor's office-boy. Of course, amongst the silks, the change will, no doubt, be popular. These learned gentlemen can with a light heart and a heavy pocket welcome the change, which will get rid of the pleadings which it is merely a nuisance to read. But what is to become of us whose business it is to draw them?

It may possibly be said that this new arrangement will save the pockets of the clients, but what have the Judges to do with that? Does anyone imagine litigation to be anything more than a pastime, at which those who play ought to be content to pay? In a hard winter, when the wolf is consistently at our door, to take the bread out of our mouths in this way, is a proceeding which (*pace* Mr. GLADSTONE) takes the cake. I am sure Mr. GOSCHEN will welcome such an expression. In any case I appeal, Sir, through you, from the Judges to an enlightened paying public.

Yours faithfully,

L. ERNEST COUNSEL.

102, Temple Gardens, E.C.,
Dec. 6.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—A razor and a *tabula rasa*.

TRIP-LETS.

[Miss YOUNG writes from North Merton Vicarage to say that her turkeys have taken to step-dancing. "First two young 'toms' bowed politely to one another, then passed on with stately tread, skipped into the air twice in the most ludicrous manner, turned, and repeated the performance."—See *Daily Graphic*, December 7.]

THE Lion, fleas, and kangaroo,
Raboon, and shaving baby too,
Have all had shows—here's something new!

Terpsichore and Turkeydrop
Have taught the turkeycock to hop,
To bow politely, skip and flop.

Like Cheshire cat, I would have grinned,
To see the fowl of Western Ind
Disport itself like LETTY LIND!

Enough of barn- and serpent-dance!
We'll give the poultry-yard a chance—
With *pas de deux*—"toms" let us prance!

CHARITY'S CRUX.—Charity begins at home, we are told. Perhaps. But at present, confused by rival claims and conflicting counsels, Charity seems to be "all abroad."



CHANGE OF PARTNERS. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ASKS FOR "JUST ONE TURN" WITH MISS FREE TRADE.

Lily Sargent.



"NEXT HER HEART!"

Young Muddleigh, who has been out buying underwear for his personal use, purchases at the same establishment some flowers for his lady-love—leaving a Note to be enclosed. Imagine Young Muddleigh's horror, on returning to dress, to discover that the underwear had been sent with the Note, and the Flowers to him! Muddleigh discovered, repeating slowly to himself the contents of the Note:—"PLEASE WEAR THESE THIS EVENING, FOR MY SAKE!"

A CHANGE OF PARTNERS.

["The world should be open to our national ingenuity and enterprise. This cannot be while Federal legislation, through the imposition of a high tariff, forbids to American manufacturers as cheap materials as those used by their competitors A measure has been prepared . . . embodying tariff reform on the lines herein suggested."—President Cleveland's Message to Congress.]

GROVER CLEVELAND sings:—

(AIR—"Are you coming to the dancing?")

Oh! there's only one girl in the world for whom I care a dime,
And I mean to be her partner—if you'll only give me time.
It is nice to see her smiling and a-calling from way over,
"Are you coming to the dancing, Mister GROVER, GROVER, GROVER?"

Chorus—Are you coming, are you coming,
Are you coming to the dancing, Mr. GROVER, GROVER, GROVER?
And I say, I guess I'm coming, Miss Free Trade, dear—as your lover!

"Come, GROVER, come!" my love will say; "just one turn in the dance,
And we'll show all competitors they have but little chance.
That's why I love you GROVER, 'cause you're limber in your feet
And defy the other fellows, to compete, pete, pete!"

Chorus—Are you coming, &c.

Miss Protection, my old partner's a bit *passée, entre nous*,
Yet I mustn't all forsake her; she's exacting and a shrew;
And to leave her quite a "Wallflower," and entirely in the shade,
Would mean ructions; yet I must try just one turn with dear
Free Trade!

Chorus—Are you coming, &c.

So I'll kiss her little finger, and invite her to the waltz;
Though the other turns her nose up (temper's one of her worst faults).
But I say, "I cannot help it, dear; you're danced quite off your [feet,
And a rest will do you good, dear, I repeat, peat, peat!"

Chorus—Are you coming, &c.

"The ball-room should be open to a dancer's enterprise.
I must try a change of partners; your high-tariff step so tries.

It's so stiff, and so exhausting, and a little Freedom's sweet;
Whilst I take one turn with Free Trade. You can take a seat, seat, seat!"

Chorus—Are you coming, &c.

"Oh! she's been and asked her mother, and her mother's said she might.
So sit down and don't show tantrums, for they make you look a fright."
May I ask you for just one turn, Free Trade, before this dance is over?
And she answers "With much pleasure, Mister GROVER, GROVER, GROVER!"

Chorus—Are you coming, are you coming,
Are you coming for one turn, my dear, before this dance is over?
And she smiles—and I'm her partner—and hope soon to be her lover!

"VARIETY! VA-RI-E-TY!"

"THE KILANYI Troupe" at the Palace Theatre of Varieties, with their strikingly realistic *Tableaux Vivants*, might well change their name *pro tem.* to "The Kill-any-other Troupe" that might be venturing in the same line. Of course, they are a great attraction, and would be still greater, were the Show varied from night to night, altogether omitting No. 6 in the present programme, and, in view of the popularity of "A tale of the tide," the humour of which is perceptible to everyone on account of the waggery in the tail, by substituting two or three comic for the simply classic poses. Mr. CHARLES MORTON, trading on his acquired store of operative knowledge, might give us a statuette of *Les Deux Gendarmes*, who could just vary their attitudes according to the movement of OFFENBACH's celebrated duett. After a short interval of patriotic song about NELSON and "doing duty" there is a capital French clown, or clown of some nationality, whose fun is genuine, and whose imitations, animal and orchestral, are excellent and really amusing. This is a case in which, if a real bassoon or a real hen intruded itself, either would be hissed, and the false honestly preferred to the real. Altogether, except that the ballet which plays the people out, and does play them out effectually, is old-fashioned, it is an excellent evening's entertainment. The County Council ought to come in their thousands, and, like the little dog who was so pleased to see the cow jumping over the moon, they would "laugh to see such sport."

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XIX.—*The Drawing-room.* Mrs. TOOVEY is still regarding Mr. JANNAWAY, after the manner of an elderly bird in the presence of a young and somewhat inexperienced serpent.

Mr. Toovey (coming to the rescue). Excuse me, young Sir, but I don't think you quite realise who that lady is. (*With mild self-assertion.*) She is my wife, Sir, my Wife! And she is not accustomed to being hunted all over Upper Tooting, or anywhere else!

Mr. Jannaway (*to himself*). I've got this dear lady on toast. I can see! But I mustn't do anything ungentlemanly or I may get the sack if the governor gets to hear of it. (*Aloud.*) If I'm mistaken I'm ready to apologise; but the lady bears such a really remarkable likeness to a Mrs. TOMKINSON JONES, residing (so she gave me to understand) at The Laburnums, Upper Tooting, that—

Mrs. Toovey (*fading her voice*). I do not reside at Upper Tooting!

Mr. Jann. (*in silky tones*). Precisely so, Madam. No more does Mrs.—hem—TOMKINSON JONES!

Charles. And is that the only point of resemblance between your friend Mrs. JONES and my Aunt, eh?

Mr. Jann. That's a matter of opinion, Sir. I've my own. But neither the lady nor yet myself are particularly likely to forget our meeting. It was only last Saturday evening, too!

Mr. Toov. Why, then you must have met Mrs. TOOVEY at the Zenana Mission Conference?

Mr. Jann. Well that isn't the name I know it by; but if the lady prefers it, why—

Mrs. Toov. (*hoarsely*). I—I deny having ever met the young man before, anywhere; that is, I—I don't remember doing so. Take him away!

Mr. Jann. I should be most averse, of course, to contradicting a lady, and I can only conclude that she is so much in the 'abit of fetching unoffending strangers what I may venture to term, if you'll permit the vulgarity, a slap in the jaw, that such a trifling circumstance makes no impression on her. It did on me!

Mr. Toov. (*outraged*). Young man! are you endeavouring to suggest that my wife goes about—er—administering "slaps in the jaw" to perfect strangers at Zenana meetings?

Mr. Jann. Pardon me, I said nothing whatever about any—er—Pyjama meetings. I don't know what may go on there, I'm sure. The incident I alluded to occurred at the Eldorado music-hall.

Mrs. Toov. (*to herself*). There; it's out at last! What have I done to deserve this?

Charles (*to himself*). The Eldorado! Why, THEA said—What can Aunt have been up to? She's got herself into the very deuce of a hole!

[CURPHEW and ALTHEA exchange significant glances.]

Mr. Toov. At the Eldorado? Now, do you know that's very singular—that really is very singular indeed! You're the second person who fancied Mrs. TOOVEY was there last Saturday evening! So that you see there *must* have been a lady there most extraordinarily like my wife!

Mrs. Toov. (*to herself*). Dear, good, simple Pa; he believes in me! After all, I've only to deny everything; he can't prove I was there! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Sir, and on a mere resemblance like that you have the audacity to bring these shameful charges against me—me! All you have succeeded in establishing is that you were in the music-hall yourself, and I doubt whether your employer would approve of a clerk of his spending his time in such places, if it came to his ears!

Mr. Jann. It's very kind of you to concern yourself on my account, Madam; but there's no occasion. It was Mr. LARKINS himself gave me the ticket; so I'm not at all uneasy.

Mr. Toov. Why, dear me, that must have been the ticket Mr. CURPHEW—I should say, Mr. WALTER WILDFIRE—sent me. I remember I left it with Mr. LARKINS in case he could find a use for it. So you were in my box; quite a coincidence, really!

Mr. Jann. As you say, Sir, and not the only one neither, seeing that—

Mrs. Toov. Pa, isn't it time this young man finished the business he came about, and went away? I am not accustomed to seeing my drawing-room made use of as an office!

Mr. Toov. (*snatching up the transfer*). By all means, my love. (*To Mr. J.*) Er, I really think we should be more comfortable in the study. There—there's a bigger inkstand.

[*He leads the way to the door.*]

Mr. Jann. (*following*). As you please, Sir. (*Turning at the door.*) I must say I think I've been most cruelly misunderstood. If I've been anxious for the pleasure of meeting Mrs. TOMKINSON JONES again, any revengeful motives or lowness of that description was far from my thoughts, my sole object being to restore a piece of property which the lady, whoever she may have been, left behind her, and which, as I appear to have brought it with me, would, if recognised, settle any question of identity on the spot. But that can wait for the present. Business first, pleasure afterwards!

[*He goes out. A silence. Presently a succession of violent sniffs proceed from behind "The Quiver."*]

All rise in concern.

Charles. I say, Aunt, you're not going to give way now, are you? That fellow hasn't frightened you?

Alth. (*kneeling down and embracing Mrs. T.*). Dearest mamma, don't you think you'd better tell us all about it? It was you who slapped that horrid little man's face—now, wasn't it? And serve him right!

Mrs. T. (*in a burst*). I took him for your father! Oh, what have I said? I never meant to admit anything! And what must you all think of me?

Curph. No one who has had the benefit of your opinions of music-halls or their entertainers, can possibly imagine you went to one with any idea of amusing yourself, Mrs. TOOVEY.

Mrs. Toov. (*without heeding him*). And Pa, what will he say? When I think of all the wicked stories I've had to tell that poor dear man! And after he once finds them out, there's an end of all his respect for me, all my influence over him, all my power in this house—everything! Why, for anything I can tell, Pa may actually believe I went to that detestable place on what (*to CURPHEW*) I suppose your friends would call the—the (*utterly breaking down*) Tee-hiddle-dy-hi!

Charles (*after a highly suspicious fit of choking*). Don't think there's any danger of that, Aunt; but look here, how if I went into the study and kicked that little cad out, eh?

Mrs. Toov. And have the whole affair in the police reports! You're a pretty solicitor, CHARLES! But Pa knows by now, and oh, what in the world am I to do?

Charles. Well, my dear Aunt, it sounds an immoral suggestion, but, as you seem to have given Uncle a—hem—slightly picturesque version of your doings last Saturday, hadn't you better stick to it?

Mrs. Toov. What's the use? Didn't you hear that wretch say he'd found something in the box? It's my spectacles, CHARLES; a pair in a Rob Roy tartan case, which Pa gave me himself, and couldn't help recognising! I remember now, I left them there, and—(*The door opens.*) They're coming back!

Mr. Toov. (*entering*). That's really a very honest young fellow, my love, nothing will satisfy him but bringing in the article he's found, and seeing whether it belongs to you or not.

Mrs. Toov. (*breathlessly*). And have you seen it, Pa—have you seen it?

Mr. Toov. Not yet, dear love, not yet. He's getting it out of his great coat in the hall.



"Why, Cornelia, my love, so you've found your spectacles!"

Curph. (starting up from behind ALTHEA). I think, if you will allow me, I'll go and speak to him first. It strikes me that I may know the lady who was in that box, and I'm naturally anxious to avoid any— [He goes out.]

END OF SCENE XIX.

SCENE XX.—A few minutes later.

Mrs. Toov. (to herself, in a fever). Why doesn't he come back? What are those two plotting together? Oh, if Mr. WILDFIRE imagines he will get a hold over me, so as to obtain my consent to—I'd sooner tell Pa everything! (To CURPHEW, who re-enters, smiling.) W—where is—the other?

Curph. The other? Oh, he's gone. I made myself known to him; and you would have been surprised, my dear Mrs. TOOVEY, at the immense effect my professional name had upon him. When he realised I was WALTER WILDFIRE he was willing to do anything for me, and so I easily got him to entrust his find to me.

Mr. Toov. (inquisitively). And what is it—a fan, or a glove? There would be no harm in showing it to us, eh?

Curph. Well, really, it's so very unlikely to compromise anybody that I almost think I might. Yes, there can't be any objection.

[He takes something out of his pocket, and presents it to Mr. T.]

Mr. Toov. (mystified). Why, it's only a hairpin! What a scrupulously honest young man that is, to be sure!

Mrs. Toov. (relieved). Only a hairpin? (Then, uneasily, to CURPH., in an undertone.) Where is—you know what? Have you kept it to use for your own advantage?

Curph. (in the same tone). I am a very bad man, I know; but I don't blackmail. You will find it behind the card-basket in the hall. (Mrs. T. goes out; ALTH. draws CURPH. aside.)

Alth. CLARENCE, I—I must know; how did you come to have a hairpin? where did it come from? (As he softly touches the back of her head.) Oh! it was mine, then? What a goose I am?

Mr. Toov. (as Mrs. T. returns). Why, CORNELIA, my love, so you've found your spectacles! Now where did you leave them this time, my dear, eh?

Mrs. Toov. Where I shall not leave them again in a hurry, THEOPHILUS!

Mr. Toov. Don't you be too sure of that, my love. By the way, Mr. CURPHEW, that lady of your acquaintance—you know, the one who made all this disturbance at the Eldorado—is she at all like Mrs. TOOVEY, now?

Curph. (after reflection). Well, really, there is a resemblance—at a distance!

Mr. Toov. (peevishly). Then it's annoying—very annoying; because it might compromise my poor dear wife, you know. I—I wish you could give her a quiet hint to—to avoid such places in future!

Curph. Do you know, Sir, I really think it will be quite unnecessary. [PHOEBE enters to announce dinner.]

Mr. Toov. Dinner, eh? Yes, yes, dinner, to be sure. Mr. CURPHEW, will you take in my dau—(correcting himself)—oh, but, dear me, I was quite forgetting that—h'm!

Curph. —that Mrs. TOOVEY has been expressing an ardent impatience to close your doors on me for ever?

Mrs. Toov. (not over graciously). That was before—I mean that—considering the manner in which we all of us seem to have been more or less mixed up with the music-hall of late—we can't afford to be too particular. If Mr. WILDFIRE chooses to stay, he will find as warm a welcome as—(with a gulp)—he can expect!

Curph. Many thanks, but I'm sure you see that I can't stay here on sufferance. If I do stay it must be as—

Mrs. T. As one of the family! (She chokes.) That—that's understood, of course. (To herself.) They know too much!

Mr. T. (to Mrs. T., chirpily, as the others precede them in to dinner). Do you know, my love, I'd no more idea you would ever have— Well, well, it might have been worse, I daresay. But we must never let it get out about the music-hall, eh?

Mrs. T. Well, Pa, I'm not very likely to allude to it!

THE END.

"CRYSTAL-GAZING."—The Crystal Palace Company should adapt some of Mr. ANDREW LANG's article on "Superstition" in this month's *Fortnightly*. Far more entertaining is the Sydenham building than any amount of "Crystal-gazing," and the directors have only to say (we make them a Christmas present of the suggestion), quoting from the article above-mentioned, "it is an ascertained fact that a certain proportion of men and women, educated, healthy," &c., &c., can obtain curious information, combined with amusement, by looking into the Crystal . . . Palace.

EXAMPLE OF "BURNING WORDS."—Lighting the dining-room fire with the torn pages of an old book.



OUR COSTLY CLIMATE.

"HULLO! OFF OUT OF TOWN SOMEWHERE!"

"OFF TO CAIRO, MY BOY!"

"CAIRO? WHY, ONLY THE OTHER DAY YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE AS POOR AS A CHURCH MOUSE!"

"THAT'S JUST IT. I'VE SPENT FIVE YEARS' INCOME ON CLOTHING ALREADY THIS WINTER, AND I'M NOT WARM YET; AND I'VE CALCULATED THAT IT'LL TAKE SEVEN YEARS' INCOME MORE BEFORE I CAN KEEP THE COLD OUT. SO I'M OFF TO CAIRO TO STOP AT THE BEST HOTEL—IT'S FAR CHEAPER!"

POISON IN THE PUMP.

[A medical writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says, "more people are killed by drinking water than are killed by drinking alcohol."]

THINK of that, teetotal folks, heed not WILFRED LAWSON's jokes And his gay, impromptu poems which he reads when on the stump, H-re's a doctor says that you will indubitably do Quite a foolish thing in swearing by your sweetly sober pump.

Surely that should give you pause when you advocate your cause, With your button-hole adorned with tiny scrap of sky-blue silk; There's not half the danger in whisky, brandy, rum, or gin, As in typhoid-bearing water or in diphtheritic milk.

We're not all gin-sodden sots, though we do not empty lo's Of those enigmatic bottles, which to you are always dear, Filled with liquor, washy, sweet, aerated. Such a treat Is your execrable lemonade, your beastly ginger-beer!

Other people do not rave from the cradle to the grave.

The Frenchman takes his *petit verre*, his *Bordeaux* or his *bock*; The German's limpid beer or his *Rheinwein* none need fear. Even you would not be overcome by claret, say, or hock.

Then if you are truly wise, you will cease to close your eyes To the fact that moderation is convincing, and should be In your words, as in our drink. Then we might more kindly think Of your thickly, sickly cocoa, and your nerve-exciting tea.

"EUREKA! EUREKA!"—His wife had heard the word. Had been told it was Greek; but what it meant she did not know. One night he came home from a bachelor smoking-party. "Oh," she exclaimed. "You absolutely reek of tobacco. You reeker!" Then it broke upon her like an ancient light that she was talking Greek without knowing it!



THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Precocious Infant. "HELP YOURSELF, AND PASS THE BOTTLE!"

THE CHAMPION SHAVER;

Or, A Task against Time.

LARGO al factotum! Shave all the world, one per minute!
Figaro beaten, *Poll Sweedlepipe* plainly not in it!
 WICK of King's Road, Chelsea's champion chin-scraper, cut of it!
 ROMOLA's garrulous razor-man whipped, there's no doubt of it!

Rustic's rough stubble, or working-man's wiry chin-bristle,
 Mown from his gills in a twinkling, as clean as a whistle.
 Even a bristly Hibernian boar he would gaily
 Tackle, and trim him as smooth as that downy young *Bailey*.

Grand Old Tonsorial Hand with the soft-soap and lather;
 Knight of the Razor, of hand-sweep redoubtable—rather!
 PAT—or SHAGPAT—HODGE or BLUEBEARD, blue-gill'd British
 Workman,

Muscovite hairy, or whiskered, moustache-twisting Turkman:

Downy-cheeked boy, or big, wire-brushy Don Whiskerando!—
 All one to him! All that sharp steel and soap-lather can do
 Here is a Barber will buckle to, blade-armed, instantan,
 Challenge competitive rivals, and win in a canter.

Neat NELLY WICK (thirteen men in ten minutes) is rather
 A good 'un to mow, to say naught of her champion father;
 But this Grand Old Shaver would shave,—against time, too, yes,
 trust us!

Elephas Primigenius (the Mammoth), or *Brontops Robustus*!

Truly a Tonsor Titanie to chin-needs to minister!
 Yet are there some who declare his dexterity sinister;
 Say that 'tis not without reason this bland badger-waver.
 And stirrer of soap-suds, is called—well, an Artful Old Shaver.

Like most of his craft he the Gift of the Gab shares stupendously.
 And takes by the nose and belathers, with soft-soap, tremendously.
 They call him for custom from all sorts and sizes a cadger,
 And swear that he badgers the Mob to submit to his badger.

Be that as it may—and his rivals do rail at him viciously—
 If you require "a clean shave," rattled off expeditiously,
 Lather that's fragrant and frothy, and steel that slides sleekly,
 Sit down in his chair, and he'll polish you off pretty quickly.

He's had two tough customers lately; a workman stiff-stubbed
 (He looks at his gills in the glass with a glance slightly troubled),
 And him the young yokel whose beard's like a big bed of thistles,
 Who flops in the chair and demands to be shorn of his bristles.

To shave—against time—such a shag-beard as is this young rustic,
 Is hard, and the chance of success seems a bit nubibustic.
 But list! The old Champion Shaver is courteously glosing!
 "B.t bristly, my friend, but I'll leave you clean-mown before
 closing!"

HIGHLY PROBABLE.

(A Conversation Tapped on its way through the Telephone.)

I SAY, how are you this morning?
 Still rather weak. But the weather here is lovely, and I am en-
 joying myself immensely. I think I have discovered a new system.
 Never mind about the tables. Thought you had gone to Nice.
 No, Monte Carlo. It's more healthy, and they say that if you
 have success you should clear your expenses easily.
 Yes, but I did not want to talk about that. You know there's
 been more outrages in Dublin? They have spread from Paris.
 Have they? Get some Johnnie on the spot to look after them.
 But I told the House that although you were in the South of
 France, you were in telegraphic touch with your colleagues.
 What did you do that for? My doctor will be awfully angry.
 I dare say. But what are you going to do about this dynamite scare?
 Leave it to ROSEBERRY; he's equal to anything and everybody.
 Yes, as a rule; but not just now. He's on leave. Bad cold.
 Well, let ASQUITH have a shot. He is a rising young man.
 But he's away, too; and so is HARCOURT, SPENCER, RIFON, and
 the others. They all say they can do nothing further.
 Sorry. Can I help it? Impossible to govern Ireland from Monte
 Carlo.

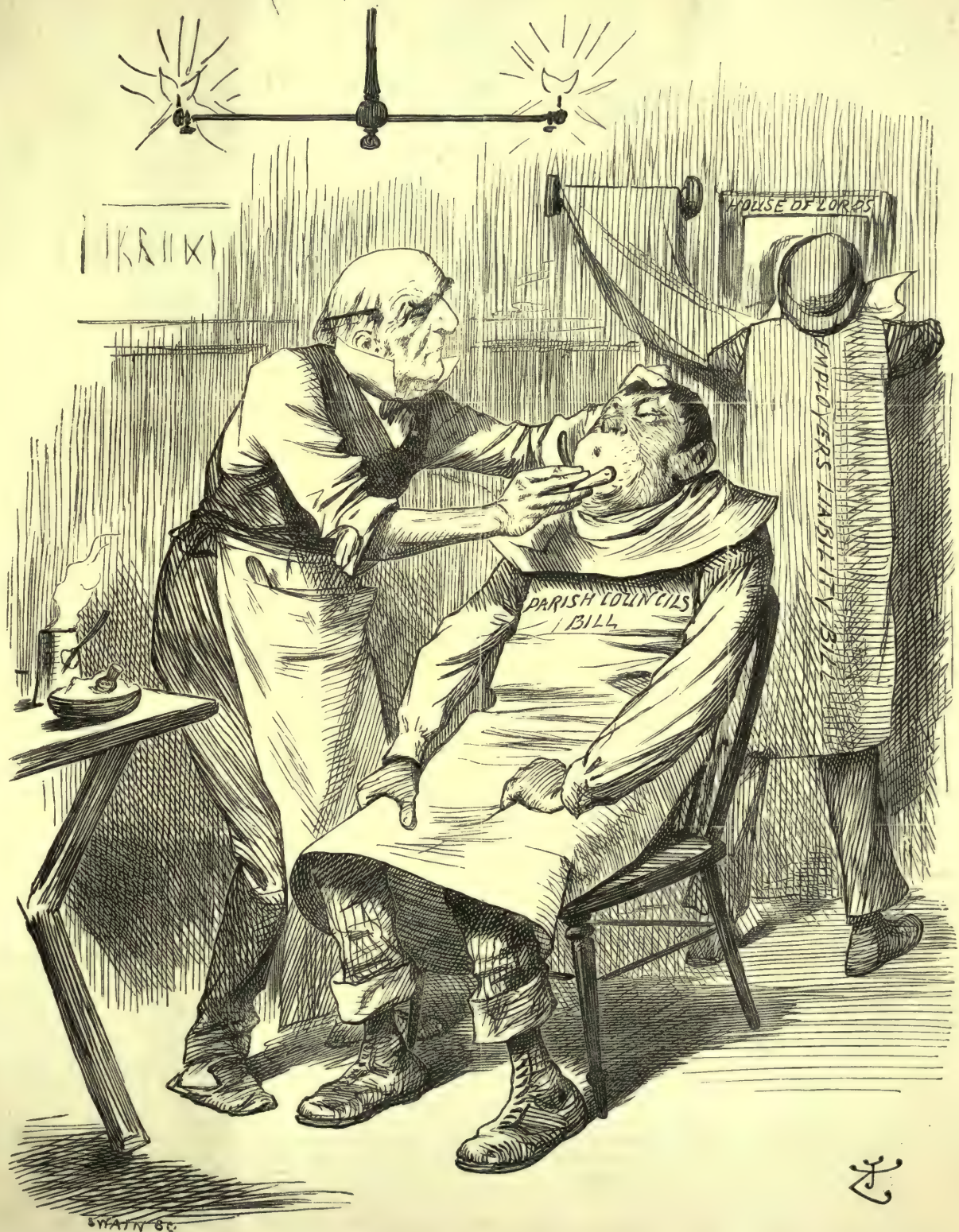
Not if you give your mind to it. But, of course, if you will go in
 for systems, you haven't much chance.

Well, frankly, I can't manage it. You must get some one else.

Sorry I can't.

Then what will you do?

Why, manage it myself. After all, if I have twice the years of
 you fellows I have four times the energy. As I am doing all
 the other work of the Ministry, I may as well make a complete job
 of it. I will do it myself!



"THE CHAMPION SHAVER!"

MR. G. "YOU'RE A BIT BRISTLY, SIR, BUT I THINK WE SHALL POLISH YOU OFF BEFORE CLOSING TIME!!"



OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"THE ever-advancing Woman," observes one of the Baronesses, "has quite come forward this Christmas, daintily attired." Wonderful money-prizes are to be won by the lucky person who guesses the author of "Bid Me not Go," which is the Christmas story of the enterprising *Gent'leman*.

"As for Christmas Cards being Christmassy," quoth a young Baron brusquely, "why it's all WALKER!" The Baron was about to rebuke the scion of his noblehouse, but discovered, on application, that the youth had been alluding to the Christmas Card publisher of that name, whose designs are not peculiarly Christmassy, but what the Baroness terms "so dainty!"

S. HILDESHEIMER & Co.'s clever and amusing Christmas Cards will be much appreciated by young people.

Three books full of stories, to suit all ages. HUTCHINSON'S House. *Fifty-two Stories for Children, Fifty-two Stories for Girlhood and Youth, and Fifty-two Stories for Boyhood and Youth.* Just a story a week, will last the year. Collected by ALFRED H. MILES. You won't find a better if you go for Miles.

Valdmer, the Viking, by HUME NISBET, was a wonderful Dane, who, after invading England in the Tenth Century, took a trip from Thanet (having invented Ramsgate and Margate) all round America, and thought nothing of it. Those who read this will probably think something of it.

The Hoyden, written by Mrs. HUNGERFORD, and published by HEINEMANN, is the story of a rather frivolous nineteenth-century tomboy; "but," quoth the Baroness, "though it does not come within measurable distance of *The O'Connors of Ballinahinch*, it is pleasant light reading."

Mr. Gladstone's Life: Told by Himself, is an alluring title, which, in spite of the volume being issued by so respectable a house as KEGAN PAUL'S, savours of a flam. But it is genuine enough. Every word in the little volume has been spoken or written by Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. LEECH, whilst modestly disclaiming any imposition of responsibility upon the PREMIER, has ingeniously linked passages from speeches or letters published under his name during the past sixty years. The result is a really fascinating work. Mr. GLADSTONE has always been prone to drop into autobiography. Nothing, my Baronite tells me, was more delightful than the speeches he used to deliver in the House of Commons on Friday and Tuesday nights. Some chance reference to CANNING, PEELE, or PALMERSTON brought up a flood of recollections, and Mr. G. used to chat of old times with the entranced House.

In a pleasant little book called *Essays on Idleness*, the authoress, AGNES REPLEY, speaking of her cat, observes, "It were ignoble to wish myself in her place, and yet how charming to be able to settle down to a nap, *sans peur et sans reproche*, at ten o'clock in the morning." Surely instead of "*sans peur*" she should have written "*sans purr*," as far more applicable to a cat asleep.

"HERE is a work that I prize indeed!" quoth the Baron, surveying with unmixed pleasure two handsome volumes, readable from every point of view of type, handiness, and matter that is of substance and spirit, being a re-issue of the immortal *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. "Mind you," he continues, tenderly regarding them, "though this I admit is an *édition de luxe*, yet do I far and away prefer the simple volume without illustrations. Why illustrations? Why try to impose on us, as by artistic authority, the faces, forms, and the situations that we would infinitely prefer to idealise? Without the faculty of imagination no one can enjoy this work, pictures or no pictures: possessed of the faculty, what need of the illustrations, save so far as they may carry out our own notions of the author's meaning? If they do not, then we quarrel with them. But many thanks for these two volumes, brought out by Messrs. GAY AND BIRD (delightful association of adjective and substantive, as we have had afortime occasion to remark); for among all books, whether at this Christmas Season, when they come in quite with a Charles-Lamblike and Washington-Irvingesque flavour, or at any other time, these be most welcome to the constant lover of old Literary Friends.

YULETIDEIAN BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A CONDUCTOR OF HEAT.

A GAME OF CHANCE.

(From an Imaginative French Source.)

WAR had broken out between France and Great Britain. In the Mediterranean—owing to several French ironclads having got through into the Black Sea and being unable to get out again—the French fleet was shut up in Toulon harbour by a powerful English squadron. It was just at this time that some curious events were taking place in the neighbouring seaside resort of Sablottes-les-Bains, recently purchased by an English company, which was running the place as a kind of compromise between Boulogne and Monte Carlo.

"Messieurs, faites vos jeux!"—was heard the monotonous refrain of the

burly "Croupier," who, with face rather pale, and a preoccupied air, was presiding over one of the numerous games of "*Petits-Chevaux*," combined with "*Rouge et Noir*," which were proceeding in the gorgeously-upholstered and magnificently-lighted "*Salle des Papas Perdus*" of the "*Cercle des Etrangers*" of this Paradise of the Middle Sea.

Suddenly the Croupier sprang from his seat, threw off his loose outer coat, and displayed the well-known uniform of an Officer in Her Majesty's Royal Shropshire Yeomanry Carabineers. All the other Croupiers did the same. Astonishment and dismay were depicted on the countenances of the players.

"Gentlemen," said the Croupier, "I am sorry to say you are all my prisoners. Resist, and you will be shot without mercy!"

"But I had just staked twenty thousand Louis on the black!" ejaculated a bewildered Gaul.

"You have lost your stake, Monsieur," replied the Croupier, with politeness. "It is red, not black;" and, in a moment, all the English visitors who thronged the rooms had also thrown off their overcoats, and the hall was filled with red-coats.

"Treachery! *Perfide Alb*—" the Gaul shouted; but ere he could rise from his seat to give the alarm to the Toulon garrison, as he had fully intended doing, a hundred swords (made in Birmingham) had passed simultaneously through his body. Their stakes fell from the trembling hands of the players.

"Then are we to understand," asked another Frenchman, who had somewhat recovered from the first shock of surprise, "that the English Government has suppressed Sablottes-les-Bains because it disapproves of the game of *Petits-Chevaux*?"

"Not at all," replied the Croupier-Officer. "It is a military *coup-de-main*, that's all. The English company running this place, was, of course, in the pay of the British War Office. By a pre-arranged system of signals we have been making known everything that is going on at Toulon to the British Admiral out at sea. You may perhaps have noticed what an extremely large orchestra took part in last night's free classical concert; they were English marines disguised as musicians. And the gardens attached to the Casino, which rival those of Monte Carlo, what do you think those grassy slopes crowned with olives and orange-trees are in reality? Why, the artfully-contrived glacis of the impregnable fortress inside which you are now standing, and which I have the honour to command!"

Just then the booming of cannon was heard outside.

"It is our guns playing on the defences of Toulon!" exclaimed the Officer. "Toulon is ours!"

And the treacherous Britons, having cleared the tables of the five-franc pieces still remaining on them, proceeded, with the aid of the Germans and Italians, to the dismemberment of France.

Nautical Economy.

"[It is no use our building ships without the men to man them.]—*Times' Correspondent.*"

PROVERB suggested by the above:—"Do not spoil the ship for a pound of tar."

NOVEL PROCEEDING.—New Issue, *Japhet in Search of Something Farther*. By MARRIOTT.

LAW AND JUSTICE v. DUTY "DONE."

(An Imaginary Conversation.)

SCENE—Opposite the Griffin.

TIME—The present day.

Enter two well-known personages.

Justice. Welcome, Sister. We sometimes are severed, but when we do meet the right prevails.

Law. Certainly, Sister—to a great extent. And what is the cause of our present communion?

Justice. I have to call your attention, Sister, to many great works of mercy recently performed by wielders of the pen—in fact some of my servants.

Law. Your servants are noted for their good works.

Justice. You are very kind. Well, these good servants have defended the poor, protected the weak, and denounced hypocrites.

Law. Very right indeed. But how did they manage it without my assistance?

Justice. You have a short memory. It was with your aid that they brought these good things about. Surely you have not forgotten them?

Law. Well, since I have been combined with Equity I have been doing so much excellent work that I have neither time nor inclination for the recording of details. Well, and your protégées, were they successful?

Justice. Certainly; they won all along the line. Never was the power of the Press manifested to better advantage.

Law. Surely they were not in actions for libel?

Justice. Yes; and although they did much good, were practically mulcted in costs.

Law. Costs! That is in my department!

Justice. And not in mine. Costs in such a matter have nothing to do with Justice!

Law. But (as you say) are inseparably connected with Law! [They part hurriedly.]



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

She. "AND YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE A SPEECH AFTER DINNER, WON'T YOU?"

He. "OH—I SHALL JUST HAVE TO TALK A LITTLE NONSENSE TO THEM, YOU KNOW!"

She. "AH—AND NOBODY'S BETTER QUALIFIED TO DO THAT THAN YOURSELF!"

THE STOUT SINGER'S SMILE.

O BUXOM maiden, blithe and gay,
With movements light and airy,
Some five-and-twenty stone you weigh,
Fair, fat and forty fairy!

A fairy of the music-halls,
Some men might call you ripping;
In tights, and satin coat and smalls,
You enter, gaily skipping.

It is not that which brings me joy,
Nor face, nor form entrances,
It is your smile, so very coy,
Your bashful, girlish glances.

Some twenty years ago, no doubt,
You were a slender maiden,
But now, so long you have been "out,"
With weight of years you're laden.

So when you sing of love-sick grief,
And smile so very sweetly,
I, too, behind my handkerchief,
Smile quite unseen, discreetly.

The more you sing the more you smile,
Stout charmer, winsome, winning,
Dressed like Lord Fauntleroy—
meanwhile,
Like Cheshire Cat I'm grinning.

Then comes the end; you curtsy low,
With looks to heaven soaring;
You are extremely funny so,
I'm positively roaring.

They clap, they shout, they thump the floor,
These "gents" serenely smoking,
You kiss your hand, smile yet once more,
And leave me simply choking.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday evening, December 4.—Slight coolness sprung up between Major RASCH and Members in immediate neighbourhood. STANLEY LEIGHTON observed an insect of unfamiliar appearance disporting itself on the Major's back. Closer inspection revealed presence of others, one carefully pricking its way through his bristling hair. In these days, when microbes are a little too familiar in their habit, this curious phenomenon led to some uneasiness.

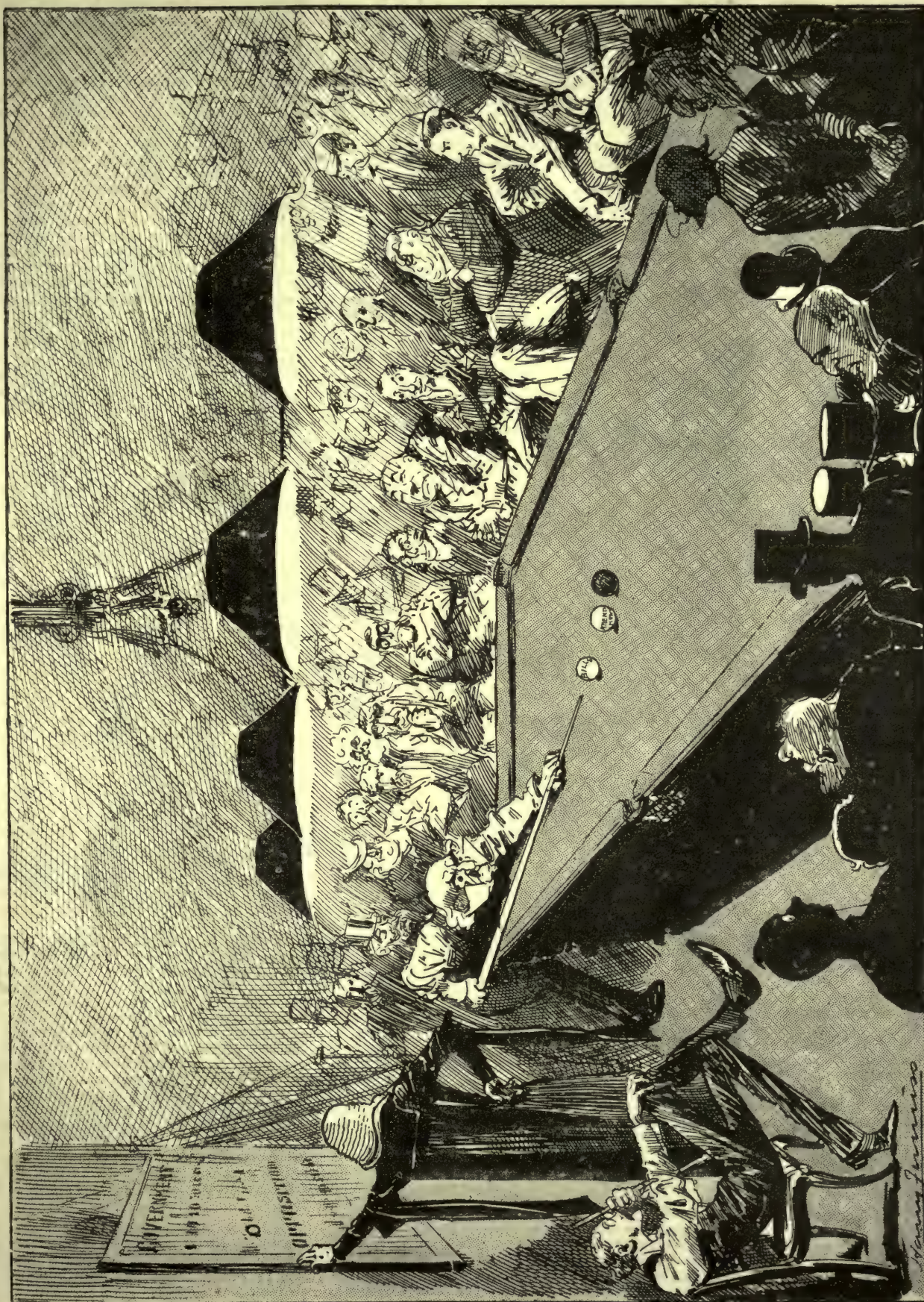
"Dear me," said Major RASCH, when his attention was delicately called to matter; "some of 'em must have got out. Only locusts, dear boy; needn't be frightened; put down question to HERBERT GARDNER as to importation of Russian hay which is swarming with locusts. GRAND YOUNG GARDNER absent; engaged in cultivating the influenza microbe; HERBERT GLADSTONE undertaken to answer question. I know these young Ministers; sure to pooh-pooh question. So, being an old soldier, prepared counter-movement; got handful of locusts; clapped 'em into box; brought 'em down, intending to hand box over to HERBERT. They seem, however, to have anticipated proceedings. Prized lid off box, and swarmed all about; looking for wild honey, I suppose. Hope they won't catch SPEAKER'S eye. Lend us a hand to net a few before they attack HANBURY."

If Session goes on much longer will get itself counted out.

Members falling around us like leaves in wintry weather. PRINCE ARTHUR not yet back; GRANDOLPH off to sunnier climes; JOHN MORLEY, out too soon after approach to convalescence, gone to break the bank at Monte Carlo; not likely to be seen here again this side of Christmas. And now BOBBY SPENCER down; fallen on the field of battle. Came into lobby just now at usual brisk pace; made his way to Whip's room; drooped on threshold. Happily nothing serious; only a passing faint; but eloquent of strain upon Members in these times. For BOBBY, of course, the weight is exceptionally heavy. *Nous autres* come and go; make holiday when we can get a pair; as often as we have the heart to do so meet with light negative BOBBY's touching appeal, "You dine here to-night?" But for him, always on the spot, his young head full of State cares, his manly bosom enfolding innumerable State secrets, it is different. Now the long pending blow suddenly falls, and BOBBY, not without reminiscence of the elder PITT in an earlier Parliament, falls at his post—"Young LYCIDAS and hath not left his peer."

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For LYCIDAS is down, down ere his prime.

"Compels," said the Member for Sark, nothing if not critical. "Wouldn't you write 'compel'?"



THE PARLIAMENTARY BILLIARD TOURNAMENT. "A LONG BREAK."

"Yes, I should; but MILTON didn't; and, on the whole, I prefer his style."

Business done.—Pegging away at Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—Since Parish Councils Bill went into Committee, Mr. G. has been silent in I don't know how many languages. It is highest compliment to Minister in charge of a Bill that his Leader should find it possible not only to refrain from taking part in debate, but habitually to absent himself through long periods of a sitting. HENRY FOWLER has earned this distinction. His management of intricate measure has been excellent; conciliating Opposition without causing revolt in sensitive ranks on own side. His Parliamentary position distinctly advanced.

To-night Mr. G. drawn into fray. It was JOKIM who did it. At opening of sitting FOWLER resisted Amendment by STRACHEY making it permissible to transfer parochial trusts to management of Parish Council. After nearly two hours' debate, RIGBY put up to say that Amendment on same lines standing further down, in name of the contumacious CORB, would be accepted. "A put-up job!" cried GOSCHEN, sternly-eyeing the irreproachable RIGBY.



"A put-up job!"

This too much for Mr. G. Sat bolt upright from recumbent position in which he had listened to debate. His eyes blazed; a Jovellike frown clouded his brow; his hands moved restlessly, as, leaning a little forward in attitude to spring, he waited till the unconscious JOKIM, blinking at other side of table, should sit down. Spoke for only ten minutes; his energy supernal; his voice, long unused, magnificent. "A put-up job!" he repeated in scornful tones, with sweeping gesture of the arm. Drew graphic picture of Editors of new Dictionary coming upon this phrase in Parliamentary Report citing it, as thus:—

"JOB, a put-up." (*The Right Hon. J. Goschen, M.P.*)

Young Bloods behind Front Opposition Bench in historic corner, whose recesses MELLOR'S glance cannot penetrate, didn't like this. "Question! Question!" they roared. "It is a very interesting question," said Mr. G., ready for a tussle with them if they insisted. Pretty to see JOKIM turn round and rebuke the Young Bloods on back Benches. He was the object of attack; on his head the vials of bubbling wrath overflowed. But JOKIM has not lived in House of Commons all these years without its traditions of high courtesy and respect due to age and position being ingrained. He was shocked to hear speech of Leader of House broken in upon with noisy cries of "Question!" and, though they came from his own camp-followers, he did not hesitate to administer sharp rebuke. *Business done.*—Got into fresh tight place with Parish Councils Bill.

Thursday.—Quite lively to-night. Merriest evening since Home-Rule Bill left us. Began with SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. GORST, who is thinking of leaving his property to found almshouses for pious ex-Solicitor-Generals, is alarmed at probable operation of this Bill. His prophetic eye sees time when Parish Council of the future will step in, snap its fingers at him (the Pious Founder); will probably introduce Conscience Clause in matutinal exercises of aged ex-Solicitor-Generals. GORST draws up case on back of Orders; presents it in form of conundrum. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD hugely contemptuous. Nothing easier than to draw up trust deed in form that should obviate catastrophe foreseen by GORST's fervid fancy.

"Just as easy," he says, "as a boy drawing an animal writes over it 'This is a lion.' You draw your trust; write 'This is an Ecclesiastical Charity,' and there you are. It will be out of purview of the Act."

This would have been all very well if JESSE COLLINGS had not

chanced to be among audience. Members evidently carried away by SQUIRE OF MALWOOD'S sophistry. JESSE pulled them up.

"Supposing," he said, looking unutterably wise, "the boy draws an animal; writes over it, 'This is a lion,' and it turns out to be an elephant. Where are you then?"

House really didn't know; positively staggered. "Just like one of those questions the Carpenter in 'Through the Looking Glass' used to ask Alice," said GEORGE CURZON. "Floors everybody." Instead of sitting down and bravely facing difficulty suggested by JESSE'S active mind, Members, catching sight of SOLICITOR-GENERAL contemplating nature from Treasury Bench, with one accord turned upon him. Cries of "RIGBY! RIGBY!" filled Chamber. Everything forgotten in excitement of this new chase. The lion lay down with the elephant, and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD led them. PRINCE ARTHUR, back after a bout of influenza, joined in chase with boyish energy. HENRY JAMES and JOSEPH answered from opposite camp. J. G. TALBOT delivered what, judging from his manner, was a funeral sermon over departed but anonymous friend; only a sentence heard here and there amid the uproar. SOLICITOR-GENERAL sat silent, with no other sign of consciousness than an occasional benevolent shaking of the head when the cry of "RIGBY! RIGBY!" rose to stormier heights.

At length PRINCE ARTHUR moved to report progress. With this pistol at his head, RIGBY rose, and proceeded in his inimitable manner to deliver an opinion on the case. When lo! the strangest thing of all happened. Members on Opposition benches, who had made themselves hoarse in clamouring for RIGBY, now when he



Baiting the Solicitor-General.

cooly yielded to their flattering insistence on his stating his views, hurriedly left the House. But they'd had their joke, a joke two hours long. Were not going to have it spoiled by an anti-climax.

Business done.—None; but a merry night withal.

Friday.—More about Charities as affected by Parish Councils Bill. Opposition got their back up. They love the Bill more than ever; but they will not let it pass. A great deal said about charity; but there's no lovingkindness. Encouraged by hunt of last night turn again upon SOLICITOR-GENERAL. A thirst for information. PRINCE ARTHUR insinuatingly suggests that House would be happy if RIGBY would only give his views as to the precise meaning of phrase "parochial charities." RIGBY affects not to hear. Diligently makes notes on his brief with preoccupied air. JOSEPH runs in from behind and pulls the hair of his right hon. friend the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. The SQUIRE, nothing loath, lets fly from the shoulder. Rampus; somebody moves Closure; Chairman takes no notice; at end of two hours Committee divide. Coming back, approach identical question from slightly different point of view; talk round it for another two hours. At twelve o'clock we go home with uneasy feeling that for all practical purposes, as far as progress of Bill is concerned, we might as well have stopped there. *Business done.*—None.

ERRATIC.—There was an odd-looking misprint in *Le Figaro* for Wednesday last of an "r" for an "i," so that what was intended for "la Cour d'assises à Old Bailey" read "la Cour d'assises à Old Barley." Our friend in *Punch*, "Old BILL BARLEY," would be pleased to find himself famous in French.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.—Death to dealers in death!

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cummin Toit.)

No. VII.—THE STOLEN MARCH.

I THINK I have already mentioned in the course of the articles which I have consecrated to the life and exploits of PICKLOCK HOLES that this extraordinary man was unmarried. There was some mystery about certain love-making episodes in the early stages of his career which nothing could induce him to talk about. If I ever chanced to mention the subject of matrimony in his presence,



a hard, metallic look came over his features, and his lips closed with the tightness and vehemence of a pair of handcuffs. Naturally, I was not encouraged by these symptoms to pursue the matter. However, from what I have since been able to glean from other sources, I think I am justified in saying that HOLES was at one time, while quite a young man, engaged to the daughter of an eminent church dignitary, a charming girl who united good looks to a comfortable balance at her bankers. One morning, however, HOLES, whose mind was constantly occupied in the solution of deep and complex psychological problems, suddenly startled Miss BELLASYS by informing her that from certain indications he had concluded that she had two large moles on the upper portion of her left shoulder-blade. It was in vain that the unfortunate girl protested with tears in her eyes that she was ignorant of this disfigurement; that, as a matter of fact, she had the best reason for believing that no such moles existed, and that, if they did, it was not her fault, but must be due to a momentary oversight on the part of her nurse, a woman of excellent character and sound church principles. HOLES was, as usual, inexorable.

"My dearest ANNABELLA," he observed, "I am never mistaken. Within the last ten minutes while I have been discussing with you my new theory of clues I have noticed your left eye—the right I cannot see—slowly close twice, while at the same moment your head drooped on to your left shoulder. Thus you were twice blind on the left side. Moles, as we learn, not merely from books on natural history, but from our own observation, are blind. You have, therefore, two moles on your left shoulder. The fact is indisputable."

Terrified by this convincing demonstration, poor Miss BELLASYS released the great detective from his engagement, and retired shortly afterwards from the world to enrol herself in the ranks of a nursing sisterhood.

These, I believe, are the facts connected with my friend's only engagement, and I merely state them here in order that the deeply-interesting story of his life may be as complete as laborious and accurate research on my part can make it. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that the man should have been to some extent soured by the tragic termination of a love affair which seemed full of the promise of happiness for all concerned.

But it must not be supposed that the life of PICKLOCK HOLES was entirely destitute of the domestic joys. He would often tell me when we met again after an interval during which he had disappeared from my ken that he had been giving the old folks at home a turn, and that he felt himself in a measure reinvigorated by the simple and trusting affection lavished upon him by his family circle. I gathered that this consisted of his father and mother, Sir AMINADAB and Lady HOLES, his two younger brothers, curiously named HAYLOFT and SKAIRKROW HOLES, his widowed sister, Mrs. GUMPHSON, with various children of all ages left as pledges of affection by the late Colonel GUMPHSON of the Saltshire Bays, as gallant an officer as ever cleft the head of an Afghan or lopped an Egyptian in two. Often had I felt, though I had been far too discreet to express it openly, an ardent desire to become acquainted with a family which, if I might judge by my friend PICKLOCK, must be one of the most remarkable in the world for brain power and keen intelligence. My wish was to be gratified sooner than I looked for.

One evening, as HOLES and I were sitting in my bachelor rooms in Belgrave Square, there came a sudden knock at the door. We were smoking, and I remember that HOLES had just been explaining to me that it was customary to infer an assassin from the odour of Trichinopoly, whilst a Cabana denoted a man of luxurious habits and unbridled passions. From Bird's-eye tobacco a direct line of induction, he said, brought one to a Cabinet Minister, whilst Cavendish in its uncut stage led to a mixture of a smuggler, a Methodist minister, and a club-proprietor in reduced circumstances. I was marvelling at the singular acumen of the man when,

as I say, there came a tap at the door, which interrupted our discussions. The door then slowly opened, and a small female child, of a preternaturally sharp expression, slid, as it were, inductively into the room. It was the youthful ISABEL GUMPHSON, one of HOLES's nieces. "All right, ISABEL," said the great detective, "we will come with you;" and in another moment a swift four-wheeler was conveying us to Fitzjohn's Avenue, where Sir AMINADAB and his lady had their dwelling-place.

No sooner had we arrived than I felt that we were indeed in a home of mystery, to which the Egyptian Hall of Messrs. MASKELYNE and COOKE was a mere baby. There was in the air a heavy odour of detection, a sort of clinging mist of inductive argument, a vaporous emanation of crimes logically discovered and inferentially revealed, a pervading miasma of obtuse police-inspectors relieved by complimentary magistrates and eulogistic judges. The description may seem highly-coloured, but it represents with literal accuracy the impression made upon my mind by my entrance into the ancestral mansion of the HOLES family. Nor was this impression removed as we ascended the stairs. On the first landing we found Mrs. GUMPHSON engaged in teaching her youngest boy, AUGUSTUS O'BRIEN GUMPHSON, a correct system of guess-work. The boy, a bright little fellow of five, was at that moment in disgrace. He had courageously attempted to guess his mother's age, and having in an excess of rashness fixed the figure at forty-two, he had been severely punished, and was at that moment languishing in a corner of the landing. In the drawing-room we found the rest of the family. Sir AMINADAB, it appeared, had murdered the footman some ten minutes before our arrival, and had contrived by the aid of a pair of blood-stained braces, which were one of his most cherished possessions, to fix the guilt upon Lady HOLES, in whose basket-trunk, moreover, the dismembered body of the unfortunate menial had been discovered by the cook. The ingenuity of this diabolical plot had for some nine minutes baffled the whole family. Lady HOLES was just about to resign herself to the inevitable arrest, when HAYLOFT HOLES, with an appearance of calm nonchalance, eminently suited to his impassive features, had produced from his father's waistcoat pocket two of the unfortunate footman's silver buttons, and had thus convicted Sir AMINADAB of the crime. As we entered the drawing-room we were almost overwhelmed with the shouts of joy that welcomed this wonderful exhibition of the family talent. SKAIRKROW HOLES, who was of a more reflective turn of mind, had, it seemed, been looking out of the window at the passers-by, and had just proved triumphantly to his youngest niece, JEMIMA, that a man whom she had taken for a vendor of oat's meat was in reality a director of a building society who had defrauded the miserable investors of fifty-two thousand pounds, eighteen shillings, and ninepence halfpenny. It was into this happy family party that HOLES and I, led by ISABEL GUMPHSON, intruded on the memorable evening of which I speak.

(To be continued.)

NOTE.—There are, it seems, rumours about to the effect that my marvellous friend, PICKLOCK HOLES, is dead. Some even go so far as to assert that he never existed. I leave these two factions to fight the matter out. If he is dead he must have existed; if he never existed he cannot have died. This shows the folly of relying on rumour.—SAMUEL POTSON.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S SONG.

(The Up-to-date Version.)

Oh! pity the lot of a harassed Lord Chancellor,
Suffering badly from too much to do.
Appointments to give, and appointments to cancel
Magistrate making, not knowing who's who.
Work of a quantity highly distressing,
Jack-like it's dull with all work and no play.
I start in the morning when hurriedly dressing,
And stick to it then for full twelve hours a day.
Selecting with care and the utmost propriety,
I wade through long lists of the would-be J.P.'s,
Who wish to be benched for the sake of Society,
Till I sigh for repose and a quantum of ease.
It's hard—ANANIAS would hardly deny it,
After all it's £10 000 a year at the most.
Resignation's a virtue. I'm minded to try it;
A chance for some aspirants—who's for the post?

MOTTO FOR EDITORS OF VERY-LATEST-NEWS-EVENING-JOURNALS
(hard up for a paragraph).—"When in doubt play JABEZ BALFOUR."

MRS. R. ON THE DYNAMITE OUTRAGE IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.
—"Hanging's too good for such a scoundrel," said Mrs. R., indignantly; "but they don't hang in France, so the wretch will be taken and gelatinised."



THE WERE-WOLF OF ANARCHY.



"BUSINESS FIRST."

Favourite Son of M.F.H. (to old Huntsman). "No, SMITH, YOU WON'T SEE MUCH MORE OF ME FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON; IF AT ALL."

Smith (with some concern). "INDEED, SIR. 'OW'S THAT?" *Son of M.F.H.* "WELL, YOU SEE I'M READING HARD."

Smith (interrogatively). "READIN' 'ARD, SIR?" *Son of M.F.H.* "YES, I'M READING LAW."

Smith. "WELL, I LIKES TO READ A BIT O' THEM PERLICE REPORTS MYSELF, SIR, NOW AN' THEN; BUT I DON'T ALLOW 'EM TO HINTERFERE WITH A HONEST DAY'S 'UNTIN'."

THE WERE-WOLF.

[Anglo-Saxon *wer*, a man, and wolf—a man in the form of a wolf.

"The garments are changed into hair, his arms into legs; he becomes a wolf, and he still retains vestiges of his ancient form. His hoariness is still the same, the same violence appears in his features; his eyes are bright as before; he is still the same image of ferocity."—*Ovid, on the metamorphosis of King Lycaon into a wolf.*]

WOLF! Wolf! The cry that wakes

The slumbering shepherds, shakes

The faint-hearts of the fold with shuddering fear.

The flock's ferocious foe

Compassion doth not know,

His breathing's heard, his furtive foot-fall's near.

It is no season for slack guard,

But watchful care and unrelaxing ward.

This is the Man-Wolf, theme

Of ancient classic dream,

And mediæval myth, at last made fact.

Worse than the lupine pest

Upon whose hoary crest

Old monarchs laid a price! 'Gainst him a pact

Of all the peoples must be made;

Rapine's his life, red ruin his dread trade.

The old grey wolf who prowled
Around the fold, and howled

Impotent rage to the black wintry skies,

Was no such foe as this,

Our Were-Wolf, whom the abyss

Of yawning chaos looses, whose red eyes,

Half human and half bestial, glare

Malignant menace from his secret lair.

Such subter-human guise,

Such fiercely fiendlike eyes,

Arcadian Lycaon. Jove-changed, bore

When mortal hate took on,

At the Olympian frown,

Its fitting shape. The lessons of old lore,

Magic-divested, myth-stripped, still

Commend themselves to human wit and will.

Humanity must urge

Against this lupine scourge

Civilisation's forces banded close.

The watch-dogs, as of old,

Must guard the human fold

Against this last and worst of order's foes;

And the world's sleuthhounds led by Law

Must hunt this Were-Wolf of the insatiate maw.

Hunt him from every lair,

Till, outlaw everywhere,

This friend of carnage and sheer chaos
finds

A foe at every turn,

A foot to crush or spurn,

[winds.

The warning cry of "Wolf!" on all the

And wheresoe'r the ravener stray

Civilisation's light must search—and slay!

"TRÈS BANG!"—To T-M SM-TH, of the Wholesale Crackery Warehouse, with *Mr. Punch's* compliments. Certainly, at Christmas-time T. S.'s crackers "get the pull!" At least, so says his Lordship the pop-ular Bishop of Go-BANGOR.

Dr. R-bs-n R-se

(In the "Fortnightly" this month).

To be in perfect health live well and wisely:
This just sums up my article concisely.

QUITE ON THE CARDS.—In last Saturday's *Daily Graphic* there was an interesting picture on a pretty subject, to which was subscribed the legend: "The New Governor of the Isle of Man being Sworn in at Castle Rushen." Suppose by some printer's devil's error the "at" had been placed before the "in"! "O what a difference in the morning," when it would have read: "being Sworn at in Castle Rushen."

DUCAL DOINGS.

"Lord A. B. C. will return to town to-morrow." — [Any "Fashionable Intelligence" column.]

I'm but a plebeian, I know,
But feelings as ardent as mine
May feel a legitimate glow
On reading this eloquent line;
Though Fate has denied me as yet
A fame or a fortune renowned,
By items like these I can feel
when I please
An aristocrat down to the
ground!

The fact that I never have seen
The gentleman mentioned—as
soon

I'd fly as distinguish between
Himself and the Man in the
Moon—

Has little to do with the case;
My knowledge, I frankly con-
fess,

Of the doings of those who our
"classes" compose
Is wholly derived from the
Press.

But eagerly over my tea

My eyes on this column I cast,
I read of engagements to be,
Of dances and fêtes of the past,
I learn with the deepest regret
That the Duke of X. Y. is
unwell,

And with pleasure I glow that
the Marquis of O.

Has dined with the Duchess of
L.!

In fact, as I muse in a dream,
The charm that this column
extends

Makes all the nobility seem

My intimate personal friends;
Political leaders are bosh,

And Foreign Intelligence stuff.
Just print up to date the deeds of
the great,

And I shall be happy enough!

MR. LECKY AND THE SCOTCH.
—Dear Mr. Punch, — If Mr. LECKY
is deserving of censure, surely
some public notice should be
taken of the insult offered to the
Scotch, Welsh, Irish, and Manx
nations by Lord NELSON in his
celebrated signal. That signal
should surely have run:—"Eng-
land, Scotland, Wales, Ireland,
the Channel Islands, and the
Isle of Man, expect that every
man this day will do his duty."
—Yours truly, AN INDIGNANT
MANXMAN.

MOTTO FOR HAIRDRESSERS.—
"Cut and comb again!"



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

OWING TO HIS NOTORIOUS ECCENTRICITY THEIR RELATIONS WITH
THE LOCAL MAMMOTH WERE SOMEWHAT STRAINED.

BANK HOLIDAY BEAUTY.

(Protest by a Pretty Girl at the
Crystal Palace.)

THAT "Beauty's decaying among
us!"

By certain old fogies we're
told.

Many poets have ceaselessly sung
us!

But then even poets grow old.
SMELFUNGUS has "been to the
Palace,"

And Beauty, he thinks "going
out."

Now can it be folly or malice?
Is he blind, or bald-headed and
stout?

I think 'tis most likely the latter.
He's fifty, no doubt, if a day.

Yes, that I suspect's "what's
the matter";

And then, who cares what he
may say?

When he went to the Palace of
Crystal,

He puffed, I've no doubt, and
swigged port,

And what wonder then if he
missed all

The Vision of Beauty at sport?

At Kiss in the Ring we were
playing,

He envied us, that's where it
is,

Because if near us he came stray-
ing

He knew we'd refuse him a
kiss.

And so (as Tor puts it) he "telled
a lie,"

To cover his nasty mean spite.

No, pessimist purblind and
elderly,

Our looks weren't in fault,
'twas your sight!

What with Tennis, and one
thing and t'other,

We're prettier than ever all
round;

I'm nearly as strong as my
brother,

Tall, straight, nimble, healthy,
and sound.

And as to my teeth!—you don't
know them,

Or else you have told what's
not true;

You'd retract, were I only to
show them,

And I feel I could show them—
at you!

EVIDENT. — In drinking the
health of the Italian Parliament,
the Toast of the evening ought to
be,—as indeed every Toast when
well done ought to be,—"*Crispi.*"

AN ODE OF ODOURS.

(A Poem of Recognition.)

OH, what is this faint perfume that I smell,
And smelling seem, somehow, to know so well?
What recollections should it start again,
What memories of the past bring in its train?
Is it a whiff of country come to-day,
Of mangel-wurzels, or of new-mown hay?
Or was it when She witched me with a glance
The subtle odour reached me—at the dance?
Where'er it was, I'm certain that I know it,
As certain as I am I'm not a poet,
But stay, was it when influenza gripped us?
It was! *Eureka!* Yes, it's Eucalyptus!

On Certain Philistine Pedagogues.

GREEK and Philosophy but tire and twist 'em.

Duncedom they praise, and dub it "democratic,"

And their abuse of the great Attic system

Is systematic!

MEM. FROM ACCRINGTON.—Liberal party in a fix here. Naturally
anxious to keep a LEASEHOLD on the constituency, it looks a little
awkward to pose as the labourer's friend, and at the same time to
keep (HERMON) HODGE out of Parliament!

MEM. BY A HORSE-BUYER WHO HAS BEEN "HAD."—"Novice"
does not always mean no vice.

MUSIC AND LAW.

DURING a recent trial, Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON, the plaintiff, testified that his work was worth to him about thirty-nine pounds per diem. "Why," exclaimed Mr. Justice LAWRENCE, "if you write a good many (what?) it is better than—" Whereupon interposed Mr. PAUL TAYLOR, Counsel for the plaintiff, "Better than the Bar, my lord." (Laughter.) Why, of course, Mr. PAUL TAYLOR! Was there no one in Court with knowledge of the simplest arithmetic sufficient to inform you that to work at several bars must be worth much more than to work at one Bar? Hasn't Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, by composing the lightest possible operas in the world, achieved that best of all "possible probable" tunes, a for-tune, that even a judge, whether of music or at law, might envy? Why, certainly. And the GILLIVAN-SULBERT Savoyards could, if they liked, tell Judge LAWRENCE that "thirty-nine pounds per diem" is not an over-estimate of the share apportioned to each of the three leading scions of the House of the Savoy, composer, librettist, and manager, during the run of one of their real successes, such, for example, as was *The Mikado*. 'Tis a pity Composer SOLOMON did not call Composer SULLIVAN to testify to what might be the pecuniary value of a successful composition. We wish the deserving TAYLOR better luck with the next suit he takes in hand.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Good supply of all sorts of game at Christmas, and especially from the preserves of Messrs. DE LA RUE. Try "Animal Snap" and see how you like it. Thanks to DEAN AND SON—i.e., Senior DEAN and Junior DEAN—for their *Golden Hours*, *The Prize*,



Peeps into Paradise, and *The Venetian Blind Moveable Picture Book*, the last being the best of all. And DEAN's Cracker Toy-books will certainly go off well. As we sweep through the Deep. "Quite the right publishers for tales of the sea are 'NELSON AND SONS,'" quoth the Baron, "and no doubt they hope that every man will do his duty at Christmas time and go in for Nelsonian boys and girls books." "As we Sweep" is by that true Horse Marine (if there is anything in a name), yeleft Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N.

The Baroness recommends *The Rosebud Annual*. A lovely posy of pictures and tales to be found on the shelf of JAMES CLARKE & Co., Publishers, and, the Baroness supposes, Nursery Gardeners. "Natural this," quoth a Baronite, "here is a *Miss Parson's Adventures* told by a Clark RUSSELL!" If you want it send to CHAPMAN and HALL. And all the Baronites say many thanks to MACMILLAN & Co. for a delightful new edition of Miss MARY MITFORD RUSSELL's *Our Village*.

Our compliments to Mrs. LOVETT CAMERON on *A Tragic Blunder*. A blow given by mistake to the wrong person nearly ruins the entire happiness of several people, but it all comes right at the end of two vols. from Mrs. CAMERON's pen. It is a nice light entertainment with which to while away an hour or two.

"I like *Richard Escott*," says the Baron, laying down the Macmillanish one-volume novel of that name written by E. H. COOPER. "It is an interesting story, and might be the first of a series similar to the *Rougon Macquart* family, as, when this tale finishes, there are sufficient *Escotts* alive to carry on the story of their family through many generations, only, unfortunately, the date of this story cannot be taken further back than, say, about ten years ago, if that. To give the family breathing-time, we should require some stories about the *Escotts* under Queen ANNE and the *GEORGES*, and then we could return to the fortunes of the sons and daughters of the *Richard Escott*."

"With fear and trembling, yet with a sensation of enjoying some secret wicked pleasure," quoth the Baron, confidentially, "I retired with Mr. ASHBY STERRY's *N naughty Girl* into my sanctum, which, as its name implies, is just the very place to which I ought to retire with a young lady bearing such a character." *A Naughty Girl* is published in the "Modern Library Series" brought out by Messrs. BLISS, SANDS, AND FOSTER; and how happy would SANDS be—run out, of course—and where would FOSTER be unless foster'd by the other two—without BLISS, who makes quite a little heaven below of this Publishing Firm. Blissful must have been Mr. ASHBY STERRY's state when he wrote so excellent a Dickensian description, as he has done in the earlier part of this book, of Boxing Night at Drury Lane, and when he gave a finishing touch to this story in showing how *Beryl* and *Jack* were brought together in spite of a temporary misunderstanding and estrangement. "Bravo Pantalareate of many a frilling poem! A Happy Christmas to you and your readers!" quoth the warm-hearted and appreciative

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

"TWAS IN TRAFALGAR" 'S THEATRE.

As in the case of the old farcical play *The Three Hunchbacks*, on which an *opéra bouffe* was founded, and of all plays ancient and modern depending for their success on the exact physical resemblance existing between three distinct persons, directly the audience has grasped the fact, they enter heartily into the humour of the complications. Now, in *Tom, Dick and Harry*, the audience, having once mastered and allowed the given thesis, viz., that



An "Up to Date" Young Man.

Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY, Mr. ERNEST PERCY, and Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR are so exactly alike that even their own wives and sweet-hearts are unable to distinguish one *Antipholus* from another *Antipholus*, and both or either from a third *Antipholus*, then the fun of the confusion gains upon them, and Mrs. R. PACHECO's three-act farce at the Trafalgar Square Theatre gives the spectators fits, which assume the proportion of convulsions of laughter absolutely dangerous to the safety of various individuals. For this depont can testify to the effect of the fun of the farce on a small boy in a box, who literally jumped with joy—quite a little Jack-in-the-Box—and in his excitement would have precipitated himself into the stalls, but for the united energies of the family party, which retained him amongst them by sheer force. He had been less wildly enthusiastic about *Pickwick*, owing, perhaps, to the restraining appearance of *Tommy Bardell*, whose presence on the stage the Boy in the Box might, perhaps, have been inclined to view with disfavour, though giving a rapturous welcome to Miss JESSIE BOND's charming impersonation of *Mrs. Bardell*, to Mr. LITTLE's life-like *Pickwick*, and to Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY's sentimental but sulky *Baker*. However he made up for any show of envy towards *Tommy* by cordially applauding Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON's catching melodies, which are not less humourously than skilfully orchestrated; and his (I am still speaking of the Boy in the Box) genuine applause throughout the evening quite led that of the house, and was a real treat to witness, culminating as it did in a volcanic eruption of irrepressible joy at the conclusion of the second act of *Tom, Dick and Harry*. Miss VANE FRATHERSTON, the Misses ESMOND and WILLIAMS, the ever-clever Miss SOPHIE LARKIN, in a difficult part, Mr. W. F. HAWTREY as *Dr. Wagner*, the Specialist—specially good—and Mr. JOHN BEAUCHAMP, who quite revives the otherwise worn-out peppery stage-Indian General of old Haymarket and Adelphi farces,—all do their very best, and, with Mr. C. HAWTREY,—make the piece what it is, a thorough-going success. At least such is the opinion of

THE OTHER BOY.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

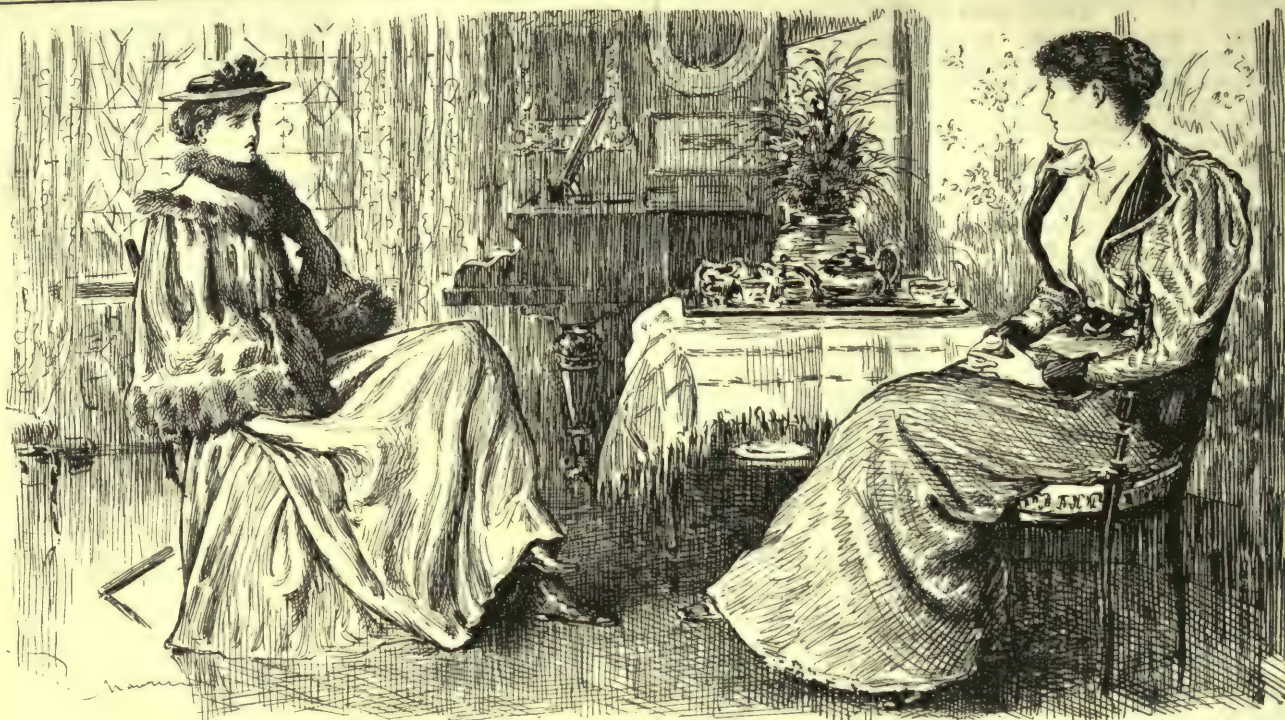
SCENE—The Dormitory of St. Peter's College.

For three or four centuries Westminster's taught us To struggle with TERENCE and wrestle with PLAUTUS; This time the *Trinummus* once more reappears, With a "run" on the boards of two thousand odd years.

Alma Mater of Comedy truly's the "Dorter," Where long may each rôle find a youthful supporter! If ever from "college" they're driven away, The Queen's Scholars' fate were "All work and no Play!"

SEASONABLE DUETT FOR THE ZIERENBERGS (adapted for their use by Henry Labouchere, Esq., M.P.). "Home, Home, Home, Sweet Home!"

TOAST FOR THE INHOSPITABLE.—"Friends—at a distance!"



"SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

"SO YOU AND GEORGE HAVE BEEN STAYING WITH MY DEAR OLD FRIENDS SIR ISAAC AND LADY LINCRUSTA WALTON! DIDN'T YOU FIND THEM VERY NICE TO YOU?" "YES; ESPECIALLY WHEN WE WERE LEAVING!"

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Father Neptune loquitur:—

JOHN BULL, my friend, if an ear you 'll lend to your true old messmate Neptune, It may do you good. We are mates in mood, and our hearts have always kept tune. The Isle that's right, and extremely tight—which I trust that mayn't mean "groggy"—Is our care, old chum! Well, the outlook's rum, and the prospect rather foggy! Oh! keep on your hair! There's no cause for Scare, though some party men, and papers, Do their best to raise a new Naval Craze. These be old, old party capers; For your angry Outs *always* swell with doubts, whilst the Cocksure Ins, complacent, Swear that cause for care may be found—Nowhere, or the parts thereto adjacent. You are not so green that mere party spleen, and the bogus bosh of boobies, Can play the fool with your judgment cool; 'tis a richer dower than rubies. Still a Fleet, old boy, is no party toy, no theme for factious scoffing. And—well, JOHN, I spot a tremendous lot of "furrin'" ships in the offing! Keep a weather eye upon sea and sky, and I think JOHN, altogether, You will deem it right to get all things tight, and prepare for dirty weather. "Britons never, never," sounds bold and clever; Britannia won't act as "slavey," But if "Missus" would keep her "home on the deep," you *must* keep up a spanking Navy! Statistics fog, and there's no such bog as the brain of an average Briton When his Naval Nobs, and Finance Dry Bobs have got their fighting fit on.

They talk great bosh, half their "facts" won't wash, and as to their figures endless,—

If from stern to stem you could see through them you would *have* more, JOHN, and *spend* less!

A word in your lug! There is no Hum-bug like that of a Naval Oracle,

When he's "out in the wet"; on that you may bet—ah! an ironclad to a coracle!

He *may* mean well, but The Truth to tell in a fashion straight and steady, Without "cavort," or a "list to port," is as hard—as song to a Neddy!

JOHNNY, old boy, you must just employ *your own wits* on this business;

Party debate will addle your pate, *ex-parte* "facts" bring dizziness.

Look for yourself, and you'll save much pelf, and good value get for your money, Squeal party fudge, be your own best judge, and you'll floor the wroakers, JOHNNY!

Still, JOHNNY mine, on my breadths of brine, you must keep first place, or perish.

'Tis with that thought you have paid and fought, and that thought you still must cherish.

Better plank down your last half-crown, than lose the Crown I gave you,

Let gold and blood flow in full flood, than let the foe enslave you!

A rhyme, a rhyme for the Christmas time! It may not, JOHN, sound jolly,

But to pipe and dance *whilst your foes advance*, were the maddest sort of folly.

With pockets full Peace's pipe to pull, or to sip your grog and slumber,

Is nice; but you'll wake to a huge mistake *if your foes your Fleet outnumber!*

Get your Fleet, old man, *cheap* if you can, but at all costs *get your Fleet*, JOHN!

Ships, guns and crew more than any two of the foes you are like to meet JOHN!

Take your old friend's tip, let *no* chance slip, and be foiled by *no* pretence, JOHN; Keep eye on the foe, build all you know, and big big D the expense, JOHN!

OUR BARTERERS.

BICYCLE.—Thoroughly heavy, lumbering, out-of-date machine, recently doctored up to look like new, for sale. Cost, second-hand, six years ago, £4. Will take £12 for it. Bargain. Would suit a dyspeptic giant, or a professional Strong Man in want of violent exercise.

SAFETY CYCLE.—Pneumatic tyres. A real beauty. Makers well known in Bankruptcy Court. Owner giving up riding in consequence of the frame being thoroughly unsafe, and the tyres constantly bursting. Would exchange for one of BROADWOOD'S grand pianos or a freehold house in the country.

TURKEY CARPET.—Never used, as seller is not an absolute fool. Wretched condition guaranteed. As it has been kept for a year or two in a mouldy attic at a second-hand furniture shop, it is simply teeming with moths, but it is confidently anticipated that it will not fall to pieces in time for a purchaser to detect the fraud. Price, only double that of a first-rate new carpet of same kind.

RARE OPPORTUNITY.—A ten-pound note will buy my genuine Spiderette Arabesque Dunmow Beast of a Patent Safety Tricycle. Weighs only sixteen ounces. Seventy-four championships won on it, including that of Sierra Leone. Runs away up-hill. Impossible to stop it down-hill. Folds into a small biscuit tin. Every part equally fragile. A collar-bone and six ribs broken off it in one week's practise. Made at Coventry, and ought to be sent there. First applicant has it.



“A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.”

FATHER NEPTUNE. “LOOK HERE, JOHN, THERE’S A JOLLY SIGHT O’ THEM FURRIN’ CRAFT ABOUT, TAKE A TIP FROM YOUR OLD FRIEND—BUILD ALL YOU KNOW—AND *DASH* THE EXPENSE!”



TO BOBBY.

(To the tune of "To Tommy.")

BLUE BOBBY, brave and strong,
They begin to right your wrong.
Silent shoes, and now revolvers!
That will do!
Now I hope you'll make things plain
To the brutal burglar train;
And, Bobby, *Punch's* best respects
to you!
May "tips" swell your smallish pay
On the coming Boxing Day;
(For I know they're rather screwy
with your "screw.")
Shod and armed upon your round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Bobby, JOHN BULL's best
respects to you!

THE LILLY'S LESSON.—Mr. LILLY, in the *New Review*, reminds DIVES that "there is no excuse for riches which are divorced from public obligation." This cuts deeply! Possibly DIVES would retort upon the author of "Shibboleths" that riches require no "excuse." At any rate we do not often find men making excuses for being rich, though apologies for poverty are common enough. All the same, Mr. *Punch* would strongly recommend DIVES—especially at this festive season—to "consider the (W. S.) LILLY!"

"A LONG BREAK."—A propos of our picture in last week's issue, we have received the following suggestion:—"Sir, if MR. GLADSTONE, the great billiard player, wishes to continue his 'long break,' wouldn't it be advisable for him 'to take a rest.'—Yours truly, BREAKERS A. HEAD."



AT THE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

First Litigant. "I'M BANKRUPTCY. WHAT ARE YOU?"
Second L. "I'M DIVORCE."
First L. "THEN YOU STAND LUNCH!"

SEASONABLE REFLECTION.

(By an Old Fogey.)

WE are hearing a lot of "the Buffer State";
Faith! it comes to us all—
after Forty-eight!
When from gout, and the pretty girls' scorn, we suffer,
We have all arrived at the state of the "Buffer."

"FOR THIS RELIEF—MUCH THANKS." *Shakspeare*.—A correspondent in the *Pall Mall Gazette* recently complained of the disappearance of "Thank you," and the substitution of "Thanks" and "Thanks awfully." Why not? It is but a revival of the ancient Latin form "*gratias*," and surely plural "Thanks" indicates indefinitely more thankfulness than an uneffusive, frigid, singular "Thank you," signifying "I thank you." Let us be Shakspearianly classical, as in the quotation above given, and say "Much thanks." So again, "I am poor in thanks—but I thank you." Here the relative value of the plural and the singular in thanks is well brought out.

BALL VERSUS BALL.

LYTTELTON and LANG—with all
Whom pure prejudice can't fether,—
Say—concerning games at ball—
Golf is good but Cricket better.
Wisdom owns an ounce of practice
Worth a ton of theory. Fact is,
Those who set that saw a-run,
Had not seen a LYTTEL-TON!
Who performs as well as teaches,
And can practice what he preaches.

"AFTER THE BALL" IN PARIS.

MY DEAR MONS. PUNCH,—I am delighted! I am overjoyed! Why, your Oxford College has accepted the challenge of our Racing Club to play a game of *kie bal* this month of December! It is good! It is very good indeed! It makes cold, so I can not go for to see the sport.

But permit me, I would propose these rules in the cause of humanity, for the sake of civilisation. I give them below. They are not many:—

Proposed Rules for "*le jeu de kie bal*" between Oxford College and Racing Club.

1. No kickers to approach closer to one another than six yards distance.
2. The scrimmage to be interdicted. Sergeant de ville to be on guard on the ground to prevent assaults even of the most trifling character.
3. Boots not to be worn, but dancing-pumps.
4. The players to wear fur-lined coats, and to take arm-chairs on the ground for their comfort.
5. The "*kie bal*" to be made of inflated

india-rubber, with a hole in the centre, so that it shall collapse without causing injury.

6. No game of "*kie bal*" to last more than five minutes, and after every game a pause of one hour to be permitted, so that the players may have necessary rest and proper refreshment.

And yet one more suggestion. But this shall not be a rule but only an offering. I make you a present of the idea—so charming—as a compliment of the season. Let the goals be made of Christmas-trees, let the "kickers" be covered with holly and mistletoe (like your "*Jack-in-the-Green*"), and instead of a brutal, rough, hard, uncomfortable globe of leather, let the "*kie bal*" be a veritable plum pudding!

Your hand! I wish you "*Joking Christmas Amiable New Year*." Your friend—and brother, "gentlemen's riders,"

Paris in December. (Signed) JULES.

NEWS FROM MONTE CARLO.—Mr. J-HN M-RL-Y is, we are glad to hear, much better. *Rouge gagne*.

A WINDY CORNER AT BRIGHTON.

(By an Impressionist.)

OLD lady first, with hair like winter snows,
Makes moan.
And struggles. Then, with cheeks too richly rose,
A crone,
Gold hair, new teeth, white powder on her nose;
All bone
And skin: an "Ancient Mystery," like those
Of HONE.
Then comes a girl; sweet face that freshly glows!
Well grown.
The neat cloth gown her supple figure shows,
Now thrown
In lines of beauty. Last, in graceless pose,
Half prone,
A luckless lout, caught by the blast, one knows
His tone
Means oaths; his hat, straight as fly crows,
Has flown.
I laugh at him, and — Hi! By Jove, there goes
My own!

MOTTO FOR LADY CHAMPAGNE DRINKERS.
—"Sweetness and light!"

THE BLUE BELLES OF SCOTLAND.

(Latest prose version from the Modern Athens.)

SCENE—A Dressing-room.
TIME—The Present. CHARACTERS—A Mistress and her Maid.

Mistress. Now then, MARY, you really must make haste or I shall not be in time. Have you got my latest bonnet from Paris?

Maid. Yes, Madam. I told JOHN to put the foot-warmer and the carriage rug in the brougham.

Mistress. Quite right; and now have you got my fan?

Maid. Yes, Madam, and I suppose you will want your opera-glasses?

Mistress. Naturally; how could I see anything distinctly without them? There is sure to be such a crowd. And, by the way, have you got me a packet of literature?

Maid. Yes, Madam. Three novels, and all the illustrated papers.

Mistress. If there are many delays I shall be able to pass the time pleasantly. And the luncheon basket?

Maid. Yes, M'm Cold fowl, flask of sherry, some celery, a pound cake, knives, forks, glasses, plates, salt, mustard, bread, and a bottle of soda-water. Is there anything else?

Mistress. Well, perhaps I might carry in my muff my pocket camera. 'Tis just possible I may be able to get a snap-shot at the principal character. (Enters the carriage.) You haven't given me my special ticket.



A QUESTION OF THE SENSES.

First County Councillor. "I'M TOLD THE ACOUSTICS OF THIS HALL LEAVE MUCH TO BE DESIRED, MR. BROWN!"

Second C. C. (delicately sniffing). "INDEED, SIR POMPREY! CAN'T SAY AS I PERCEIVE ANYTHING AMISS, MYSELF; AND MY NOSE IS PRETTY SHARP, TOO!"

Maid. Here it is, Madam. Shall I tell JOHN to drive to the Concert-room?

Mistress. No, no. Tell him to take me to the Court. I am going to assist at a trial for murder!

SEASONABLE SAYINGS.

THERE is many a slip between the house and the church on a frosty morning.

You cannot make a respectable tradesman out of a grocer who offers tips to a working-house-keeper.

You may take a dustman's token to a stingy man's portal, but you can't get him to give you a Christmas-box.

A dun in need is a county court indeed.

It is a long dinner that has no earning.

People who live in glass houses should not throw away their coke and coals.

Deal with the Stores and the private accounts will look after themselves.

A penny saved by avoiding an omnibus is a florin lost by taking a Hansom cab.

A single swallow never represents a family Christmas dinner.

Enough is often dearer than a feast, especially if you take the last at the house of a friend.

Send an acquaintance an old card about Christmas on Boxing Day, and he will return you a second-hand greeting on the 2nd of January anent the New Year.

Give credit at Christmas and you will find you still have money owing to you at Easter.

Christmas comes but once a year, and bores for the length of a century.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, December 11.—Remarkable testimony to catholicity of DICKY TEMPLE's mind that he should just now have been talking about Siam. Various other topics to the fore. The Featherstone inquiry; Matabeland, in which the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE takes unfaltering interest; Betterment, and, incidentally, the Parish Councils Bill. Only TEMPLE thinks of remote, unfriended, solitary Siam. Wants to know when papers including most recent correspondence will be published? EDWARD GREY taken at a disadvantage. Wasn't thinking of Siam. Just been looking up map to find out precise situation of Kilis mouth of the Danube. CAP'TN TOMMY BOWLES been, so to speak, jumping down it. Suspects the CZAR of iniquitous intention in this part of the world. CZAR evidently thought the CAP'TN, being intent on the education of MUNDILLA in nautical affairs, would not have time to keep an eye on the Kilis mouth of the Danube. CZAR knows better now. So does EDWARD GREY. Spent quite an interesting quarter of an hour with the map, and came at last upon this particular outlet. Just congratulating himself that, as a rule, British rivers have only one mouth, when TEMPLE sprang Siam upon him.

"Do you know," said Member for Sark, looking admiringly at the great historiographer of Parliament, "I never see TEMPLE on his legs but I think of OVID's epitaph on the parrot. You remember how it runs in English?—

"I please the fair. So much this stone doth tell.
What more? I talked, and, for a bird, talked well."

"I have a theory, which, if you had time, I would illustrate by half-a-dozen examples taken on glancing round the House, that three out of five human faces have a strong resemblance to some particular bird. Not that I mean to say TEMPLE's like a parrot, except of course inasmuch as he pleases the fair. He is a man of tire-

less industry, sound judgment, wide knowledge of affairs and has, withal, an old-fashioned courtesy of manner not too common in these days. Still, as I say, when I watch him addressing the SPEAKER the parrot's epitaph haunts my memory."

Business done.—Clause XIII added to Parish Councils Bill.

Tuesday.—To-night DON'T KEIR HARDIE, having left hands and face unwashed for an extra day, his hair uncombed for an added week, put on his worst Sunday suit and presented himself to House as model working-man, champion of the unemployed. DON'T KEIR's misfortune is that he has not succeeded in recommending himself to good opinion of other Labour Members. When he moves in House they move off; consequence is he is left to support of aristocrats above the gangway. They don't particularly admire DON'T KEIR, his ways or his cause. But, as TOMLINSON says, under impression he is quoting from SYDNEY SMITH, "any stick will do to beat a dog with." If DON'T KEIR moves Adjournment, and best part of night can be taken for making speeches, so much delay is interposed in way of Parish Councils Bill, and by so much is chance bettered of Government failing in their intention of passing the whole Bill. Therefore, though other Labour candidates will have nothing to do with DON'T KEIR, there are four hours talk, an odd quarter of an hour added for a division, and thirty-three Members, chiefly belonging to the Gentlemen of England, going into Lobby with the Leader whom ROWLANDS distantly alludes to as "The hon. Member for West 'Am," cunningly conveying by inflection of voice the impression that the cut is from a hopelessly inferior part.

Debate, on the whole, patchy, with hopeless air of unreality about it. Nevertheless, worth having, if it were only for speech of PRINCE ARTHUR. A scholarly philosophic deliverance, striking unaccustomed note in Parliamentary debate. Pity Mr. G. wasn't there to hear it. Or perhaps it isn't a pity. If he had been, he would have found the temptation to reply irresistible; at least another half hour would have been wasted.

Business done.—Reached Clause XVI. Parish Councils Bill.



LIKA JOKO'S JOTTINGS.—No. 6. A FOOTBALL MATCH.

Thursday.—Spirits of good Ministerialists a little damped by persistent and successful tactics of Opposition. As JESSE COLLINGS said just now, with tears in his eyes, they are anxious, above all things, to see Parish Councils Bill added to Statute Book. Only they won't let it pass. Twentieth night in Committee; still not half way through Bill as Clauses count. Been sitting on Saturdays; shall have Christmas holidays cut down to 25th and Boxing Day; then begin again, with prospect of more drudgery, and, when Bill through, and prorogation possible, the new Session



Tay Pay frightens the Child.

of 1894, young, fresh, and lusty, waiting to be waltzed with. An infant in arms, looking in on House from peep-hole by glass door, and finding TAY PAY on his legs denouncing the Opposition, is deeply impressed.

Later, at period of apparent collapse HALDANE happily appears on scene. Not a man habitually prone to enthusiasm. No sign on his placid visage of storm-swept soul. Circumstances sometimes stronger than man. To-day they break away the icy barriers of lethargic habit. HALDANE, unexpectedly rising from behind the harassed PREMIER, calls upon him to stand firm, resisting all temptations to surrender. "Stage of situation reached," he said, amid ringing cheers, "when we should not halt, much less retire, but should press forward to the goal. Ministers," he added, sternly regarding back of SQUIRE of MALWOOD's head, "would be betraying their trust if they flinched by one hair's breadth from the declarations they have made."

His clarion voice cleared air of doubt and perplexity. Ministerialists elate; Opposition correspondingly cowed; the way quite clear now for victory; only sit tight; to importunity present imperturbability; let Opposition once know that, thanks to fidelity and self-sacrifice of Liberal Members, House will sit till Bill is passed, and obstruction will collapse.

HALDANE had saved the citadel; the rout of the besiegers only a matter of time.

An hour later WALTER LONG got up and mentioned interesting circumstance that HALDANE, whilst thus heroically inciting Ministers and the rest to hold on, had made arrangements whereby he himself would agreeably spend Christmas-tide in comfortable country quarters; had even extended his holiday up to 10th of January, when resumption of sittings of court would bring him back to town for private business. Many inquiries on Ministerial benches for HALDANE. Seemed to be general desire to say something to him. But he had judiciously retired from scene.

Business done.—Another motion for Adjournment. In smaller half of sitting left for business, Clause XVIII. of Parish Councils Bill reached.

Friday.—Everyone grieved to hear that SPEAKER has temporarily lost use of voice. Been absent from Chair since Tuesday. "How inscrutable are the ways of Providence," says the Member for Sark. "There are so many quarters of the House where the outbreak of such an epidemic would be a public service. Yet these escapes, and only the Chair is attacked."

The House can ill spare the SPEAKER, even for a day. The whole atmosphere of the place, the tone of debate, are altered when his stately presence and commanding influence are withdrawn. Still, talk must go on, and there has been no lack of it to-night. But everyone is wearied to death of the monotony and reiteration. As PRINCE ARTHUR says in a moment of confidence, "If it were the only alternative, one would rather have a parish funeral than another Parish Councils Bill."

Business done.—Nothing worth speaking of.



Sir Richard Parrot.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL'S PROGRESSIVE PROGRAMME.

Rise at seven. Called by public bell rung at the nearest fire-brigade station. Light gas supplied from the Council's works at Beckton. Drink glass of cold water from Council's new reservoir in the Kennet Valley. Hurriedly slip into clothes made by gentlemen working an eight hours day at not less than sixpence an hour.

Fish for breakfast bought at Council's Billingsgate Market: eggs from Council's hens (warranted *very fresh*); also fruit from Covent Garden sold by Council's salesmen. We keep no servants, being now obliged to use their wages to pay rates. Compelled to open the front door myself. Surveyor of Chimneys, acting on instructions (received from sweep), calls to examine flues. Reports them foul, and notes me in his summons book. Council's revenue inspector (Inland Revenue absorbed) peeping through half-opened breakfast-room door, spies what my children call "a duck on stilts" engraved on a fork. Reports me at once for not having a license to use armorial bearings. Find in letter-box notice of compulsory purchase by Council for "allotment purposes" of a choice piece of land belonging to me just on border of county. Am privately informed that Radical Labourers' League have moved half-a-dozen good-for-nothing drunken chaps to apply for allotments! Mine is the only land that will suit them, and they intend to take it whether I like it or no.

Just starting for the City, when Council's Architect calls, to draw my attention to a sky-sign insufficiently secured to an upper window. It turned out to be eldest boy's socks, hung there to dry, as we have now to wash at home, or send to the Council's laundries which are relief-works for those usually unemployed in winter. Other casuals have turned barbers. I am shaved by one every morning, after slipping the coppers into a County Council "detector," which gives no change. In street, find the pavement up, "unemployed" engaged in moving "immovable objects by irresistible force," i.e., a frozen road, at three shillings per cube foot; Council their own contractors. Tram at last, with Council-

driver, conductor, and horses (all tramways absorbed), and then a penny Council steamer (Thames Conservancy and Steamboat Companies absorbed), and, having landed at St. Paul's Pier, trip over a hole in the road. Bring action against Council for damaged ankle. (N.B. Lost it later on. Council not liable for non-reparation of holes.)

At the Guildhall, find Labour Arbitration Court sitting. City and County been amalgamated, huge coalheavers, dockers, and others occupy seats of city fathers. Police outside useless. Their helmets and truncheons in British Museum as relics of Barbarous Age.

Having business at a suburban town I hire cab (Council Number 23,351) and drive to Liverpool Street. The progressive members have bought up Great Eastern Railway within the county's boundaries, and are working it on their own system—one class for all, penny fare, and no return ticket. The guards, ticket-collectors, porters, and others civil enough, but no trains running, in consequence of great strike having occurred amongst Council's engine-drivers and the difficulty is just being settled by arbitration at Guildhall. The men had struck for want of work and a general desire for "betterment." Thoughtfully walked back to the office, and arrived just in time to find an official poring over my ledger. He hands me his card, "Mr. INQUISITOR, Spring Gardens." Somerset House being absorbed, he says he "has just called to ascertain exactly what my income really is," and though I am perfectly civil (under pains and penalties of "civility bye-laws"), he tells me I must be "put up" next year. He departs, leaving front door open.

Got a cup of tea, very poor stuff, at the L. C. C. Restaurant. Walk home. No gas in streets, and the Electric Light (lately absorbed) gone out. Reached home very weary. Find on table demand-notes for Poor, Police, Sewers, School Board, Highways, Gas, Electric Light, Baths, Sanitary, Insanitary, Asylum, Water, Railway, Cab, Theatre, Market, Sky Sign, Bar and Gates, Tramway, Prisons, Restaurants, Arbitration, Establishment, Thames Conservancy, Submerged Tenth, and many other rates. Is life worth living? Ask the L. C. C.

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

NO. VII.—THE STOLEN MARCH. (Continued.)

As soon as we entered the drawing-room all the little GUMPSHONS clapped their hands with delight, and surrounded their Uncle PICKLOCK, each of them attempting to infer from the expression on the great detective's countenance what it was that he carried in his left coat-tail pocket. "I know what it is," said EDGAR ALLAN POE GUMPSHON, a boy of fifteen; "it's plum-cake. I know it must be, because I never seed it, so it ain't seed-cake." GABORIAU GUMPSHON, aged thirteen, opined it was a packet of bull's-eyes, "'cos that's what detectives always carry on dark nights," whilst ANN RADCLIFFE GUMPSHON declared with certainty that it must be nuts, for she had just heard a cracker explode in the street. "Children," said PICKLOCK HOLES, "you are nearly right. Your powers have much improved. I am delighted to see that you are kept up to the mark;" and, speaking thus, he produced from his pocket an apple, which he presented to EDGAR, a pocket-knife which he handed to the jubilant GABORIAU, and a pin-cushion, which was immediately clasped and carried off in the chubby hand of little ANN RADCLIFFE. "A year ago," said PICKLOCK, turning to me, "these children could not have reasoned inductively with one half of their present approximate accuracy; but my dear sister, Heaven bless her! is a wonderful teacher, the best and cleverest of us all. Indeed, indeed you are, PHILIPPA," he continued, warmly embracing Mrs. GUMPSHON. "I am a mere bungler compared to you. But come, let us to business." At a signal from Lady HOLES the happy children trooped off to bed, and we elders were left alone.

Sir AMINADAB opened the conversation. "I sent for you, my dear boy," he said, "because I have just received from one of my agents in the North information of an important case which demands immediate investigation. Neither HAYLOFT nor SKATKROW can go, having business that keeps them in London. I look, therefore, to you to cover the family name with new lustre by solving this extraordinary mystery." Here the old man paused, as though overcome by emotion. PICKLOCK encouraged him with an expressive look, and he continued:—

"This morning," he said, "I received from my agent this letter." He drew a sheet of paper from his breast-pocket, and read, in tremulous tones, as follows:—

"Tochtachie Castle, Daffshire.

"SIR,—Lord TOCHTACHIE has been robbed. I overheard him last night conversing with the Hon. IAN STRUNACHAR, his eldest son, who used the following words: "Not a doubt of it. They have stolen a march—" More I could not hear at the moment. The case is of immense importance, and I trust you will lose no time in sending a competent investigator. I have, of course, concealed both my presence here and my knowledge of the theft from his lordship. "Yours faithfully, 'DAVID MCPHIZZLE.'"

"There, my boy, is the case. Will you go and help a Scotch representative peer to recover his own? Think how terrible it must be to lose the march or boundary that separates your ancestral domain from that of a neighbour whose whole course of life may be antipathetic to you. Will you go?"

A wave of emotion passed over my friend's face. I could see that a struggle of no ordinary kind was raging in his breast. Finally, however, he looked at me, and his mind, I knew, was made up. In another ten minutes we had bidden adieu to his family, and were speeding northwards in the Scotch express.

Over the details of the journey it is not necessary to linger. Suffice it to say that on the following morning we arrived at Tochtachie, and took up our quarters in a deserted barn situated in the very centre of the estate. From this point we pursued our investigations. Our first proceeding was to interview the local constabulary, but we found them as obtuse and as foolishly incredulous as policemen are all the world over. One of them, indeed, went so far as to hint



PORTRAIT OF MR. "MINCE-PIE,"

THE M.P. FOR CHRISTMAS.

that HOLES was "havering," which I understand to be an ancient Gaelic word signifying metaphysical talk, but a look from the great detective chilled him into silence. Day by day we worked, and not even the night gave us a rest from our self-sacrificing labours. We mapped out the whole district into square yards; we gathered the life-history of every single inhabitant on the estate; we left no clue untracked, no loophole unblocked, no single piece of evidence unexamined, no footstep unmeasured. We collected every scrap of torn letter, every crumpled telegram-form. The very heather of the moor, and the trees growing in the policies of the Castle were compelled by HOLES' marvellous inductive powers to yield to us their secrets, until after weeks of patient toil we at last judged ourselves to be in possession not only of the stolen march, but also of evidence that would bring conviction home to the guilty party. We had paused, I remember, by a heap of granite at the roadside. HOLES seemed strangely excited. "A march," I heard him muttering, "is performed by footsteps; steps are often made of stone. Can this be it? It must be! It is!" Then, with a shout of triumph, he gave orders to have the heap loaded on to a country cart, which was to follow us to the Castle.

We arrived in the great courtyard at about seven o'clock in the evening. HOLES slipped from my side, entered

the house, and after a few moments returned to my side. We then clanged the bell, and demanded to see his lordship. In a few moments Lord TOCHTACHIE appeared, surrounded by kilted retainers, bearing torches, and intoning in unison the mournful sporan of the clan. It was a weird and awful sight. But HOLES, unemotional as ever, advanced at once to the haughty Scotchman, before whose eye half a county was accustomed to tremble, and, without any ado, addressed him thus: "My Lord, your march has been stolen. Nay, do not interrupt me. Your guards are careless, but not criminal—of that I can assure you. Here is the stolen property; I restore it to you without cost." At this moment the cart rumbled up, and ere the peer had time to utter a word, it had discharged its contents into the middle of the yard. HOLES went on, but in a lower voice, so as to be heard only by Lord TOCHTACHIE: "The guilty party, my Lord, is your honoured father-in-law. He dare not, he cannot, deny it. He is, I know, blind and deaf and dumb. These qualities do not, however, exclude the possibility of crime. I have just found these pieces of granite in his morning-room. The proof is complete."

At this moment a shot was heard in the Castle, and directly afterwards a frightened butler rushed up to his lordship and whispered to him. "Ha! say you so?" almost screamed Lord TOCHTACHIE. "That amounts to a confession. Mr. HOLES," he continued, "you have indeed rendered me a service. My unfortunate, but guilty father-in-law has shot and missed himself through the head. But in any case the honour of the house is, I know, safe in your hands."

I need hardly say that HOLES has never violated his lordship's confidence, and the Daffshire peasants still speculate amongst themselves upon the tortuous mystery of the march which was stolen and restored.

NOTE.—There is no proof positive given by any eye-witness whose veracity is unimpeachable of the death of the great amateur detective as it has been described in the *Strand Magazine* for this month. *Where is the merry Swiss boy who delivered the note and disappeared?* What was the symbolic meaning of the alpenstock with the hook at the end, left on the rock? Why, that he had not "taken his hook." PICKLOCK HOLES has disappeared, but so have a great many other people. That he will turn up again no student of detective history and of the annals of crime can possibly doubt. Is it not probable that he has only dropped out of the *Strand Magazine*? And is it not equally probable that under some alias he will re-appear elsewhere? *Verb. sap.—Ed.*

FATHER CHRISTMAS leaves his cards on everybody about this time, as he is here only for one day, and off the next. He has employed Messrs. MARCUS WARD & Co. to do them, and excellent they are all round.



THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

Lady Betty (proud of the old ancestral mansion where the family have lived ever since the reign of Henry the Eighth). "JUST FANCY WHAT PAPA'S HAVING DONE! HE'S HAVING THE ELECTRIC LIGHT PUT IN!"
 Prosaic Sister-in-law (from Chicago). "I'M REAL GLAD TO HEAR IT. IT 'LL BE THE MAKING OF THE PLACE!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Friday, December 22.—House adjourned for Christmas Recess; pleased to find that it will include the whole of Christmas Day. Some talk of being satisfied with the Sunday, spending Christmas Day in further pursuit of Parish Councils Bill. But after deliberation decided to have a real good holiday on Christmas Day. Came across SQUIRE OF MALWOOD just now. Was chalking up on door "Back in ten minutes."

"It's a little more than that, of course, TOBY," he said. "But that has business-like look. Am told it's what they do in the City before going out for hasty luncheon."

Enjoyed my holiday reading HERBERT MAXWELL'S life of OLD MORALITY just published by BLACKWOOD.

A difficult task; much easier to make attractive book out of life of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE than with WILLIAM HENRY SMITH as subject. That MAXWELL has succeeded appears from fact that one leaves these volumes with warmer esteem and sincerer liking for OLD MORALITY even than was



Toby, M.P., enjoys his holiday.

born of close observation through many Parliamentary sessions. MAXWELL has had full access to his correspondence and journals. Uses them with great discretion; they bring into mellow, clear light the capable, unselfish, courageous man, ever following the loadstar of Duty. House of Commons used to smile when OLD MORALITY, faced by any difficulty or dilemma, talked about his "duty to his QUEEN and country." In his private letters he does not put it in that oratorical form. But they are full of references to the calls of duty. Stricken with a painful malady, worn in body and wounded in spirit, OLD MORALITY still sturdily trod the narrow path. There is little doubt that had he, two years before the end came, retired from the Leadership of the House of Commons his genial presence might have been with us to-day. But he was wanted at his post, and he stuck to it.

Writing on the 17th March, 1889, he says: "We have trouble in politics, and I am very weary. But I must go on doing my daily work as best I can, looking for guidance and wisdom where alone it can be had until my rest comes." This cry for rest was always sounding, through day and night. A few weeks earlier he wrote to another friend: "I can say God help me. He will take me out of my work when I am no longer required, and then will come rest."

His last appearance in a semi-official capacity was in July, 1891, when he went to Hatfield to meet the German Emperor. In the last letter written to his wife he says, "Observing I looked tired last night, Lady SALISBURY urged me to go to bed early: which I did." One of his colleagues in the Cabinet, a fellow-guest at Hatfield on this occasion, tells me he had occasion to know that OLD MORALITY was in such pain he could not rest in his bed, spending the long night walking about the room, with occasional rest in an arm-chair. Not a word of this is written in the letter to Mrs. SMITH, in which he reports that "everything has gone off wonderfully well to-day, which must be very satisfactory to the Salisburys." Under his bourgeois habit and unassuming manner W. H. SMITH modestly hid a chivalrous mind and a noble nature. He had a kindly heart, too. But everyone knew that, since he wore it on his sleeve.

Business done.—Adjourned for so-called Christmas holidays. Think I'll go and call on Lobengula. "Back in ten minutes," as the SQUIRE says.

EDEPOL!

SIR,—"I'm all the way from Westminster," and the work I have to do is to let you know about the Latin play performed there. PLAUTUS, in truth, is not a wildly exciting writer, and there is in the *Trinummus* a tameness which, extending, as it does, through five acts, becomes almost oppressive at the end. The young actors looked well and enunciated clearly, and one of them, Mr. J. F. WATERS, showed considerable ability as an actor. But we don't go to the College of St. Peter at Westminster merely to see the play. There are other interests. It is pleasant to watch the Old Westminsters rubbing recollections with one another between the acts, and endeavouring gallantly during the performance to keep their rusty Latin abreast of the various situations. Laughter in a Latin play straggles. It is like a dropping fire of musketry. A Westminster master probably leads it off; various intelligent veterans take it up dutifully, and the ladies, bless their unlatinised minds, follow faintly towards the end. If a London manager wants applause in his theatre let him hire a contingent of small Westminster boys. They have attained to absolute perfection in the arts of the *claque*. At no Paris Theatre is it better done. The epilogue showed a pretty wit and a high degree of skill in the management of hexameter and pentameter. No one could have believed that the Kodak advertisement, "you press the button, we do the rest," would have made so good a Latin line. Much pleased, and so to bed.

Yours,

A VAGRANT.



The last I saw of Harcourt.

"A MERE QUESTION OF TIME."—Example: "What o'clock is it?"



OUR "HOUSE PARTY" AT CHRISTMAS.

NEW YEAR'S EVE AT LATTERDAY HALL.

(An Incident.)

SCENE I.—*Library in Latterday Hall, Sir LYON TAYMER'S Country House. Sir LYON TAYMER discovered fuming by the mantelpiece, while his Secretary is glancing over some correspondence.*

Sir Lyon (irritably). Here—I suppose you will have to answer this.

Secretary. What is that, Sir LYON?

Sir Lyon. You know how anxious I am that my New Year's party should be a success. A whole heap of celebrities are coming, and, notwithstanding the immense expense, I engaged a party of Ghosts to amuse them. Now I have just had a telepathic communication from these Shadows of Shades—(that's all they are—only Ghosts of departed heroes and heroines in fiction)—asking whether they're to be treated on an equality with the other guests, or as mere entertainers! Did you ever hear of such impertinence! The spokesman—I should say, perhaps, the Spookman—is, of all people in the other world, the VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. A clergyman too! It's quite inconsistent; and so snobbish!

Secretary. Dear Sir LYON, excuse me, but it's perfectly natural that Ghosts should be a little sensitive on the social question. Remember, for years they were ignored, or looked upon as mountebanks. It is really only of late that there has been all this excitement about them, so it is not surprising they are anxious to be taken seriously.

Sir Lyon. Well, I suppose I am old-fashioned, but it seems to me quite ridiculous. These infernal Ghosts give themselves as many airs as though they were—the Blue Hungarians, at least.

Secretary. Ah, from a band we might expect airs. But I should advise you very strongly, Sir LYON, to treat them as friends. You must be up to date.

Sir Lyon (with disgust). Allow them to dine—perhaps to dance—with my guests?

Secretary (with calmness). Certainly they will have to dine; and, as to dancing, of course they must, if they're received on an equal footing.

[Smiles to himself at his joke.]

Sir Lyon. Oh—well—I suppose I must give in. Let them know at once, and for heaven's sake mind they're punctual.

[Scene closes as the Secretary hastily seizes a slate, and automatically writes to the Ghosts a very cordial and courteously-worded invitation.]

SCENE II.—*New Year's Eve at Latterday Hall. In the magnificent dining-room are seated at dinner a large, well-known, and incongruous company. The Ghosts are chatting away in the most genial manner with the living distinguished people, and positively making the "celebrities" quite "at home." DANIEL DERONDA shows a marked liking for DODO, whom he has taken to dinner, and is indulging in a light and airy flirtation with her, which takes a form peculiar to himself.*

Daniel Deronda (earnestly). Who has ever pinched into its pitulous smallness the cobweb of matrimonial duty? Honesty is surely the broadest basis of joy in life.

Dodo (a modern Detail in accordation pleading, subject to morbid fits of irrelevant skirt-dancing). Oh, Mr. DERONDA, what a silly girl I am! I can't bear that proverb about "Honesty being the best policy." It sounds like a sort of life Insurance.

[Giggles contemporarily.] *DORIAN GRAY having taken JULIET to dinner, and not getting on with her very well, is staring with unfeigned horror at ROCHESTER, opposite, who is bullying JANE EYRE to a pitiable extent. Behind him is a screen of gilt Spanish leather, wrought with a rather florid Louis Seize design and encrusted with pearls, moonstones, and large green emeralds.*

Dorian (aside, to Young Subaltern, who has come Home. On leave. For Christmas). Who is that dreadful man?

Young Subaltern. Who? Old ROCHESTER? Oh, he's a Plain Hero. From the past. He's all right. How well you're looking! Younger than ever, by Jove! Which is curious. But why that absurd buttonhole?

Dorian (hurt). You never like anything I wear. You Anglo-Indians are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.

[Arranges his fringe in an old Dutch-silver mirror on the opposite mantelpiece, framed in curiously-carved ivory Cupids, and studded with precious stones, chiefly opals, sapphires, and chrysoberyls.]

Ethel Newcome (to Secretary). Who are those two pretty American girls? They seem to be attracting a great deal of attention. (I am completely forgotten, I notice.) Do their dresses come from Paris?

Secretary. No, I think not, dear Miss NEWCOME. From Messrs. HOWELLS AND JAMES, I fancy.

Richard Feverel (cheerily, across the table to Mr. PICKWICK). In tolerance of some dithyrambic inebriety—quiverings of semi-narration—we seem to be entering the circle of a most magnetic pseudopolarity. Don't we?

Mr. Pickwick (puzzled). Very kind of you to say so, I'm sure. May I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?

[Dinner proceeds with animation. BOOTLES' Baby, Little JIM, PAUL DOMBEY, and the Heavenly TWINS come in to dessert, and are more or less troublesome.]

Sir Lyon (aside, to Secretary, when the ladies have retired). I say, you know I am afraid this is going to hang fire. It's nothing less than a miracle for a social affair to go off well when the people are not in the same set. Old PICKWICK's been asking for "a wassail bowl." I haven't got such a thing about me; and I should have thought '74 champagne would have been good enough, but he says it's like our humour—too new! The children are bothering to know why there isn't a Christmas-tree.

Secretary. Tell them to go to the Haymarket. The reward will be—swift. Might I suggest mistletoe? I should be very pleased to go under it with Madame BOVARY, just to show the others how to—

Sir Lyon (stiffly). Much obliged, but I will not give you that trouble. If anyone goes under the mistletoe with Madame BOVARY it will be myself. Remember that.

Secretary. Oh, certainly! I merely meant—How about crackers? I could set the thing going by pulling one with Miss OLIVIA. The old Vicar said just now, in his pointed, Gothic way,

something about times having changed, and—

Sir Lyon. Yes, we'll have crackers, but you can leave me to pull the first one with Miss OLIVIA. It would look better. Perhaps we'd better let the Ghosts give their entertainment now—eh?

Secretary. I'll arrange it at once.

SCENE III.—*In the Hall, in which is a temporary theatre; all the Modern Celebrities are seated on rows of chairs, chattering, airing, and discussing Insomnia and the New Criticism. Behind the scenes the Ghosts are disputing as to which shall recite first, the order of precedence depending entirely on the question as to which is the most completely defunct. Finally, ERNEST MALTRAVERS and TOM JONES go on together, and the Curtain goes up.*

Ernest Maltravers (musingly, in a low yet ringing voice, in which Pride struggles with Emotion). Let us learn, from yon dinner-table, o'er which brooded the spirits of the Novelists of all time, to lift ourselves on the wings of Romanticism back to Bombastic and Primal Prose. (Breaks off suddenly. Aside, to TOM JONES.) I cannot go on like this. We ought to have had a scenario.

Tom Jones (suppressing laughter, aside). Why, thou foolish scoundrel, is there not one in front? How else could be seated there so many fair ladies and gallant gentlemen?



Dorian Gray taking Juliet in to dinner.

Ernest Maltravers (aside). In the contemplation of your idiocy, I curb with difficulty the impulse that leads me to crush the life from your bosom. Know, Ignorant One, that a *scenario* is not the same thing as an auditorium.

[TOM JONES is about to attack him with fine old English violence, when the curtain suddenly falls. The entertainment is interrupted. The audience appear at once amused and shocked. DORIAN takes out his little vinaigrette exquisitely set with turquoises, cymophanes, amethysts, and tourmalines, and offers it to the Subaltern, who, evidently unaware of its use, pockets it.

Subaltern. You got that out of a cracker, didn't you? I'll take it Home. For the kids.

[The entr'acte is growing so prolonged that the Secretary goes behind the scenes to know the cause of the delay. He finds all confusion. The party has been increased by the presence of Mr. STEAD'S Spook JULIA, who, having half an hour to spare, has come to protest against the "indignity," as she calls it, of fine old crusted Ghosts being expected to perform to a lot of mere modern myths. She speaks with such eloquence that she persuades them, one and all, to leave without finishing their performance and entirely without ceremony. Nothing the Secretary can say has any effect, and they all vanish, leaving "not a wrack behind," except a slate pencil JULIA has dropped in her excitement.

Sir Lyon (after hearing the news). Shameful! Never again will I have a Ghost in this house. This is what comes of treating them as equals! I'll—I'll—I'll write to the Psychical Society!

[Scene closes as all the guests crowd round him and ask him to drink the health of Modern Fiction and—The New Year.

MAY AND DECEMBER.

[Brighton is now represented by two of the youngest members in the House. . . Mr. GLADSTONE intends to spend Christmas at Brighton.]

JUST now, when the weather seems May in December,
They've sent up from Brighton another young member,
Two juvenile gentlemen sit for the town,

Their ages united just two-thirds would be
Of that of the statesman who often goes down
To seek renewed youth by the murmuring sea—

Mr. G.

Two Tories—meek May fighting sturdy December
Their foe is an old hand these lads should remember.

They'll probably sit most judiciously dumb,
Or only object like the murmuring sea.

To the House, sent from Brighton, the youngest have come;
From the House, down at Brighton, the o'dest will be—

Mr. G.

A SEASONABLE VADE MECUM.

(By Ker Mudgeon, Senior.)

Question. What is the most satisfactory motto for Christmas?
Answer. That it "comes but once a year."

Q. Then it is as well to take a gloomy view of the season?

A. That is the only reasonable aspect in the face of a pile of "Christmas bills."

Q. What are Christmas cards?

A. Advertisements of existence sent to enemies as well as friends.

Q. What is a plum pudding?

A. Indigestion in the concrete.

Q. And a mince pie?

A. An excuse for a glass of brandy or a glass of any other equally potent liquid.

Q. Does old-fashioned English Christmas fare benefit anyone?

A. Yes; doctors and chemists.

Q. Why does an elderly person go the pantomime?

A. Because he likes it just as much as a schoolboy.

Q. What reason does he give for his visits to Drury Lane, the Lyceum, or the Crystal Palace?

A. That he visits those places of entertainment for the sake of the children.

Q. But if he is an old bachelor?

A. He declares that he likes to see the delight of other people's children.

Q. What is the *spécialité* of a Christmas family party?

A. Row all round.

Q. What are the regulation wishes of Yule-tide?

A. A Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Q. And the probable result?

A. The attainment of neither.

CROSSED IN LOVE.—A wedding-present cheque.



FINAL ORDERS.

Keeper (to Boy out for his first day's driving). "MIND AND SPREAD YOURSELF OUT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"SIR," said a wisely deferential friend of the Baron's, approaching the Baronial arm-chair wherein sat His Super-Excellency regaling himself in truly Regal-Cole-ian fashion, "Sir, I present to your notice a book entitled *In Search of a Climate*." "With such a title," quoth the Baron, in poetic humour, "it should have been dedicated to His Grace of Canterbury. Would not this distich well favour the title-page? Listen:—

"In Search of a Climate," From CHARLES B. NOTTAGE,
This to the Primate! Who lives in a cottage."

"W. A.," or "The Wisely Appreciative," went into wisely appreciative ecstasies. "Baron," he presently resumed, "you will be graciously pleased to read it." "I will recline on my sofa," returned the Baron, "and, in that position, do my level best." So saying, His Super-Excellency suited the action to the word, and, waving his hand in token that he was not to be disturbed for the space of some forty winks or more, he bent his head in silent study o'er the somewhat bulky volume. "One of the most interesting and instructive chapters in this excellently elaborated book of reference," said the Baron, some time afterwards—"a book full of 'wise saws and modern instances'—is that headed 'Religion and Rum,' whence it appears that, whatever form of worship the Natives from time to time might adopt, it always included the cult of spirits in some form or other. The title of this chapter," observed the Baron, judicially, "instead of 'Religion and Rum,' should rather have been 'Rum Religions, or Spirituous Influences.' Towards the close of the book the author still seems to be *In Search of a Climate*. But what sort of a climate does he seek? One to suit everybody? Why, like the distinguished individual who was 'terribly disappointed with the Atlantic,' there are people, quoted as testimony above proof by Mr. NOTTAGE, of the Cottage, who were 'all terribly disappointed with the climate of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles.' Well, then," quoth the Baron, "try Margate and Ramsgate." The book, attractively got up, is published by the firm whose name always recalls to the Baron's verse-attile mind that delightful poem set to dulcet music yclept "*Soft and Low, Soft and Low*," only that the names are SAMPSON LOW, LOW & CO., which, set to the same strain, will "do as well." "And," quoth the Baron, suddenly inspired, "what a series of songs for Publishers and Bookbinders might be written! For example, '*My Mother bids me bind my books!*' '*I am inter-leaving thee in sorrow.*' *Cum multis aliis suggestionibus!* But this is *délassement*. Let our toast be, 'Our noble Shelves!'—'our noble Book-shelves!'" explains the Baron, gaily; and so back to the Brown Study where, as Baron BROWN BEARD, he disposes of the various heads in his department, and signs himself, THE JUST AND GENEROUS BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MRS. RAM says no wonder people are blown out at Christmas, as they do fill themselves with so many "combustibles."



"SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE."

(A Meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society. The Vote of Thanks to the Chairman.)

"AND, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LET ME POINT OUT TO YOU, IN THESE DAYS WHEN THE ACTIVITY OF THE CHURCH IS SO OFTEN CALLED INTO QUESTION, THAT OUR REVERED DIOCESAN COULD NEVER BE CALLED AN 'ORNAMENTAL BISHOP'!"

"THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT."

(Passages from a Political Christmas Carol of the Period descriptive of a slumbering Statesman's Yule-Tide Dream.)

AWAKING in the middle of a prodigiously sonorous snore, and sitting up on what seemed to be a nightmare-like blend of the Treasury Bench and his own bed, to get his thoughts together, SADSTONE (like *Scrooge*) had no occasion to be told that Big Ben was again upon the stroke of Twelve.

Now, being prepared for almost anything—from J-S-S-E C-LL-NGS to a Vote of Censure—he was not by any means prepared for Nothing! Consequently, when the bell boomed its twelfth stroke, and nothing appeared, or happened—not even a nightmare in the shape of T-MMY B-WL-S, or a Motion for Adjournment—he was taken with a fit of the shivers.

At last he began to think that the source and centre of the ghostly light which seemed to gleam on him from nowhere in particular, might be in the adjoining room, his own private Downing Street sanctum. Thence indeed, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly, and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment SADSTONE's hand was on the lock, a strange voice called him by his name, and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with shamrock green and shillelagh branches that it looked a perfect Grove of Blarney. A lurid blaze, like a blue-tongued snapdragon flare, went hissing up the chimney, revealing in weird glimpses on the heated hearth and chimney tiles spectral figures of impish design and menacing gesture. Heaped upon the floor, to form a kind of throne, were Blue Books, abortive Bills, scrolls on which were inscribed endless questions and unnumbered amendments; bundles of party papers and political pamphlets; pallid sucking-pigs that seemed to demand rather opportune interment than human digestion; long wreaths of sausage-like shackles; resurrection pies of indigestible crust and full of offal scraps and tainted "block orna-

ments"; pudding-shaped bombs; barrels of explosives and fulminants; red hot (political) "chestnuts" of the most hackneyed partisan sort; Dead-Sea apples of the dustiest kind, savouring of sand and strife; fiery looking Ulster oranges; belated (parliamentary) pairs, and seething bowls of raw and vitriolic party spirit, that made the chamber dim, dank, and malodorous with their heady steam. In uneasy state upon this extraordinary conglomerate couch or throne, there sat an ogreish giant of pantomimic size and bogeyishly menacing expression, portentous to see; who bore a smokily-flaring torch, in shape not unlike an Anarch's beacon or Fury's bale-fire, and held it up, high up, to shed its lurid light on SADSTONE, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghoulish-Ghost. "Come in, and know me better, (G. O.) Man!"

SADSTONE entered timidly, and hung his head before the Spirit. He was hardly the dogged SADSTONE he had been, and the Spirit's eyes were so glowering and ungenial, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Spirit of Christmas Present," said the apparition. "Look upon me!"

SADSTONE sorrowfully did so. It was clothed in one simple emerald-green robe or mantle, bordered with buff fur of the dull tint dear to the old Scotch Whig. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdainful to be ward or concealed by any artifice. On its head it wore no other covering than a wreath of shamrock, set here and there with a thistle. Its dull black curls were long and elf-like and weird; weird as its frowning face, its staring eye, its clenched hand, its raucous voice, its despotic demeanour, and its gloomy air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard, holding a huge two-handed sword; the blade, ready to leap from its sheath, seemed a most unsuitable and unseasonable adjunct to what mankind has been wont to regard as the gentle and genial Spirit of Peace and Goodwill.

"You have never seen the like of *Me* before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Ne-e-ver!" SADSTONE made answer to it, in accents stammering somewhat, yet most emphatic.



THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

(Suggested by JOHN LEECH'S Picture.)

"COME IN, AND KNOW ME BETTER, (G. O.) MAN!"



DISTORTED MERCY.



is New Year's Eve. In a comfortable arm-chair by the fire sits the Metropolitan Magistrate. He smiles in self-complacency. He speaks:—

This year I have most faithfully fulfilled my duty; the spirit of sweet leniency has marked my every sentence—at least toward the more flagitious and inhuman offender. Thus have I, in place of punishing, won over to more virtuous ways; so may I doze the cheerful, self-admiring doze of virtue.

[He dozes. Gathering from the comfortable reflections of the fire and lamp thrown from the polished furniture, a radiant form shapes itself at his elbow. The Magistrate smiles in his sleep, in great content.]

The Metropolitan Magistrate. Who art thou, visitant?

The Form. I am the Spirit of thy Leniency. I come to show thee how fair and flattering a result thy milder sentences—to wit, those passed upon the more outrageous culprits—have yielded. See! (Waves a wand.) This is he who came before thy judgment seat for—after repeated warning—selling milk from premises teeming with scarlet fever. Thou didst say, "It is the grossest and most shock-

ing case of brutal disregard for human life I ever heard!" and thereupon didst fine him half-a-crown—the minimum penalty.

M. Mag. (with affectionate interest). And since? How farest now, thou naughty one?

Milk Criminal. O most blessed Magistrate and sweet Your Worship, I fare most happily; for, most comfortably encouraged by your gracious leniency, I did redouble—nay, multiply an hundred times—mine efforts to disseminate disease; so that I may, without undue boasting, claim to be father of an epidemic that felled its hundreds. And further, in the doing of this I have heaped up a most goodly pile of gold. Give me your blessing, most sympathetic Your Worship!

M. Mag. (recoiling). Nay; mine intentions looked not toward so dire result! I cannot bless—

The Spirit. How, good Stipendiary? Dost thou now disown me, thine own Spirit? Thou must surely bless thy protégé, him who but carries out thy methods to their logical result! And see, I summon others of thy choice; this good butcher who hath sent unwholesome meat to London to feed the poor. Thou didst say of him, "A most inhuman, ill-conditioned knave and rascal; a constructive homicide! I will not imprison him, but fine him seven shillings." And again, see this good rough who kicked a constable nearly to death; thou saidst of him, "A miscreant unfit to live. A savage worse than any tiger! One shilling fine." Then finding he could not pay without foregoing his accustomed gin, thy heart relented, and thou didst discharge him. Then again, here have we this fair hawker who kicked his donkey's legs and so belaboured him with oudgels that he left no bone unbroken; thou saidst of him, "An act more horrible and sickening could scarce be perpetrated by a fiend!" Then, with a gentle caution, thou didst set him free.

M. Mag. But tell me, prithee, what the outcome was of these my leniencies. Did results not justify—?

The Butcher. Oh, yes, indeed, in my case! Taking courage, seeing that justice was so linked with mercy, I did extend most energetically my little venture in unwholesome meat, and now am rich, and have been made a lord.

The Rough. And since your clemency, O sweet your Worship, I've kicked to death some dozens of assorted victims—policemen, girls, and infants.

The Hawker. And I—

M. Mag. (writhing). Oh, peace, and spare me! Get ye gone!

The Criminals. What? This is passing strange! You will not bless the work yourself have fostered?

M. Mag. (tearing his hair). I fostered? I, the gentle magistrate, the soul of clemency—?

The Spirit. Come, bless thy chosen clients!

[With a shriek the Metropolitan Magistrate awakes from his doze. He is haggard; his eye is bloodshot with horror. He speaks, shuddering:—

What are these hideous crimes that I have done, mistaking them for mercy? How unworthy am I to touch so sweet an attribute, distorting and most basely turning it from its appointed course! There chime the bells. Let them proclaim how, in the coming year they usher in, I will essay to win this fair, sweet attribute entrusted to me, and so misshapen by my cruelties, back to her rightful form! I will begin by showing mercy unto Mercy's self.

A STUDY IN BROWN.

I've caught you, hazel-eyed brunette, day-dreaming, chin on hand! Don't think, now, that my stolen sketch is bold and contraband!

Nay, rather, 'tis the duty that's imposed on ev'ry beauty, To grant that with respectful glance her profile may be scanned.

To picture such a wealth of brown would VANDYCK'S self delight;
Brown eyes I see, and waving hair, brown as a summer night.

I cannot do you justice, but this thumb-nail sketch, I trust, is
A deep brown-study rendered into simple black and white.

In reverie reflective, has your wayward fancy strayed,

It may be, to last summer's tryst in some wild English glade,

Or old-world forest-garden, where, like *Rosalind* in Arden,

Your troth you plighted, or, love-lorn, outmourned the Nut-brown Maid?

You're wand'ring in Mahatma-land, and counting astral sheep?

And gathering wool that never grew, a Brownie-led Bo-peep,

Or, possibly, pursuant of an Ego playing truant, And lost amid the labyrinth of dim hypnotic sleep?

For all I know, you're musing in this meditative trance

On modern and sublunar joys, as dinner, dress, and dance!

Or is it toothache merely that—well, makes you stare so queerly? (Somehow I ne'er can draw the line 'twixt bathos and romance!)

If thus I seem inquisitive, don't kill me with a frown!

Though times are hard, in vulgar phrase, I'll plank my money down!

Your train of thought to share (if you'll accept a penny-tariff), I tender, with my compliments, the coin that's called a "brown"!

PRODIGIOUS!

TO MR. PUNCH.—Sir,—I appeal to you. Ought scientific papers to be allowed to publish incitements to bloodshed and anarchy? I have just read in one an enthusiastic commendation of "an agitator working at 280 revolutions per minute." This agitator is, it appears, closely connected with an "annihilator." It is true that the annihilator is a smoke-annihilator, and the agitator is part of its machinery; but who knows what influence may be exerted upon weak minds at such a time as this by the use of these awful terms? Is the Home Secretary asleep? Yours, A PATRIOT.

MYSTERIOUS.—In *Sala's Journal* for December 13 the advertisement of the Christmas Number announces that "arrangements have been made for publishing the Portraits of the Contributors at the commencement of their respective articles." This, it is believed, will prove a very interesting feature." No doubt. But which "feature," and whose "feature," and to which contributor will "the very interesting feature" in the portrait belong? They cannot surely have only one feature among them! Among the special contributors, each of course with distinctive features, are Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Mr. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS, Mr. ARTHUR A BECKETT, and Mr. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Excellent company each, with most interesting features. But which feature is to be taken as representing the lot? "Nose?" Well, there's a point in that. "Cheek?" Ahem! Will it be "All their eye?" Evidently the only way of satisfying curiosity is to purchase a copy of *S. J.'s* Christmas Number.

SEASONABLE RIDDLE.—When does a turkey look a goose?—When quite by himself he has to face a party of twenty-four.





INHUMAN.

Sportsman (who has caught Brown's mare). "NOW THEN! THIS WAY OUT, SIR, THIS WAY OUT!"
Brown (who has already swallowed about a quart of mud and water). "B-B-BUT IT'S DEEP!"
Sportsman (impatient). "CONFOUND IT, MAN! DO YOU EXPECT ME TO FETCH A BOAT?"

CHRISTMAS HAMPERS.

For the Czar.—Alliances—French and Triple.
For the Kaiser.—"The Great Revenge."
For the King of Italy.—The Military Estimates.
For the King of Greece.—The Adjustment of the National Revenue.
For the President of the French Republic.—The Legacy of CARNOT the First.
For the President of the United States.—Protected Free Trade.
For the Sultan.—The Khedive.
For the Khedive.—The Sultan.
For the Premier.—His followers.
For the Foreign Secretary.—His colleagues.
For the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—The coming Budget.
For the Home Secretary.—Trafalgar Square.
For the Colonial Secretary.—South Africa.
For the Postmaster-General.—Cards for Christmas and the New Year.
For the War Office.—The Admiralty.
For the Admiralty.—The War Office.
For the Theatre-Managers.—The Clerk of the Weather.
For the Music-Hall Proprietors.—The London County Council.
For the London Public.—The Paving Contractors.
For the Bar.—The Solicitors.
For the Solicitors.—Reluctant Litigants.
For the Stockbrokers.—The State of the City.
For the Poor.—The Condition of the Money Market.
And for the World in general and Britons in particular.—The Influenza.

THE KISS THAT COSTS.

[A fair plaintiff, who brought a breach of promise action worth under ordinary circumstances at least £1000, had to be content with £100 because she had in the meantime been kissed by a new suitor.]

THE gorse is out in kissing time,
 And that is always—so the saw.
 But know from henceforth (and this rhyme)
 This doe; not follow in the Law.
 For she, who, jilted by her swain,
 Brings him to Court, and braves the laughter,
 Must—if she longs for gold—refrain
 From kissing Number Two—till after!

A Little Girl's Christmas Story.

POLLY!	Folly!
Holly!	(Gobbles!)
Jolly!	Colly!
Dolly!	(Wobbles!)

OUR BARTERERS.—SIDEBOARD.—I have a magnificent-looking article, made of unseasoned deal, coloured to resemble walnut. As great care has been taken to imitate a really first-class piece of furniture by a good maker, it is hoped that the fact that the wood is certain to split and warp, that the drawers jam, that the keyholes are dummies, and that the whole is a piece of cunning shoddy, will escape the attention of the average purchasing idiot. What offers?

TO PICKWICKIAN STUDENTS.—Of what class of persons is it recorded in *Pickwick* that "their looks are not prepossessing and their manners are peculiar"?

THE CRY OF THE CIVIC TURTLE.

'Twas the voice of the Turtle, I heard him complain,
 "You would wake me! Be off!! Let me slumber again!
 Your 'Royal Commission on Unification'
 Be —!" something that seemed to convey commination
 "I shan't 'tender, evidence'—hang it, not I!—
 Why I, as a separate body, should die!
 I've power, prosperity, plumpness, and pelf;
 If you want an 'Amalgam'—why, mix it yourself!"

Feminine Saturnalia.

[Miss KLUMPKA has just achieved a great triumph with a learned treatise on the Rings of Saturn.]

OH! maiden, learned, wise, you can
 To froward woman prove a pattern,
 You pay your due respect to Man
 By writing up the Rings—of Saturn!

NEW PRANDIAL PROVERBS.—What's underdone can't be helped. A bird in a pie is worth two in a dish. Apollinaris (or any other) water in time saves wine. The early guest gets it hot. It is never too late to dine.

A TRUTH IN SEASON.—What would Christmas be without the Cracker? Messrs. G. SPARAGNAPANE have their reply ready with their "Cracker Skirt-Dancer" and their "May Blossom" (so nice in December), which is a pleasant souvenir of *The Wedding*. Of course, all these crackers will "go off" well!



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